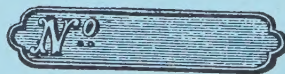




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THE VISITATION
(Mariotto Albertinelli.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Meditation.

BY LORETTA ROCHE.

WHAT words shall we find worthy to be said
Before this altar, where the warm pure light
Of waxen candles shines on gold and white?
What words are great enough to show the red
Of more than mortal blood—the black of dread
Inspired by evil—darkness now made bright
By burning faith and sacrifice? No night
Of fear endures, each shadow fled.

Shall we go silent, since our words are found
Less splendid than the greatness we would
praise?

Like the poor publican, who would not raise
His eyes to heaven, feeling himself bound,

Let us make offering of our humble days,
Praying our words will echo as sweet sound.

A Seat of Ancient Faith.*

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

HERE are not many priests in England who have the privilege, as the writer of this article has, of serving a Catholic mission in a city which owes its very existence to a local saint whose memory has been kept fresh and fragrant amongst its inhabitants for more than twelve hundred years; nor are there many Catholic congregations who have the honor of holding up in such a city, in the midst of a generation that believes not, the banner of the ancient and only true Faith of which that saint was so brilliant an ornament.

To this day the glorious cathedral of Ely, near the ancient university town of Cambridge, England—a cathedral unique in some of its features in the whole Christian world and once the shrine of her sacred relics—tells of St. Etheldreda, queen, virgin and abbess, in whose honor, about the year 1080, were laid the foundations of the Norman church which, during four centuries, gradually developed into the magnificent minster now to be seen, which, in its present form, was re-dedicated, in 1252, in the presence of King Henry III. and many of the leading prelates and nobles of the kingdom, to St. Etheldreda, the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Peter.

This Norman church rose on the site of a former smaller church built by St. Etheldreda herself, together with her two monasteries, one for nuns and one for monks, in the year of Our Lord six hundred and seventy-three. A great deal of the original Norman work—and very fine Norman work it is—is still in existence. From the view-point of architecture, Ely cathedral, as it now stands, can claim, with little fear of contradiction, to present the finest exposition of the growth and development of Gothic architecture to be found anywhere, including as it does examples of every period, “unsurpassed,” says one authority, “in beauty and importance.” Besides specimens of Saxon work, preserved from older buildings, we see at Ely the earlier and later Norman,

* The city and cathedral of Ely, England.

transitional Norman, Early English, decorated and perpendicular styles, with work verging on the Renaissance period, and a specimen of classical architecture introduced by the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

It will be well now to sketch the life-history of our great Ely saint and patroness, whose name and fame spread soon after her death not only over the land of the Angles and Saxons, but over all the Church. We read in the Office for her feast, on the twenty-third of June, among the Offices proper to the diocese of Northampton in which Ely is situated, that "she is honorably mentioned in the Roman Martyrology."

St. Bede the Venerable writes thus of her in his Ecclesiastical History: "King Egfrid took to wife Etheldreda, the daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles . . . a man very religious and in all respects renowned for his inward dispositions and actions. She had before been given in marriage to another, namely to Tonbert, chief of the Southern Gyrvi; but he died soon after he had received her, and she was given to the aforesaid king. Though she lived with him twelve years, yet she preserved the glory of perfect virginity, as I was informed by Bishop Wilfrid of blessed memory (this was St. Wilfrid of York) of whom I inquired. . . . She had long requested the king that he would permit her to lay aside worldly cares and to serve only the true King, Christ, in a monastery; and, having at length with difficulty prevailed, she went as a nun into the monastery of the Abbess Ebba, who was aunt to King Egfrid, having taken the veil from the aforesaid Bishop Wilfrid; but a year after she was herself made abbess in the country called Ely, where, having built a monastery, she began by words and examples of a heavenly life to be the virgin mother of very many virgins dedicated to God."

The Venerable Bede, who died only fifty-six years after St. Etheldreda, and who wrote, therefore, of matters within living memory, goes on to tell us of the austerities of our saint: how she never wore linen, but only woollen garments, rarely used hot baths (she seems to have been particular about cleanliness, for we read of her washing "the other servants of God"), seldom ate more than once a day, and from the time of Matins (about midnight) continued in the church at prayer till it was day. "She was taken to Our Lord, in the midst of her flock, seven years after she had been made abbess; and, as she had ordered, was buried among them, in such a manner as she had died (that is, in lowliness and humility) in a wooden coffin."

Sixteen years after St. Etheldreda's burial, her sister Sexberga, also a saint, "thought fit (writes St. Bede) to take up her bones, and, putting them into a new coffin, to translate them into the church." This translation, as well as another later, took place on October 17, which was kept as a feast in the pre-Reformation church in England, and figures still among the "Black-letter days" in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Establishment in this country. These "Black-letter" feasts seem to have been retained by the compilers of the prayer-book chiefly to mark certain secular events, or as "little more than calendrical notes analogous to *Sol in aqua*, *Equinoctium*, Dog days, etc.,"—to quote the standard History of the Book of Common Prayer—though the authors of that work contend, from the fact that the Protestant bishops in 1661 added one or two saints to this part of the calendar whose dates were not connected with any particular secular happenings, that the religious motive was uppermost in this matter.

Anyhow, when the Puritans attacked the Saints' Days, the said bishops replied that the black-letter saints (so-

called because their feasts were marked in black instead of the rubrical red) "are left in the Kalendar, not that they should be so kept as holy days, but they are useful for the preservation of their memories and for other reasons,—as for leases, law days, etc." Still, whatever the reason, it is something to be pleased at, that at least some of the old English saints had their names kept before the people; that St. Etheldreda is remembered here at Ely by the general population, at any rate to some extent, is no doubt partly due to this fact.

Speaking of this, it may be of interest to my readers to know that a function of no inconsiderable dignity takes place yearly on the Feast of the Translation of St. Etheldreda in the de-Catholicized Cathedral of Ely. A great procession is formed, which this year comprised a cross-bearer, scholars of the king's school, the precentor, choristers, lay-clerks, banner-bearer (there is a really magnificent banner of the saint), cathedral chaplains, minor canons, honorary canons, archdeacons, residentiary canons, the dean, verger, the assistant bishop of the diocese of Ely, the bishop of the diocese with his chaplains. These walked in the order here indicated. The "Collect" used at the celebration of the Communion on this day was as follows: "O God, who didst give Thy servant, St. Etheldreda, our foundress, grace to devote her life to the service of the Church and the advancement of Thy Kingdom, mercifully grant that we who commemorate this her faith and self-denial may be fruitful in good works, and may by Thy grace attain to the glorious fellowship of Thy saints; through Jesus Christ Our Lord."

In the course of the service was recited a "Bidding Prayer," in which were mentioned the names of the chief benefactors of the Church of Ely from the beginning down to the present day. A few extracts from this "Bidding Prayer" will help to tell the history of this great

cathedral. In passing, it may be mentioned that the word "bidding" comes from an old English word "bid," which meant "to pray," so that the expression "Bidding Prayer" is really reduplicative. The English word "bead," is from the same root, and originally meant a prayer, so that to "bid beads" meant to pray prayers; and "bead" came to have its modern meaning from the small perforated balls used to count prayers in saying the Rosary.

The Ely "Bidding Prayer" begins thus: "Now let us thankfully commemorate before Almighty God all our pious founders and benefactors, by whose noble liberality the glory of God has been advanced and this place has become a special home of Christian faith and worship.

"And here, first, we must name Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, king of the East Angles, and wife of Egfrith, king of Northumbria, who founded a religious house here about A. D. 673, became its first abbess, and bestowed on it the inheritance which she received from her father and the dowry which she derived from her first husband, Tonbert, the prince of the South Gyrvií."

I may pause here in my quotation from this highly interesting document to say that the Gyrvií, or Girvií, were a Celtic tribe descended from those refugee Britons who, at the conquest of their country by the Angles, had found safety in the fenlands of the Eastern district. Tonbert had bequeathed all his domains to his widow, Etheldreda. They lay close to her own birthplace, Exning, near Newmarket of racing fame, and not far from Ely itself. This dowry comprised all the Island of Ely, as it is called to this day.

This, writes Mr. Edward Conybeare, in his charming book, "Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely," was once truly an island, being an area of dry land rising from the midst of the fens, and, till their drainage, accessible

only by boat or causeway. This Island, a true bit of natural *terra firma*, measures about eight miles by six, and lies at the southern end of a much more extensive fenland archipelago of irregular shape, measuring approximately thirty miles by twenty, known from of old as the Isle (in distinction from the Island) of Ely. It was the Isle, including the lesser island, that formed the domain of St. Etheldreda and of which she was princess, which also she gave as the endowment of her monasteries and church.

"The waters of the fen," continues Mr. Conybeare, "which, so lately as a century ago, made this wide area an archipelago indeed, have now given place to a 'boundless plain' of fertile cornland, so rich in harvests as to be often called 'The Golden Plain of England.'" A plain of the size described will hardly appeal, perhaps, to my American readers as precisely a "boundless" one, and they may sympathize with a citizen of theirs of whom we have a story here that he was considerably alarmed at the speed of a train in which he was travelling; not, as he explained, because he minded fast travelling, but because he feared the train might run off the Island, not of Ely, but of *England*, before they could stop it. The whole of the "Isle of Ely," then, was St. Etheldreda's own property; with it she endowed her church and monasteries; much of the revenue of the cathedral and (now Protestant) bishopric of Ely comes from the same source to-day. Let us go back to the "Bidding Prayer."

"Next we would commemorate King Edgar, who, acting under the advice and influence of St. Dunstan (Archbishop of Canterbury) and of Æthelwold, Bishop of Winchester, granted afresh by his royal charter the possessions and privileges given by St. Etheldreda, which had been alienated and lost to the Church for a hundred years, and

conferred other marks of his favor and devotion. By the labors and liberality of Bishop Æthelwold, in conjunction with the Abbot Brihtnoth, the monastery (i. e., the one for monks) was restored and newly constituted under the Benedictine Rule."

The pious foundation of monks and nuns established by the East Anglian princess carried on its holy work for two hundred years; then came the irruption of the pagan Danes, who, says an old chronicler, "wasted with fire and sword all that ever they came to: they brake down all the abbeys of the fens; nor did Ely, so famous of old, escape." Thus St. Etheldreda's Abbey was left a deserted ruin. The year after this catastrophe, Alfred the Great succeeded to the throne of the distracted and well-nigh ruined kingdom; and it is said that he established a college of priests at Ely. "Eight of the clerics who had witnessed the sack of the monastery came back to their old home, and rebuilt a part of the church that it might serve again as a place of worship. . . . They lived in poverty; for all the endowments of the abbey had been seized by Burgraed, the last King of Mercia; but gradually, as the children of Alfred won back the kingdom, the endowment of Ely began afresh. Here a fishery and there a wood, and again a mill with adjoining pastures, was bestowed on the little college—a term which still clings to the cathedral precincts of Ely, called to this day the College, not the Close, as in most cathedral cities" (Conybeare). In due course came the complete restoration by King Edgar, first to rule over a united England—united and welded into one realm by the Catholic Church, from whose bosom in an unhappy day she was to be wrested by monarchs less wise, less pious, and more grasping.

The "Bidding Prayer" recounts how "King Edward the Confessor, who, as related in the ancient chronicles, having

as an infant been presented by his father and mother on the altar of this church, and as a child having spent some time in the cloister school, when he came to the throne endowed the monastery with various gifts. Hence at the beginning of the Twelfth Century, when the Norman church, commenced by Abbot Simeon, was sufficiently complete to be consecrated under its last abbot in 1106, and when three years later the bishopric was founded, Hervé, the first bishop, was able to endow the See of Ely out of the revenues of the monastery, and yet leave maintenance for the prior and monks in their common life of prayer and service of charity towards the poor."

One can not help wondering whether, when this "Bidding Prayer" is read every year in the cathedral, the thoughts of some there go back to ancient days with the reflection that St. Etheldreda and her work, and the work and lives of those commemorated, really belong to that great world-wide Church in communion with the Apostolic See of Rome of which these were all devoted members; which was the inspiration of their holy lives and of their charity; which still lives on, vigorous as ever, carrying on the same work, praying the same prayers, training men and women to the same life of sanctity as in the days of Etheldreda, of Alfred, of St. Edward the Confessor. Do they think of the little Catholic church of the Ely of to-day, nearby, under the shadow of the great fane built by Catholic monks, with its solitary priest and its tiny flock—the only representatives in Ely now of the glorious past? From his windows, the priest of the mission looks out on the tall towers of the ancient minster; and it can not be that sad thoughts do not come. But he is an inveterate optimist, and has determined that a great devotion to St. Etheldreda shall grow up amongst his people, and that we will have a shrine built to her

honor in our already beautiful church. St. Etheldreda will surely find the way and the means, poverty-stricken though we are in this poor English diocese.

The "Bidding Prayer" goes on to mention the architectural additions which have made Ely cathedral so fine a monument of Gothic style. "We would more especially recall the names of some of the chief of those whose work still remains in our present cathedral. Abbot Simeon began the Norman church about the year 1083; and it was completed during the century following, more particularly through the efforts of Abbot Richard and Bishop Ridel. The western porch, or Galilee, is connected with the name of Bishop Eustace, Chancellor of the Kingdom, who died A. D. 1215. . . . Bishop Hugh de Northwold (1229-1254) built the Early English presbytery.

"We would commemorate the genius of Alan de Walsingham, sacrist and afterwards prior, who, aided by the public spirit and influence of Prior John de Crauden, and the munificence of Bishop Hotham, Chancellor of England in the reign of Edward the Second, built the octagon and lantern and the three western bays of the choir, after the fall of the central Norman tower A. D. 1322. The building of the Lady Chapel, of which John de Wisbech had charge, was the work of the same period."

The "Bidding Prayer" goes on to speak of modern benefactors. It does not mention the spoliation and dissolution of the monastery by Henry VIII.; the appointment of a dean and chapter of canons to take the place of the dispossessed monks. The conventual buildings were then sold and partly destroyed, portions only being reserved for the residence of the dean and canons and other officials. The King's School occupies part of these old monastic buildings; and it was with something of a thrill that the present writer heard, when being shown over the school, that

the boys in one of the dormitories sleep with their heads close to a wall dating back to Saxon times. In a chapel built for the Prior Crauden, mentioned above, there is a piece of pavement surviving from an earlier building and estimated to be more than a thousand years old. It represents the temptation of Adam and Eve. Nor does the "Bidding Prayer" allude to the frightful destruction carried out under the auspices of one of the first Protestant bishops, Goodrich, when the Shrine of St. Etheldreda was made away with and the sacred remains scattered, while the statuary in the beautiful Lady Chapel and in the rest of the cathedral was smashed to pieces.

English Catholics are sometimes accused of bitterness and harshness towards our "separated brethren" for whom we pray every Sunday and holiday at Benediction. The accusation is not just, in spite of bitter memories of robbery and destruction. The difficulty about the Anglican section of non-Catholics here lies in their persistent urging of the claim to be in spiritual as well as in material continuity—the continuity of enjoyment of alienated Church property—with the Church of old England; and in the demand that Rome shall consent to advance "reunion" by renouncing, or at least modifying, her essential rights as the infallible and supreme teacher and ruler of all Christians.

A prominent Anglican bishop complained the other day that there is no hope of reunion while the Pope and the English Catholics insist on submission to Rome as the condition of union. Truer word was never spoken if we just add this—that there is no hope as long as Anglicans expect the Pope to give up his claims and English Catholics to compromise the Faith. To come back from this digression, it is said that when the great architect Pugin (the elder) entered the Lady Chapel of Ely for the

first time, he burst into tears, and exclaimed: "O God, what has England done to deserve this?"

Still, we may well rejoice that so much incomparable beauty has been left at Ely in spite of the iconoclasts. Space will not permit me to do more than name the chief features of this wonderful building—the glorious nave and transepts showing much of the original Norman work; the presbytery or chancel and the Lady Chapel already referred to; the great west tower, the beautiful lancet windows of the east end; the chantry chapel of Bishop West, friend of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, both put to death for the Papal Supremacy in religion by Henry VIII.; a chapel "rich with the ornament of perpendicular architecture at its highest pitch of elaboration" (Conybeare); the chapel of Bishop Alcock—a great builder, a great statesman, and also a holy bishop in Henry VII's time. In Bishop West's chapel rests the great Earl Brihtnoth, slain in a raid of the Norwegian Vikings, and whose deeds are celebrated in one of the earliest of English ballads. His dying words, given in the ballad, I must needs quote:

Thanks be to Thee, Lord,
Ruler of nations,
For all the winsome joys
I in this world have bode.
Now, O my Maker mild,
Most need have I that Thou
Good speed my Ghost:
Yea, that my soul to Thee
Safely may journey
Safe to Thy Kingdom,
Lord of the Angels,
Good will and peace bringing.
That the Hell-miscreants
May not molest me
Come I a suppliant.*

I hope that some of my readers will come to Ely and see for themselves the treasures of art and architecture that

* Translation from the Old English given in the "Ely Cathedral Handbook." By C. W. Stubbs, D. D., a former Dean of Ely.

I have not space to describe. It is needless to say that they would have a welcome from the writer. They could have no better or pleasanter guide than the book of Mr. Conybeare already quoted ("Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely," published in London by Macmillan and Co., or the "Handbook" by Dean Stubbs, published by G. H. Tyndall. The Minster Press, Ely.) I myself would be pleased to "show them round."

This account may not close without some description of the great and unique glory of Ely Cathedral—the "Octagon." Late in the evening of February 22, 1322, the great central tower of the cathedral fell in ruins, crushing the walls and pillars of the Norman choir. "Providentially the monk at this time in charge of the cathedral fabric was an architect of rare genius, who was called by his contemporaries 'the flower of craftsmen'; and he it was who, in virtue of his office, was responsible for repairs. . . . The chronicler tells us how 'he rose up by night and came and stood over the heap of ruins, not knowing whither to turn. But recovering his courage, and confident in the help of God and of His kind Mother Mary, and in the merits of the holy virgin, Etheldreda, he set his hand to the work. In answer to his prayers, an inspiration came to him. In place of the square tower that had fallen, he would build one octagonal in form, with a wider base gained by cutting off the angles of the transepts and choir, and he would crown it with a lantern of woodwork." The result is a glorious feature "in which elegance, magnificence and strength are so happily blended that it is impossible to determine in which respect it is most admirable."

The extraordinary enhancement given to the beauty of the Cathedral by this noble octagonal space at the crossing of nave, choir, and transepts, with its effects of light and shadow, giving the

impression of coming out of gloom—the kindly gloom of nave and aisle—into a radiance not of earth, must be seen to be appreciated worthily. As for the outside aspect of the octagon and lantern, suffice it to say that this is famed for its delicate beauty and originality the world over. It is this, with the noble building which it crowns, that gives to the little city (of 8000 inhabitants only), already picturesque with its narrow streets climbing the hill from the fenland below, a distinction all its own. Once the lantern crowned the shrine of St. Etheldreda, thrice translated; once the great minster itself was the shrine of a Presence that has gone: the Presence of Etheldreda's Lord in the Sacrament of His Love. God can work miracles, and the miracle *may* some day happen of the restoration to Him of His erstwhile abiding-place.

In the meantime, He dwells in the humbler shrine which faith and piety have given Him in a byway of the little city, where those who come here to look upon the glories of the past can find Him—"the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

The Widow's Lamb.

BY ALDEN EADEL.

VII.

THE keeper of the dungeons was a burly, not unfriendly individual, forbidding and stern of appearance and hardened by his task, but, underneath, his heart was not unkind. He told Lucia the castle news, and how the weather went, up above the ground, and thus she learned of the plague, and spent many hours praying with beating heart that her mother might be spared. When the disease had abated, the gaoler told her:

"Yes, Mila is well—well enough. Better to have died, with plague, all of them, say I." Then he told her how the Countess had burned the village, and

how the unfortunate remnants, who had escaped the black death, were reduced to beggary. A day or so later, as he thrust her scant food in to her, the gaoler chuckled: "There be many a man and woman say that judgment has been given, but not half enough. Our haughty Viviana has had a fine tumble;" and Lucia learned about her encounter with the lepers.

"I am sorry for her," she said, gently. "I do not think she deserved that—she is proud, but she was good to me."

"Ha! This looks like it!" waving his big hand contemptuously. "The dungeon! What is a young girl like you doing in these dark places? These are meant for malefactors. I like not this keeping watch over a pious maid who spends her time saying her prayers."

Lucia sighed. "If it were not for her mother—what a sad thing to say!—I am sure Viviana would be different!"

But this was not the end of the incident of the fields. Viviana's sprain was healing and she had recovered from the shock; but she was so angry that when the poor villagers once more came to the castle, falling on their knees and crying for mercy, it was she who ordered harshly: "Give them nothing! They hate me, do they, the people? Then let them feed on my hate!"

The next morning as she was washing her hands in a silver bowl, she noticed a white scaly appearance on her palms. The Countess's physician was sent for, a learned man from Salerno. The servants and inmates of the castle were startled by the terrible sound of shrieks from Viviana's bower. She flung herself on the stone floor and screamed, "Not that! Not that!"

But before three Winter suns had risen and set, the terrified Countess, who had a dread—perhaps bred of her conscience—of any kind of sickness, had cast out her daughter into the fields; and Viviana, who but a few hours before had been seated on velvet cushions,

waited on by pages and maidens, stumbled in a bewildered daze across the wintry meadow, her satin gown torn by briars and thorns, her hair loose, in one hand, clutching mechanically the wooden clapper of the lepers, which the soldiers had thrust upon her, hardly able to disguise their triumph. Hardly knowing what she did, she went toward the hollow by the woods where the lepers dwelt, but they drove her away, hurling stones and brandishing sticks. She wandered about until her feet were bleeding where her silken shoes were torn, and the rain, which began to fall heavily stung her eyes and drenched her. She found at last an abandoned wood-cutter's hut. Half the roof had fallen in, and there was no door to keep out the rain and nothing within but hard, packed earth and the remnants of a long burned-out charcoal fire. She crawled against the wall, the rain swishing in on her, and lay on her face on the ground. And like a dream, every deed of injustice, every cruel thing, every act that she had neglected, passed before her closed, aching eyes. The pleasures and gayeties of the castle were forgotten, and she remembered only the pinched, white faces of the village children, Lucia unjustly in the dungeon, her own fine raiment and good food, while men fell from starvation not a quarter of a mile from her. She saw the chapel with its soft candlelight—the chapel that she had neglected so sorely, and Father Boniface gazing at her reproachfully.

"Gaoler," said Lucia, "have you heard aught of the man named Francis,—a blessed man who goes about barefoot preaching to the poor?"

"Yes, maid, that I have! He is not far from here now—two or three days' journey, it is said. I would that he might come hence, but he travels the road to Rome, and he will not turn aside so far to visit our burned-up village!"

For a moment Lucia looked disappointed; then her face cleared and she said, "I think he will come!"

"Well, I doubt it, but indeed I wish he would, for they say he is a holy man, with great power with God. And the Countess"—shaking his head—"is indeed a wicked woman."

"Is she not as gay as ever?"

He shook his head. "She tries to be, but daily her cheek grows thin, and she has dismissed most of her minstrels. Why, it is a hard thing—three years ago she lost her son, he who ran away a wastrel, a blot on the noble family name; and now she has lost her only remaining child, a leper."

"What!"

"I forgot you did not know."

While Viviana stumbled about her deserted hut, shunned even by the lepers, eating roots and dragging herself to the roadway where sometimes a chance traveller might toss her an alms, Lucia knelt in her dungeon and continued to pray.

Not many people assembled in the blackened market-place, where ashes still blew in the wind and a few gaunt pieces of stone wall stood here and there; but the word spread through the countryside—"Francis of Assisi is here!"

And folk came in from miles round about, on donkeys and afoot, to listen to the Little Brother of the Poor. Mothers brought their babies to him that he might bless them, and hard faces softened as his gentle words fell on their hearts. They saw only a simple man, barefoot, clad in a travel-worn, brown robe, girt at his waist with a cord, and around him a little group of men dressed as he was, poor and plain. But when Francis stood in the blackened village and raised his arms and spoke, his face became illumined with a glow which was not given by the sun, and his dark eyes seemed to send forth a living light.

Countess Favetta sent for the holy man.

"Tell him that I will give shelter to him and his followers," she said.

Francis replied, "I would rather lodge with the poor and share their bread and cold water. Thank the Countess, but tell her I am but the least of God's children, and would rest better under the light of my sister, the moon."

"There are lepers here, brother," he was told by one of his companions, a young man who seemed to be touched even more than the others by the condition of the village. "Down yonder," pointing to the woodland.

"I will go—come you with me, Peter. Christ is longing to show His love for these little ones."

Viviana stood a short distance from her hut, her burning eyes watching somberly the brown-clad figures that approached across the field. They were going toward the hollow—it must be that they did not know the lepers dwelt there, or they would never go so near. She had crept up to the edge of the village, hiding behind trees and bushes, and had heard Francis preach. How she had longed to rush forward and cast herself at his feet, begging for him to pray for her! But she was an outcast now, and she had run back before any one saw her. Now she ventured a few yards toward them, then, shaking her clapper as warning, she cried out in a despairing voice, so different from the tones of the old Viviana—"Brother Francis, pray for my soul! I am the wickedest person in the country. Oh, will you pray for me!"

Francis, who had turned round at once, hastened toward her; and the most piercing wound she had felt seemed to stab her then, for he was near enough for her to see the eager compassion on his face, yet she must shrink away from him.

"Come no nearer!" she called sadly. "I am a leper."

But Francis approached her, his dark eyes searching her face eagerly. Although she would have stopped him, he placed his hands upon her.

"Viviana," he said, "your sins be forgiven you!"

"How know you my name, Brother Francis?" His voice seemed to pierce through her very flesh like a golden sword. She felt a strange exaltation rise up within her, then she fell at his feet, and wept. The sound of sobs caused her to look up, and she saw Francis' companion bending over her and exclaiming: "My sister! You are healed!"

"Peter!"

VIII.

Scores of candles shed their golden beams throughout the crowded chapel. The floor was freshly swept, and sweet flags strewn under foot and against the creamy-hued travertine walls the faces of the saints looked down and seemed to smile upon the assembled people, for everyone in the castle was gathered to give thanks. Once more Viviana was clothed in fine raiment, and all the dreadful traces of the disease had vanished, leaving her skin fair and fresh as ever. But there seemed to be something different about her—something in her face that had never been there before. People had come from miles around to see her, for the story of the miracle had spread like fire.

There was another wonder—Peter, the lost son, had come back. But how different from the Peter who had fled three years ago! He was no longer the gay cavalier with a purse full of money and a box of dice or a goblet of wine always in his hand. When destitute and almost about to die, he had met Francis of Assisi, and the Little Poor Man had given him food and shelter. Peter's heart had been so touched that he had joined the Brothers, and returned to his home to tell his mother that he had found a better way; and that he wanted none of the wealth that might be his.

The Marble Countess trembled, for the miracle to her daughter and the appearance of her son, whom she had secretly thought must be dead, awed her. She ordered the village to be rebuilt and men began to whisper, "She, too, is changed."

Something else was soon learned. Viviana's first act upon returning to the castle was to free Lucia, and the peasant girl, blinking in the strange sunlight, told her how she had prayed that Francis might come.

"It was your prayer that brought him," declared Viviana, "for Peter tells me that they were travelling another way entirely, but that all at once they felt impelled to turn aside and visit our part of the country."

"And Peter, your brother, has joined the Order of the Brothers Minor!" Lucia's countenance glowed. "I realize now," she told Viviana, "that it is his soul I have always loved. When I told Rinaldo that if I cared for any man it was your brother, I realized that it was a spiritual love, for I have always prayed for his salvation—I am so happy!"

After awhile Viviana continued: "My cousin, Prince Leonardo, is returning hither for a season, for we have sent letters, declaring all that has come to pass."

"Noble Viviana, will you then espouse him?" Lucia ventured to ask.

Viviana shook her head. "No," she said.

Lucia learned why, when, in the chapel before the assembled throng, Viviana walked to her mother's side and said:

"My mother, this is a day of rejoicing and also a day of farewell. I come to bid you good-bye and to give you back all the beautiful things you have showered upon me." She wore an enveloping cloak of embroidered blue velvet and fur, and unfastening this, she slipped it off and lay it at her

mother's feet. A murmur rustled through the crowd, for she stood revealed dressed in a coarse brown woollen habit. "I go to join the Poor Clares at Assisi," she said, "where my heart calls me. I, who have known their sufferings so well, hope that I may be found worthy to care for the lepers and the outcasts."

And later she held Lucia's hand in hers. "Farewell, my sister," she said, "you must take my place in the castle now." Lucia smiled.

"Do not shake your head," continued Viviana. "You will learn what I mean when Prince Leonardo arrives. He is heir now to all the lands that would have been mine and my brother's; and who is more fitted to share them with him than you? I have learned at last not to look upon rank and name. Farewell!" And embracing one another affectionately, they smiled, and Lucia watched, as down the white road that led to Assisi, Viviana, clad in her humble garb, followed a beckoning light which she alone could see.

(The End)

Thankfulness.

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN.

I HEARD a tiny sound to-day.
The flowers all had stopped to pray.
Lily, and rose, and goldenrod
And violet were thanking God.
For what? The sun, and rain, and dew,
That had not failed the season through,
The soil, the winds with their caress;
And simple daily happiness.
I blushed, whose thought had found no
wings
To thank God for the simple things.
No sudden fortune had bestowed
On me a rich and golden load.
But I had known the rain, the sun,
Shelter and rest when day was done,
Raiment, and food, and happy hours.
I was less thankful than the flowers.

Sandals and Serenity.

BY BLANCHE W. SCHOONMAKER.

DO you believe in ghosts? But how can you live in California, and disbelieve? Watch the wraiths upon El Camino Real—the "brown Padres" trudging patiently upon their journeys. Did you think Father Serra had forgotten the land he loved? I saw him on a hot, blue, shimmery morning, and I followed him to Santa Barbara.

It was the Feast of the Portiuncula—the Feast of St. Francis' charity toward sinners,—and I heard High Mass at the Mission, a choir of young seminarians sang Gregorian chant, and I echoed the *Deo gratias* most heartily. He who has not heard Gregorian chant sung by male voices, has yet an experience in store. And after Mass, I left the various devout worshippers to their feast-day prayers, to their walks in the old cemetery, and their "visits" to the church (for it was Portiuncula, and this is what one does, upon this dear day of St. Francis), and I went across the courtyard to the monastery, and rang the bell.

Now, if you know the proper password, you can sometimes get speech with the superior, in which event, your fortune, so to speak, is made; and the Father will tell you a score of fascinating anecdotes, and show you wonderful things. When I had accomplished the necessary mental adjustments, and persuaded myself that this very young-looking and simple-mannered man was really the superior in charge of the theological seminary under whose roof I stood, I lost no time in begging to "see everything"; and was forthwith taken most thoroughly in hand.

It's one thing to be officially guided and quite another to be allowed to pore at will over illuminated missals and breviaries, to sit in beautiful old chairs, to

find the secret spring that opens an old writing-desk, to try the yellow keys of the Steinway piano that travelled around the Horn, to read inscriptions on vaults, to sigh and smile at the shrine where lies the body of a boy martyr brought from the Catacombs. "Deodatus," he was called, for no one knew his name—happy lad, come through what devious ways within sound of our Franciscan bells! I saw a huge jar, hewn from one solid stone by skilful Indian fingers; there was a clock all made of wood, down to the smallest wheel; there were old vestments, heavy with gold and silver; there were sundried bricks which bore the imprints of marauding mountain lions' feet; there was a part of the first altar set up in the Mission; there was the rawhide bed used by Padre Sanchez, the "Father Salviaderra," of "Ramona," of whom many a quaintly humorous tale is told, and one so very good that I digress to give it place.

It seems that once, upon a hurried journey, and stopping momentarily before a wayside inn, the Padre's urgent and peremptory demand for food resulted also in the donation of the service plate, which he was generously bidden to throw away when he had finished the helping of beef, potatoes, and gravy it contained. The impatient driver was touching up his horses, and the good Padre had his plate safely ensconced upon his knees, when conscience reproached him. True, he had no use for the plate, once his repast was finished, but to destroy even a common china plate struck him as wasteful. Thereupon this inspired son of St. Francis proceeded to dump his dinner into one of his habit sleeves, returning the plate safely to the amazed innkeeper! One supposes that a little flavor of meat and gravy clinging to him may have been, upon some subsequent fast day, a cheering reminder of past pleasures.

Perhaps the most interesting of the

exhibits in the little monastery museum are the music books—the books of chants, four parts together on one staff, and each part written in a different color. The Padres taught the Indians most successfully by the association of *tones* with *colors*—which, if I mistake not, is the brilliantly "original" system of Mme. Montessori. And the Franciscans do not claim to have invented the system, for, although definitely developed in connection with the Indian missions, it can be traced back to the Benedictines in the Sixth Century.

In the church, some of the old mural decorations are still untouched by modern hands; the vegetable colors have retained their freshness, and in the chapel of St. Francis, the ceiling and the walls are radiant with soft hues and curious designs.

Four thousand Indians are buried in the old cemetery, and now one walks over and among their nearly obliterated graves, "but can not break their sleep." Father Sanchez is buried in the modern vault, where you are pigeon-holed, feet first, sealed up, and dated in a business-like fashion that has really more of honest feeling about it than a wilderness of urns and crosses, and whole flocks of doves and lambs. With what security of mind must they who bury in this way look upon death! I noticed one inscription which read:

SOLANUS ROONEY, O. F. M.
OBIIT DIE 24 MAII AN. 1906
AET. 29 PROF. 6 SACERD. 3

And I wondered if Father Rooney was at home among the Spaniards, and whether he was gray-eyed, with a bit of a brogue on his tongue, and why he died at twenty-nine!

I've stood in the "crow's nest" on the foremast of a rocking ship, and looked down cheerfully upon the wrinkled sea, so the prospect of a climb into the bell-tower at Santa Barbara didn't appal me; but the Reverend Father sent me up the winding steps in the clammy darkness,

among the whispering spirits that pass and re-pass you in a rush of chilly wind, annoyed at your intrusion. He sent me up alone and unprotected, and stumbling forlornly in my silly heels, till he concluded that I wasn't likely to retreat or call for help; and then he switched on a perfectly good electric light, and followed, his eye twinkling.

"What if you should meet Something here in the dark?" he suggested, with a properly apprehensive glance over his shoulder. "You couldn't run very far!"

"You'll have to bring out more than ghosts to scare me!" I said, spitefully. How could I know about that electric light? And falling upstairs, skinning those precious shoes!

He looked at me now with the twinkle in his eye carefully suppressed, and I should have taken warning; but I'm of a trustful disposition. We stood beside the great bell, and looked out over the town to the sea, glinting in the sun. The islands, lined against the sky, were draped in haze; it was very still. Down in the gardens the stiff cedars rustled with a passing puff of wind; a bird called, a dog barked in remote distance. And then, across the sleepy noon, there came a deafening crash that splintered my trance like a bursting shell. How I missed dropping out of the tower to the waiting earth below, I can't yet understand; and when I had recovered sufficiently to realize that I was merely hearing the Angelus at close range, I turned a weak and wiggly smile upon my guide. "Oh!—" I said, as the last reverberations of the bells died away, "how that startled me!"

And the Reverend Superior of Santa Barbara broke into a laugh, and ran down the steep stairs like a schoolboy, in his sandals. "But," he reflected, "she's not afraid of ghosts."

Of course, I was granted the customary bird's-eye view of the Forbidden Garden, from which profane feet are

excluded. It's very lovely in its formal grace.

"What would you gain by going in?" demanded the priest.

"Nothing," I told him. "And I'd lose—mystery and magic!"

And there *is* something of both magic and mystery about people who can get up at midnight and sing psalms, and go back placidly to bed and rise again at half-past four, and yet be amiable all day!

Old China.

BY ANGELA FRANCIS.

DEATH had come very quietly that night to the Ryans' cottage; so quietly that Mary Ryan did not hear his entry, even though her seventy-four years made her a light sleeper; and it was only when the grey dawn pierced the gloom of the kitchen that she saw her husband's stern features outlined in the cold, unsmiling mask of death. She did not cry out, nor shed tears. The ingrown habit of fifty years made her rise quietly and light a fire and set the kettle on to boil. She went out to the door, and calling Paddy Burke, bade him run to the end cottage and tell Mrs. Grey that her father was dead.

It was a comfort to have Sheila so near, though she was the only Ryan who had not done well for herself. Since her marriage she had worked to keep body and soul together, and to keep life in the eight little Greys who had followed one another in quick succession, like the proverbial steps and stairs. When her large bulk filled the kitchen, Mary Ryan's strength seemed to desert her, and she allowed her youngest daughter to wash and comb her, and put a clean white cap on her head, and to deposit her in the fireside chair with the admonition not to fret.

Sheila was in and out several times to the postoffice, sending what she

called wires to the other members of the family. Neighbors came in with condolences, which Mary hardly heard. She felt numb and cold, as cold as on the day when they brought her the news that Joe was dead.

Strange how she should think of him to-day, and imagine him still the delightful, curly-haired baby at her knee. That was not how he had looked when the bandits in China had finished with him. She had known quite definitely when he sailed for the Far East that she would never see him again. Yet somehow, her missionary-priest son had been with her every morning at Mass, during the six years he had been in China, and every Communion of hers was offered with and for him. By an unfortunate mistake she had become acquainted with every horrible detail of his dreadful martyrdom, and it seemed as though with his expiring sigh something in Mary Ryan died too. That was a long time ago, yet Joe's face was as clear before her eyes to-day, as though he stood in the kitchen,—not suffering, as she had often beheld it in dreams, but smiling in his boyish way.

Out of the thick mist that seemed to hang between her and the outside world, she saw the family arrive, accompanied by their respective husbands and wives. There was a great stir and bustle in the kitchen, but she could not rouse herself sufficiently to find out the cause. There were sundry pecks at her withered cheek, and voices, loud and strident, then hushed, as their owners were reminded of the presence of the dead. She heard the words: "The china." Now, what was the china? She longed to open her eyes and ask Molly or Kevin, but the effort was too much. The china—why, of course, she remembered. All the old china in the corner cupboard that had been in the family for hundreds of years—the dainty vases, cups, jars, and statuettes, fragile and fairy-like, and as transparent as the purest

crystal. Valuable, it was, and growing more so every day. A grand Dublin gentleman, who had come to see the old things, had told her there was only one other chinese blue jar like hers in the world, and that was in the collection of a millionaire.

Of course, the carefully-prized hoard was not so large as it used to be. A beautiful little lady balancing on the tips of her dainty toes with her white arms stretched high above her head, had been sold when Joe told her he wanted to be a priest. They had sold it gladly to pay for Joe's education, she and the old man lying dead in the kitchen bed. They had travelled all the way to Dublin, with the exquisite lady wrapped in a corner of Mary's black shawl, and had received in return a slip of paper which the grand gentleman assured them was worth one hundred sovereigns. When they got back to the village, Mary had entered the chapel, and kneeling down thanked God she had had the lady to sell, for it meant giving a priest to His service.

An old jug had gone when Molly took it into her head to go to Dublin to learn typing; next came Kevin, who also got his share. It was said he had married a Belfast lady who owned much land, and now he lived as a gentleman, although his mother hardly ever saw him. One by one each had left the nest, and each had needed a bit of old china to give them a start in life. They were all grand ladies and gentlemen now, having all made excellent marriages, but their several businesses were so pressing they never found time to visit the tiny cottage at the foot of the mountains.

All except Sheila,—she had not needed a bit of old china to give her a start in life. Content with the little village, her husband merely a poor laborer, she yet had managed to give her mother many little helps and comforts. Mary could not hear her voice now above the din.

The mist lifted a little. The voices were more distinct.

"She can't come with me, that's certain. You know what a busy house I have, besides, the journey would kill her. Molly's would be the place."

"Why, Kevin! My husband would not hear of it. He is a crank about mothers-in-law."

"The chinese blue jar goes to the eldest. That's me, now Joe is gone."

"You were always a grabber, Miles. Well, the half tea set is mine, anyway."

"That's only the coffee pot left for me! Here, I must have the antique silver basin as well."

"She can go to Sheila. She's got room enough in that big barrack of a cottage. Mother would hate to leave the village anyway. Sheila's is the very place—"

The mist came down again. There was a dreadful pain at her heart.

They did not want her—it was the old china they were after. Why could they not leave her in peace to live on her tiny pension? They talked of selling up the home that had been hers for fifty years, and disposing of her as though she were a piece of her own china. Oh, why was Michael dead? She saw in a kind of daze the outline of his cold, dead face, he who had always given her the warmth of his love and protection. What was he thinking now of her, seated here alone by the fire, unwanted by the family she had borne?

Time passed. She was fed at intervals, always by Sheila, with Sheila's strong red arm supporting her back, and still the whispering and nagging went on without ceasing. They took the coffin away, and the voice of the priest echoed strangely down the deserted street. The house was empty. She was alone. She rose with a great effort, and went across to the corner cupboard; it seemed miles away across the floor. When she reached it she could not see, for the mist was blacker than ever before her eyes. Yet, the familiar feel of

the old things she had long cherished sent a warm thrill to the depths of her cold heart. She gathered them all in her arms, and went back to her place by the fire, nursing them closely as though they were babies.

The old china had made possible so many dreams, and if some had proved vain, was it the fault of the china? Even if its mission had been only one thing, she would have loved it just the same; for its wonderful glory in Mary's eyes lay in the fact that but for it, she would never have had a son a priest.

Its purpose was ended now. She had no further use for it, and Sheila did not want it, for though poor, she and her husband and children had enough of life's goods to satisfy their simple needs. It was the others who coveted it—those others who had more income weekly than Sheila had in a month.

And they did not want her, their Mother, who had given them all a start in life. Michael was dead, and Joe was dead, and Mary sat here by the fire alone and despised.

They came up the road from the cemetery, thankful they could soon put off the mask of sorrow. Molly thought the whole time of the chinese blue jar, and how its slender form would grace her Dublin drawing-room. Miles thought of it, too, with envy, but was consoled by the prospect of the silver basin. The old things would look better among the family than hidden away in a cupboard in a cottage among the mountains.

Yes, the china was there, but it lay broken in tiny fragments on the cold hearth, and beside it lay Mary, her arm encircling it protectingly, in the last strong clasp of death.

The last piece of old china was broken too.

THE appeal to physical force is venial in men maddened by suffering, but inexcusable in others.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Novels of the Soil.

BY L. L. W.

MANY are wondering at the present popularity of "the novels of the soil." Just when life is becoming increasingly urban, even elegantly and luxuriously "suburban," we find literature turning, rather vitally in spots, to cruder and more primitive rural sources for its material; and what is perhaps more striking, this literature of the soil is enjoying a rather widespread and enthusiastic popularity. Only a few years ago Ramond won the Nobel prize with his truly great epic of the Polish peasant. Then came Knute Hamsen with his "Growth of the Soil." And now Sigrid Undset receives the first prize in literature for her trilogy, "Kristin Lavransdatter," an extremely vital and significant interpretation of the homely but beautiful life of Catholic Norway in the Fourteenth Century. In England, Thomas Hardy has found sources of great power, if not of great beauty also, in the life of simple, utterly unsophisticated people. While in America Willa Cather, with "My Antonia" and Rolvaag with "Giants in the Earth," along with many others, have rediscovered, for even the urban people who read books, new and vital sources of interest amidst the cruder and rawer aspects of rural life.

Literary phenomena of this kind can seldom be explained by a single cause. Some may say that this new interest in literature of the soil is hardly more than an accident explained by publishers' advertising. Others see in it, in America, the fact that as a nation we are growing old enough to realize that we have a social and economic past; and no doubt both these causes contribute to the whole explanation.

But there may also be a more insistent and significant cause than any of these. Some critics of contemporary

society who see closely and feel deeply the currents upon which our modern highly urbanized existence is floating have been saying that that existence is extremely sterile and unsatisfying. The modern man, immersed in business, golf, and automobiles, loves nothing deeply, even hates nothing abidingly. His life is a continual, hurried round of multitudinous, small desires satisfied or frustrated. There is no time for anything, even for his home, to become permanently and deeply rooted in his life. With all his typical, fretful acquisitiveness, he really acquires nothing, either material or spiritual, which is not comparatively superficial.

As a consequence, the modern man is hardly the stuff of great literature. Great literature demands strong and genuine emotion; and this can not exist in a life where there are no deep loves and no intense hates. We are getting extremely deft, perfect craftsmanship in many stories dealing with the sterile, superficial life of a highly urbanized, sophisticated age, but hardly any powerful, moving literature. Only that which abides and becomes rooted deep in the thought and feeling of a people is stern enough to make the material of a truly powerful, beautiful book.

The Mission Play.

BY LOIS E. SNELLING.

WHAT the Passion Play of Oberammergau is to Europeans, the Mission Play is to Californians. However, as interest in the former is by no means restricted to its own immediate territory of Germany or of Europe, but has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth, so has the fame of the Mission Play spread within the past few years.

This colorful drama, picturing the colonization of California by Spain, and the Christianization of the Indians by the devout Spanish Padres, was pre-

sented for the first time at San Gabriel in 1912. Since that date, it has been enacted each year for several successive months in the Winter and Spring.

In 1927, the play was given for the first time in the new playhouse erected especially for the housing of the Mission Play. This building is a beautiful piece of mission-style architecture, and could have no more fitting or romantic background than that furnished by the environs of historic San Gabriel. The theatre is located in a seven-acre tract, which is part of the compound of the old Mission, and the Mission itself is only a short distance away. On this tract is the famous San Gabriel grapevine, planted by the Padres in 1798, as well as the old adobe house which is supposedly the birthplace of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."

The old Mission at this place was the fourth to be established of the chain of twenty-three which extended along the Pacific coast from San Diego to San Francisco, and is one of the most interesting. San Gabriel was one of the richest of all the Missions, and, due to the fertility of its acres and the care with which they were tended, it gained for itself the title of "Mother of Agriculture in California." It is also sometimes referred to as "Queen of the Missions." One of its outlying chapels, to which it was necessary for the priest in charge to play circuit-rider, was located in the tiny, struggling pueblo of Los Angeles, only a few miles away.

The pageant, which is a blending of historical fact with religious feeling, shows us how in the old days of California, the Missions were the backbone of the country: the whole system of colonization depended upon them. And history has proved that they were wholly dependable—they and their keepers, the Padres or "long-gowns," as they were called by the aborigines. Regardless of what may have been the motives or methods of the Spanish Gov-

ernment in the settlement of the New Spain, those of the priests were devout unselfishness and tireless efforts.

These efforts, from their hopeful beginning in 1769 to their tragic end, seventy-eight years later, are depicted in the play, which is divided into three episodes. John Steven McGroarty, its author, has made a deep study of the Missions, the Franciscan Fathers who founded them, and the part the Missions played in the State's history. He, like so many thousands of others, sincerely deplored the decay and ruin into which these old structures were permitted to fall, and it is for their restoration and preservation that the yearly proceeds of the play are used. A great deal of this work of restoration has already been accomplished, and it is still going on.

The writer is not a press agent, but to those who admire devotion in labor as shown by the Franciscan Padres, beauty in architectural lines as expressed by their buildings; and to lovers of romance, history, and artistic dramatization, she would suggest, "See the Mission Play."

The Venetian Gondola.

BY JULIA W. WOLFE.

IF ever you visit Venice, of course you will ride in a gondola; it's the carriage of that city and a most delightful one, too. The conductor is out of sight behind, like the driver of a hansom cab, and nothing obstructs the occupant's view except the graceful prow, waving slightly to and fro, as if it were a living animal dragging the vehicle. A finely outlined, handsomely ornamented flat-bottomed boat is the gondola. It rests lightly upon the water, and is propelled and guided as easily as an Indian's birch-bark canoe. It draws so little water that it can pass through the shallowest canal at low tide.

Where the Adriatic overflows the

grand square of St. Mark's—as it does sometimes during the Spring tides,—the gondola glides up to the cafés, and takes on board those who object to wading home along the quays. But the gondola belongs to the luxury of Venice, as taxi-cabs do to our cities and towns. It is for pleasure and accommodation, but not for business. Even when bringing strangers from the railroad station and the foreign steamers, the heavy luggage is left to be transported by the *barca*—a more common flat-bottomed boat used for merchandise.

Those who have never been to Venice have a vague idea that to get from one end of the city to another one is always obliged to go by boat. This is not so. Unless one wishes to visit the neighboring islands, he can gain any part on foot. Comparatively few of the inhabitants ever go in boats. Only people with plenty of money own a gondola. When a native must take a conveyance for the railroad station there are the omnibus boats and the steamboats to supply the place of our street-cars.

In Venice all the freight traffic is done by boats. You will see large barges instead of trucks, and numerous small ones instead of the hand-carts for the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker. These small boats are of all shapes and sizes, but the usual form is a large, light, graceful skiff called a *sandolo*, easily propelled by one oar. We have heard a *sandolo* called "The donkey-cart of Venice." That well describes this small boat and its many uses; but the *sandola* or *gondoletta*, often rises to the dignity of a pony-carriage when it is more carefully constructed of handsome wood. Then the single seat is cushioned, and the vessel is propelled by an amateur boatman.

The gondola and the *sandolo* are alike propelled by a single oarsman with a single oar. He does not paddle, for he uses a rowlock, and he does not scull, for the oar is not placed in the stern,

but at one side. The gondolier stands in the stern on a little raised platform, and plys his oar on the right side. He uses a high rowlock called *forchetta* (fork). It is not unlike a fork much battered and twisted. He faces the prow, gives a long, vigorous push, and throws the force of not only his arms but his whole body into the stroke. Then he drags the oar slightly in the water before the next stroke, and by so doing keeps the boat straight.

The peculiar stroke gives a slight sidewise movement to the boat which is not unpleasant. As there is no thumping of the rowlock, the slight swish of the oar can be heard as it is dragged through the water. It is difficult to catch the trick of using an oar in the Venetian manner, and very easy for the novice to lose his balance; but a stranger is not recognized as a Venetian until he has fallen overboard, and we are sure few have played at being a gondolier without getting a ducking.

The gondolas and smaller boats are built in Venice. One of the greatest "gondola yards" is on a canal near the Church of San Trovaso. It has served as a subject for many a picture, with its dark shed and church tower and acacia-trees for a background. Here also old gondolas are repaired. As they lie bottom upward along the quay, they look much more like small whales than graceful boats. The cost of a gondola, entirely finished, with its steel prow, brasses, cushions and numerous trappings, is many hundreds of dollars.

All along the quays opposite the Doge's palace and the public gardens, and at intervals on the Grand Canal are gondola stations which are also ferries. Here the gondolas that are for hire all cluster and do the ferrying across the Grand Canal on to the adjacent islands.

Truly the streets of Venice are the most delightful in the world. They are the only streets left, it almost seems, where one can really enjoy the traffic.

The Sacred Word "Prosperity."

BY L. R. W.

IT is appropriate that the voters of England should at this time return the Labor Party to power. Unemployment has become the biggest problem in that country, and Ramsay MacDonald, the new Prime Minister, has already appointed to positions in his Cabinet such civic leaders as Miss Bondfield and Sidney Webb, long noted for their advocacy of the people's rights. The entire election returns look like a step toward democracy and a defensibly liberal rule. Mr. MacDonald, for his part, thinks "his government's primary task is to tackle unemployment."

We have something of the same task and problem in America. A large percentage of the people is out of steady or profitable employment. Either regular work with a living wage can not be had, or we have not leaders with the intelligence and will to provide it. Indeed, it is true to say that the lack of leaders—religious, social, educational, and literary—is a definite mark of our time. Nor do constructive, free, progressive statesmen stand out. An observant man, who lived in Washington for two decades, said the other day that he has never seen the place so beggared of great men.

Our own coal miners, much like Britain's, are idle, year after year, one-third of the time, and no one knows what to do about it. The farmers are never idle, but they can not make a living—and there is general agreement that they merit an unintelligent, high-brow sympathy. The Welsh miners have been hit harder. They are steadily out of work now for three years or more, and Government has not known what to do about that, either,—except to attempt feeding 250,000 of them (in some places, one hundred per cent of the people) the year round. Yet Ger-

many, required, as part of a short-sighted policy, to "repair," has poured millions of tons of cheap coal into Welsh markets. In this matter, sentiment has slain even the Englishman, as well as the American and Frenchman. The farmers of Germany, like our own, claim that they are eaten out of house and home by taxes and interest; and we may perhaps be allowed to keep up the pious hope that they will receive consideration and sympathy.

The war, of course, has had much to do with dislocating industry and human life. But that is past, and the industrial and social unbalancing remains, and is likely to remain. What, perhaps more than anything else, gives us, and promises to go on giving us, a disrupted way of living for many unfortunate persons, is the national policy of *laissez faire*, that is, of letting corporations grow and grab whatever they can and will. The money of the nation gets tied up in big pockets, and the people are crippled, go without work when it pleases the merging corporations, are pauperized, and at last must be fed in doles by the Government.

"The only problem before us, then, is that of somehow making the right kind of distribution. If it can not be made through the price system and the wage system, some other method should and must be found. The absurd contradiction between the enforced idleness of machines and workers that could provide plenty for all if they were kept going, and millions of human beings who would have sufficient if the idle machines and men were to get busy in providing for their wants,—is a grave reproach to our industrial system and our economic civilization. It constitutes the sharpest challenge that has ever been hurled at industrial statesmanship." (John A. Ryan, in the *Catholic World*.)

Do we not, however, turn out a surplus that simply can not be marketed?

It is true that we do now produce a surplus of coal, for instance, and many farm staples, and that we could easily produce a much greater surplus. And this is a proximate reason why many men are a large part of the time out of work. Yet in a fundamental sense the nations have never produced a general surplus; and even America, with her great resources and great machines, does not produce a surplus. We raise or mine or manufacture more than our people can now buy—that is true; but not more than they would like to buy, and could buy if they all received an assured and family living wage. "The trouble is that a large proportion of the desire for goods is not supported by money to buy the goods. . . . Hence, the fundamental need is a better distribution of purchasing power." This is a great economist's summary of the situation. We are loaded with a so-called surplus and with real unemployment, because those who could buy the 'surplus' have no need of it, and those who have need of it can not buy it. There is nothing abstruse or unintelligible about this; but we will wait a long time and take some hard knocks before we are willing to admit it or to do anything about it.

In England the problems of poverty and unemployment are much more acute and already more prolonged than they are with us. The editor of the *London Tablet*, reviewing two important books by Americans on case work and general sociology, says that he grants as fairly obvious all that the authors say, but that from the point of view of present English and Welsh penury and pauperism, they do no more than approach the problems. And the Cardinal of Westminster, in a recent speech to men assembled from fourteen parishes, says that the pinch of suffering is now so real among the people—a million and a half of them being long out of work, and yet the land being left barren and

food stuffs being imported—that men of all political affiliations and all religions should unite on the "all-important question" of relief.

More money will undoubtedly "coagulate," as a national Representative says, in the big pockets. But experience seems to say that this process is the way to prosperity only for the big pockets. Says the editor of *Central-Blatt and Social Justice*: "The general debilitation of agriculture is—and this consideration is entirely lost sight of by writers on the condition of American farmers—one of the symptoms of the pathology of society under Capitalism. Agriculture is always treated as a Cinderella, wherever Capitalism holds sway. That was the experience of ancient society—witness Italy under the Roman Empire which, ultimately, did not produce sufficient grain to feed Rome—and it is true of modern society. England, which developed Capitalism and elevated it to the position it holds in the modern world, to-day swarms with unemployed men, boys and women, while an ever-increasing number of acres is turned into grass."

It is indeed a naïve view that because a few banks bulge out, prosperity will automatically make its way to all the people. We have prosperity, of course, but it is spotted, a splotchy, diseased thing. We wait for the leader or group (or party, maybe) that can give us something better than a promise of sympathy, and more than the magic word "prosperity," to help us keep our balance amid a hurried and hurrying industrialization.

EACH truth leads to all truth. We have to follow only one ray of light in order to come to the centre of the sun. When the understanding has firmly grasped a single fundamental truth, and knows its nature and relation, then life is safe; and the mind rests on the solid ground of verity.

Notes and Remarks.

The rather unexpected result of the general elections in England has left the Catholic School issue in serious doubt. There was sanguine hope in the minds of many that had the Conservatives won there would have been a solution of the question that would be satisfactory to Catholics. This hope was based largely on a promise made by Lord Eustace Percy, Secretary for Education in the Baldwin Cabinet, that should his Party be returned to power, the Government would examine into the Catholic demands with a view to remove, if possible, any cause for grievance. With the victory of the Labor Party, the rosy hopes of Catholics have been decidedly bleached. The chief supporters of both the Liberals and the Laborites are to be found among the Nonconformist voters who are fervently antagonistic to Catholics and their educational claims.

We quote from among the many excellent things said at the Conference on Industrial Problems, held at Green Bay, the following: Bishop Rhode of that city said that the Church begins with a great advantage in this work, because she has "a definite social philosophy and program." Mayor Diener said: "I do not know of any institution in the world that is better fitted to deal with the problems confronting the employer and employee than the Roman Catholic Church." Dr. J. E. Hagerty, chairman of the Conference, gave as "the chief reasons" why one-third of the men in Ohio, "a State above the average," receives less than a family living wage, these three: (a) the employer can hire for less than a living wage, (b) wage-earners are not well enough organized to demand their share of industry's productivity, and (c) "the State does not choose to protect the wage-earner against more powerful bargainers." Charles F. Wills, of Chicago, said that

"The earnings of an industry should determine itself what the workers should receive."

Of the remedies for unemployment and the distress that accompanies it, Voyta Wrabetz, of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, mentioned: employment bureaus, unemployment facts kept by the Government, shorter hours, public works, studies of how to distribute work over the year, unemployment insurance, or wages high enough to tide the workers over the times of no work.

The famous Baptist preacher, Dr. Fosdick, declares that the Protestant cults give their adherents nothing to do. This perhaps sounds strange, when we recall that these religions have gone all the way over from faith without works to service without faith; but we think the great orator is correct.

In the Catholic belief and practice, you have something in your hands or before your eyes while you worship: your beads, for instance, or the action of the Mass, or the actual penance given and taken in Confession, and the accidents of bread used in Communion. There is little of these or like things in Protestant services, and a person is a contemplative, indeed, if he can keep his mind and will so rigorously in heaven. He is allowed merely "the proclamation of the great theories," but the "simple technique" of private prayer, family prayer, grace at meals, set times for religious reading and church attendance, "has gone from the multitude of homes and lives."

We need not lean too heavily on the carrying of beads and medals, or the lighting of many candles; but we have a system which, if used with care and a moderate intelligence, will work, for it has worked in the past. We have something, besides sheer faith or service, to hold our religious life together, not merely during the hour of worship on Sunday, but throughout the week,

so that for us God is on the waters just the same as on the land. In a word, our sacramental system supplements our Sacraments. As Dr. Fosdick says: "Catholicism has a carefully worked-out technique, rosary prayers, festivals of the Church year," the Stations, the confessional, veneration of the saints; and its people have "a method of weaving their ideas into the ordinary texture of their daily lives, so that the doctrines of the faith become practically effective."

"In our zeal for truth," the N. C. W. C. reports a German Catholic weekly as saying, "we should fight dispassionately, objectively, courteously." We need to make "every effort to appreciate" an opponent's views, his difficulties, his questions. Charity requires "a delicate regard" when we judge the affairs of another religion, and its possible scandals "should not be capitalized."

All this may be news to us, for we often fight back before we know what the other fellow has said, or whether he is friend or foe; and sometimes we talk with such disregard for him and such discourtesy and passion as to suggest that perhaps our position is not quite secure. We "pillory," we "rebuke," and at times almost in the style of our good co-worker, Mr. Heflin, whereas a better method would probably be to try first to understand and then to speak in a gentle, Christian manner, or to keep silence.

We feel sure that many persons will misunderstand Dr. Hutchins, the president-elect of the University of Chicago, in his declaration that the business of education is "to unsettle the minds of young men." What he means, of course, is that it should widen their horizons, and "inflame their intellects," that it should enable them to stand on their feet and think for themselves, as indeed they will have to do, and that it should

never close minds and sear them over, but leave them open, honest, unprejudiced.

Mr. Hutchins' is only one of many excellent speeches given just at this time on the same subject. The Rev. F. X. McCabe said to the seniors of DePaul: A diploma "is not a passport to ease and luxury; it does not elevate you to a position of snobbery that looks down upon less fortunate men; it is rather a certificate that you are real men and real women who know the principles of right and justice, how to live up to them, and how to apply them to practical affairs." Bishop Fiske told the graduates of Lehigh that the man whose education neglects the building of character is no great blessing to society, and that education is not bound to be a benefaction to all recipients. And he added: "You dare not call yourself enlightened until you have studied Jesus Christ and tried to take in all that His revelation means about man and the glory of his destiny."

Another paid high tribute to science, but remarked that science can not measure all things. Values, he said, especially the human values, can not be stepped off or known with a yard-rule; a printer can use the ruler to tell you how much type he has, but not to determine whether the type represents nonsense or a great truth. Msgr. Gleason declared to a California audience that the merit of a cultural course lies in integrating all knowledge and in assimilating the findings of all the specialists. Dr. Flint said to the people at Syracuse: "America's progress and power wait on Christianity's growth. She can go no farther, no higher, no faster than the spirit of Christ gains sway." A seasoned educator stressed the likelihood, in modern thought, of lowering our regard for human life and substituting a mechanical theory that is unhealthy for spiritual culture. The Rev. Harry Fosdick lightened the

tone a bit by speaking on the philosophy of play. "The best work in the world," said he, "is that done not for money, nor necessity, but for fun. . . . Even religion is humdrum unless the spirit of play enters into it."

One of the curious incidents of the commencement season was the request made by a preacher of Tucson to all Baptist members of the graduating class to refuse attendance at the baccalaureate services, because Bishop Gereke, a really strong orator, was to speak. The students, who were only of high school stature, but who had selected the speaker themselves, were quite unwilling to miss the speech and their own graduation.

The wording of the British Labor Party's policy may perhaps frighten Conservatives in this country. The Party calls itself "socialist," and we know that this word is enough to cause some people living in America to cry for help. It is a grievously sinful word in the capitalist's ears.

But Ramsay MacDonald, the returned Premier, who comes in now as the head of a Labor government, is quite aware of the excellent aims and methods of the Labor Party. On the eve of election, a statement of his was broadcast describing the Party. It "is not concerned," said he, "with patching the rents in a bad system, but with transforming capitalism into socialism. The Party is essentially one of action. It asks for power in order to lay the foundations of a new social order and to relieve immediate distress."

The Party was frank in stating its own position. "Its aim is the reorganization of industry and the administration of the wealth which that industry produces in the interest, not of the small minority (less than ten per cent of the population), who own the greater part of the land, the plants and the equipment, without access to which their fellow-countrymen can neither work

nor live, but of all who bring their contribution of useful service to the common stock."

It wishes to advance by peaceful means along these five roads to "the socialist commonwealth": by trying to secure to every person "the standards of life and employment necessary to a healthy, independent and self-respecting existence"; to convert industry, with due regard to the needs and circumstances of different occupations, "from a sordid struggle for private gain into a co-operative undertaking"; to readjust taxation, to improve industry and to turn surpluses over to society; to extend, "widely and rapidly," the work of education, public health, housing, the care of the sick and maintenance during unemployment, and to remove "the root causes of international disputes."

Many persons in official life at Washington believe that the "retirement" of Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt as a Prohibition chieftain is the first polite sign from Mr. Hoover that he does not choose to be ruled by the Saloon League. Mrs. Willebrandt was a zealous official, a woman of blood and thunder, whom you might expect to see carrying a hatchet or tattooing an innocent political rival's character with her kindly tongue. But as an officer she brought no great honor to herself, and she mothered but small respect for the cause which she represented; and it is even thought that, after all, she did not rule, but was ruled by the Rev. F. Scott McBride, the wizard of the Saloon League.

To the editor of the London *Tablet*, the rumor that the Mexican Government desires to make peace with the Church is not so much a symptom of repentance on the part of President Gil as it is a political move to preserve a none too-stable power. If the Government has achieved a military victory over General Escobar, it has been at

the expense of popularity among many influential men throughout Mexico; and the Government is willing to make this bow to her persecuted victim, if it might assure her staying in the saddle. The *Tablet*, in summing up the situation, says:

General Escobar's insurrection was repressed at a frightful cost. Thousands of lives were lost, scores of millions of pesos were wasted, and hundreds of miles of railway were destroyed. Nor was the Escobar revolt confined to a few adventurous generals and their followers. Among the civilian population of Mexico City and other Mexican towns were very many influential men who ardently wished for an end of the Callist-Gil-Morrow tyranny and for the accession of Don Gilberto Valenzuela to the Presidency. This very week has brought proof that the Valenzuelan movement is still feared, even though the Escobarite revolt has collapsed. Fifty-two deputies of known Valenzuelan sympathies have just been expelled from the Mexican Chamber, and about a score of their colleagues are under suspicion. It is expected that there will be a fresh crop of sham trials and real executions. As for the Cristeros in the Jalisco and other States, General Calles has not yet fulfilled his promise to "annihilate" them. During the week-end a train from Guadalajara, the second city of the Republic, to Mexico City, derailed and sharply attacked by Cristeros, which is not the sort of thing one usually gets from "annihilated" men.

There have been various more or less surprising statements by loyal Republicans, explaining the responsibility or lack of responsibility of President Hoover for the peculiar religious bitterness manifested in the presidential campaign. As chairman of the Republican National Committee, Dr. Work had been accused during the course of the campaign of abetting, or, at least, of refraining from any interference with what was considered unfair methods in the contest. However, if there was any blame to be laid to Dr. Work it was not

in the mind of the President who, in accepting his resignation as national chairman, writes: ". . . There has never been a campaign conducted with greater success or upon a higher plane, or one that has proved itself so far above criticism."

One could hardly expect that Mr. Hoover would have been listening in to his opponent's radio addresses on those evenings when Governor Smith discussed, in plain and forceful English, Dr. Work and his methods of running a campaign.

Several of the diocesan papers are doing an excellent service in publishing each week a list of the Catholic churches on or near the great auto roads, with the hours at which Sunday Masses are said. This gives an opportunity to the motorist, who perhaps can not take his outings except on Sunday, and who does not wish to miss Mass, to attend Mass without great worry or any unnecessary break in his trip.

Hundreds of people throughout the country, as well as the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, of New York, join sincerely, at least in spirit, with Msgr. Lavelle, pastor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the celebration of his golden jubilee. It was made a grand affair of nearly a week, as it should have been, for this great man, "a personal example," says the editor of the *Herald-Tribune*, "of so much purity of purpose and nobility of action," who assisted in building the famous Cathedral and has lately in large part rebuilt it, who grew in character as the city grew in size these fifty years, and who has remained hearty, active, respected and loved, a warm personal friend of priests, of children and of the people, a man who has a kindly understanding of all types, no matter what their joys or troubles.

New Books.

A. PREFACE TO MORALS. By Walter Lippmann. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

One of the challenging books of this Spring is Lippmann's "Preface to Morals": a volume large in scope, but the plan and thought closely knit and as easily grasped perhaps as they can be in so important a work. The negative introduction is exceedingly well done. But we think it less significant than the reviewers find it. For it is negative; then Mr. Lippmann hardly needed to say that some men of education are at a loss to know on what possible basis the moral life rests. This bewilderment may be due to the failure of 'the churches' on which these men leaned, but it is a fact.

Mr. Lippmann writes of virtue and salvation and morals as positive things, a lesson learned from Mr. Santayana, who describes ethics as the science of knowing and loving all good things. But the latter's spirit remains Catholic, while Mr. Lippmann has a hard time to get rid of a Puritanic tinge. He has learned also from the master to choose God as the highest good and not as King or Creator, though we see no justification of the choice, or why we might not "choose" both. His own case for morals rests on "the ideal of disinterestedness." He substitutes this for a Ruler of the universe and of man and for a personal Supreme Good. This concept of disinterest gives Mr. Lippmann trouble, since he must work out a theory of it to hold up the structure of human affairs and try to apply it to the recurrent questions of marriage and sex life, big and little business and politics. The effort brings him several times at least to the verge of contradicting himself.

For our part, we are convinced that "disinterestedness" is hypothetical, and can not be worked out in the life of God or man. So long as we live, we are concerned; and Mr. Lippmann, after he has kept to the contrary thesis for a while, comes repeatedly back to this view. The ideal, he believes, is disinterest or a "mature" unconcern. But he says that marriage, one of the test problems, rests on

the concern of men and women for a "true adjustment." And he finds that science, the model of unconcern, is concerned—is the "ultimate source of profit and of power." As cornerstone then, disinterestedness, which he says is of a piece with "matured personality" and "high religion," is at best doubtful.

Perhaps we are too fond of personalism and "humanism" to want to believe in mature disinterest. Plainly, this is the way with Mr. Lippmann himself and modern minds with regard to objective order in the universe. With no roots or traditions, "there can be no disposition to believe in an external order of things;" and with the dailies reporting grotesque flashes, scattered bits of human life, men will not accept this as an "ordered universe." The returns of science are "creations of the mind."

This unscientific attitude harms Mr. Lippmann's cause. Some modern minds indeed are unwilling to accept the physical or the moral order of the universe, but the fault may be with the minds and not with the order. Dispositions should conform, if order is fact. I may not be disposed to accept bad weather, but if it is left on my doorstep, I might as well see things as they are. I do not make the moral order any more than I make my human nature; if I am "mature," I find my nature, which includes the moral urge. Like it or not, we are equipped in our make-up with the beginnings of a moral life.

Mr. Lippmann argues that morals is for an élite only, and he offers the dubious interpretation that Jesus made no room for the people, but turned them over to Cæsar. Well, some of us would not so greatly care to be saved if the masses were nothing but damnable. In a word, the "Preface" is admittedly unworkable. A real preface to morals remains in large part to be done, since Mr. Lippmann, backed only by such lighter and negative thinkers as Dean Inge, Dr. Fosdick and Mr. Santayana, was hardly prepared for it. His little inconsistencies and his refusal to take an objective look at things will not commend his work, profound and sincere as it is, to minds that love science and exact thought.

CAVENDER'S HOUSE. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

No reader at all familiar with contemporary or even modern letters can be unaware of the significance of Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry. In all matters of technique, of finished craftsmanship, he assuredly deserves recognition as a master. And now "Cavender's House" has been heralded as "The essential Robinson." It sums up in itself all the characteristic perfections of his art, and is, perhaps, the most excellent of all his poems.

The color and splendor of "Tristram" appears here, applied with a surer, more delicate brush, in more even tones, and without any of those thin, overbright streaks that slightly marred the earlier poem; the dignity and reserve of "Merlin" are also present in this new poem, with long, stately cadences that yet seem natural and often almost artless; and the marvellous precision of word and phrase is here perhaps more sharp and clean than in any of Robinson's other long poems.

Robinson, though so much a modern in the general temper of his work, yet never puts a foot outside the traces of the old, accepted traditions of English poetry. In technique he is never an experimenter or innovator. The firm, living flesh of his art is always ribbed with the old classic supports of complete coherence and order, and almost always the more regular meters and stanza forms. And though these give a neat firmness to his work, they never harden or stiffen it. His whole poetic method seems an exquisite tool so well mastered by his hand that he is almost unaware that he is using it. His manner is often so easy and effortless that the reader forgets it almost altogether, and sees only the white, living beauty of the poet's thought and emotion moving through the lines.

Robinson is not, even in his rich, Medieval poems, a romantic poet. He is by and large the realist. And here and there in his phrasing of details, he reveals himself a humanist in the wholesome sense that he has a quick, sympathetic interest in things that touch human life intimately and universally. When Cavender heard Laramie speaking, he suddenly felt that

The old low music was all there
In a few words, and years that were behind
him
Were there before him for a little while,
He would not ask how long.

Once, Laramie says that for women to

. . . believe they do not care
. . . is no harder than to know that wine
Is sweet when it is sour.

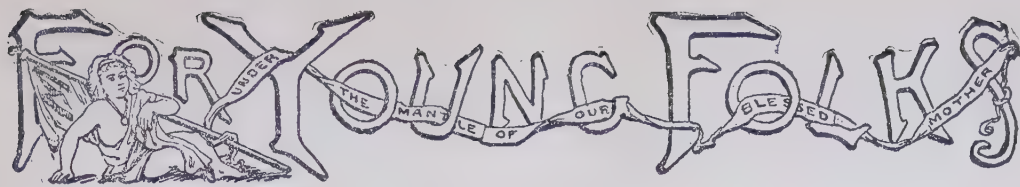
And Cavender is reminded that secrets are
sometimes learned too late—

So often only when calamity
Comes down upon you like a broken house
To bring the news.

Again and again in the poem the little, homely, human things are made exquisite in a phrase or a line. So that Robinson's poetry is not merely the remote, classic perfection of a master craftsman, it is as quick and warm as life; it burns even with the feverish suffering of Cavender's mind.

And Cavender's mind is extremely interesting. Purposely or not, Robinson has made this character in the poem reflect, very accurately, the temper of doubt and bewilderment in the modern mind. Cavender suffers a very hell of spiritual doubt. Laramie, his dead wife, is but a shadow of his own doubt, mocking him and never answering his questions. But he is not only bewildered; he is afraid, "afraid only of peace." He lacks courage enough to accept or to reject, to believe or to despair. And the poem, which reflects all this in an intense and nervous manner, is really an authentic epic of modern spiritual tragedy.

Cavender's mind coils inward upon itself, doubting everything, even its own powers. But in tracing these involutions of thought, so intricately and accurately, Robinson falls into a noteworthy defect in his poetry. He will often conclude his thought with a brief innuendo of doubt, a final questioning phrase used for accentuating the indecision of Cavender's mind. And this occurs so frequently and conspicuously that it tends to become a mannerism consciously or unconsciously employed for an altogether too obvious purpose. But this imperfection perhaps appears as more serious than it really is, because it stands out against the relief of so much that is perfect, "Cavender's House," is, as a whole, a poem of intense, sombre beauty and of most skilful artistry.



The Mouse.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

WE, wee mouse, had a wee, wee house,
And he dwelt there safe and snug;
Grew sleek and fat, though a big black cat
Sat just outside on the rug.

The wee, wee door, that she watched before,
Was only a mouse's size;
And yet, she knew, if he once came through
He couldn't escape her eyes.

But tarts and cheese, and such things as these,
Were the mouse's fare. Alack!
The pussy cat, on the front door mat,
Forgot the door in the back.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—THE COLONEL'S VISIT.

ALL unconscious of the tempest he had evoked, Colonel Graham arrived at Stony Crest as requested. He had visited his friend and classmate years ago, and as the automobile bore him through the stone gateway, he found that time had only added to the old mansion's gloom: the trees cast a denser shade, the ivy was a heavier growth, the walls seemed to rise darker and stronger in their massive pride.

"A fortress and not a home," Bob had said, and now with the shadow of his friend's saddened life and early death upon it, the visitor felt the description was doubly true. A fortress indeed,—a fortress whose grim strength had held out against Life's sweetest and holiest ties.

Preston, grave and courteous, met the visitor at the door, and, taking his card, ushered him into the library, the great drawing-room where the old Madam had

held court for more than thirty years having been closed since her illness. It was a stately, book-lined room, with portraits of stern-faced ancestors looking down from the walls. Like the great house itself, everything spoke of pride and strength unsoftened by cheer or love. The Colonel thought of the dark-eyed little girl with the white pigeon clasped to her breast, and felt she would be sadly out of place here. It would be like a story he remembered having read in his boyhood—"The Dove in the Eagle's Nest,"—and he felt glad to think of Lady Bird safe in the sweet shelter of Sainte Cecile's.

"The Madam will see you, Sir," said the low voice of Preston at the doorway. "She regrets that she has to ask you to her room, but she is unable to come down stairs."

"I quite understand that," answered the Colonel, and he followed this slow-moving guide up the wide, silent staircase where his steps made no sound, and the sunlight fell dimmed through an arched window of stained glass that bore the Wharton crest, brought across the sea—a mailed hand clenching a battle-axe. And again the Colonel's thoughts turned to that other window he had lately seen, flooding the Easter altar with golden radiance that seemed to stream from the outstretched hands of Sainte Cecile's Risen Lord, and fall on the bowed heads of the white-veiled children. "Oh, happy for Bob Wharton's little daughter to live in such love and light!"

And then his soldier tread falling noiselessly on the carpeted floors, he was ushered by Preston's low announcement into the room of Madam Wharton. It was a stately, spacious chamber, furnished with old-fashioned elegance

that disdained all light, modern touch, a bed of carved walnut, canopied with silk, window draperies of rich lace, Persian rugs, toilet articles of silver and crystal.

But the visitor paid little heed to his surroundings, his attention was held by the old woman who sat in the cushioned wheel-chair whose movements she could control with a touch. Though one side was still paralyzed from her recent stroke, there was no sign of weakness in the look and bearing of Madam Rachel Wharton. She held herself tall and erect among her supporting pillows, a stately figure still, her grey hair banded back severely under a lace cap, her face bearing traces of former beauty, but stern and rigid in expression, which the eyes, hidden under their gold-rimmed glasses, did not dispel. A great cat, her constant companion, lay crouched at her feet, while Miss Wilson, a silent shadow, waited near.

"You see me at a disadvantage, Colonel Graham," she said, holding out her hand, "but I am very much of an invalid, as you have heard from Doctor Vance. Be seated, please, and kindly give me the information you bring, as clearly as possible."

"I hope, Madam Wharton, you will not consider my visit as intruding upon your private affairs. It was by the merest accident that I discovered this child of my early friend, Captain Wharton, in a Canadian convent."

"A convent," was the harsh interruption. "But, of course, that was to be expected."

"The good nuns were most kindly disposed to her, but I learned she had been left entirely dependent on them; and they were quite ignorant where they could find her relatives or friends," continued the Colonel. "I felt that in justice to them, and the child herself, I should notify her father's family of her existence and her needs."

"A very proper decision," was the answer. "And, as your letter informed me, before giving this information you took every pains to insure that it was quite correct?"

"I did, Madam, there is no doubt about the little girl's identity. The nuns have all the papers that prove it."

"Enough of these nuns!" Again the harsh note sounded in the speaker's voice,—*"I distrust both them and their assertions. But I take your word that the papers give sufficient proof of this—Lucile Wharton's claim."*

"Cold blooded as a clam," was the Colonel's mental decision, but he went on in a friendly tone:

"I appreciate your confidence in me, Madam, and assure you it is not misplaced. The papers—marriage certificate of her parents, baptismal—"

"Spare me, if you please, all details, Colonel Graham. As I said, I take your word as a man of the world, that you have looked into this matter thoroughly, which I am not equal to at present. I do not know by what unfortunate oversight this child has been left on the charity of a Church with whose teachings I have no sympathy,"—the speaker's tone seemed to grow sterner and harder. "I will remove her at once into what I deem more fitting care."

"Remove her!" exclaimed the Colonel in dire dismay,—*"remove her from the only home she knows, from the tender care in which she is so happy, so blest! Remove her from Sainte Cecile's!"*

"Most decidedly," was the answer. "The very name of the place is obnoxious to me, savoring, as it does, of Romish idolatry and superstition. When the child comes under my care I will do everything I can to undo the influences of the past."

"Great Heavens, Madam, you do not know—you have not seen what those influences are!" said the Colonel indignantly.

"I have heard," was the brief answer,—"heard and read enough to make me fear, condemn, absolutely refuse, to permit their continuance. My grandchild—since she legally and naturally passes under my control,—must submit to that control: she is too young to reject it. I am her natural guardian, and will enforce my claim."

A picture rose before the Colonel's mind at the words—the white, stern, set face of his friend of long ago as he read his mother's letter refusing to acknowledge his wife or his marriage. He bit back the hot protest that rose to his lips, feeling that it would be useless. This stern, cold, hard, old woman had a claim upon her granddaughter, and, as she said, would enforce it. He had no right to advise, or even to plead, against her decision. He stood up in stiff, soldierly attitude which said more than words.

"Then I suppose my friendly responsibility in the matter is at an end, Madam."

"It is," was the harsh answer. "I, of course, understood your interest in the child, and, to a certain extent, appreciate it; but my decision is unalterable. I have your letter telling me where the child is to be found, and will send for her at once. She will remain here until I make further arrangements for her. I thank you again for your unsought courtesy in this family matter, and bid you good day, Colonel Graham." She extended her hand, but her visitor was too blinded with mounting wrath to see it.

With a stiff, soldierly bow, he stalked from the room, stung by the covert insult in her last words, and cursing his folly in ever having meddled in this iron woman's family matters. Better, far better, for that soft-eyed child to be left to the tender charity of Sainte Cecile's, than to be thrust into the chilling atmosphere of a heartless, soulless,

loveless home like this. He had come to seek justice for Bob Wharton's child, and had found it, in the cold, hard pitiless guise, typified by the mailed hand on the Wharton crest.

And as he passed down the wide, silent stairs, shadowed by the great stained window, Colonel Graham bitterly anathematized the meddling that would bring the little snow bird, the wind flower, of Sainte Cecile's to be crushed in the grasp of that mailed hand, to wither and die perhaps in the Arctic atmosphere of Stony Crest.

But there were dispatches waiting for him at his hotel that effectually drove away other anxieties,—secret orders from the War Department that compelled his immediate departure for the Philippines, and thence to points farther East, where there was growing trouble for seasoned soldiers like Colonel Graham to meet. He was a bachelor without ties, and accustomed to obey the call of duty without delay, so he set off at once.

For half an hour after her visitor's brusque departure, Madam Wharton had remained lost in silent thought, her eyes closed, her head resting wearily on its silken pillows, the hand Colonel Graham had refused to see slowly stroking the grey cat that, at a low call, had leaped into her lap.

Colonel John Graham's visit had stirred chords that still quivered in the proud, stern, old woman's breast. Though both were silent about the far-off past, she remembered him as the friend who had made one or two visits to her son, and his strong, soldierly bearing brought agonizing thoughts of the "might have been," that pierced her heart, and would have brought tears to another mother's eyes, tears that the mistress of Stony Crest was too proud to let fall. So she had closed her drooping lids upon them in apparent sleep.

Then, as Miss Wilson approached for

the second time with her afternoon draught, she roused into her usual commanding self, and emptying the glass the nurse handed to her, said—"I trust it will not inconvenience you, Miss Wilson, to leave for Canada to-night."

"Madam!" was the startled exclamation, "is this a dismissal from your service?"

"Not at all," replied the Madam. "On the contrary, it is a mark of my confidence in you. I wish you to take the midnight train—I presume it will be impossible to get an earlier one—and proceed to Port Vincent, which I understand is the nearest station to the village of Sainte Cecile's. There you can get a conveyance to the convent of that name, where—as you have learned by the letter I received this morning—my granddaughter is a pupil. You will pay all her outstanding bills, and, according to the written authority, which I will give you, bring her back here with you at once. My niece, Mrs. Wharton, and Annette, will give me the attention I need during your absence, which need not be more than forty-eight hours; and for this confidential mission, I will add one hundred dollars to your salary this month. Will you be prepared to go?"

"Since you so wish, Madam," was the composed answer.

"You are a sensible woman, Miss Wilson. Then there is no need to waste any further words. I will place all necessary funds at your disposal. Preston will see to the purchase of your tickets, and take you to the train. There may be some unpleasant objections from your charge and her teachers to this abrupt departure, but you need pay no heed to them. You are acting under my directions and by my authority as my granddaughter's rightful guardian. I wish her brought here at once."

"It shall be done, Madam. May I ask if Mrs. Norris Wharton knows of your intentions?"

"Not yet. If you will ask her to

come see me, I will discuss them with her."

It was an hour or so later when Norris Wharton, returning from his daily visit to their neighboring city, met his wife coming slowly down the stairs. There was a look on her face that startled him from his usual careless ease, and Teddy's petulant plaint from above seemed unheard by her.

"Good Heavens, Helen, you are as white as a ghost! What has happened?"

"The worst," she answered, motioning him into the library and sinking breathless into a chair. "I have spent the last hour in torture, while your old hag of an aunt maddened me beyond bearing. It is as I told you this morning. The mother love is living in her heart yet, and it will be our ruin, Norris."

"Mother love!" scoffed her hearer. "You judge all women by your own wild devotion, Helen. Aunt Rachel has only bitterness in her heart for all the world since her son defied her, disobeyed her. She has kept his picture veiled, so that she can not see his face. She is hard and cold as her own rocks."

"There are rocks that prison volcanic fire," was the answer. "She is sending for Robert's child to-night."

"Sending for his child!" gasped the man incredulously. "For what?"

"To live *here*," was the fierce, half-choked answer. "To destroy all our hopes for our future. To supplant our boy. Miss Wilson is leaving by the midnight train, with directions to bring the child *here*. And I have my orders for her reception," the speaker went on with hysteric bitterness. "The south chamber is to be prepared for her, with fresh draperies, Summer rugs. She must share Annette's attention with Teddy. Oh! my heart was ready to burst within me while I listened, and felt what it all meant to our boy. For this child is of her blood, her name—she comes to thrust us out of her home,

her life. Great Heavens, how I will—how I *do*—hate her!”

“Whew!” whistled her husband as the words came buzzing from Helen Wharton’s lips.

“Talk about a mother’s love! There is something that beats it, and that is a mother’s hate; and you have it in all its fire, Helen.”

(To be continued.)

His Own Job.

It was a sweltering day in July, and Bartley Kelly, after making a dozen turns around the lawn of St. Bride’s Church with his mower, stopped in the shadow of the bell tower to mop his forehead. Teddy Ryan and a few of his companions who had been watching the red-faced janitor pushing the mower and puffing like a small engine, hurried over to Bartley with a suggestion.

“Bart, let us push the mower while you sit here in the shadow?”

“Ah, my buckoes,” said Bartley, watching them from the corner of his eye, “I’m afraid the grass wouldn’t get much of a cutting, and I wouldn’t get much pleasure sitting in this shadow fearing that either you or the mower would suffer some accident at every turn. I told you once about the cowboy and the game-keeper, didn’t I?”

“No, you didn’t, Bart, but you will now while you’re resting.”

So Bartley Kelly sat on a stone ledge at the foot of the bell tower, and Teddy Ryan and his companions threw themselves on the trim lawn, their chins cupped in their hands, and their eyes fixed on the rosy face of the janitor.

“Well,” began Bartley, “there was a young lad named Malachy, who lived on a farm, and who was sent out every day to watch his father’s cows. He didn’t like that at all, at all, for he was all alone in the fields, and if he went about shoutin’ and leppin’, or chasin’ a gofer or a field mouse, the cows would wander

off, and he’d have a hard time entirely in finding them. But one day a game-keeper came up out of the wood, and when he saw Malachy, he said: ‘Phew! I’m all tired out. I have been scouring that plain after an old buck from early morning. I have missed him twice, and I’m all petered out.’

“‘Oh!’ said Malachy, ‘he’s just gone down the other way, and if you will watch my cows, I will go out and kill the buck for you.’

“‘Good enough,’ said the huntsman; ‘here is my gun, and here is my dog.’

“Malachy called the dog and started off through the forest. The dog beat the bushes; he ran forward and back again, and at last they found the buck. Malachy, full of excitement, brought his gun to his shoulder, and ‘pow! pow!’ went the gun, and ‘ki-yi-yi’ went the dog who had received most of the shot, while the buck darted off through the forest. Well, the dog started off at a great limp to find his master, and Malachy followed him. When he finally came to the gamekeeper, he found him fast asleep, and the cows nowhere to be seen. Malachy was angry; he had not succeeded in killing the buck, and now his cows were gone. He travelled over the hills and through the forest but found no cows, and when he got home and his father heard the story, he grew angry and began to beat his son with a stick, saying, ‘If every one would mind his own business, the cows would be better cared for.’ So now, youngsters, if I let you sit in the shade, which you seem to do very well, and I run my own lawn mower, the grass will be in better condition, and the church lawn more pleasing to the eye,” and Bartley put on his straw hat, and started to push the mower with a whirring clatter over the lawn.

TEACH children at the earliest age to praise and invoke Mary.

—*St. Francis Borgia.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Catholic Book Club has selected as its June book "A King of Shadows," an historical novel centering about the life of James III. of England. It is written by Margaret Yeo, and published by the Macmillan Co.

—A copy of Harper's Magazine for May, 1857, was found in the corner stone of the Hanson Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, recently torn down. One of the features of the magazine was a chapter of Dickens' "Little Dorrit," which was running serially in it.

—We have just received from the house of Marietti, in Italy, a copy of the "Ordo" for the year 1930. It is printed in large, clear type, and the notations are sufficient for an understanding of the directions rather than, as in some "Ordos" we have seen, so effusive and complicated as to be confusing. There are several helpful tables and numerous *prænotanda* for feasts and fasts that will satisfy the liturgical curiosity of the parochial household.

—"Tipperary," by the Rev. James H. Cotter, LL. D., D. Litt, is a fervid saga of love for the home across the sea. We were interested in this county above all others, and we wonder, after reading the list of Ireland's great who claim Tipperary as their birthplace, who could be left to immortalize the other counties. There are interesting biographical sketches, high lights of history, and snatches of song that make this volume pleasing and interesting reading. A bronze bust of Dr. Cotter, by his artist-sister, forms the frontispiece which, we believe, will immortalize the subject and its creator as much as will these glowing pages on Ireland by a patriotic son. The Devin-Adair Company, \$2.25.

—The question of standards in current literature is always a battle-ground, filled for the most part with poison gas which prevents both sides from seeing the target clearly. Those who are above forty usually will have nothing except new Thackerays or Dickenses or Wordsworths or Shakespeares, and are therefore sure that they can find

nothing in contemporary literature which is worthy of their elevated taste; while those under forty wish nothing except what is new. But modern literature can afford neither to forget the old nor to keep both eyes cast always over its shoulder at the past. We neither dare to scrap the past, nor can we wisely refuse to see the warp and woof—crazy and tangled as it may be—of contemporary life. We learn technique as well as most of the permanent facts of life from the older masters; but these human values, substantially unchanging though they are, must be colored and dressed in modern style. The people who wore crinolines and six-inch mustaches were essentially the same, but not in every way the same, as people of to-day. And all this must be reflected in any literature that is authentic and vital. Any art is permanent and constant in its basic values, though its content and its form must take, to some extent, the brighter or duller colors, the swifter or slower pace, of the age in which it is created.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. H. J. Hausser, Diocese of Rockford;
Rev. George W. Albertson, C. S. C.

Sister M. Helena, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. W. H. Radebaugh, Mr. Sterling P. Johnson, Miss Margaret Agnew, Miss Ella C. Birmingham, Mr. Mark Sweeney, Mrs. J. A. Heffron, Miss Julia Shea, Mr. James Hayes, Miss Mary C. Mollen, Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. M. J. Coon, Mr. Richard J. Greville, Miss Mary Greville, Mrs. Mary Kinkhead, Master Eugene Maloney, Mrs. Thomas Early, Mr. John J. Lee, Mrs. Mary Ryan, Miss Annie McFeeley, Mrs. Gertrude V. Steele, Mrs. S. D. Halahan, Miss Julia J. Skelly, Mr. Charles E. Hickey, Miss Katherine Morris and Mr. Thomas Sullivan.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED, ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 6, 1929.

No. 1.

The Star at Sunlight.

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

I SAT beside a stream and saw bright stars
Stare up at me out of the flat dark depth.
My hand reached out; my fingers closed upon
A sharp-edged thing. I closed my eyes, and
held
My new-found treasure close, close to my
heart.
And when the sun arose and all the stars
Were snuffed from the sky and from the
dark-blue stream
I looked with pride at the bright star I held,
And found a small, black pebble in my palm.

The French Catholics at Work.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

UNDER the promising title of "La Renaissance Religieuse," an eminent French Jesuit, Father Yves de la Brière, professor at the Catholic University of Paris, well known as an authority on social questions and international law, has recently put together certain facts that point to a religious revival among the cultured youth of France.

Those who only know France on the surface are impressed by the anti-clerical attitude of her Government, by the evil laws, still unrepealed, that drove God from the schools and sent religious teachers into exile, by the petty persecution that, in certain provinces is carried on by Government functionaries,

eager for promotion. These things are true, but true also is a fact that rejoices those who know France from within. Among the younger generation of educated Catholics, the Church is gaining ground, and her victories are many.

The laws that, a quarter of a century ago, banished God from the Government schools, have strongly influenced two generations of French men and women. These laws were drawn up by politicians, who made no secret of their desire to "unchristianize" the nation. The chief sufferers from this campaign were the children of the working classes in the elementary schools. With some difficulty, wealthier citizens were able to educate their children according to their principles and traditions; but in the working classes there grew up two generations of men and women whose knowledge of religion could be gathered only from their families or from the parochial catechism—if they were allowed to attend it.

There exist, it is true, especially in the west of France, free schools, supported by Catholics, where religion is taught; but these schools are few and far between, and their action is restricted, if we compare it to that of the Government schools. The consequence of these conditions is that the priests who are fighting the powers of evil in the outlying suburbs of Paris, realize that around them unbaptized men, women and children are legion. Scenes occur in these parts that remind us of happenings in heathen lands. Only last Spring,

in a mission chapel of the red zone, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris, fifty catechumens, men and women, adults and babies, were baptized. Father Lhande, who, as readers of *THE AVE MARIA* may remember, is the pioneer of the zone, preached on the occasion to a sympathetic crowd, where Communists were numerous.

Scenes like these might give a casual observer the impression that the "eldest daughter of the Church" is drifting back to paganism. Happily, there is another side to the question; and those who follow the activities of the younger French Catholics gratefully discover that a strong and steady Catholic revival exists among them and gains ground from day to day. It is perceptible, chiefly among educated men between eighteen and thirty-five; it began before the war, during which several prominent converts—Peguy, Poicharé, and others—met death in a mystical spirit, offering their sacrifice for the conversion of France. This revival, that can only be duly appreciated from within, is bound to last, but spiritual movements may not be advertized, and this one, to be fully realized, must be seen at close quarters.

In his excellent booklet on the subject, Père de la Brière tells us that the reality and thoroughness of the revival are recognized, not only by Catholic writers, but also by non-Catholics. He quotes the striking testimony of a non-Catholic, M. Rebellian, who owns to the intense and increasing influence of the Catholic Church over the intellectual youth of the day; he notices, too, that there exists among many cultured young men and women, who are not practising Catholics, an anxious searching for truth, a hankering after spiritual food. Students, men and women, who have grown up in indifferent or hostile surroundings, are interested in religious questions; and if an enlightened and charitable Catholic comes in their way,

they willingly pour forth their doubts and desires.

An example of this has lately come under my notice. A Catholic young woman, who fills an important position in the Government schools, tells me that last Winter, six young girls, future school teachers, came, each one on her own account, unknown to each other, to ask her how and where they might learn the history and the doctrine of the Catholic Church. They had questioned their parents, but no guidance or enlightenment could be expected from them. Neither had the books they read satisfied them; their innate good sense told them that these class books were full of prejudice and ignorance where Catholicity was concerned. They knew my friend to be an earnest Catholic, in spite of the neutral attitude to which her position obliges her; and, one after another, they came to her for advice. Needless to add that, being what she is, she rose to the occasion. She solved certain problems, recommended certain books, suggested that a priest should be appealed to, and kindly and wisely set these seekers on the path that leads to truth.

Among certain young and middle-aged women workers, those, for instance, that are for brevity called "*Les P. P. T.*," who work in the postoffices, telegraph and telephone offices, I have had occasion to notice, not conversions, they were not needed, but a growing interest in Catholic activities. These have considerably increased since the war. Around every parish church in Paris and large towns have developed social and religious works—study classes, lectures, meetings—where up-to-date questions and methods are discussed. Some of these workers, those who are over thirty, remember that these organizations are comparatively recent; they delight in them and find there a source of interest and spiritual development. The receptive Latins love to listen to

good speaking; this is at once their strength and their weakness. According to circumstances it is a precious gift or sometimes a snare. The clergy, in Paris especially, have entered with spirit into a movement that leads young men and women of the present day to widen their horizon and to add to their knowledge.

Among the "intellectuals," in whom a solid Catholicity dominates, has developed a spirit of apostleship, the normal outcome of strong convictions. One of its recent forms are the *Equipes Sociales*—difficult to translate into English. The founder of this group is M. Robert Garric, a university man, a distinguished professor and an earnest Catholic. He believes that young men with a first-class training might do much good if they shared this advantage with boys, who, being obliged to earn their living, leave the elementary schools with an incomplete education. He and his friends, who are medical students, engineers, lawyers, officers, clerks, etc., have organized, in the outlying parishes of Paris, evening classes for lads who, after their day's work, are glad to complete their general or technical training. The voluntary professors select subjects with which they are familiar and that are most useful to their pupils.

There is no attempt to patronize on the part of the teachers; their work is carried on in a brotherly spirit; it is, in fact, a work of intellectual charity: the sharing of the good things of the mind with those who have missed them. The boys prove themselves apt and eager pupils. The knowledge thus gained helps them to improve their position as workers; it puts them in touch with young men whose experience and friendly interest bring enlightenment and happiness into their lives. Ideas are exchanged in a cordial spirit, and very soon a strong friendship binds the pupils to their teachers. The latter are earnest Catholics, but they make no

attempt to force their religion on their friends. Its influence is there, nevertheless, and the delightful books in which M. Robert Garric relates his experiences, prove the receptiveness with which young Parisians, rough in manner but sound at heart, assimilate views and aims, that, at first sight, seem far removed from their mental grasp.

The *Equipes Sociales* were instituted after the war; the *Association Catholique de la jeunesse Française* was founded by Count Albert de Mun, a pioneer in social work nearly half a century ago. It has many thousand members, boys and young men, and it was—when it was founded—considered a daring innovation. It is essentially a lay organization, where priests act only as the chaplains of the different groups. When religious subjects are treated, they control the discussions; but the general direction and initiative of the association is in the hands of its young members. This, fifty years ago, was looked upon by certain old-fashioned Catholics with some distrust. The object of the *A. C. J. F.* was to "restore social order in a Christian spirit,"—a formidable undertaking—to be carried out by young men, often mere boys; but from Rome came words of encouragement.

The motto of the Association: "Piety, study, action," has so far been faithfully adhered to. In 1924, Cardinal Gasparri, writing to the president, congratulated him on the excellent spirit that has kept this important group docile, faithful, loyal in all things to the Church.

Within the last few years the part played by laymen, in works at once religious and social, has considerably increased. It is encouraged by the Church. Pius X., writing to Jean Leroche, president at one time of the *A. C. J. F.*, warmly praises the laymen, who, keeping free from political quarrels, devote their energies to making

the social doctrine of the Church better known. Cardinal Merry del Val once compared their work to the apostolate of priests, and Benedict XV. looked upon this particular association as the presage of a better future for France. Its chaplains do not hamper the initiative of these ardent young Catholics. One of them, Mgr. Caillot, remarked that he and his colleagues seldom interfered in the discussions that take place at the study classes, because they have entire confidence in the spirit and methods of the Association, whose history now goes back to nearly half a century. The members of the A. C. J. F. belong to every rank of society. In country villages they assist the lonely and overworked priests; in towns they establish social centers where the problems of the day are discussed, where experiences are exchanged, and a friendly and helpful spirit is maintained.

An important review, *Les Etudes*, closely in touch with social and religious questions, writes that, in the history of the Church in France, never has the influence of laymen been so considerable as it is at the present moment. This influence, owing to the shortage of priests, is peculiarly valuable. Moreover, these active Catholic laymen belong to every class of society. Among them are gentlemen, business men, important and obscure public servants; men who are poor and others who are wealthy—they represent the universal Church. In these democratic days, her enemies can not accuse her of being governed by a caste. Never was the universal brotherhood so often spoken of and more worthily exemplified than by the generous, unselfish devotion that binds together in God's service men widely apart socially, but united by faith and self-sacrifice.

Among Catholic laymen whose influence is far-reaching, we must mention the "*Ingénieurs Catholiques*—Catholic engineers," over five thousand strong,

whose numbers increase daily. They inaugurated on November 18, 1928, a *Foyer social* in Paris. The opening of this social centre was a solemn affair. The Cardinal Archbishop presided over a gathering, attended by priests, religious, senators, deputies and other functionaries. The Catholic engineers represent a valuable asset in the religious revival; they are earnest Catholics, and among them vocations to the priesthood are many. Their spiritual life is kept fervent by frequent reception of the Sacraments and by yearly retreats; and expends itself in works of charity. The public spirit and professional distinction of these men are on a par with their religious zeal. In the mission fields of the red zone, where Communism is rampant, they work for the salvation of souls side by side with another group of apostles, men of the world, often elderly, and free of their time. *Les Messieurs Catéchistes* prepare for their mission by a course of teaching, specially organized for their benefit, where they are reminded of the doctrine that they must pass on to the unbaptized denizens of *la banlieue*.

The Catholic pupils of the great Government schools, where future officers, engineers, and scientists are trained, often devote their Sundays to the evangelization of these regions. They bring encouragement to the lonely priests, and discipline the young savages of his flock. The change that has come over these important schools within the last twenty years is one of the most encouraging features of the revival of religion in France. Not only are the Catholic students perfectly free to follow their self-chosen path; to deride them would stamp the offender as the victim of prejudices that are now looked upon as antiquated and childish. The compact group of young Catholics that exists in every one of these schools, Polytechnique, central, etc., represent almost

always, the most brilliant members of the school; their professional and technical excellence goes hand in hand with a fervent spiritual life, where prayer and frequent Communion have a place.

At Easter, wearing their uniform, they assemble in the churches, selected by the different groups; those of Polytechnique favor St. Etienne du Mont, where St. Genevieve's shrine is a perpetual blaze of light. They make their Easter Communion together, giving an example that the observant Parisian is quick to notice. He is fully aware that these earnest young Catholics represent the *élite* of his country; in democratic France of to-day the careers to which they aspire are open to all, and that Marshal Foch, whose wonderful personality and Christian death are still fresh in the memory of Parisians, was once a pupil of Polytechnique.

One Night in Spring.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

THE little Italian restaurant was full of noisy diners. Heated waiters flew from table to table; the air was heavy with the smell of frying oil and pungent Italian wine. How could a violin stay in tune in such an atmosphere! Ludo Karenyi—Kreener to his colleagues, the limber-fingered pianist and the sawing 'cellist—laid his face lovingly against his instrument as he cautiously tightened the string. He called himself an Englishman, but his ancestors numbered among them those who had wandered the wide plains below the Carpathians, and those who had chattered in Eastern bazaars; for himself he had only known London, and would have had a vague contempt for Jewish and Hungarian forbears had he thought about them at all. He knew too that he was an artist and respected in himself the wonderful heri-

tage. To keep his instrument and to avoid being hungry—those were the two ruling motives of Ludo's life, and, if it came to extremity—only to keep his violin.

His hair was greying now at the temples, and instead of being the popular success he had once dreamed, he was earning his bread as the chief of orchestra—save the word—in a shabby, little Italian restaurant in a mean street. But he could play, and while his bowing remained so delicate, his ear so fine and sure, he could make music which *was* music, in spite of the pianist who had played in a cinema, and the hard-working 'cellist with the heavy hand, who sawed. It is true the people talking, clattering, gesticulating at the little stained, marble-topped tables, paid but scant attention, but Ludo played for his own soul. The proprietor, a genial person, would roll over to the musicians occasionally and demand some special item—a sentimental excerpt from light opera for choice, and would troll a bar or two in his throaty baritone, and then roll away again about his business. He was a man of large girth who enjoyed his trade, and was determined to make it pay.

It was one night in Spring. Ludo felt within him an unusual sense of revolt. It was degrading, this life! He edged round so that he stood opposite the door. Each time it opened he had a glimpse of the velvet darkness of the street. The light of a lamp farther up the pavement shot down a shaft of pale light, which irradiated the fluttering young leaves of the little plane tree on the far pavement and showed the slanting raindrops. Down the sordid street there was a lilac bush coming into bloom, and farther away was the dark river with gulls and shipping on its bosom, where the water was ever passing onwards to wide, green pastures and the sea.

"I will play alone, unaccompanied," said Ludo to his companions.

They merely raised their eyebrows at each other, and lolling back, lit cheap cigarettes and crossed their legs. Ludo glanced at the door, which swung open as he gazed, and admitted two men somehow different from the others in the room. One was tall, clean-shaven and stout; his fair hair had silver threads in it, his brow beetled over grey eyes, his shoulders were broad and muscular; but the hands with which he tore at his roll were astonishingly white and fine.

"He plays," said Ludo to himself. "The other also," he decided after a cursory glance at the shock-head and wide brows of the second man. But his momentary curiosity died at once. It was Schumann who concerned him at present; and as his bow caressed the strings, the sordid little restaurant and its inmates drifted away from his consciousness. When he looked back at the table later in the evening, the two men had departed and he thought no more of them. He had just played as a finale one of those wild Hungarian waltzes which his grandfather had taught him, sitting on the bed in the tiny room in Soho. As grandfather played Ludo had seen the bridal feast in Hungary, the crowding, dark faces, the whirling men in their embroidered shirts, the dark-eyed girls; and beyond the broad moonshine of the long plains and the mountains, mere shadows on a bright sky. The restaurant was empty now, the remnants of food had been flicked from the tables onto the floor, the Padrone was putting out the lights as Ludo struggled into his shiny overcoat.

"Too late, Sare, closing time!" cried one of the waiters at the door.

But his interlocutor, the tall, fair foreigner who had supped there that night, marched in notwithstanding. His bulky person filled all the aper-

ture and barred Ludo's way as he was going out.

"Sir!" he cried with a strong foreign accent, "I come to ask a favor. You are an artist; I am an artist."

Ludo bowed. Then he glanced gravely at the other, and noted his complacent, amused smile with a sensation of bewilderment. The stranger took him familiarly by the arm, and turning, walked with him out of the doorway into the dusky Spring night.

"I am a violinist," he proceeded. "You, too,—"

He paused on the greasy pavement, but Karenyi motioned him forward.

"Not here," he said. "We will not stop here where we can smell the restaurant. A little farther down the street there is a lilac bush."

He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone and led the way onwards. After a moment he stopped, drew a breath of relief, and taking off his shapeless, black felt hat, saluted his companion courteously.

"The lilac!" he observed. It was as though he offered him a cup of wine. "And now what did you wish to ask of me?"

With his right hand, he cautiously explored his pockets. A fur coat and a prosperous air meant nothing. To be saluted as a fellow artist usually meant an appeal to the purse.

"You have a good instrument," said the stranger musingly. "I wonder if you have ever heard the Barieff quartet—his latest work?"

For answer Ludo whistled the theme, and reaching up a long, thin-fingered hand, bent down a sooty lilac bough, delicately sniffed at the blossom and let it swing up again.

"Ah—but have you played it! Bah! What does it matter? There are three of us waiting. We want a second violin; we want to play the quartet now, now—in my rooms, you understand—just for ourselves."

"Certainly," said Karenyi. "It is beautiful. I quite understand. Is it far?"

"I have a taxi at the end of the street," said the other eagerly. "I am—"

He hesitated, but Karenyi betrayed no curiosity.

"You, of course," he said, "are the first violin."

The other made no further remark, but walked on briskly and climbed into the waiting taxi. Ludo followed, his shabby coat flapping about his ankles. His clothes were always either a little too large or a little too small for him. He leaned back now with a sigh of pleasure.

"It's delightful to ride in a car," he cried impulsively. "When I was young I earned well at one time and I was able to afford it quite often."

"Aren't you young?" inquired the stranger languidly. He fumbled in his pocket for his cigar case, but withdrew his hand empty.

"Young?" echoed Ludo. "Well, I feel young at this moment. A Spring night and music—it is getting late though—what if the neighbors object?"

"They would not dare," cried the other with a shrug of his shoulders.

The taxi threaded its way rapidly through brilliantly lighted thoroughfares, and wide, dim squares, finally drawing up in a quiet street of shuttered houses. Immediately a window sash flew up overhead and two large heads, rather over-furnished with hair, projected themselves. Clouds of cigar smoke floated out into the night.

"Thou hast him, then!" exclaimed a voice in French.

"Not possible!" commented a rolling bass in Italian.

"You have not paid my fare," interposed the cabman, in the shouting tone he considered it necessary to adopt to a foreigner.

Ludo's companion searched his pockets impatiently and then called upward:

"Here, one of you, throw me down eight-and-six!"

The heads disappeared but there was no further response.

"Try the trousers on the bed," bawled the violinist. "*Ach weh!* Now we waste time!"

The door opened presently and a sleepy manservant emerged.

"The gentlemen can only find a pound note," he observed.

"Well, dash it! How much more do you want?" exclaimed the musician, stuffing the note into the cabman's hand and thrusting Ludo before him into the house. "Never mind about change. Get your infernal machine out of the street so that we can have a little peace and quiet."

He dashed up the thickly carpeted stairs, flinging open the door of a large, well-furnished room, and calling out even as he hurled his fur coat into a corner:

"Sound A, Max! Sound A!"

The man who had been his companion at supper an hour or two earlier, came forward and helped Ludo to divest himself of his hat and coat, while one of the other shaggy-haired gentlemen struck the note required on the Bechstein grand, and then proceeded to tune his viola.

Music stands were already set out, and the host indicated Ludo's with a tap of his bow.

"Do we begin with the Barieff?" inquired Karenyi, carefully unswaddling his violin from its old yellow silk handkerchief.

The 'cellist glanced at him curiously and their host promptly struck in:

"With the Barieff, certainly. Now, Max—Karli!"

He gave a rap of the bow on the stand and then the music began.

At the end of the first movement Ludo gave an impatient sigh. In the middle of the second movement, he sud-

denly stopped playing with an angry gesture which sent the sheets of music flying about the carpet.

"But no!" cried Ludo. "No, no! It is not that at all! You are murdering it!" he cried fiercely to his host, and stamped his foot in its pitiable broken boot.

The other two gaped at him open-mouthed.

"Murdering it! I!" exclaimed the first violin.

"Yes, yes—killing the soul of it!" declared Ludo, stamping again. "It is youth, this music, can not you understand? Divine youth! You played it like a cynic! Oh, it tells of a night in Spring, this music!—a night of youth, of love. There is surely reverence here, holiness almost—ah!—"

He broke off, frustrated in his effort to put his thought into words, and seizing his bow raised his violin. His gleaming grey eyes swept compellingly from face to face.

"It is thus—it is thus"—he stammered, and the notes began to flow. The 'cellist, who sat immovable, sank his chin on his instrument and came in, in his turn, catching the poetry of the interpretation, and the viola followed suit. After he had stood a moment in blank astonishment, the flush of anger faded from the face of the host, and he began to listen absorbedly. Finally he picked up his own instrument, and, still with that air of dismayed surprise, began humbly to play the second part.

Ludo passed straight on to the passionate third movement and the queer, dreamy fourth, which the critics had found so unfinished and unsatisfactory.

At the end there was silence. Ludo broke it.

"That was wonderful," he said, and two tears leaped out on his cheeks. "You are all great artists."

"Yes," said the 'cellist, slowly. "We are all great artists." He gazed at the

shabby figure before him with unfeigned reverence. "How you played that!" he breathed.

"We will do no more to-night," declared the host. "We could never touch that height again."

Ludo tenderly began to wrap up his violin. His face glowed, his eyes were alight.

The 'cellist laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Have you never heard—Barieff—play?"

"I hardly ever hear any recitals," returned Karenyi. "You see from mid-day to ten-thirty I am always at work. But he is marvellous, Barieff—the only modern I rank with the great masters. 'You, also,' he raised his eyes innocently to his host's face—"you also admire him?"

The young Italian broke into a laugh, the 'cellist said bluntly: "That is Barieff!"

Ludo turned quite angrily to the big man who had taken his part of second violin.

"What!" he cried—"you *made* that wonderful music and you didn't know how to play it! Impossible!"

"Henceforth," said the great man, "I shall play it your way."

"Oh," returned Ludo, seriously, "You must!" He walked to the window and flung it open wide. The sweet air flooded into the over-heated room. "Look, it is just such a night to-night. Look at the stars—there's a garden near, I can smell young leaves! Surely on such a night you can remember what it was to be young, to love, to have the world at your feet? All, all is yours, on such a night!"

His voice died away. The other three men stood there looking out as though in a dream. Ludo struggled into his shiny top-coat, picked up his violin, and waved his old black hat.

"It has been a night I shall never forget—a glorious night," he cried; and

without further adieu he left the room and clattered down the stairs.

"Barieff!" cried the 'cellist sharply, "you can't let the fellow go like that—without even a glass of wine—without even a cigar! Why, he looked half-starved!"

"I can't offer him money," retorted the other—"the man who has taught me to play my own music!"

"But—"

"No, no, let him go! I will recommend him. I will make his fortune!"

"But to-morrow you go to America!" cried Karli. He rushed to the window and leaned out, but the street was empty.

A year later a taxi cruised slowly and grindingly up and down a narrow, shabby street. At length the driver leaned back and opened the door, proclaiming in a hoarse, aggrieved voice:

"There isn't *any* restyront in this 'ere street. I could take you to the Savoy in five minutes."

"Stop," said an authoritative, slightly guttural voice. And two large men clambered out and stood hesitatingly on the pavement.

"There's the lilac-bush," said Barieff. "It must have been along there behind that boarding—it must have been pulled down. Heavens, Karli—what shall we do! I don't even know the man's name. How are we ever to find him in this labyrinth of London?"

"You will never find him," said Karli—"you should never have let him go."

"What could we do for him after all?" returned Barieff. "He has a divine gift—would he be any happier for public acclaim? Are *we* happier?"

"We are more comfortable certainly," said the 'cellist rather sharply.

"Only one thing can satisfy an artist," declared Barieff,—*"to know that he has been worthy of his great gift. I tell you, Karl, while that*

man played I envied him—I—Barieff!"

"He had his hour," said the other.

Barieff puffed out his chest. "He is the only man in the world who can boast that I played second fiddle to him," said he.

"He had his hour," repeated Karli dreamily. "Yes, for an hour that grey-haired man was a youth in love, with the world at his feet. He recaptured the magic. I envy him for that!"

"One night in Spring," mused Barieff.

The faint fragrance of the lilac caught him like a light buffet in the face, indescribably fresh and sweet. Looking up quickly he saw one little, pale star, pricking through the smoke haze. He was elderly, unwieldy, fat yet there came to him again after all these comfortable, paying, successful years, an echo of youth's poignant pain. It seemed to him that all he had gained was but dust and ashes, and he envied, with a bitter envy, the little, unknown artist, in broken boots, who had recaptured for one magic hour the enchantment of that night in Spring.

Stray Brook.

BY CHARLES BALLARD.

G NEVER thought to meet you here,
Little brook:

Only this morning I came upon you clear
Over that hill.

I listened—but you'd never talk your fill
In a year;

So at last I made off with my book.

Now you meet me again with your treble
chatter,

Faint fiddles and flutes, light bells in a clatter.

If I'd take no heed

Perhaps I could read

And forget you—

But once having met you,

How can I let you

Go?—

So,

Go on with your patter!

The Little Flower Calendar.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, CULLED FROM
HER WRITINGS. *

JULY 1.—The Precious Blood. Octave of St. John Baptist.

I gather up the Blood of Jesus at the foot of the Cross and pour it out on the souls of men; then I offer Him these souls, refreshed by the rose-red dew of Calvary. It is a veritable barter of love. The more I give to quench the thirst of our Saviour, the greater grows the thirst of my poor little soul; and I count this ardent thirst the sweetest recompense.

JULY 2.—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

I learn from St. Elizabeth to practise ardent charity when she welcomed thee, O Queen of Angels, to her home. On my two knees I listen to the wonderful hymn of joy that gushed forth from her heart. Thou teachest me to sing the divine praises, and to exult in Jesus my Saviour.

JULY 3.—St. Leo II., P. St. Anatole, B.

In the least things as in the greatest, the good God gives in this life a hundredfold to the souls that have left all things for love of Him.

JULY 4.—St. Bertha.

This sweet fire that Thou dost wish to kindle in the hearts of men, this fire from Heaven, Thou hast sent into my soul, and I also wish to spread its flames. O mystery, a little spark is enough to kindle a great conflagration! I wish, O my God, to spread Thy fire far and wide.

JULY 5.—St. Antony Maria Zaccaria, C.

The Lord of all has for us a love which so passes understanding and is so tender that He doesn't want to do anything without giving us a share in it. The Creator of the world waits the

prayer of a poor little soul to save through her a multitude of other souls bought, like her, with His Blood.

JULY 6.—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul. St. Isaias, Prophet.

It is the Gospel that feeds my soul in prayer. I draw from it all that I need. I always find in it new lights, hidden and mysterious meanings.

JULY 7.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, BB.

Thy love, O Jesus, it is that I seek; it is Thy love that will transform me. Kindle in my heart Thy consuming flame, and I shall bless and love Thee.

JULY 8.—St. Elizabeth, Queen.

We must always try to relish the portion that Jesus gives us.

In her last illness, Our Lord permitted His Little Flower to share His own agony. "I am utterly worn out," she cried,—"I can no more." She added: "Yes, my God, yes, I take all willingly."

JULY 9.—Blessed Jean Scopelle, Virgin.

Self-surrender alone leads me to Thy arms, O Jesus. It makes me feed on the bread of the elect. I give myself wholly to Thee, my Divine Spouse, and seek but Thy sweet caress. I wish to keep smiling always, while I lay my head on Thy breast, and tell Thee over and over how I love Thee.

JULY 10.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs. SS. Rufina and Secunda, MM.

The heart that gives itself to God does not lose its natural tenderness; this, on the contrary, grows greater, becomes purer and more Godlike.

JULY 11.—St. Pius I., Pope, Martyr.

Prayer is a lifting up of the heart, just a glance of the soul towards heaven, a cry of thanksgiving and of love in sorrow as in joy.

JULY 12.—St. John Gualbert, Confessor.

"He that is mighty hath done great things to me," and the greatest is to have shown me my littleness, my inability to do anything worth while.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Bishop A. MacD.

JULY 13.—St. Anacletus, Pope, Martyr.

Like the Easter daisy in a rose-red vase, this Little Flower finds herself in the sun. My sweet living Sun, O my loving King, Thy Sacred Host tiny as I! The ray of light from Its celestial flame produces in my soul perfect self-surrender.

JULY 14.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop.

Jesus doesn't require of us brilliant service or great intellectual attainments. If it were sublime thoughts He was looking for, hasn't He the angels, whose knowledge is incomparably greater than that of the greatest earthly genius? It is, then, neither wit nor talent that He comes down here in quest of. He became the Flower of the Field only to show us how He loves simplicity.

JULY 15.—St. Henry, Emperor.

O St. John, I envy thee, reposing on the breast of Christ; would that His infinite greatness deigned to lower itself to my littleness! Fulfilling my hope, Jesus does not wait till the end of life's exile: He comes to me in His Real Presence, and I become His loving ostensorium!

JULY 16.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

Remember, O Jesus, how one day to show what wonderful power Thy sweet Mother, Mary, has over Thy Sacred Heart, Thou didst, at her request, change water into wine. Deign also, at her prayer, to transform my poor works and turn them into gold. Often call to mind, O my good Jesus, that I am her child.

JULY 17.—St. Alexius, Confessor. St. Mary Magdalen Postel.

As the stag thirsteth after the fountains of water, so does this poor little one thirst after Thee, O Jesus. To cool the ardors of my soul, I need Thy tears.

JULY 18.—St. Camillus de Lellis, C.

Though born again a child of light, often, alas, have I failed to turn to Thee, O Jesus, Thou Sun of my soul! In

pity, pardon me, and in the lore of Heaven make me learned. Show me the secrets that are hid in Thy Gospel. Ah, remember that my dearest treasure is that golden book!

JULY 19.—St. Vincent of Paul, C.

Believe firmly, O beloved soul, that to serve God is to reign. Our sweet Saviour, during His mortal life, never ceased to teach us that.

JULY 20.—The Prophet Elias. St.

Jerome Amelian. St. Margaret, V. M.

Lord God of Hosts, arm me for the battle; I burn to fight for Thy glory. But I beg of Thee to make me strong.

JULY 21.—St. Victor, M. St. Praxedes, Virgin.

At the end of the day, O my God, I shall appear before Thee with empty hands; for I do not ask Thee to take account of my works. Our very best works are not without blemish in Thy eyes. I wish to clothe myself with Thy righteousness and receive from Thy love the eternal possession of Thyself. I seek no other throne and no other crown than Thyself, O my beloved.

JULY 22.—St. Mary Magdalen.

The Lord wishes me to love Him because He has forgiven me, not much, but all. Not waiting till I should love Him as much as the Magdalen did, He has made known to me that He has loved me first and from eternity so that I may now love Him to distraction. I have often heard it said that a pure soul does not love so much as a penitent. Oh, but I should like to give that the lie!

JULY 23.—St. Apollinaris, M.

Lured by its brightness, the moth flings itself upon the flame. So Thy love lures me, O my God; to it I would fly and burn.

JULY 24.—The Blessed Carmelites of Compiègne. St. Christina, V.

There can be no rest for me till the end of the world. When the Angel says, "Time is no more," then shall I rest and

be content, for the number of the elect will be fulfilled.

JULY 25.—St. James, Apostle.

The principal plenary indulgence is one that everybody can gain without fulfilling the usual conditions; "for charity covereth a multitude of sins."

JULY 26.—St. Anne.

O Jesus, I am Thy living sanctuary which the wicked can never profane. Rest in my heart; is it not Thy garden, and does not every flower in it turn on Thee its look of love? But if Thou shouldst keep away from it, Thou white Lily of the Valley, well I know my flowers would wilt and die. O Jesus, my Love, perfumed Lily, bloom in me always!

JULY 27.—St. Pantaleon, Martyr. St. Nathalie, V. M.

Jesus does not call those that are worthy, but those that He pleases. I know there is in me nothing to attract Him; His mercy alone has loaded me with favors.

JULY 28.—SS. Nazarius and Celsus, MM.

Our Lord makes us share with Him the cup of His sorrows, but it will be sweet to hear from His lips: "You are they that have remained with Me in My trials, and I prepare a place for you in the Kingdom that the Father has prepared for Me."

JULY 29.—St. Martha, Virgin. Anniversary of the death of M. Martin, father of the Little Flower.

Oh, remember thy "Little Queen," and the tender love that her heart overflows with; remember it was thy hand that guided her uncertain steps. She saw in thy face a reflection of heaven whilst thou were lost in contemplation.

JULY 30.—Blessed John Soreth, C. SS. Abdon and Sennen, MM.

I beg of Jesus to set me on fire with His love, and to unite me so closely with Him that He may live and act in me. The more the flame of love burns in my

heart the more swiftly shall the souls that draw near to mine run after the odor of Thy ointments, O Thou Lover of souls!

JULY 31.—St. Ignatius of Loyola.

The good God is our only stay. He alone is immutable. What joy in the thought that He can not change!

Away from Killeely.

BY URSULA YOUNG.

SHE sat alone on the narrow steerage bench. In the midst of the bustle and excitement, she looked strangely forlorn and apart, as if travelling and arriving were alike meaningless to her. Her hands were clasped upon the breast of a sleeping baby lying across her knees; her eyes were lowered on her folded hands. In the glare of the deck-lamp, her face, under the masses of red-golden hair, showed narrow and hollow-eyed. The baby stirred restlessly in its sleep and wailed.

Out of the gloom a little figure darted up to her. She felt a small, cold hand laid upon her own, and looked down into a rosy face puckered up with anxiety. How like his father Tommy was!—the same mouth and serious, dark eyes, the same broad, low brow lined now with perplexity. Many a time had she seen that same anxious expression on Gerald's face when, late in the dull, grey afternoons, he would hurry in from the fields to ask her how the day had gone and wasn't she getting to like Killeely a little bit.

She saw the child's face whitening under a sudden fear.

"Mother!" he cried, clambering up on the bench beside her and seizing her face between his little, grimy hands,— "Mother, sure an' we're goin' off the boat too—me an' you, an' Baby Kathleen? Sure you wouldn't let us be left, an' the big whistle screechin' for us to go—would you, Mother?"

Poor little fellow! That was what was troubling him then. She kissed the boy's wet cheek impulsively.

"Yes, yes, Tommy,—you an' me an' baby are goin' off the ship just as soon as it stops. Mother'll have ye ready, never fear, *alanna*."

Her gaze followed him as he ran off, and then it passed over the immigrants restlessly pacing the deck, or standing in small groups under the lamps. Near her three men leaned far out over the bulwarks, peering through the gloom at that new land where, she heard one of them say, "not the littlest gorsoon but thravels in his shoes." She wondered whether Gerald would have been so eager about this new country. Most likely he'd be always comparing it in his own mind with Kiltelly, and he would be greatly disappointed. But he'd pretend to like it for her sake. She cried quietly to herself for a while, her head bent close over the child in her arms.

Then her head lifted, and she gazed out at the sea again. Over there, near the steerage steps, were those three women from Carraghsford, up against Thurles—the three who had proffered her their noisy sympathy this morning, when she had stood on the wet deck, shivering and drenched with spray, while Gerald was being lowered into the sea. They had wanted to take care of her and to "do the keenin'" for Gerald. Poor things! They had meant well. But since this morning they had kept coldly aloof; and she had been so thankful to be left alone. There they were now, sitting together under the light, hugging boxes, old carpet sacks and clumsily-roped parcels, and looking tired and anxious, yet hopeful, too. Well,—at any rate, they would have their husbands with them in the new land.

Just five years ago to-day it was—Lady Day in Harvest—she could remember it like yesterday, the day

Gerald had brought her to his mother's farm home in Kiltelly. How happy Gerald was that August afternoon when he had walked with her the five long miles from Emly to Kiltelly; past the black bogs alive with turf-cutters, who shouted blessings on them; past barley fields and hedges of furze bush, overgrown with wild roses, from which the meadow larks sprang up before them, singing. Nothing was sad that day. The poorest shacks seemed bright, and even the corncrake's rasping notes and the cuckoo's wail were like Gerald, and the way he kept singing.

After the last long stretch of hill, Gerald had taken her through the "haggard" to the door, where, shading their eyes against the level shafts of sunset, Mother Roche and old Daddy Mick and Gerald's two younger brothers had stood in a row to receive them. And Daddy Mick, straightening his stooping shoulders, had blessed them in a feeble, piping voice. Then Mother Roche had kissed them and run off to see about the supper, for she knew "'twas starved entirely the two of them must be."

Those first few happy days! Mother Roche had spoken proudly to the neighbors then of her "dear daughter, Margaret." And she had never minded giving up the little comforts of her uncle's home.

But the dreary years had come, years of toil, when the "praties" sometimes were poor or spoiled. God knows she had done her best, feeding the chickens, bringing in the linen from the hedge after Mother Roche had washed it whiter than milk, even working in the fields with Gerald sometimes. But she was not like Mother Roche. In Uncle Con's home, they had understood her so well—and Aunt Nora used to say, "You're not anny too sthrong, Margaret, don't be doin' farm work for the Roches." Poor Uncle Con and Aunt Nora! Side by side in Emly churchyard, they were now. But Gerald had under-

stood. "Lave the churnin' to Mother, Margie," he would say, "sure she thinks no one can bring the buther like herself," or "I'll be early in from the turfin' this evening, lave the milkin' to me, you're not used to it." But she had done her best. No one could say she hadn't. And yet, always Mother Roche's black, piercing eyes had seemed to have a way of staring at "Gerald's wife."

No, 'twas always Mother Roche's home, not hers. And it wasn't even Gerald's, it was Daddy Mick's home. And not even when Tommy had come, and her own gold and white Kathleen. The lonely hill farm-house had come to seem more and more like a prison. All day she had worked or sat in silence. And finally she had asked Gerald every night to "lave everything and build a new home across the say."

Then the end came suddenly. One rainy evening, as she sat by the window looking out forlornly on the sodden fields, she saw Gerald coming up the road. He looked old and haggard, and she wondered, with a dull, indifferent feeling, what could be the matter now.

"Make ready, Margie," said he, entering the room, "I've gev up the holdin' to Steve. We're sailin' for Canada come Sathurda."

"Does Mother know we're goin'?" she whispered, trying to steady the racing of her heart.

"She does—God help her!" was the low reply. She asked no other question. Then those days of preparation! All day long she had worked, and far into the night, never feeling weak or tired, but checking, whenever Mother Roche was near, the song upon her lips. For Mother Roche had seemed suddenly little and old. Even now she could see the old woman coming in, white and spent, after a five-mile walk to Emly and back—with a little blue "store suit" for Tommy. Yet not a tear did Mother Roche shed, nor was she even

present on the morning of their departure to speed them forth with her blessing.

"Isn't she the spiteful ould crathur entirely?" she had cried in vexation that morning, when she bade farewell to Daddy Mick and the boys, and looked around in vain for Gerald's mother.

"Hush, woman!" commanded Gerald. "It's back o' the barn she's lyin' wid her face to the earth. Lave her in pace."

His own face was white and stern as he picked up Baby Kathleen and walked out to the road. She followed in silence, leading Tommy by the hand.

In the novelty of life on shipboard, Gerald seemed to regain his old cheerfulness. Never a word did she hear from him about Killeely, and she sat with him all the day, planning the new little home in Canada.

Then suddenly, one stormy night, Gerald took violently ill. She couldn't understand what they said it was. It was all so strange—some kind of fever, they said. And, in the grey twilight of early morning, a sheeted form, lashed to a beam and weighted down with great lumps of coal, was slid over the railing and dropped into the boiling waves. They had tried to comfort her, but she had begged to be alone.

She felt Tommy's head against her shoulder, and his hand tugging at her sleeve. He was asking her something—she couldn't understand, she was thinking of the sheeted form. The nine o'clock bell rang out, and a steward appeared, bawling out his orders for the clearing of the steerage deck. She heard a cry of disappointment from the passengers, who had been sitting there patiently all evening, expecting to go ashore, and who now apprehended further quarantine. Strange that these poor people should be so eager to resume the life of home and toil. Now that she was out of Killeely, she was

content to sit here quietly on the deck, living over the past and wondering at the strangeness and terror of all that had happened to her. Only this afternoon the kindly old captain—who had known Gerald's father in Limerick—had said to her, "Now, Mrs. Roche, you'll never be able to make a living for these children. You're too frail. You'd best take them back to their grandmother in Kiltelly."

Back to Kiltelly indeed! Little ~~he~~ she knew of her life at the lonely hill farm with the old man coughing and grumbling all day in the big, bare kitchen, and Mother Roche piercing her through with hard, black eyes.

"No, no, Captain McClain!" she had said, "Gerald and me left Kiltelly for to build a new home for our children in Canada. He's airily takin' his rest; but, God willin', I'll do his share wid my own."

She rose to go below, but stood a moment with the baby in her arms, looking out on a shimmering band of light that moved steadily onward before the ship. Beyond the light the little home would be, but farther in, out of hearing of the voice of the sea, lest sometime she might be thinking 'twas Gerald's voice she heard begging her to return to his old mother in Kiltelly.

She heard a heavy footfall—the steward was returning for a final inspection of the steerage deck. She shook the sleeping boy.

"Come to bed, Tommy. You must be stirrin' airily in the mornin'."

And she carried the children down to bed.

Whose Image, This?

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

BEHOLD the solemn beauty of the night!
The blue abyss
Pulsing with stars, and answer me aright,
Whose image, this?

The Capulets at Home.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

ONE of the oldest and most interesting of questions is that which asks why people fall in love? Modern life would sometimes seem to suggest that there are more reasons to fall out than in. Shakespeare, who knows human nature and its motives so well, has several answers to this question which is as old as life, and as new. Desdemona, in the play, loves Othello for his bravery, he her for her sympathy; Antony loves the tawny Cleopatra for her voluptuousness, she him for his renown and his susceptibility to her charms. "Romeo and Juliet" presents another answer.

Doctor Snider, who tries to reduce Shakespeare to a sociological proposition, takes pains to explain Romeo's sudden change of heart from the fair but forsworn Rosaline to the sympathetic Juliet. It is the common voice of critics that the poet placed Rosaline in the play to show the unsatisfied craving of Romeo for love, and to prepare him for the completeness of Juliet's affection.

"This change," says Dr. Snider, "is grounded in the fact that his love is unrequited, and yet so intense that it must have an object—a corresponding sacrifice. He can not retrace his steps. He is just seeking that which comes across his way in the form of Juliet, for Rosaline can not now have any reality for him."*

All this is probably true. But where he and his compatriots seem to fall into error is in explaining the readiness with which Juliet responds to Romeo's wooing. Dr. Snider leaves no doubt as to his meaning when he says: "For Juliet, the motives are quite different; she has no case of unrequited affection on her hands. Hence the question may be

* Snider, *The Shakespearean Drama*, p. 56.

asked, why then does she, too, so easily fall in love? Juliet is in the full bloom of youth—ready for the sacrifice, yet without its experience.” Later he continues, “Thus her love is motived by that of Romeo, and the intensity and completeness of his sacrifice call for and demand an equal intensity and completeness in her devotion.”* Here we may pause to question the Doctor’s answer to his own question, “. . . why does she so easily fall in love?”

Juliet is a mere child, not yet fourteen, when she awakens on the fateful Sunday,—the full bloom of childhood, not of youth, we are tempted to say. It is true, however, that she is matured beyond her years, probably from her contact with the rough, loquacious old nurse who has reared her from birth. Juliet knows naught of maternal love and devotion; and herein is found the real cause for Juliet’s immediate and full-hearted response to Romeo.

A normal child is affectionate, and needs affection in return. When it is wanting, something abnormal is bound to take place in the child. With Juliet it is the abnormal love she gives Romeo at first sight. Lady Capulet has too little regard for her daughter; she is far too young to be bothered with a child. And when the entire Capulet household is considered, wanting in sympathy, affection, and natural family ties, there can no longer remain a doubt that the same craving which served as a motive for Romeo did in like manner for Juliet. The fact that Romeo’s love was one of sex and Juliet’s of parents does not alter the case. Where Romeo’s love for Rosaline was unrequited, Juliet’s affection for her parents was equally unanswered.

There are in the play many instances that show the Capulet household divided against itself. First, Old Capulet is twice the age of his wife, and there is

not between them the unity of emotion necessary for the preservation of the family. When Capulet calls for a sword, in the opening scene, his Lady derisively retorts!

A crutch! A crutch! why call you for a sword?

There is ample reason to suspect that Old Capulet refers to his wife in the scene where Paris asks for the hand of Juliet:

PARIS.—Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP.—And too soon *marr’d* are those so early made.

Lady Capulet was one *early made*. She was about fourteen years of age when Juliet was born. To Capulet she is *marr’d*. That he does not approve of her is obvious.

Now with the very apparent lack of affection between the parents, we find the same want of sympathy and kindness in their attitude toward Juliet. At the first sign of Juliet’s refusal to marry Paris, Lady Capulet tells her husband,

I would the fool were married to her grave.
Capulet’s scorn is felt strongly in the same scene:

. . . mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,
But fettle your fine joints ’gainst Thursday
next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter’s Church.
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you
baggage!
You tallow-face!

Lady Capulet is absolutely indifferent to her daughter’s plight. When Capulet threatens to disown her and to cast her from his house, Juliet turns to her mother for comfort:

O sweet mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

Her mother turns to her with a shrug:

Talk not to me, for I’ll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

* Ibid. p. 56.

The girl, in anguish, pleads with father, mother, nurse, and there is none in the house to give her comfort and understanding. We are quite naturally led to assume that this is not the first case in her young life of being refused these very necessary things. She has not only "a case of unrequited affection on her hands" she is literally *starved* for love. When Romeo kisses her hand she is quite as psychologically prepared to open up the flood of her pent-up emotions to him as he to her when Rosaline fails to respond to the warmth of his heart.

The Legend of Cathedral Mountain.

BY ELSIE ECKARD.

"THERE it is! Can't you hear that faint tinkling that sounds like a far-off chime?"

"But it is only the wind up there among those odd-shaped rocks, I tell you."

"You are mistaken! That is the seven-tubular chimes—*Non Omnis Moriar*, which means: I shall not wholly die. You understand they were fashioned by the hands of an old Jesuit and those of the savages whose hearts had become gentle, and whose hands had grown skilled under his guidance."

That was many years ago, when the Spaniards of the West coast were mad for gold, and they sought the seven cities of Cibola. It is said that the old Jesuit reproved them for their unreasonable desire; and they cast him out of their midst, and sent him to wander in an unknown wilderness. For days he plodded on and on, ever hopeful of finding a new settlement; but at last he became weary. Death from starvation seemed imminent, when out of the sky there was a whirring of wings, and a great flock of birds alighted around him; and when they arose he followed their course and was

guided to the shelter of this mountain.

He then lifted up his voice in praise and thanksgiving, and his words were heard high up among those cliffs where dwelt a strange people who worship the Sun-God. Shyly, and perhaps a bit fearful, but filled with awe, they gathered around him, some coming close enough to touch his gray robe or finger the black beads that hung from his waist cord.

These were a peaceful people, and the old Jesuit found them pleasant to live among, and they came to love him. Day after day, as a token of their humble affection, they brought him precious ore. But the old Jesuit, looking at it, thought of the greed and selfish desires it had borne in the soul of man, and his heart was filled with sorrow; and he prayed that here in this vast wilderness the gold might be used for a good benefit. While he was kneeling, he heard soft chimes, which were far sweeter than the bells at San Gabriel Mission. He then arose and began his task.

Patiently and untiring through seven long years, the old Jesuit and his humble subjects heated and hammered and shaped, until at last he looked upon the fulfilment of his prayer. The chimes were then hung above that little niche there in the mountain, where you see that crude outline that looks like a crucifix. They were then sprinkled with holy water, and consecrated *Non Omnis Moriar*. Strange it seems! With trembling fingers the old Jesuit took up the little rod and tapped the chimes lightly. For the first time, soft music filled the air, and the forest people fell down in humble supplication. Even the wild beasts of the forest came near and lingered about like so many gentle dogs.

Somewhere in a far-off valley, a war-ring chieftain's daughter caught the soft, sweet echo of the chimes; its note seemed to carry a message of peace;

and she being weary of the wars of her tribe, followed the lure of the golden chimes over hill and valley, until at last she stood before the old Jesuit and his people. Never had they seen a maiden more beautiful. Her eyes were like pools of dark water in the moonlight; her long black hair was like strands of fine silk. When the music ceased, she became frightened and would have run away, but the old Jesuit spoke gently and made a motion for her to stay. She being exhausted from her long journey remained, and found happiness among these people.

Then the day came to pass when she was to marry one of the young men of the tribe. Great preparations were made; daisies were gathered from the river banks and laid in the path around this mountain over which the bridal procession would pass. Softly as the wind stirring the grass, while the old Jesuit touched the chimes, the happy people, accompanying the bride and groom, made their way around the mountain. The ceremony was performed, and the bride and groom knelt for the last blessing, when an arrow fell before them. Fear numbed their hearts, and the bride with quivering lips said: "This is the arrow of my father; he is cruel; there will be war."

But not until evening, when the moon made the cliffs look like so many white spires, did the enemy begin their attack. Now remember, I have told you that these were a peaceful people who dwelt on the mountain, they were not prepared for war.

The old Jesuit had been walking to and fro in the shadows saying his beads, when he saw the enemy creeping upon his people. There was a volley of arrows; the air was filled with the screams of the frightened, and the groans of the dying. The old Jesuit then thought of the chimes, and again he took up the rod and touched them lightly. The enemy fell back, retreating to the forest.

Then the chieftain became angry and avowed he would have the chimes which had caused him to lose in battle, and he bade his men go forth and bring them to him. Each time they lost. But at length, the old Jesuit fell ill, and no more at morn and eve did the holy notes float heavenward. He had passed to his reward. His sorrowing people covered his mound with daisies, which for centuries have shed their soft, white petals over him.

Far from the sight of the warring chieftain, the chimes were hidden up among those rocks. The people of the mountain were annihilated, and the breeze alone knows the secret of the hidden chimes; he alone is the musician playing at will over the golden tubes. Now, it sounds like the glad laughter of the children of a past age; and again, the melody is sad and mournful. It is like a faint echo from the past that will go sounding down the ages, "I was built for a good work and I shall not wholly die."

LET us beg this our good Mother to aid us while we are still in this valley of exile—now, while we have to fight against so many enemies, who are bent upon our ruin; now, whilst we are tossed upon the stormy sea of life. Like a poor shipwrecked crew who cry out in the extremity of their danger, let us cry out to Mary. For a mother such a moment of danger is the time to run to the succor of her child. *Ora pro nobis nunc.* Let us especially say this prayer when great dangers menace us; when our friends abandon us; when those who should be our protectors become our enemies; when our own evil passions conspire against us; when we are sad, suffering, in anguish, on the verge of despair; when the evil spirit attacking us in one of those moments suggests to us to abandon the practices of religion and piety. Oh, let us then especially cry out to Mary: Holy Mary, pray for us!

Bishop Cannon's Ethics of Gambling.

BY L. E. W.

THE Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Bishop of Virginia, asks: "Why, out of all the countless millions of stock transactions during the last two years, have those in my name been selected for comment by Senator Glass, the New York *Evening World*, and now, other secular newspapers?" Because, my good Bishop, of many excellent reasons, some of them much more reasonable and human and religious than the political ones that you name and perhaps suppose.

At last the old fish himself is caught. He had eaten little bluegills and sunfish and common bass alive for years, and now he is brought up and he squirms and wriggles, in the sunlight, as helplessly as any other. Bishop Cannon's church, the Methodist Episcopal, South, points a resolution at him and dares at last to say, "Political activity!" The Knights of American Protestantism, assembled at Norfolk, "deeply resent the action of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., in using his office as a bishop of the Methodist Church for the defeat of any candidate for office, whether qualified or not, purely on religious grounds." It resents his "injection of his own church into politics. . . . We do object to his attempt to control the destinies of the Federal Government."

This is a bold declaration from the Knights of Protestantism, whereas the holy Bishop has been, for ever so long, the King, the Pope, the Gil-Calles, and the Mussolini of American Protestantism. But perhaps many will think the Knights' bravery a little behind time, a kind of afterthought, a bold, boyish shout when the fight is over.

What Bishop Cannon can not well defend in the present uproar is his position as a good M. E., South, churchman. Political activity and dickering is no new thing for Methodists, and we do

not know that it is heretical for them. But gambling is sternly condemned; and it is said that the roundest applause was won last week at the Roanoke convention of anti-Smith Democrats, by attacks on "stock market gambling." And while the delegates were yet applauding, their good Bishop was making out a weighty admission that he himself was in the game, and had been in it for years.

Now whether it is right or wrong—or "just medium"—to gamble in stocks, the M. E. Church, South, says it is wrong, and James Cannon is a good Bishop of that Church. He is a courageous Bishop, too, and not easily daunted. He says that he will not give up the game; he likes it, and has made well in it. Even last October he was "threatened," as he says, by Senator Glass and a New York paper, with denouncement for gambling. But "I varied in no whit the program already laid out, speaking two or three times daily in the campaign." In the last month he has gone on with his labor in the State campaign, though he knew there was "renewed activity" against him. "I have refused to be muzzled," he says, "and have pressed the battle with all possible vigor to this hour."

Of course, the Bishop was "buying and selling" in what is known as a bucket shop. That is, there were only shadow purchases and sales, and no real stock was exchanged or even owned. This kind of firm is forbidden by federal law to function or even to exist. Bishop Cannon, however, says, over and over in his public statement, that he thought and believed he had made a real investment with a real firm.

At any rate, the famous firm of Kable and Company, now bankrupt, had "Bishop James J. Cannon, Jr.," as its heaviest investor, and "his account is marked by some striking peculiarities." The Company sold the Bishop's stock at a couple of points above the highest

prices for the day, "thus apparently forcing a profit on the bishop where there would normally be a loss." It is remarkable that a great sprinkling of those who lost money with the sinking of the firm were poor men and women of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. And the holy Bishop seems to have lost money once—on a Sunday.

If gambling in stock is wrong, says the Bishop, "the majority of the American people are engaged in criminal, disreputable or dishonorable transactions." His declaration that "the majority" of us are gaming in stocks and bonds, of course, is an exaggeration. And even if it were not, we do not think it makes a remarkable defence for Bishop Cannon. His argument runs: 'Everybody is doing it—therefore, it is right and moral; or, I want to be with the crowd, right or wrong.'

Does "the sporting Bishop" also think it right to make, transport and sell liquor—just because so many are in the business?

STAND in spirit on the Palatine Hill, amid the ruins of the home of Augustus and of all the Cæsars. Thence contemplate the course of history; for it is marked by the wreck of empires. Each of them was the embodiment of a civilization. It was not merely an expression of military force; it was a crystallization of human life around some central ideal of humanity. They are all dead, and the Angel of History sheds no tear over them. For each of them had for its life-principle a false concept of man, and therefore a wrong social ideal. Each of them did injustice to man, to his nature, his worth, his destiny, the meaning of his life; and so each of them was foredoomed to death. For the Angel of History is a Nemesis, and what wrongs man shall thereby reach its fate. "History is Philosophy teaching by examples;" and the heart of Philosophy is MAN.—*Archbishop Keane.*

Notes and Remarks.

As a result of an international conference held in Geneva, there was born the idea of compiling a stupendous card index that will eventually show the location of every useful volume in the libraries of the world. The work is in charge of Mr. Ernest Kletch, of the Congressional Library, who began actual labor upon it in 1927. He is assisted by a staff of thirty men, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has donated \$50,000 a year to finance the project. As a start for this interesting plan, the Library of Congress has already received from the Vatican the loan of the original card index of the Vatican's famous old library containing some 25,000 references, most of them little known or not often found in this country. In exchange, the Library of Congress presented to the Vatican a set of one million cards, forming a list of all printed matter in the Library of Congress. It will be possible, when this list is completed, to find the location of any book in any language that is of real value.

The subject of Catholic education remains, both in this country and in England, of great interest and timeliness. The Catholic position with us and the Catholic ideal among the English have lately been restated by prelates famous for their zeal in educational work. Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul says:

Let us analyze, in a few words, the Catholic position. We acknowledge the duty and the right of the State to provide opportunities for secular education for every citizen. We refuse to acknowledge any power in the State to force a form of education that is Godless on any of its citizens. The Catholic Church in this country has never questioned the right of the State to build and efficiently equip our public schools. She has never quarrelled with the manner in which they are conducted. But the Catholic Church absolutely

denies the right of the State to compel her children, or the children of any conscientious objector, to attend these schools, provided other educational establishments equally efficient for secular education are available under religious auspices. The only right she acknowledges on the part of the State is to see that all citizens are efficiently trained and educated to become good citizens.

The very intelligible explanation from the pen of Archbishop Downey of Liverpool follows:

The Catholic ideal is clear. We Catholics believe in definite religious teaching in our elementary schools, and our plea is a simple one. We ask that our schools, in which the Catholic religion is taught and practised, shall not on that account be penalized, but shall receive the same measure of financial support from public funds as schools in which there is no definite religious teaching.

Recent years have seen an unusual number of canonizations and beatifications at Rome. Men and women who lived in the retired quiet of the cloister have been proclaimed to the world, and the story of their lives read in practically every modern language. The Carmelites especially have had a deal of such prominence, resulting, we believe, in an increase of vocations to that ancient Order. Just recently, we read in the London *Catholic Times* that the remains of the Venerable Mother Mary of Jesus, a Discalced Carmelite, who died in the year 1640, has been officially identified by the ecclesiastical authorities at Toledo, Spain. "Cardinal Segura y Saenz, accompanied by physicians and witnesses, opened the tomb, and found the body in the same condition as when it was last examined, in 1915, showing no signs of decay, remaining flexible, and emitting a savory perfume." We do not find that the physicians accompanying his Eminence offered any natural explanation for this remarkable preservation. It would appear to the common man as a miraculous oc-

currence. Yet Dr. Barnes, of Birmingham, preaching recently at Westminster Abbey, declared that "the spiritual authority of Jesus must be spiritually discerned; it can not be substantiated by proof that he had exceptional powers to control Nature or heal disease." And he declared that "many of the clergy, even if they were not prepared to deny, did not feel themselves concerned to defend the miraculous records of the New Testament." We wonder what explanation Dr. Barnes would offer for this reported preservation of the body of the venerable Carmelite?

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Lloyd, of Saskatchewan, whose perfervid zeal for the purity of Canadian stock is equalled only by the voluble zeal of our own Bishop Cannon for American morals, was read a lesson recently by Michael Luchkovich in the House of Commons in Ottawa. According to the Canadian *Catholic Register*, Mr. Luchkovich, a former Ukrainian teacher, and now a Member of Parliament, resented in decidedly Anglo-Saxon speech, the remark of the bishop in a letter to the ministry of the Protestant churches in Western Canada that "these dirty Continentals coming in are out of all proportion to the British immigrant. . . . Why should this Western Country be inflicted with another three years of these dirty, ignorant, garlic-smelling, unpreferred Continentals as we have been in the last three years?" Mr. Luchkovich showed by statistics that the bishop was unquestionably wrong in his figures, and gives a word or two for the bishop to chew upon that are spiced with enough pepper to make them easily digestible:

Central Europeans, are neither ignorant nor unpreferred, and as for being garlic-smelling, I consider such a weakness a thousand times better than the filling of one's mind with the hideous and discriminatory epithets I have mentioned, which appeal to the men-

talities of, and could be uttered only by, a Moron. His opinion is not only an insult to the Central European, but to humanity in general. It is true that most of the Central Europeans are rather poor when they come to Canada, but they make up for this disqualification by their thrift and their sturdiness, their perseverance and determination to reclaim homes for themselves on our prairies. It does not take them long to fulfil their homestead requirements; it does not take them long to pay off their debts and obligations; and I believe that is more than can be said for a number of those so-called preferred European immigrants.

We are glad to see at the Sunday Masses a decrease in the number of "fancy" and elaborate prayer books—the dainty blue-and-white-and-red trinkets, with gilded clasps and lace fringes, and the ponderous kind, filled with ribbon markers and scores of holy cards. It is good to see these going, because the English missal is taking their places. The missal is the ideal prayer book at Mass. It helps us to participate more perfectly and intelligently in the Holy Sacrifice. And it is a mine rich in prayers, the most beautiful and devotional of prayers. It is healthful, solid food for heart and mind, and never the rather diluted milk of mere sentimental devotion which, it must be feared, some of the old, gaudy prayer books tended to foster.

In a letter written by William H. Coulton, and recently published in *The New Republic*, it is declared that "all Catholics—and most Protestants—have little or no appreciation of the esthetic or spiritual side of sex love. Why is it that the more 'religious' people are, the more they look upon the creative force in life as something essentially dirty, vulgar, materialistic?"

Mr. Coulton, of course, assumes quite gratuitously, that sex love is the only

creative force in life—that is, the creative force which produces art and makes possible the appreciation of beauty. And by sex love he does not mean merely the physical fact of sex, but refers rather to the esthetic and spiritual aspects of sex. But even granting him his term and his meaning for it, he yet seems quite unfair in his criticism, or at least ignorant of Catholic doctrine and Catholic art.

It would be heresy for a Catholic to consider even the physical fact of sex as *essentially* vile, as Mr. Coulton declares Catholics do. The belief that physical or material things are evil *in themselves* has been condemned, long centuries ago, by the Catholic Church. The Church considers the physical fact of sex as, in itself even, a sacred thing, and blesses and sanctifies it in marriage by one of her sacraments. Nor are those spiritual facts of life, which are based on the physical fact of sex, ignored in the significance of Catholic marriage: spiritual love in marriage is not only approved, but preached insistently by the sacrament of Matrimony.

Nor has Catholic art forgotten that some of the most sacred and beautiful spiritual and esthetic values of life have a natural foundation in the fact of sex. Parental and filial love have had their most glorious expression in Catholic art, in the great Madonnas. Mary's place in Catholic art needs no explanation, and Mary was a mother. The love between Christ and the soul, symbolized as the love between the spouse and the bride, is immemorial in Catholic liturgy. And the list of examples might be extended to an astonishing length; but there is no need for that for anyone at all familiar with Catholic art and Catholic liturgy. A Catholic can not desire as essentially vile anything physical, sex included, and remain Orthodox. And Catholic art and liturgy have done more than we can easily cal-

culate to preach an "esthetic and a spiritual side" of the fact of sex which, we dare to fear, Mr. Coulton himself has not fully seen.

If Catholics sometimes seem, to Mr. Coulton, to draw back fearfully from the fact of sex, it is not, as he supposes, because they consider it as essentially dirty or vile. They shrink delicately, sometimes, rather from what they consider violations of the high and sacred purpose of the fact of sex. And this delicacy, or timidity, springs precisely from a reverence for spiritual values or beauty which are based upon, but not antagonistic to, human sex.

Mr. Coulton, even if he can not agree with our point of view, should at least pay us the critic's courtesy of looking fairly and squarely at what he is attempting to criticize.

Not long ago there was laid the corner-stone for a new church in Farnham, England. The whole ceremony took the form of an act of reparation to St. Joan of Arc, in whose honor the edifice will be erected. Assisting the Bishop of Southwark, who laid the stone, were the successors of those bishops who had part in the condemnation of the saintly warrior. Under the foundation stone was placed a record of the occasion written on velum, a part of which we quote from *The Universe* of London.

In view of the dedication of a church in praise of Almighty God and in reparation to St. Joan of Arc, "that Maid of wonder and of awe," this the first corner-stone was duly laid by Peter, the Bishop of Southwark, in union with whom were present William, Bishop of Portsmouth, and Eugene, Bishop of Beauvais. For since those venerable prelates were the successors of Henry Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, that traitorous judge, who, together, so wickedly condemned the Blessed Maid of Orleans and subjected

her to the cruellest of deaths; since, too, they recognized that they were in some sort heirs to the guilt of their predecessors, they determined, with befitting loyalty, to make atonement in their place. Amid the great concourse of the faithful present there stood a maid sprung from the race of the holy virgin, sharing at once her name and her glory.

It is notorious with what readiness Anglicans hold on in what is logically an impossible position. We learn from the London *Catholic Times* that "twenty-one rectors and vicars of Anglican churches in the diocese of London, several of them men of mark in the Anglo-Catholic movement, have united in informing their Bishop, Dr. Ingram, that they can not submit to his regulations as to reservation." These regulations amounted to this, that while the "reservation of the Sacrament" was to be permitted, there would be allowed no devotions that imply adoration of the Real Presence. The twenty-one tell the Bishop that they can not accept these regulations, and that if he insists upon them, they must resign their incumbencies. The next logical step, of course, in the event of the Bishop's refusing to yield, would be for them to go where they might worship the Real Presence to their heart's satisfaction.

A certain Mr. A. B. Enoch of Chicago, representing Western railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission, and asked to indicate the lowest freight rates on grain and grain products, consistent with carrying service, gave answer worthy of a magnate. Said he of the railroads: There isn't any farm problem, or any farm depression,—"there was complete recovery in 1925."

This is the way of capitalizers—to pronounce, in their own interest, the way that things are. Mr. Coolidge had recourse to this procedure, which is at

least ambiguous, and he often called upon Secretary Mellon to state in an officious tone that the nation is prosperous. Secretary Lamont, who (they say) also knows something of prosperity in a personal sense, has taken up the refrain. Perhaps the futility of the specific is suggested by the fact that it has to be taken so long and so often. Of course, it is quite true for Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lamont to say and repeat, "We're prosperous," if they keep the accent on the first word.

It is a significant fact which points, we hope, to a period of prosperity in Ireland, that, according to the figures of the State Department, there are 8,649 vacancies remaining in the immigration quota to the United States from the Irish Free State. While other nations with much larger quotas have completely exhausted them, the Irish Free State, with a quota of only 28,567, has nearly a third of the whole as vacancies. It is reported, too, that where there was complaint not so long ago at the number of Irish going into Scotland, the movement now is rather toward the home country. It is significant, too, that the quota of Great Britain and Northern Ireland has already exhausted its quota for the fiscal year ending June 30.

The Dean of Barnard College, Miss Gildersleeve, fired a shot at the Prohibition law as she left harbor last month for Europe. Since the law is "obviously anathema" to the majority of sober-minded men and women, it should be changed. She is strong for the "exemplary experiment" of permitting lighter drinks than bootleg. While she applauds President Hoover's choice of men and women to serve on the national crime squad, she is convinced that there is little need for study of Prohibition, as "its record is an open book." Miss Gildersleeve knows how well the law has served the American college.

New Books.

PROHIBITION, LEGAL AND ILLEGAL. By Howard Lee McBain. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This book by the Ruggles Professor of Constitutional Law in Columbia University makes no plea for or against Prohibition. It is not concerned with its wisdom or folly as a social or economic problem. It is the lawyer looking at the question purely from the point of view of the law, and attempting to answer the question, "What can be done about it?"

He assumes from the beginning the theory, expressed by Jefferson, of the "divine right of fifty-one per cent," but he makes it clear to his readers that this in no way involves the correlative doctrine expressed by Mr. Birrell in the phrase: "Minorities must suffer." It is, after all, merely a theory. "Fifty-one per cent may or may not bring greater good to a greater number than one-half of one per cent. But human nature being what it is, the odds to that end are probably in favor of fifty-one." However, to Professor McBain, the Democratic principle of Jefferson as applied to the realities of politics is in large part "unadulterated sophistry." For when any case of law arises where opinion is sharply divided and one might think that the rule of the fifty-one per cent would apply, it is overthrown by "the ruthless hand of reality," so that "wherever there is positive opposition to a law by a substantial and not too widely scattered minority, a bare majority should make haste slowly in attempting to enforce its will upon this minority. But if the bare majority is foolish enough to attempt to rout out all evasion and to compel complete obedience by force without stint, history tells us that the minority may fight." The Amendment can not be repealed, at this time, thinks Professor McBain, because the Legislatures in the thirteen least populous States in the Union, comprising less than five per cent of the total population, can prevent that. He emphasizes the parallel between the Fifteenth Amendment and the Eighteenth. Both are products of war; they are both unrepeatable; both are absolute prohibitions; both invade the

rights of the States; are opposed sectionally; and Congress, in each case, is empowered to enforce them by appropriate legislation. The Fifteenth Amendment, however, was aimed merely at the States, and certain States have nullified the Amendment and have done away with the Negro vote by the regular process of law; but this can hardly be done with the Eighteenth Amendment which is aimed at the individual rather than at the State.

What can be done under the circumstances? Professor McBain examines the possibilities: (1) "Congress can repeal all enforcement legislation," but this would present difficulties. "In the States where prohibition sentiment is strong, State prohibition would remain; but in the States that never had an enforcement law, there would be a state of chaos, because, whatever regulatory laws they may have had were automatically wiped out by the Amendment, and the wet States would be bound in self-defence to pass some sort of prohibition law, since regulation is impossible." (2) "Congress might limit the application of the Prohibition Act to the States that have not adopted Prohibition as a State policy, and might adopt the Prohibition laws of the other States as the national law, to be enforced in those States by Federal officers." A third course would be to modify the Volstead Act, so that the term "intoxicating" would allow a larger content of alcohol than is now granted by the Act. This, Professor McBain points out, is forbidden by the Amendment, but where there is no remedy, he argues, there is no wrong; and the Amendment is not self-enforcing.

The book is written clearly and dispassionately, and takes up every angle of the question objectively, and offers the possible solutions of the problems as they appear under the law. It is a careful and thorough study of the Prohibition question as it presents itself after eight years of experiment.

THREE REFORMERS. By Jacques Maritain. Scribner's. \$2.50.

We do not know whether the great humanist, Mr. T. S. Eliot, exaggerates in the words: "Maritain, the most conspicuous and probably

the most powerful force in contemporary philosophy." But we are sure that Mr. Maritain's book, "Three Reformers," is a piece of work of remarkable interest to the historian, the philosopher, and the literary man. "Three men, each for very different reasons," he says, "dominate the modern world, and govern all the problems which torment it: a reformer of religion, a reformer of philosophy, and a reformer of morality,—Luther, Descartes, and Rousseau."

The essay on Luther is (we think) easily the finest of these exceptional studies. Luther is described as a man of practical but shallow mind, with a great grasp on the particular. "Reason was very weak in him." His fall was, in the first place, not carnal but spiritual. We are ineffaceably bad, corrupted in our nature; works are simply useless. After this sorry beginning, a kind of despair and a yielding to the law of the flesh are in order. "It was in the heights of the spirit that he first fell. . . . In origin and principle, the drama of the Reformation was a spiritual drama."

Luther is the prototype of modern times, as Fichte called him. He goes impetuously on a wrong road. "Driven by great desires and vehement longings which fed on instinct and feeling, not on intelligence; possessed by the passions, loosing the tempest round him, breaking every obstacle and all 'external' discipline; but having within him a heart full of contradictions and discordant cries; seeing life, before Nietzsche, as essentially *tragic*, Luther is the very type of modern individualism. . . . There is much weakness of soul behind all his bluster."

Descartes, in his impatience with reasoning, really attacks the human intellect, which, after all, must reason just because it is weak and does not know by vision or intuition. The meaning of mind is thought, and the intellect reaches only its own thought or its representations; and Kant, building on this notion of Descartes, will say: "The thing hidden behind these representations remains forever unknowable."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, of the weak soul, "delights at the same time in the good he

loves, but does not, and the evil he does but hates not." Reason has no part with such a man, unless to serve passion and to see clearly the "intoxications of evil desire." He is all feeling, the forerunner, not of thinkers, but of the philosophers of willing, of such men as William James, who wills to believe or, more likely, to disbelieve.

CHIEF MODERN POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Edited by Sanders and Nelson. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

So many anthologies of poetry and poets are appearing that some of us have become suspicious of most of them. We may fear that the first and last reasons for their existence is the publishers' desire for sure profit, for it is certain that anthologies do sell. But this new collection of modern English and American poets quite justifies its publication.

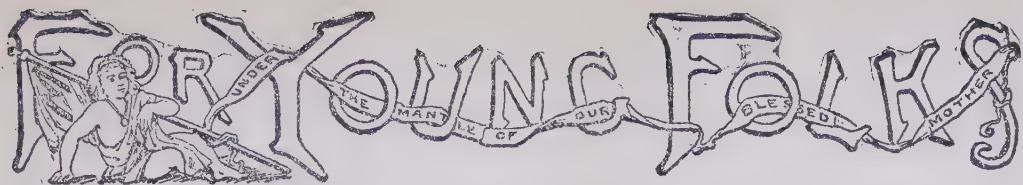
It is first of all different. Instead of giving readers tastes and sips merely of the work of many poets, this new book presents only a comparatively few poets, each represented by many poems. As a result, a rather adequate basis of judgment is provided for each poet included in the book.

And the poets selected are rather representative. At first glance, the book may seem the result of the editors' individual whims and enthusiasms. Of course, it is that, as all collections must and should be. But it is more than that. Carefully examined, the book will appear as an honest and unusually competent attempt to let a reader see what modern English and American poetry has become.

Anthologists are doomed, as surely as cooks, not to please everybody, for tastes in poetry, as well as in food, are never unanimous. For this reason, some of us will quarrel with some of the inclusions as well as with many of the exclusions of the editors of this anthology. We may quarrel especially with the amount of space given to some poets. If a reader is hardy enough to be still old-fashioned, he may object to the several pages given to Carl Sandburg, or Hilda Doolittle, or Ezra Pound, or Amy Lowell or

Robert Frost; he may say that the quality of achievement in the work of such poets does not merit such extensive representation in an anthology of modern English and American poetry. Though it may be true that a poet such as Sandburg or Pound has done little work of extremely high quality, still that work is representative, and must be considered in any study of modern poetry. It is interesting and significant at least in the sense that it reflects tendencies and movements. Whatever weakness, whatever falsity or self-consciousness or meretricious strain there may be in the work of such poets, at least it must be said that the moderns have torn some of the starched and conventional flounces from off English and American poetry. They have widened and freshened the range of poetic material, and they have at least suggested to poets generally that conventionalized poetic diction can not express a living beauty. For this reason they are important, and deserve probably more than passing mention in any study of modern poetry. To most of the poets in this anthology, however, there can be no serious objection. Housman and Yeats and "Æ" and Masefield and Noyes appear in happy, extensive selections. Hardy, too, belongs, for his salty quality—the later and more wholesome Hardy the poet, as we like to believe. And we are glad to see Robinson leading the Americans with his "Flammonde." We can not help wondering, however, why a few others were excluded. And we must be permitted to wonder especially why Chesterton's "Lepanto" could be given no room in the volume.

We like to see, too, that the editors are modest and confident enough about their book not to try too hard to justify their selections. They let their collection stand on its own merits. Very little criticism or interpretation is included in the book, though some helpful biographical and bibliographical annotation is supplied. It is a book which in no way gets between the poetry it contains and the reader; and one who likes to read and judge for himself will enjoy the book, whether he always agrees with the selections or not.



Soldier Boy.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

☉ NE night I left my soldier boy
A-standing tall and still
Close to a toy elephant
Upon the window sill.

And pretty soon an awful groan,
Like some one 'most was dead,
Just woke me up so quick and fast
I sat right up in bed.

That horrid, wicked elephant
Stalked 'round the window sill,
While on the floor my soldier boy
Was lying stiff and still.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—GOING “HOME.”

IT was all heart-breaking, of course, but Lady Bird was only twelve years old, and there was a spice of excitement in this sudden and unlooked for departure that modified its sorrow. In fact, as the car shot swiftly through the gateway of Sainte Cecile's, the heart-break vanished rapidly in the exhilaration of this wonderful adventure into unknown ways. Lady Bird pocketed her tear-wet handkerchief and looked about her brightly. The triple peak of the Arch-angels was rosy with sunset light, the cross of the healing spring gleamed golden in the radiance, the trees by which she was speeding, budding with tender green,—all was life and hope and Springtime gladness, for the Easter “Resurrexit” was still echoing far and near. And she was off for a wonderful visit to her dear Daddy's mother, her own “grandmother.”

And grandmothers, according to the accounts given by Corinne and Aglae, were the most delightful relations little girls could possess. They had big houses where small guests could romp comfortably without disturbing anybody, and pantries full of cake and apples—everything good—and they sat by great open fires, and told stories in the Winter evenings, and when little girls came to see them they never wanted to leave. Oh! a grandmother's house would certainly be the most charming place to visit that Lady Bird could ask.

The whole outlook was so cheerful that she bubbled up into her usual good spirits, and ventured to open a friendly conversation with her travelling companion. The new family circle that had suddenly widened before Daddy's motherless little girl had aroused vital interest. Perhaps this grim, silent lady, who had been sent by “grandmother,” was one of its members.

“Are you my aunt, or cousin, or anything like that, Miss Wilson?” she asked.

“No,” was the brief answer. “I am no relation to you at all.”

“Oh, I am sorry! I thought maybe you were,” said Lady Bird regretfully. “You see I have never had any relations that I knew.”

“Well, you will have some now,” Miss Wilson went on dryly. “Your father's cousin and his wife live with your grandmother, and they have a little boy.”

“Oh, how nice!” exclaimed Lady Bird, brightening more and more at this information. “Is he a very little boy?”

“About six or seven years old. But he is, I am sorry to say, a sickly child, that you will not find companionable.”

“Oh, poor little fellow!” said Lady

Bird softly. "What is the matter with him?"

Miss Wilson shut her lips grimly as her profession demanded. It was not for her to say what she thought of Teddy who was in another's care. Miss Wilson attended to her own business, and to nothing else.

"The doctors do not say," she answered evasively. "I suppose he was born that way. Some children are."

"Oh, poor little boy!" repeated Lady Bird pitifully. "His mother ought to bring him up here. Mothers often bring their sick children here."

"For what?" asked Miss Wilson.

"To get well," answered Lady Bird. "They bring the sick children here to drink the water of the Archangels' spring, and it makes them well." And as Miss Wilson did not seem impressed properly by this statement, Lady Bird went on to explain. "There was little Angeline Follette, who had to hop like a lame bird and who could not run or jump or play. Her mother brought her to Sainte Cecile's to drink the water, and soon her legs got so strong she could beat every girl in school at a race. Of course," added Lady Bird, "the waters do not always cure. There was Aglae's little cousin, Armand, who had goitre in his throat, and died. But it was the good God's will to take him to Heaven, which, after all, is best."

"You think so?" asked Miss Wilson coldly, as she surveyed the sweet young face framed in its quaint little convent-made capole. "Then you would like to have a goitre in your throat that this spring could not cure, and—die?"

"Oh, no," was the quick answer. "I do not want to die now, when everything is so happy for me. Though when I heard my dear Daddy was dead, I cried out to Mère Angelique that I wanted to die too. But she said I must not talk like that; it was not right."

"Not right," repeated Miss Wilson, wondering what sort of curious teach-

ing these Romish nuns gave to children, for to her death was simply an everlasting sleep that ended all suffering and pain. "It seems to me a very right and natural way for a child to feel and speak."

"Oh, no," said Lady Bird gravely. "Mère Angelique said life was a lesson the good God wished me to learn, and only naughty little girls threw away their book when the lesson was hard. But now—now that I have a grandmother, with a beautiful home, and relations and cousins, everything has changed for me. I don't want to die at all. I want to live, and live, and be glad and happy; and not a lonely little Lorette any more." And the speaker's pretty face brightened and dimpled in a way that Miss Wilson found most discomforting. What a little simpleton the child was, and what a blunder—beyond words—to bring her to Stony Crest. If Miss Wilson could have had her own cold, wise will, she would have ordered the automobile to turn back and leave this undesirable little charge with her babble of life and death, at Sainte Cecile's forever. But already the sunset glow was fading from the triple peak of the Archangels; the Angelus, sounding from Sainte Cecile's cupola, was a distant silvery chime.

Madam Wharton's granddaughter must be at Stony Crest on the morrow and Madam Wharton's orders must be obeyed. And the automobile—a long, black, swift-rushing monster—swept on past the friendly turn that led to Kearney's Corner, over the bridge, where the mountain stream leaped in joyous freedom after its wintry sleep, through the Pass guarded by the Archangels' snow-tipped wings, into the wider, busier ways, that Miss Wilson was accustomed to tread, and where all her doubts and fear vanished.

"Here we are," she said in a tone of relief, as the lights of Port Vincent flashed out in the gathering shadows,

and the shriek of the little way engine came through the darkening distance. "And in time to catch the midnight train from Montreal as your grandmother wishes."

It was an exciting trip to Lady Bird; she had never travelled at night before, for her pleasant holiday jaunts with Daddy had been made leisurely with due regard for the comfort of a little girl who must have her rest and sleep undisturbed. So the midnight train, with its sleeper, was an altogether novel experience; after the sweet silence and peace of Sainte Cecile's she seemed to be whirling through a darkened world in which she was bewildered and lost.

But with the daylight came cheerful relief; all the shadows flashed into rainbow hues again; even Miss Wilson, grey and grim as the granite height from which she had come, seemed a kind protectress with whom Lady Bird had become most friendly, considering their brief and not altogether cordial intercourse. But Daddy's little daughter was one of those happy flowers that turn to the sun regardless of obscuring clouds. And though her travelling companion did not invite confidence, Lady Bird gave it freely, as, having enjoyed a breakfast quite luxurious after the simple menu of Sainte Cecile's, Lady Bird nestled in the velvet cushions of the parlor car and prattled on happily.

"It was so kind of you to come for me, Miss Wilson. The other girls don't go home in lovely parlor cars like this. Of course, none of them live in the United States, so they don't have to go so far. Daddy took me to Montreal and to Quebec and Toronto, and one Summer, Sister Felicie, who is an externe, took six of us on a pilgrimage to Saint Ann de Beaupré. It was most beautiful. Have you ever been to Saint Ann de Beaupré, Miss Wilson?"

"Never," was the brief answer, "and I have no desire to go."

"Oh, but you would like it, I am sure," continued Lady Bird, enthusiastically. "Of course, as Sister Felicie said, it is not so wonderful as Lourdes, because Our Blessed Mother appeared there Herself to little Bernadette, and told her what she must do. And it's just like Heaven now, Sister Felicie says. Oh, if that poor little sick boy you told me about could go to Lourdes, he might get well."

"Don't—don't put any such—non-sense," (Miss Wilson caught the word on her lips—corrected it, she scarcely knew why) "don't put any such fancies in the child's head. He has enough of them already."

The fair young face beside her was so innocent in its simple faith and hope that Miss Wilson withheld the further explanation she felt inclined to give. Let the child find out for herself that she was among those to whom faith and hope were unknown. The poor little fool! Would she be blinded, bewildered, or hardened into sad wisdom by life at Stony Crest?

And Miss Wilson stifled the odd stir of pity in what might have been called her heart, and decided it was none of her business, as the train swept into the depot, and she gathered up her travelling bags and led her young charge to the limousine, waiting on the street without, according to Madam Wharton's orders.

The splendid car glittered and glistened in the sunlight. Willis, the chauffeur, was in livery. Lady Bird, holding fast to the small satchel that was all she had brought from Sainte Cecile's, sank down among the luxurious cushions with a delightful thrill. Never—not even in her pleasant journeyings with dear Daddy—had she felt such a sense of her own importance. All this elegance and attention was for *her*, for the poor little Lorette Wharton who, under her little convent cape was wearing her last year's uniform skilfully

lengthened by Sister Claudine because there was no money left to buy her another.

Aglæ, whose mother was most elegant and fashionable, never came out to Sainte Cecile's in such splendor as this. The automobile had swept out of the city, with its crowds and rush and clamor, into fairer scenes where the houses stood, shaded by great trees, among lawns and gardens gay with Spring flowers, while beyond, the broad, white road, where hundreds of other cars were speeding, was the blue sketch of the bay opening beyond the wider waters of the sea where white-winged sailboats, motor boats gay with flags and pennants, dotted the shining waves. On and on sped the beautiful limousine that was no black monster, like the car that had borne the weeping Lady Bird from the sweet shelter of her convent home, but a glittering messenger of light and joy. And in this glad world her dear grandmother was waiting to welcome her to her home and heart.

Higher and higher climbed the broad white road, while closer grew the blue sketch of the bay, a dull boom told where the deeper waters were breaking against the reef that barred their way. And now the shining white of the road darkened, and the low walls that bordered it, grew dim and gray as the granite of the cliff rose in all its grim strength above the water, whose sweep it defied. Here was the great stretch of rock from which the Whartons had carved their fortunes, the granite quarries once echoing with fierce turmoil, but now weed-grown wastes, their cavernous depths condemned as unsafe fifty years ago.

But their rock-ribbed summit stood proud and unshaken, and there Lady Bird's great-grandfather had built his home of the grim, grey granite, that made the cliff. Lady Bird was vaguely conscious of deepening shadows darkening the road, of the hoarse boom of

the sea growing louder, as the limousine turned into the arched gateway guarded by the mailed hand of her ancestors; and Stony Crest rose before her in all its pride and state, the great trees carefully pruned with symmetry, its velvety green lawns and garden beds blooming with Springtime flowers, climbing roses wreathing the wide pillared porch. Old Sandy, the Scotch gardener, who had been in charge for more than forty years, knew his business and did it well.

Stone benches were set out under the trees, and there was a fountain, also of elaborate stonework, that had not played for years, and was "nae good," as old Sandy grumbled. But the old Madam would not have it demolished or removed.

Lady Bird looked up at the ivy-veiled walls in breathless awe. Where were the swings, the apple trees, the strawberry beds, all the homely delights of which Aglæ and Bernice had talked.

"Oh!" she gasped to Miss Wilson. "Is this—*this*, my grandmother's?"

"Yes," answered Miss Wilson. "This is Stony Crest, your grandmother's home." And then, reading the dismay in the young face, she asked curiously: "Do you like it?"

"Oh—I—I don't know!" faltered Lady Bird. "It is so big, so fine, so grand. It isn't like—" and Bob Wharton's little daughter unconsciously echoed her father's words spoken so long ago—"like—like a real home at all."

"No, it isn't," agreed Miss Wilson, again conscious of a sudden softening stir in her heart for this little simpleton. "But it is your home now, child, so you must make the best of it."

(To be continued.)

A PERSIAN philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being ashamed to ask questions when I was ignorant."

Art for Life's Sake.

THE Dey of Algiers having heard that the dwellings of Europeans frequently have the walls of their dwellings decorated with paintings, resolved not to be inferior to them in magnificence. One morning he sent for the slaves that he had in captivity and said to the first: "Can you paint?"

"No, please your Highness," replied the slave, little dreaming what was to follow.

The Dey nodded to the officer who accompanied him; and the obedient African unsheathed his sword, and with one blow cut off the captive's head.

The same question was addressed to the second, who, terrified at the spectacle he had just witnessed, stammered: "Yes—no—but—"

"You are not quite certain," said the Dey; and another nod was followed by the severing of a second head.

The third prisoner was a Parisian, and when the question was put to him he answered quietly:

"A painter! your Highness? Certainly I am. What do you please to command?"

The despot smiled and replied—"Stand aside; I will tell you presently."

The Parisian's example was contagious. Each prisoner suddenly discovered that he had been the pupil of some great artist.

When the Dey found that he had forty or fifty artists at his disposal, he placed them under the command of the Parisian who hastened to ask again what his Highness wished to be done.

"First, I want the walls of my palace adorned with representations of Mecca, the tomb of Mahomet, and my own principal victories at sea and on land. Afterwards, please yourself."

"Your Highness shall be obeyed," said the Parisian.

Pencils, brushes, colors, and all sorts of materials were brought in profusion, and the palace abandoned to

our enterprising Frenchman and his colleagues. To represent Mahomet's tomb, he painted a tolerable view of the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena. As the religion of the Mussulman forbids all pictures of the human figure, the naval battles consisted of vessels pouring on each other terrific broadsides, but without a single man to fire the guns! In the land engagements, gigantic bullets are seen flying in all directions, the heavy smoke is reddened by the flames; but not an arm, not a leg, not even the nose of a soldier is seen!

The Dey was enchanted! He called his court together, and expressing his great joy and admiration for the work, it was enthusiastically praised by the courtiers who knew that their heads were not safe if they dared to think differently from their monarch. Luckily for the Parisian and his assistants no strangers were allowed to enter the palace, or criticise its mural decorations. But one day a grand visitor came to call upon the Dey who, with many smiles, told him he wanted him to see the murals of his palace. The Dey led him in with so many and so broad smiles that the visitor supposed he saw the humor of the situation, and broke into such a broad and convulsive laughter, holding his sides, that the Dey was astonished, and asked what was the cause of his merriment.

"It is the joy of the battle that delights me," said the visitor, seeing the serious look on the face of the monarch. "I have always been a soldier, and I would ask your majesty one favor. Allow these painters to come to my palace and do a war scene for me."

The monarch was delighted with the answer, and released the Parisian and his assistants, who never got started on their new work, for when they had gotten beyond the confines of the kingdom, the merry visitor told them to be off before he destroyed them for their desecration of the palace walls.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—So far as we know, the booklet telling the story of Matt Talbot, the Dublin laborer whose humble, poor life was, or might be, a revelation to our times, never got into American libraries: at least, we were unable to find it in the Library of Congress a year ago. We are glad then to see announced a "Life of Matt Talbot," by Sir Joseph A. Glynn, published by the Veritas House, Dublin; and we certainly hope that some enterprising company in America will get the story of this man's life which "has caught the imagination of the world."

—"Out of Many Hearts" is a group of striking thoughts on the religious life, collected and arranged by Brother Aidan, C. S. C. This is a new edition, greatly enlarged, published by the Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. The aim, which is to foster vocations to the work of teaching, is well expressed by Bishop Noll: "Twenty years from now we expect the children to be taught by Brothers and Sisters, and that means that a great many now being schooled by religious must follow this same vocation, otherwise the good work can not be continued."

—Among recent pamphlets from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (Dublin) are these: "What is Scholastic Philosophy?" by the Rev. A. H. Ryan; "Father Faber," by W. H. Woollen; "Points of Canon Law for Laymen," by the Rev. M. J. Browne; and "Loyalty to Christ Our King," by the Rev. George Clune. The America Press, New York, offers the following: "These Missing Links," by Father LeBuffe; "The Church and Tolerance," by Father Michel Riquet; and a series by Father Lonergan: "Is the Church Tolerant?" "Is the Church Arrogant?" "Is the Church un-American?" "Is the Church Officious?" and "Is the Church a National Asset?"

—Any selection from the writings of G. K. Chesterton can not be wholly satisfactory, for the reason that it is only a selection. Where the whole is so thoroughly delightful and satisfying, one is almost impatient with a part, however choice that may be. "A Ches-

terton Catholic Anthology" of prose and verse, compiled by Patrick Braybrooke, F.R.S.L., is, as the author says, an "endeavor to select a number of quotations from certain of Mr. Chesterton's prose and verse which deal with religious subjects, and thus obtain some indication of the trend of his thought in matters of religion." These quotations show that trend indeed; but we believe they might have been taken from many works with the same result. Of fifty-five pages of prose, twenty-six are quotations from "St. Francis of Assisi," and twenty-two from "The Everlasting Man." Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

—The age of Catholic martyrs in England is rich in materials for historical fiction. Agnes Blundell has dug deeply and penetratingly into those old times, so deeply that her novel "Ancient Lights" (Herder, \$2), which readers of THE AVE MARIA will remember, gives an impression of factual authenticity which is very convincing. It makes characters and facts seem actual. It has a quality of history about it, which strengthens and solidifies the material of the story, which makes it authoritative and satisfying for the reader who is interested in the actualities of England's past. There is in the novel, however, a certain stiffness or bookishness in the dialogue which is excessive. The characters are sometimes made to talk as though they were making speeches or writing essays. Of course, this is somewhat excusable in the material; yet it is excessive here and there. Also, the story has, in its telling, too much of the missionary's manner; it is too obtrusively propaganda to be the best fiction. But on the whole, it is rather successful even as fiction.

Obituary.

Sister M. Anthony, Order of the Presentation; Mother Agnes Raleigh, Sisters of the Sacred Heart; Sister M. Imelda and Sister M. Stanislaus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Michael Healey, Mrs. Agnes Prendergast.
May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

[Copyright, 1929: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Vatican.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

IN this vast cloister-close,
Where faith's gold ardors dart,
Flames out the scarlet rose
Of Her maternal heart.

And here, 'twixt pillar and nave,
Baptized by Magian skies,
Lives truth, whose architrave
Is Her eternal eyes.

Apocalyptic thought
Hath moved Her mind, but now
Saints' blood and fire have wrought
What beauty for Her brow!

The centuries read well
That grave, Gregorian scroll,
Across this citadel,
Which is Her soul,

Where, housed till earth pass by—
(Immobile Rock of Rome!)
She gathers, when they die,
Her children home.

Canonization.

BY THE REV. J. WEBB.



NUMBER of cases having for their object the beatification or canonization of certain servants of God are at present under examination in the courts of the Church, which are of interest to American and English-speaking peoples generally. Catholics are well aware that the proof of sanctity required by the Church to establish the right of a person to be placed on the

list of her Blessed, or canonized saints, is exceedingly rigorous and difficult. They know, too, that a considerable part of this process of proof is conducted at Rome, and that the final pronouncement, or declaration, is made by the Pope in person at a solemn function in St. Peter's. But for the most part Catholics know very little about the origin or development of this procedure, or of the reasons and occasions that have served to bring it to, and fix it in, its present form.

The word "canonize" is a word of Greek origin, adopted by the Church, and means in itself to place upon some official or authentic roll or record. Thus we speak of the "Canonical" Scriptures, meaning those books of the Old and New Testaments which are recognized and accepted and declared by the Church to be divinely inspired. In every state and religion honor is paid to the distinguished dead, and, officially or unofficially, some record is kept of them and their actions. In the Christian Church the martyrs and saints have been held in veneration from the earliest times; and right from the beginning it would appear that efforts were made in the different churches to compile some authentic and official list or Canon of those who had died or suffered for the faith. This was done, not only that the names and deeds of these holy men and women might be kept in memory, but also to insure that only those should receive the honors of sainthood who had verified the conditions

requisite for true martyrdom, or the confessing of the Faith. Especially in the Roman Church was this care taken to keep a roll or Canon of the martyrs; and the "Acts of the Martyrs"—the account of their sufferings and death—were compiled, with as much accuracy as possible, by notaries or officials appointed for this special purpose. The information contained in these Acts would be gathered from the official record of the proceedings at the trial, supplemented by accounts furnished by eye-witnesses, or others in a position to know the facts of the case, and thus in the first instance would be a thoroughly reliable account of the persons concerned and of their sufferings and death.

During the first centuries, and especially during the time of active persecution, circumstances were such that the only ecclesiastical authority in a position to investigate and verify the claim of any person to a place on the roll or Canon of Saints and Martyrs was the local bishop. This largely accounts for the fact that it is in a geographical grouping that we find the early saints and martyrs arranged. However, the veneration of a saint or martyr, established and approved in one diocese, would naturally tend to spread into neighboring territories; and there were some who, by reason of their personal prominence, or the circumstances of their martyrdom, transcended all local boundaries, and in a relatively short time were known and venerated throughout the whole Church. Thus, for example, St. Laurence. From the Fourth Century the practice of the translation of relics from one place to another and the division and dispersal of relics into several places, helped to give to certain martyrs a wide and extended cultus as contrasted with the restricted and local veneration of the majority.

In the earliest period of the Church only the martyrs received liturgical

honor and veneration after their death; and it is a fact worth noting that in the Canon of the Mass, apart from the Blessed Virgin, only Apostles and Martyrs are mentioned by name. By "martyrs" are here understood only those who actually laid down their lives for their faith in Christ Our Lord. Originally, "martyrs" signified those who were distinguished for their witnessing to the Christian faith, or those who suffered persecution for the Faith, or those who died under their sufferings for the Faith; and the restriction of the term to the last class does not seem to have been fixed before the persecution of Decius, 249-251 A. D. Those who had confessed the Faith in time of persecution, had been brought before persecuting officials and judges, and had undergone sufferings or torture, but had survived persecution, and died eventually a natural death, came to be known by the name of "Confessor." During their lifetime these confessors had a very special place of honor in the Church, but, except in a few cases where death had followed close upon, or was evidently caused by the sufferings they had undergone, they did not receive the liturgical place and honor of the martyrs after their death. From the Fourth Century onwards, confessors also came to have their place on the roll of the saints, and in the public liturgical worship, like the martyrs themselves.

After the cessation of persecution, the term confessor was further extended to include those holy men and women who had led lives of outstanding virtue, and who, after their death, were ranked as saints. Such, for example, were Pope St. Sylvester I., St. Paul the First Hermit, St. Anthony the Abbot, St. Hilariion, and a great number of others. Thus gradually was the distinction between martyrs and confessors established,—a distinction which has been maintained ever since; so that, technically and canonically, a martyr is one

who lays down his life for the Faith, while a confessor is one who by a life of supreme virtue merits the special and public veneration of the Church. In the case of both martyr and confessor, an official declaration on the part of the Church is required, and such declaration, in its final and complete form, is the Decree of Canonization.

The action of the Church in this matter is of the nature of a judicial proceeding, and consequently such decrees are not issued without adequate investigation and conclusive proof. This process of proof must show, in the case of the martyr, first, that the person concerned was really done to death; secondly, that he was put to death out of hatred for the Faith; and in the case of confessors, first, that the servant of God really practised virtue in an heroic degree, and secondly, that the claim to sanctity is supported by the working of indubitable miracles.

It has been said already that in the earliest times the authority of the local bishop was competent to give to martyrs the honor of public liturgical veneration. For the most part this was done with care and discretion, after a sufficient investigation of the facts and circumstances of the various cases. However, it must be admitted that in many instances such authorization was implicit rather than explicit, consisting simply in the acknowledgment or recognition of the veneration that had sprung up towards some martyr or group of martyrs. When the public honors of the Church were paid to confessors, as formerly to martyrs, the local bishop, archbishop, or patriarch, was still the competent authority to institute or permit such veneration, although the authorization so granted extended only to the territory subject to the jurisdiction of that particular prelate.

With the diffusion of the cultus of the more prominent martyrs and con-

fessors throughout the Catholic world, the need of the intervention of some ecclesiastical authority of higher standing than a local bishop, or even a Metropolitan, would, no doubt, be felt; and the only authority capable of giving a universal authorization to the public veneration of a reputed saint was, of course, the Pope. Also, as time went on, there came into operation a centralizing movement reserving to the Holy See the greater and more important acts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and it is easily seen that among such acts the canonization of saints occupies a foremost place. Moreover, the process of local canonization was not without its dangers and abuses, and this was one of the most operative and important of the factors that led to the ultimate and complete reservation of the matter to the Holy See. Local enthusiasm, national or racial pride and prejudices, political views and opinions, temperamental bias, and so on, are much more powerful in influencing judgment and decision within a restricted than over a wide area; and everyone knows how the hasty and partial decree of some local tribunal is often reversed by the superior wisdom and authority of a higher and less easily influenced court.

It has to be admitted that the title and cultus of saint were, on occasion, given to persons who had indeed made a deep impression on local feeling and imagination, but whose qualifications were far from sufficient to justify their having a place in that very select company of the canonized saints of God. Nor must it be supposed that this holds good only of peoples who are by nature emotional and impulsive, for examples of the same thing are also to be found elsewhere. There are two well-known instances in English history. Waltheof, who was Earl of Huntingdon, in the Saxon kingdom of England before the Norman Conquest, and fought against William the Conqueror, at the battle of

Hastings, but subsequently made his submission, was later involved in various plots against William, for which he was eventually tried and executed in 1076. The Saxon-English looked upon him not merely as a national hero, but as a martyr, and venerated him as such, while miracles are said to have been worked at his tomb in Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire. Simon de Montfort, known as the Father of the English House of Commons, and renowned for his struggles against the tyranny of Henry III., who was killed in the battle of Evesham, August 4, 1265, was also regarded and revered as a martyr by the people whose cause he had championed.

No one will wish to deny that both Waltheof and De Montfort were men of many and great virtues; but looking back upon them with the detached and impartial eye of history, it is easily seen that their place is not on the list of those who died for the Faith, wherein alone consists the precise character of martyrdom. Even in our own times, on occasion of intense national or racial struggles, we have seen almost the honors of martyrs paid to men who died for causes that were political not religious, though ever so bravely and heroically.

Over and above these territorial and political causes of error, there is the undoubted danger of misjudging the nature and character of many things which are wont to be taken as signs and proofs of sanctity. Even in ancient times the possibility of deceit of the devil was recognized and guarded against, whilst it is now quite certain that many of the states which passed as ecstasies, locutions, etc., may be produced by purely natural causes, and are, in fact, at least in many cases, the result of those neuroses with which modern Psychopathology has made us only too familiar. For all these dangers—territorial,

political, temperamental, pathological, and the rest,—the best and, indeed, the only safe corrective is the thorough investigation of all the available evidence in each case by the supreme authority of the Holy See, a fact now recognized and accepted by every Catholic.

The reservation of all cases of canonization to the Holy See, was not effected by some one single piece of legislation, nor was any definite procedure for these cases devised and imposed once and for all. In this, as in most other matters, there has been a gradual development both of reservation and procedure. The recurrence of abuses due to popular fervor, and the negligence or indiscretion of local authorities, led to the progressive restriction of the powers of bishops; and by the end of the Eleventh Century, in accordance with the various decrees which had been issued up to that time, it was required that the virtues and miracles of persons proposed for public veneration should be examined and discussed in Councils, especially the General Councils of the Church. The procedure to be observed in these cases was likewise developed and determined, by the fixing of rules for the examination of the evidence, by the application and enforcement of legal safeguards to eliminate deception and deceit, and by appointing the various stages through which the process must run before the definite decree of the sanctity of the person concerned could be issued. Thus a complete process of procedure was gradually elaborated in the Roman Court, a process found in operation for the canonization of St. Ulric, Bishop of Augsburg, by Pope John XV., in the year 993 A. D.

The difficulties of the times probably prevented these restrictive decrees from having their effect, and abuses still occurred where the honors of sanctity or martyrdom were bestowed on the

very uncertain grounds of excess of local enthusiasm, or national pride, or the perfectly intelligible and laudable desire of a religious house or institute to see as many of its members as possible raised to the altars of the Church, or the wish of some church or place to have the shrine of a saint within its walls or bounds. No one need be surprised at the occurrence of abuses, and in any case we have to take facts as we find them, not as we would like them to be. Certain chapters in the old Canon Law give various Papal decrees intended to suppress undoubted abuses and deceptions.

A particularly flagrant case in which a man, killed while under the influence of drink, by reason of some supposed or alleged miracles was being put forward as a saint, was made by Pope Alexander III., in the year 1170, the occasion of a decree by which the institution of the cultus of a new saint was reserved entirely to the Holy See, even if the one concerned should be renowned for the working of miracles. This decree is worth quoting, though it is impossible to reproduce in a translation the quaint flavor of the Mediæval legal Latinity.

"We have heard that there are some among you who, deceived by the deceit of the devil, in the manner of unbelievers, venerate as though he were a saint a certain man killed in a drinking bout and in drunkenness, whereas the Church scarcely permitteth prayers to be said for such as die in drink. For the Apostle saith that drunkards shall not possess the kingdom of God. That man, therefore, you shall no longer presume to venerate, since, even though many miracles should be wrought by him, it would not be allowed to you to venerate him as a saint without the authority of the Roman Church" (c. 1, x; iii, 45).

This interesting decree was addressed by Alexander III. to the monks of a

certain monastery in the diocese of Lisieux who, it appears, had been putting forth, for the sake of gain, stories of wonderful events alleged to have taken place at the tomb of the man in question. Later on this decree was incorporated in the body of the Canon Law in the Decretals of Gregory IX., 1234, and was summarized by the commentators in the form of a general rule: "Without the authorization of the Pope it is not permitted to venerate any one as a saint." However, in spite of this, the decree was regarded as ambiguous, and canonists and theologians disagreed as to its force and interpretation, so that for long afterwards, though in a constantly diminishing degree, bishops continued to exercise the powers they had hitherto possessed in this matter. The question was not finally settled until the issue of the Constitution, "*Cœlestis Hierusalem*" by Urban VIII., July 5, 1634, by which all cases of beatification and canonization were rigorously reserved to the Holy See, and at the same time the procedure to be followed was laid down in detail.

It has been said above that a process of procedure for cases of canonization was in use in the Roman courts as early as the Tenth Century, but it must not be supposed that this had the elaborate character of the rules laid down by Urban VIII. Many modifications had been introduced during the intervening six centuries, and from being a very short and summary inquiry leading to the almost immediate issue of the required decree, proceedings in a cause of canonization had become the longest and most minute and searching of any legal processes in the whole world.

The procedure appointed by Urban VIII. has remained substantially the same ever since, though, of course, some changes and additions have had to be made by late Popes to meet the requirements of new conditions and circum-

stances. The whole body of antecedent legislation has been condensed and codified in the new code of Canon Law, where Canons 1999-2141, all of a highly technical character, give the present-day law of the Church on this subject, and where the very first principle laid down is the principle of reservation: "Cases of the beatification of servants of God and of the canonization of those beatified are reserved to the judgment of the Holy See alone."

Among Strangers.

BY C. L. WINSLOW.

SO you have never been here before?" The speaker, an elderly woman, looked kindly at the young girl who stood beside them.

"No," said Joyce.

"And you came up here alone?"

"Yes," was the girl's reply. "I had to come alone, if I came at all. My vacation lasts only two weeks. Oh! where is she going?" She pointed to a black-robed nun, who walked swiftly through the gate and up the winding path. At Joyce's question the group on the terrace nearby turned and watched, with the idle curiosity of sight-seers, until the figure had disappeared. When they turned again the glory of the sunset seemed to have been dimmed by the interruption; the gleaming surface of the St. Lawrence had lost its shimmering texture and become a dull gray. The evening chill was already descending.

"Where did you say she was going?" asked Joyce again of her companion, who spent all her Summers at this village convent.

"There is a woman, living alone up on the mountain, who is ill, and that is one of the lay Sisters going up to stay with her. They send some one to take care of her every night."

"But why do they not bring her down to the convent until she recovers?" sug-

gested Joyce. "It would be so much easier."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "She may never be well again. She is not young."

"But has she no friends or relatives to care for her?" persisted Joyce.

"No one in this country; she is a foreigner," and the oldest boarder brought the conversation abruptly to a close by turning away.

They were a varied group staying at the convent that Summer, some of whom had been coming to this quiet Canadian village for years. Others, like Joyce, were here for the first time, inquiring, exploring, and full of enthusiasm for all that was different. The mountain paths, the river road, the tiny shops, even the "habitants" themselves seemed as perfect as a stage setting. But the barriers of language and customs, which held the convent guests at so formal a distance, had been greater than Joyce expected. For that reason she could hardly believe that this little French-Canadian village sheltered even one foreign inhabitant, and the more she thought about it the more curious she became. Without mentioning it to any one she determined to know more about this obscure exile who was living and dying alone up on the mountain. The mystery, if mystery it were, must be solved before her vacation ended. There was no time to lose.

"How far up the mountain does the foreign woman live, *ma sœur*?" asked Joyce of the little portress, the first time she found her alone. The duty of the portress was to meet the many demands of the guests and to answer their questions; and Joyce had found her the most amiable of all the Sisters in allowing her to practise her French conversation. She turned from her knitting as Joyce spoke.

"The invalid, you mean? But not too far. It is the first house at the top of the hill, after you go through the

meadow. You could even walk there alone. The poor lady is sometimes able to be in her garden—"Joyce would have encouraged the portress to tell her more had not one of the other guests joined them at this moment. The newcomer had an experience of the afternoon to relate, and began in reckless French, with an occasional but unheeded correction from the portress. Joyce slipped quietly away.

Both porch and terrace were unoccupied, fortunately, when she started out the next morning. She had hoped to avoid questions and explanations, and luck seemed to be with her. It was a rough path, almost precipitous at first where it lay shadowed beneath the overhanging branches of the trees, but becoming gradually more level as it reached the open meadow. Summer was in full swing, and the mountain slope white with daisies. Above the meadow stretched the endless black forests covering the Laurentian Mountains, and forming a solid bulwark against the north wind, and below lay the ever-widening sweep of the St. Lawrence. Over all, and seeming to rest upon the mountains and the upper part of the meadow, floated great, fleecy clouds, sharply outlined against the blue sky.

There was a comfortable-looking house on the brow of the hill, which Joyce had noticed before, and at a guess she concluded that she had reached her destination. A well-kept garden, much more finished than those of the street below, and enclosed by a fence, surrounded the house. As the gate clicked, a wild barking began which not only curbed Joyce's curiosity but threatened to wreck the expedition. The creature, a mastiff, was already bounding toward her, when "*Chut, Médor!*" was heard in a gentle tone, with just a slight foreign accent. The dog slunk back with a low growl, and stretched himself unwillingly at the feet of his mistress, who sat sheltered from the heat of the sun in

the corner of the gallery. "*Entrez si vous voulez,*" she said wearily, then added, "I speak English, too." Joyce replied diffidently that she would like to stop for a few minutes if it was not an intrusion, and upon being urged by the invalid entered the garden. It was more formal than any garden in the village. Wooden partitions separated the flower beds from each other as well as from the pebbled paths; and here and there were little palm trees set in green tubs—a rich green which was repeated in the wooden shutters of the house. There was an air of perfection about the place which distinguished it from the surrounding country, and at the same time brought out a foreign aspect, more foreign than the homes down on the Rue Royale. The mistress of this perfect garden was leaning back, exhausted, in the great armchair, and seemed as pale and lifeless as a statue.

"You speak German, perhaps?" she asked at last, turning slowly toward Joyce who had stopped to rest for a moment on the bench near her.

"No, only a little French. I am so sorry," was the reply.

"Ah, I should have liked to see some one who could talk with me in German," she said softly. "It is lonely here sometimes."

"That is what I can hardly understand," said Joyce, abruptly disclosing her own thoughts. "Why should any one but a French person come to live in this French-Canadian village?"

"But we were Austrians, my dear, and the Austrians are not so unlike the French." Then she added: "Of course, I did not come alone. *Écoutez*, I will tell you the whole story—" She drew a long breath as if to gain energy from this draught of mountain air.

"We came here, my husband and I, twenty years ago. You do not remember the tragedy of Count Otto? No, you are too young to remember that. *Ah, tant mieux!* There are so many dangers

in court life, so many scandals in the Old World. And afterward it is better to disappear,—better for all, you understand, even for the innocent.” The color was coming back to her cheeks with the exertion of talking, and Joyce thought that she looked much better. After a short pause she went on:

“So we came over and settled here, thinking it well to be in a quiet country and near the church. Besides we had always spoken French in the world; it was not hard to adapt ourselves. As for the court life—that we never missed. It is a false taste, one that disappears in the fresh air of the country. Of course, we could not make friends with the village people, there is no society here; but we amused ourselves with books and music, and in the Summer with this little garden. My husband liked to go hunting, too. We owned a large estate in the old country. The Winters here were long, of course, but one must endure something everywhere. And then, our son, have I told you of him?”

“Not yet,” said Joyce, rising with a sudden realization that she was staying too long; “but let me come again some other day. It is not far from the convent where I am stopping.” As she looked at the invalid’s flushed cheeks she wondered if she had already trespassed on her feeble strength.

“Will you come again?” pleaded the sick woman. “You are not one of those tourists who spend only a day or two in the village? It does me good to have some one from the world to talk with. The Sisters are all so good to me, and yet they seem so far away.”

“I will surely come to-morrow,” replied Joyce, deeply touched by her appeal for sympathy, “and at this very hour if it suits you.”

“Then I shall expect you, Mademoiselle,” and with a wave of the hand Joyce was dismissed. She withdrew as if from the presence of royalty; one

does not often stumble into court life. All the tales of mystery that she had ever read flooded her mind, as she drifted down to the convent in a rosy cloud of romance.

There was the usual cheerful spirit among the boarders, as they took their places in the dining-room that noon, but Joyce was strangely distracted. The others noticed her mood at once, and rallied her upon it. She was accused of being homesick, or of having fallen in love—Heaven knows with whom in that deserted spot—or even of considering a religious vocation. This last theory was worked out at length.

“I have been reading a book from the convent library all about religious vocations this morning,” began her right-hand neighbor, a middle-aged woman of ponderous personality.

“It must have been interesting,” Joyce responded in an absent-minded way.

“It was really fascinating, and you should read it. Tell me what you think of the religious life.”

“I don’t know much about it,” said Joyce simply. “But it is certainly peaceful.”

“And at what age do you think a person should leave the world to enter a convent?” asked her neighbor on the left.

It dawned on Joyce slowly that this was a conspiracy.

“Oh, I suppose one is never too old,” she replied; and the oldest boarder, who had been merely a listener during this attack, smiled approvingly at her.

Every chair on the porch was taken, and even two or three of the benches on the terrace were already occupied when Joyce started out the next morning. She was urged to walk down to the village with some of the idle group, or to take a hand at bridge, early as it was. “But I have letters to answer,” she kept saying, “and anyway it is much too warm here on the terrace. No, don’t come with me,” she waved off a possi-

ble escort, "I'll come down as soon as the storm breaks." There was an oppressive stillness in the air, a pervading heat wave that was already wilting, but remembering her engagement, Joyce walked briskly up the mountain path, and was soon out of sight.

Her new friend was waiting for her in the big chair on the gallery. Médor, the dog, growled but did not rise from his place as she walked toward the house.

"First of all, my dear, tell me about yourself," the invalid began after greeting Joyce cordially and motioning her to a chair. "I was so eager to talk yesterday that I forgot that I did not know you."

Joyce blushed. "I have nothing interesting to tell about myself," she said humbly. "I have an office position that keeps me busy all but two weeks of the year, and I take a little trip every Summer just because I must see something different. That is why I came up here. But if I had money enough I should stop working and go right over to Europe and see everything. It is wonderful over there, isn't it?"

The invalid smiled.

"My dear, everything is wonderful when one is young. You talk just like my Rudy. Did I tell you of him, of my son?" Her cheeks flushed with excitement as she told her story. "He was born here in this mountain cottage, and we planned that he should never know the disappointments of the world; just to live up here with us and learn to do good to others, and later, if God called him, to be a priest down in the village." She drew a long sigh. "It is not good to make plans too far ahead. Perhaps we were too happy, too selfish. Do you know, my dear, that happiness leads to selfishness? And yet who could help adoring Rudolph? See, this is his portrait," and opening a jewelled locket that she wore she showed Joyce the likeness of a handsome youth. Joyce

murmured some words of admiration. "He was fifteen then," the invalid continued, "and studying with Monsieur le Curé every day. He was such a good boy, and God did call him to His service, but not here below as we had planned. He went skating with the others in the early Winter, but the ice was not firm, and the current is always so strong. They found him at last and brought him back to bury him from the church, in the soutane and surplice that he used to wear when he served Monsieur le Curé's Mass on Sundays."

She stopped her story and gazed off into space, her breath coming short and quick, until Joyce felt conscience-stricken to have allowed her the exertion of talking.

"Let me get something to restore you," she said, suddenly realizing that she was with a dying woman.

"My medicine there," the invalid pointed to a glass on the table at her side, and the young girl gave her first one spoonful, then another. "That is better," she said finally, drawing a long breath. "You see my heart can not stand much excitement."

"But surely you do not stay here alone by day," Joyce began to remonstrate. "Some one ought to be with you all the time."

"My little maid from the village is here every day," she replied, pointing to the window, where for the first time Joyce noticed some one sewing within the house. "Then at night the Mother Superior is good enough to send one of the Sisters up here to help if there should be a crisis."

"Would it not be better for you to stay at the convent while you are so weak?"

She gave Joyce a lingering look. "It will not be for very long," was all she said. Then after a moment's silence she added, "Besides, I have work to do." Joyce's face must have expressed boundless astonishment. The invalid pointed

to a pile of letters in a basket at her feet. "They must all be read and sorted," she said quietly. "Some are to go back to Vienna, and some must be burned. I told you yesterday about Count Otto?" Joyce nodded. "These letters will help to make everything clear. Before my husband died last Summer we agreed to send some of these letters and papers over there. But I have been so weak since then; I have never had the strength to do it. Now I must get to work before it is too late."

Joyce rose to her feet at once. "I am afraid I am taking your strength as well as your time," she said. "Let me come again to-morrow if I can help you in any way, or perhaps it would be better for me not to come again."

"Indeed, you could help me very much," the invalid replied gratefully. "Do come to-morrow and we will work with the letters together. And, just a moment, this is to seal your agreement with me, this ring," and she drew from her breast a ring on an enchastened silver chain. "No, my dear, I do not need jewelry now, and you must take it. It has some value; it may even help you to go to Europe." She raised a frail hand to stop Joyce's protests. "Do not argue with me, I am not strong enough. Come to-morrow, and we will work, not talk." She closed her eyes wearily, and Joyce, formally dismissed, could only withdraw, without a word, from the statue-like presence.

Joyce realized that it was too early to return to the convent. Everyone would wonder where she had been, and why she had come back so soon; besides she had said that she had letters to write. Leaving the path she found a grassy point overlooking the river, settled down comfortably for a morning's writing, and opened her portfolio, but writing was out of the question. With every motion of her hand, her eye was caught by the amazing brilliance of the ring

which had just been given her. An emerald deep in a diamond setting! It seemed like Aladdin's ring to Joyce, but would she ever learn its history? She looked up with a wondering gaze, and there, far out in the river, steaming eastward, she caught sight of a great liner. Yes, that was the suggestion she had been given with the ring,—it might help her to go to Europe.

Joyce fell to dreaming at once. First she must go home and tell the family, and share the good news with them; then she would go down to the office and explain that she was taking an indefinite leave. She could imagine the open-mouthed astonishment down there! Then there would be the passport and the ticket to attend to, and then—and then—Paris, Venice, Naples,—all the cities that she longed to see, all the countries that she had read of! She wove a brightly colored dream of each, and in imagination she made herself the centre of an adventure with a romantic background. Thanks to the ring—no, thanks to the invalid,—she would have her heart's desire. But just at this moment a shadow fell across her dreams. What if the dying woman were to live, and live long enough to need the ring herself? Aladdin's ring must not be sold until its owner was sure that she had no further need of it. Perhaps it was just a whim after all, and on second thoughts the invalid might regret the gift. When she got this far in her reasoning, poor Joyce slipped the ring off her finger, and put it carefully in her bag. She had suddenly decided to give it back, and she must show it to no one. Far down the river a faint line of smoke was all that could be seen now; the steamer had passed out of sight. "And there goes my trip to Europe, like a puff of smoke," thought Joyce ruefully, as she rose and went back to the path.

The weather was still sultry; there

was not even the shadow of a breeze on the convent terrace, where the bridge players and the embroiderers occupied every bench. Looking down into the little gardens of the Rue Royale that lay below, one realized that even the flowers shared in the general wilting. The western sky showed copper-colored clouds as the sunset hour drew near, and the Angelus bell, ringing out from the village church, seemed like an alarm of fire, so ominous was the air. They were just going in to supper when the storm broke. Lightning and thunder and heavy sheets of rain lasted for more than an hour. Even after the violence of the storm was over the wind and rain still came in mighty gusts.

It was the first rainy evening since Joyce had been at the convent; and had it not been for the high spirits of the others she would have been very much depressed. The image of her new friend was constantly before her eyes, and she found it impossible to forget the tragic story that she had heard. Besides she felt the responsibility of the ring, and wished that she had never accepted it. Almost against her will she found herself listening to the songs which the other guests had started. Suddenly the hall door swung open and six men, carrying a stretcher, came in from the rain and darkness outside. Lying there, covered with heavy blankets and coats, was the invalid. Her eyes were closed but she was still breathing. The Sisters were evidently expecting her arrival; they came forward at once and guided the group into the convent parlor. Low murmurs were heard on every side. "Yes, that must be the sick woman."—"They say she is dying."—"What a night to come down the mountain!" Joyce said nothing, but later, when the boarders had all gone up to their rooms, lingered in the hall.

"Tell me, *ma sœur*," she whispered to the little portress, "is she dying?"

"Not that, but the doctor is afraid to have her stay in her own house any longer. She had a long fainting spell this afternoon—probably the heat was too much for her,—and the doctor says it is too far for him to be called up there during the night. See, here he comes now."

The parlor door opened, and the men filed out. The leader of the group, the doctor, saluted the portress with "*A demain*," and the door closed behind them.

"But they should have brought her down before this," said Joyce.

"Yes, she should have come down long before. I think it was because she could not bear to leave her dog alone up there; and Mother Superior absolutely refused to shelter that terrible watch dog. Have you seen him? Oh, but he is ferocious!" and the portress held up her hands in terror. Then with a glance at the hall clock she took up her prayer book and began to read.

Joyce saw that it was useless to stay longer, and went upstairs reluctantly and with a sense of foreboding that she could hardly have explained. The storm, after a lull of an hour or two, had begun again in all its fury, and there were frequent bursts of thunder with sharp flashes of lightning. She tried to sleep, but the constant dashing of rain against her windows and the rattling of shutters, shaken in the wind, kept her awake for hours. Her thoughts were centered on the invalid, who surely could not rest calmly through such a violent storm. Joyce kept wondering if she might perhaps have a message to give her about the letters. But it was late now, everyone had retired for the night; the halls were dark, and she did not know where to find the sickroom. Long after midnight she heard a wild, deep barking, and looking out she could just discern a shadowy form climbing up the dripping steps, and stretching himself at length

in front of the door. Faithful Médor had broken all his bonds and followed his mistress. After that Joyce slept.

It was a pitiful little funeral procession that wound its way down the rough road to the church. The same men who had carried the invalid on the stretcher from her home to the convent were now pall-bearers, but this time, instead of their rough, everyday clothing, they wore Sunday suits of black, with long black streamers hanging from their hats. Behind them walked several of the Sisters, then some of the guests from the convent out of curiosity rather than sympathy, and last of all her little maid and Joyce. After the services at the church they went up the mountain again to the old cemetery, above the village, but following the ancient tradition the women were not allowed to accompany them there.

"Did she leave a will, *ma sœur*?" asked Joyce of the portress, as they stood at the door watching the cortège mount the winding road and finally disappear. "What will they do with all her belongings, her letters?"

"Everything was left to Monsieur le Curé for the church," replied the little nun, glowing with enthusiasm. "She gave so much to the poor, too, while she lived! And her sufferings this last year, *Juste ciel*, how she has suffered! She was like a saint, Mademoiselle, a veritable saint."

Joyce sought an interview with Monsieur le Curé on the following day, finding him in his dingy study, surrounded by books and papers. It was embarrassing to explain that she had been led to call on the invalid by mere curiosity, but he listened kindly, and when she had finished tried to allay her regrets.

"Ah, but the Countess has been dying for three years, Mademoiselle, ever since her son was drowned. No, no, no, it was not your conversation that tired her,"—he shook his finger emphatically. "It

was simply that her time had come. Heaven was good to her at last. As for this ring—" Joyce had produced it from her purse, and the good Curé was holding it up to the light, so that little gleams seemed to shoot through the gems from all sides—"it has value certainly, several hundred dollars or perhaps more. Living in exile and among strangers as she did, how happy she must have been to have some young person to whom she could give it. That was her great pleasure, giving. If you do not care to wear such a fine ring you could undoubtedly sell it, and use the money as you like. The letters? Yes, I have taken care of them. They were written in German script—family letters, I suppose, I think she mentioned them to me once, but I can not remember just what she said. In any case I burned them all this morning."

Joyce walked slowly up the street that led to the convent. Her vacation was almost over. She had found real romance in this tiny Canadian village, romance and tragedy; and now just rising above the horizon there was a glimpse of adventure at last.

Contrasts.

BY SISTER M. HELEN.

DEAR God, I am sorry
 For the poor people
 Who live near the tracks
 In the great city
 With only smoke and dirt
 And noise
 The whole day long
 And far into the night.

Dear God, I am grateful
 For the gray church steeple,
 For kind, friendly acts,
 The gracious pity
 Of love to heal each hurt,
 The joys
 Of lilting song
 And tender morning light.

The French Catholics at Work.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

II.

THE religious revival in France is very clearly revealed in the sphere of literature and social service. Here, as elsewhere, the Catholics must contend with the undisguised hostility of the Government and with educational laws framed to hamper their activity. These conditions would almost justify an attitude of defence rather than of advance; but the Catholics of France display initiative, and have achieved distinct success.

Father de la Brière draws attention to the fact that Catholic colleges are crowded, and thousands of families value their classical training and moral influence. The Catholic universities, although often handicapped by want of means, render important services in many branches of science. As regards Biblical criticism, they have counterbalanced the evils of the Modernist crisis, so prevalent before the war.

It would take us far beyond the limits of this paper to name the eminent men whose work, at once scientific and religious, has honored the Church and enriched the world of learning. Father de la Brière, while recognizing the impossibility of doing justice to all these workers, mentions two, whose places are now empty, but whose influence survives. One is Mgr. d'Hulst, a patrician prelate, whose fervent spirituality, self-sacrificing zeal and wide-spreading interests once made him a conspicuous figure in the Catholic world. As Rector of the Catholic University of Paris, now governed by Mgr. Baudrillart, he exercised considerable influence, and contributed to make the Catholic universities in Paris and the provinces, centres of an important intellectual movement. The other is a

Jesuit, whose sudden death, in 1927, was a heavy blow to Catholic scientists and scholars. Father Léonce de Grandmaison was recognized, even by non-Catholics, as a leader in the intellectual world of his day. In 1908, after having been professor of theology to young Jesuits, who retain a lasting remembrance of his solid and brilliant teaching, he became director of *Les Etudes*, an important review, and the founder of another periodical, *Recherches de Science Religieuse*, much valued by specialists. His influence in the student world was enormous; his wide learning, keen interest in many subjects, and comprehension of the intellectual problems of the day, were as striking as his limitless charity. His personal success counted for nothing; his Master's service, the enlightenment and salvation of souls alone mattered. During thirty years Father de Grandmaison worked at a book on "Jesus Christ," the outcome of the studies and meditations of a lifetime; it was finished when he was suddenly called away, and was published some months later.

Among Father de Grandmaison's many activities we must mention his interest in the congresses of "Ethnology," of which he was one of the originators. These congresses, where scientists of many nations take part in the discussions, have helped to advance Biblical science, by demonstrating how the Holy Scriptures are supported by the traditions of many heathen populations.

In the higher spheres of thought in France the influence of Catholicism is felt. Only a year ago, the members of the Paris Academy of Science—men eminent in the learned world—were requested to state whether or not Catholicism seemed to them opposed to modern science. The members of this very mixed assembly unanimously replied that they did not consider that there existed any contradictions between scientific research and religious truth.

This opinion of men whose experience and intellectual distinction are universally admitted, is shared by younger scientists, professors of the great Government schools, where there is now, among the teachers, a compact group of solid Catholics. Atheism and anti-religious prejudices are rampant only among teachers of the elementary schools—men whose culture is incomplete, or whose self-interest prompts them to fall into lines patronized by the Government.

One of the characteristics of the Catholic intellectuals is their apostolic spirit. Like M. Robert Garric and his friends, they work to extend the reign of God among children of the poor, who have grown up without any definite faith. A spirit of zeal is, we may say, a distinctive characteristic of the young intellectuals of the present day; their faith is not a mere theory: it permeates and governs their lives. Father de la Brière reminds us that when, some few years ago, the "Week of Catholic Writers" was inaugurated in Paris, the first meeting, presided by a member of the French Academy, and attended by a brilliant gathering of writers and professors, treated of the "spiritual life of the Catholic writer." Quite simply, with an intimate knowledge of the subject in hand, the reporter spoke of daily meditation, frequent Communion, retreats, and other aids to the development of Catholic spirituality. He was listened to with deep attention and sympathy; his audience being evidently familiar with the subject treated, and attuned to the speaker's views. "Nothing like this could have taken place one hundred, fifty, even twenty years ago," writes Father de la Brière, whose study of contemporary movements makes him an authority on the subject. He remembers, although not an old man, that the Catholic intellectuals, a quarter of a century ago, practised their religion less openly than the young Catholics of to-

day. The latter are in harmony with their time, yet closely in touch with the Church, and they glory in their faith.

A curious symptom of the popularity enjoyed by Catholic topics is the number of saints' lives that, in the course of 1928, scored distinct success. They were written, not by obscure clerics, but by laymen, often members of the French Academy. St. Teresa of Avila has captivated M. Louis Bertrand, who knows Spain well; M. Lavedau, also an academician, wrote one of the many biographies of St. Vincent of Paul, lately published.

The favor with which these books and others more distinctly mystical in their tendency, are welcomed by the reading public, justifies Père de la Brière's belief that, among the contemporary youth of to-day, there exists a craving for the interior life, a thirst for spirituality, deep and sincere,—the outcome of conviction rather than of enthusiasm. He marks the contrast between this attitude and the aggressive conceit, if not contempt, with which young men of a previous generation treated the subject of religion. M. Gaetau Bernoville, the founder of the "Week of Catholic Writers," and his colleagues, who closely watch the movement, think the same; they know that among the more cultured young Frenchmen, there now exists a solid, enlightened and fervent Catholic element. These young men are, from the standpoint of religion, an *élite*; but they do not socially represent a special class, for, given the social conditions of democratic France, they belong to many different classes. The sons of country gentlemen receive the same training at the great Government schools as the sons of the people, the self-made men of to-morrow.

The religious revival, on which centre so many hopes, exists among artists, medical students, future officers and engineers, clerks, secretaries, journal-

ists, etc. The wave of religious energy that reveals itself touches on many points; it is infinitely varied, inspired by a generous spirit, that binds souls together for the extension of the reign of God.

Another circumstance connected with the religious revival is the fact that public opinion in general is now influenced by Catholic writers. Some twenty years ago, there were special editors who brought out Catholic books; now a book with a Catholic spirit, if well written, is willingly accepted by all editors; some recent Lives of the saints have rapidly gone through many editions. Another sign of the times, to which attention has been drawn by thoughtful observers, is that scientists are no longer considered as infallible when they talk or write about religion. The harmony of science and faith has been recognized as a fact by men who are eminent in the learned world and whose opinion counts.

The growing importance attached to Biblical science and to the teaching of St. Thomas is also a feature of the revival, the mainlines of the great Dominican's teaching will never become obsolete, and are still used to strengthen Catholic discipline. It is only just to add that the revival of religion in France, though more striking among Catholics, exists, in a certain measure, among Jews and Protestants. A French writer, M. Guy-Grand, started an inquiry on the subject; its result proved that among the Jews, particularly those of the younger generation, there is a growing spiritual anxiety, a tendency to adopt forms of devotion hitherto unknown among the descendants of Israel. The French Protestants, in answer to M. Guy-Grand, stated that a "progress in piety" was perceptible among them, tending to greater austerity.

But it is among the Catholics that religious progress is most general and earnest. The definite principles of the

Catholic Church, her Sacraments, her ordered system, her ancient traditions, harking back to Apostolic times, provide a convert in search of truth with a unique platform—built on the rock of Peter. Curiously enough, in an age when intellectual independence is claimed as a right, the converts that come to the Church of Rome are generally drawn to her fold by the very discipline that checks the vagaries of free thought, and provides the soul with a moral law, founded on the teaching of Our Lord Himself.

Although Father de la Brière's luminous booklet on the religious revival of France deals chiefly with the intellectual aspects of the question, he gives a place to the "Federation Nationale Catholique," presided over by General de Castelnau. This Federation, founded in 1924, represents a considerable effort to unite and organize, with a view to action, three million of French Catholics. They are free to profess the political opinions that they prefer, their object being to wage war against the evil laws that deprive religious men and women of their rights,—laws that have fallen into discredit, and are now often violated without the authorities venturing to resent the offence. Public opinion has veered round considerably, and it is certain that a wider spirit of justice prevails; but as long as these iniquitous laws are not repealed, they may be revived, and are a standing danger.

The Federation carries on an incessant campaign of meetings and tracts; it explains the real object of laws drawn up expressly to unchristianize France. Thousands of listeners—80,000 at Nancy, 50,000 at Angers, 35,000 at Toulouse, 90,000 at Lambersart,—have, in the course of the last three years, attended these public meetings; and, owing to this ceaseless and wisely conducted propaganda, public opinion has been considerably enlightened. Latins are keenly alive to good speaking, and the

orators of the Federation are carefully selected. Among them are deputies, magistrates, barristers and a few priests.

It would be unfair not to mention, in connection with the revival of religion in contemporary France, the powerful influence of the great manufacturers of the North and East. They are generally enlightened, solid and enterprising Catholics; they form a group, often united by ties of blood as well as by their common faith, and are guided by the social doctrine proclaimed by Pope Leo XIII., when he touched on the problem. These business men of Lille, Roubaix and other big industrial cities, promote by their example the cause of justice and charity; a good understanding exists between masters and men, and the rights of both are respected. On the whole, the social question, treated in a right spirit, fills an important place in the studies of the French Catholics of our day. It is developed by the "Social Week" that takes place every year in one or other of our large towns, and it is made accessible to the "man in the street," by tracts and booklets, edited by the *Action populaire*, that has its centre in Paris. These tracts, written by specialists, are clear, short and simply worded; thousands are distributed every year.

Although it is impossible even to mention many features of the religious revival, a word must be added concerning the "Vigils," organized by different groups of men that, on stated days, draws them to Montmartre, where they spend the night in adoration. The "Vigil" of the Federation of Catholic students, took place last year on December 14, 1928. This "Vigil" is an annual gathering attended by hundreds of Catholic students. Towards the great basilica that dominates Paris, up the slopes of the Martyrs' Mount, came eager and reverent pilgrims, hailing chiefly from the learned quarters, the old *Quartier Latin*. The places of the

different groups are marked by big posters: "Olivaint, Montalembert, Laennec," etc. Names that recall memories dear to the students of to-day, who, on somewhat different lines, but in the same spirit, walk in the steps of their elder brothers. By degrees, the Church filled. An apparently ceaseless stream of young men poured into the big basilica, where the golden monstrance was the centre of a blaze of light. Then came Mass, a general Communion, an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and a few earnest words of encouragement from the priest in charge.

Their "Vigil" at Montmartre is but one of the many activities where the Catholic students reveal the hidden current of ardent faith that permeated their interior life. They have founded libraries, study classes, lectures, public conferences, where the problems of the day are discussed. There is even an *Ecole des conférenciers*, a recent and popular foundation for the training of public speakers. Canon Desgranges, who is well known as a popular and experienced orator, helps to form newcomers to the difficult art of public speaking.

Their "Vigil" at Montmartre symbolizes the spirit that permeated the many undertakings started and worked by the young Catholic "intellectuals." Their apostleship among the unbaptized of the suburbs, their ardent interest in all the up-to-date questions discussed by their contemporaries, are governed by a spiritual element, by habits of frequent Communion, yearly retreats and daily meditation that keep their souls near to God. Among the pilgrims, who, on that December night kept vigil before their Master, are possibly future leaders, who may one day be called upon to shoulder grave responsibilities and take weighty decisions. This is the secret of the future. What is certain is that these bright and generous lads are patiently building up a new France.

Taming the Tomboy.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

IRENE MADDOCKS was not a pleasant child. She was tall for her thirteen years, yet half her person seemed to consist of enormous nailed boots with broken laces. Her coarse woollen stockings displayed an inordinate series of holes, her knickers perpetually slid down underneath her short frock, her voice was loud and hoarse. Irene's mother had abandoned the attempt to "keep her nice." She allowed her daughter to go her own rude way, assailing her with frequent public upbraidings rather than making any effort to improve her in private.

Irene (she pronounced it "Ireen") looked upon her mother with a certain pitying affection. She had no respect for anybody; a phrenologist would certainly have found a cavity where her bump of reverence should have been, and her own lawlessness was a source of pride. She was not a pretty child, with her large features, thin wedge of a face and straggling brown hair, so she specialized in being a bold spirit. Though not loved, she was admired on this account by her school-fellows, and formed a small nucleus of revolt, round which the insubordinate gathered, to the perpetual harassment of teachers.

Contempt was Irene's strong suit. She was contemptuous of little girls who took care of their frocks, ran home to their mothers after school, and desired to be top of the class. She vied ardently with the boys, despising those who could not climb as high, leap as far or become as recklessly muddy as herself. So it is not surprising that Mrs. Maddocks was apt to lavish her care and the few choice new garments that could be purchased on her second daughter, gentle little Dora, who had curly hair and a sedentary disposition.

Irene poured contempt on Dora's

pretty little head, but no doubt her bitterness was partly inspired by thwarted feminine vanity.

There were five young Maddocks! None had yet left school, and they were very poor. Mr. Maddocks, in his wife's phraseology, "enjoyed very bad health," and his short periods of wage-earning alternated with long periods of—"ma-lingering," Doctor Davis had been known to call it,—in spite of the weird symptoms Emrys Maddocks described to account for his so constantly "feeling poorly."

His continual demands for his wife's ministrations, added to her somewhat disorderly nature, resulted in everything at the Maddocks' being at sixes and sevens. Mrs. Maddocks never had time to "see to things." Mr. Maddocks couldn't fancy a regular dinner, so odd cups of tea, irregular "lunches," and doles of bread-and-jam to teasing children almost entirely replaced sit-down repasts at stated times. When the children's uproar passed all bounds, Mrs. Maddocks was accustomed to turn the whole family into the street and bolt the door against them, her maternal solicitude soothed by the empty threat of "giving Irene a good hiding" if anything happened to the little ones.

On Irene herself responsibility rested every whit as lightly. She would stuff the baby into Dora's arms, force the two little boys into sitting postures on the wet pavement, and rush away in search of her boon companions, only pausing to lean over the gate of her neighbor, Emily Brown, in order to scream an insult at that nice, well-brought-up young person.

"Poor little thing, one almost hopes the Almighty will take her," observed Miss Pritchard, the Parish Nurse, after an inspection of the youngest Maddocks' baby, who lay, inert and pale, upon her knee. Mrs. Maddocks sniffed dolefully.

"I'd sacrifice myself for any one of my children, Nurse," she protested.

"But little Edith—she never seemed to thrive like the others."

"Yet she might grow up quite strong," said Nurse. "There's nothing organically wrong with the child. She just needs care, Mother." Here she glanced at Mrs. Maddocks somewhat sternly. "She must have regular food and plenty of fresh air."

"Ah, well! if it's the Lord's will, I'll have to lose her," replied the other, and began to wipe her eyes.

"Lose our baby?" cried a loud, raucous voice which made Nurse jump.

Irene had come in from school; she threw her cap and coat and satchel down on the table, heedless of the dirty dishes which stood there, and made a rough grab at the child on Nurse's knee.

"What's that about our baby, eh?" she shouted.

The loud voice and the clutching hands made the baby wail feebly, and Irene catching her up made a clucking sound and smoothed her frowning brow. The baby stopped crying and produced a wavering smile, and Irene, jerking her rhythmically in her arms, looked angrily at the Nurse.

This lady, after one sharp glance through her pince-nez, went on talking to Mrs. Maddocks.

"Baby must have plenty of fresh milk at strictly regular times, Mrs. Maddocks. Mr. Jones, Tyn Bryn, will let you have a quart a day, he told me, if you fetch it. One of the older children could take the baby there in her 'pram' every day. It would be good for her."

"It's nearly two miles," said Mrs. Maddocks, with a very long face. "If any one goes it will have to be me, I suppose; but I couldn't walk so far every day."

"Well, you've got two big girls to help you," said Nurse, a trifle impatiently. "I daresay I am old-fashioned, but I think a little responsibility is good for young folks."

"I don't know how it is *my* children are so little help to me," groaned Mrs. Maddocks. "Irene there—she never does a thing for me, and Dora's that careless! I lost the little one that came after Dora, you know, Nurse—ah, I may say she went very like that there poor little infant,—and then there's but the boys—only four and five, they are."

"What is to be done for Baby?" demanded Irene gruffly.

"She must be kept very clean," began Nurse.

"She's not so to speak—dirty," interrupted Mrs. Maddocks. "But I don't hold with too much washing of a delicate child—they say it weakens them."

"Baby must have a warm bath every day," said Nurse Pritchard firmly. "And her food at regular hours, and she must be out of doors all day long unless it is *pouring* with rain. Mark my words, Mrs. Maddocks, if you aren't very careful, you'll lose her, or she will grow up a delicate little misery, and never know a day's health."

"Talk about a day's health—I'm sure it is not a thing that I ever enjoy," Mrs. Maddocks was beginning when Irene thrust herself before her.

"Here," she said, speaking fiercely to disguise a lump in her throat, "I'll see to Edie. You tell me how. I—I don't want anything to go wrong with her. She—she likes me."

"You must learn not to be rough with her, then," said Nurse. "Take her up gently, and keep her bottle very clean. I should think a big girl like you could take complete charge of baby."

"You don't know Irene," said her mother. "She'll drop the child in the road, as like as not, and forget all about her."

"I wouldn't," said Irene, and two big tears leaped out on her cheeks.

Nurse Pritchard stood up, wrapped the baby in a shawl and motioned to Irene to drag the dilapidated "pram" into the yard.

"There," she said. "Baby will be all right here in the sun while you are at school; and if you really mean it, my dear, I'll come every day till you've learned how to look after her. But if you are going to save your little sister, there must be no more running wild."

Irene hung her head.

"You mustn't touch her food without washing your hands first, and you must fetch that milk from Mr. Jones' regularly every day."

Irene looked dispassionately at her grimy paws and then up at Nurse Pritchard's clever, wrinkled face. It was going to be very difficult—such a lot of things to bother about. She glanced at the "pram."

"Oh, well," she said, assuming as elderly an air as she could, "I suppose it was coming to me. I'd best take complete charge of her."

At least, she reflected sorrowfully, as she watched Nurse's trim figure mount a bicycle and go briskly away,—at least there was some importance to make up for all the trouble she was going to have. Irene liked to feel that she was in the limelight, though it was certainly unusual for her to be conspicuous in a good cause. She sat down on the doorstep with such an air of conscious virtue that Emily Brown, Tommy Leigh and Tim O'Keefe drew nigh to inquire the cause.

"No, I'm not going to play to-night," she announced loftily. "Nurse Pritchard says our kid is at death's door, and there's nobody but me that can save her!"

Rhosmor Village Sewing Guild was composed of the *élite* of the place. It was not affiliated to any National Guild, but was composed of a small circle of fairly well-to-do ladies who met in each other's houses week and week about, for tea, gossip and a little sewing. Every Autumn a small delegation of two called upon the Parish Nurse

and delivered to her a collection of parcels, docketed with the names of necessitous persons—a list of such persons having previously been supplied by Nurse herself.

This year Nurse had been honored by an invitation to the General Meeting, at which all the members attended, and where each proudly displayed the garments she had made,—strictly useful garments of good shape and material and well-sewn, but oh, so drearily plain! Nurse, being Welsh, had an eye for color. Her gaze wandering blankly over the dingy expanse of grey flannel, was suddenly arrested. There between a pile of singlets and a stout gored grey petticoat, lay a child's rose-colored cardigan with a little cap to match! Nurse went up for a closer inspection. The pretty little garment was of good warm wool firmly knitted, the cap, with its rakish tassel, was of ample size. Her eyes glistened. There were other things for children—a half-worn raincoat, for instance, a drab garment of course, and some vests.

"If you haven't settled who the clothes are to go to yet, I'd like this rosy cardigan for Irene Maddocks," said Nurse Pritchard boldly.

"Oh, do you think so?" said one of the Mrs. Joneses—there were three in the Guild. "The Maddocks are such an untidy family."

"I thought it would do for little Emily Brown," said Mrs. Meredith. "Her mother keeps her so nice always."

"It is best to give a thing where it will be appreciated," said another Mrs. Jones, rebukingly.

"Irene has improved ever so much," urged Nurse. "She takes such care of that delicate baby sister of hers that it is putting on weight like anything. She—she *needs* a little encouragement."

"Just as you like," said Mrs. Davies. "My cousin Nancy sent it in, but it isn't really a bit suitable."

"This would do for Irene," said the

first Mrs. Jones, lifting up the rain-coat. "Just the thing for her to wear going to school."

Nurse shuddered. She had taken Irene in hand, had persuaded her that undergarments were not meant to be on view, either bulging out at the neck or depending below the skirt. But give an untidy child a long coat—a "cover-slut" Nurse called it in her secret heart—and heaven only knew how Irene's newly acquired neatness would degenerate!

"Ladies," announced the President, "we will now adjourn for tea."

No more was said on the subject of the pretty cardigan, and Nurse, who had many preoccupations, forgot all about the affair until the parcels were deposited in her little parlor a few days later. After the sewing members had departed she went eagerly through the neat packets, singling out two that bore the names of Emily Brown and Irene Maddocks. That light, dumpy parcel must be the cardigan, and the flat heavy one the coat. Alas, the latter was marked with Irene's name!

"It's not that I grudge it to Emily," muttered Nurse Pritchard. "But she often has a pretty frock and Irene never has anything nice!"

How shocked the three Mrs. Joneses and the other ladies would have been if they could have witnessed the temper with which little old Nurse Pritchard pitched the two parcels on to the couch. But lo and behold! the labels were not tied on, but just slipped under the string, and as the two packets whizzed through the air in parabolic flight, the labels became detached and fluttered to the ground!

Temptation assailed Nurse Pritchard, and truth obliges me to admit that she fell immediately. She picked up the labels and stuffed them back on to the parcels with a very red face. *But did she put them back on the same parcels?* If so, how was it that a dumpy, bulgy

packet was deposited on Mrs. Maddocks' kitchen table next day?

Nurse was in a great hurry, it seemed. She could not stop to hear the full account of Mr. Maddocks' new ailment, even though he assured her that the marrow had dissolved in the spine of his neck. She sped out, flew into Mrs. Brown's house, deposited a parcel there in the same hasty manner, and was in the act of mounting her bicycle when Irene Maddocks burst out of her home as though she had been fired from a gun. Her wedge-like face was quite yellow with the violence of her excitement, she wore a new rose-colored cardigan buttoned awry, and a rose-colored cap pulled down crookedly over her hair. As she executed a kind of war dance of triumph on the pavement, a long, loose knickerbocker leg shot into view, and the stocking on the opposite leg suddenly slid down, ungartered, over her boot top.

"Look at me! look at me!" yelled Irene, primitive rapture entirely overmastering her recently acquired nice manners. "Yah, Em'ly Brown, *you* haven't got a new cardigan! Oh, Nurse! Nurse! Look at me!"

But for once Nurse was unsympathetic. She gave one glance at Irene's ecstatic face, then mounted her bicycle.

Her conscience was slightly uncomfortable, but she muttered defiantly to herself as she pedalled along:

"I don't care—I'm glad I did it!"

God's Footprints.

A traveller once asked an Arabian, as he sat in his tent in the desert: "How do you know there is a God?" He answered: "How do I know whether it was a man or a camel that went by my tent last night?"—"By the footprints, I suppose," said the stranger. "Well," replied the Arab, "that is the way I know God: I know Him by His footprints; they are all around me."

A Perennial Problem.

THE possible final emergence of the Negro into a place of social respect and stability in American life is of course an extremely interesting question. Historians, economists, and sociologists have written books about it apparently almost without number. Just what to do with the Negro, or what to do toward enabling him to do something for himself, is indeed a problem, and it never seems to approach solution. The "race question" has received attempted answers from every kind of social student, from the cracker-box sociologists in every little Kansas, Iowa and Illinois town, as well as from the professors in our universities; and still, we know little of what to do about it. Some say very little can be done about it, and point to what they believe is the fact, that the race question is growing more and more acute every year. But one of the most interesting and challenging comments on the Negro which we have seen is the declaration by one who knows the Negro rather well: that the colored race is temperamentally incapable of any considerable improvement in their social status, for the reason that the Negro loves his good times, loves the physical joy and the color and dance of life too much to be ever able to undergo the discipline of civilization. If this is true, or if it is largely true, it must be taken as a serious consideration in our thinking about the problem.

We know that there have been some detached and more or less sporadic attempts to lift the Negro out of poverty and social and intellectual inferiority. High schools, colleges, universities have been established for the Negro; and surely these have accomplished something. We have Negro policemen; Negroes have positions in the postoffice department, and there are even Negro legislators. These, though exceptions, would indicate that it is not impossible

for the Negro to discipline his love of ease and pleasure sufficiently to take a respectable place in the community.

But perhaps the most interesting and significant advance the Negro has made is in contemporary letters. We now have Negro poets of really remarkable talent. To mention only one, Countee Cullen has already, though still a young man, written poetry of an unusually rich and vibrant quality,—poetry which, in an authentic and masterly way, expresses the warmth and the anguish and the sadness, as well as the tremendous vitality of his race. And now we are getting a flood of fiction dealing with the Negro. Much of it, it is true, is being done by white writers. But some of it is by colored writers; and though this latter is often unsuccessful and shoddy for lack of technique, some of it has a genuine and a vital strength of emotion and a vividness of imagination and color which give it no little distinction—and some of it even shows an intelligent grasp of technique that is indeed promising. Nor does all of this literature about the Negro by Negroes concern itself merely with the vividness and intensity and native buoyancy of the Negro nature. Some of it reveals an understanding grasp of the more permanent mental and spiritual facts of life. Jessie Redmon Fauset, a Negro novelist, finds occasion to say in "Plum Bun" that "life is more than color," a very succinct expression of what the more intelligent Negro writers are beginning to feel.

Just what position the American Negro can attain in our literature can as yet be only vaguely guessed. But there are genuinely hopeful signs that he may do something significant, and in doing it, also do much toward lifting himself out of that spiritual and physical lethargy which has locked his ankles, as by a strong chain, in a condition of comparative social dependence and inferiority.

Notes and Remarks.

One of our greatest Catholic educators says that he has found the system of credits and degrees, which has grown up in America and taken possession of her schools, a major hindrance to genuine education. Four years of college+one hundred and twenty credits+so many of them above "D"—an education. This is to do educational values up in packages, and pass them over the counter for a price.

Education, of course, aims at increasing one's capacity for experience and at fitting one to solve problems of life. Indeed, as some one says, it selects and condenses experience, or it *is* experience "designed to give life fulness and a competent approach to future problems." In this sense, there are scores of educated men and women who have never been at college; and of many colleges probably we may ask whether they are institutions that offer an education to most of the boys and girls seeking it. But there are many questions that we might ask about colleges; and perhaps we come near to the purpose of higher education when we say that it whets our curiosity and gets us into the excellent mental habit of asking questions. Certainly those boys and girls who give the teacher the most trouble with questions are not the poorest students, and the teacher who, in one way or another, shunts and discourages questions is not the best teacher.

It is a matter of interest and some importance that the non-Catholics in our country have, to date, used the radio considerably more than ourselves. The National Council of Catholic Men has made a close study of the matter, and reports that American non-Catholics "are making a much larger use of the

radio" for apologetics than Catholics are; the former have six times as many stations, and employ commercial stations "very much more frequently and exclusively." There are only eight broadcasting stations, it seems, belonging to Catholic religious workers, and perhaps only one of them is of major importance. Still, all of them are doing some remarkable work, and others will at once be set up. The Council of Catholic Men has generally found that the radio is a stimulus to reading, and not a substitute, and their motto for the apostolate of the air is, "Put the radio to work for Catholic truth."

We look for Catholics to push this movement and to be willing to pour in the necessary funds. And we may add that we are surprised that there has not already been a definite and concentrated effort to develop a few, a comparatively few, great lecturers, clerical and lay, to do the thinking and speaking; certainly, where lectures or sermons have been given in series form, as by Bishop Noll this year and Bishop Drum last year, there has been a lively and rather general interest taken in them. The radio, quite as distinctively as the press, has become the way to reach the people.

The trend against the Eighteenth Amendment is very well shown in the immediate outcry against the plan to put into the public schools a pamphlet entitled, "How Shall We Teach the Eighteenth Amendment?" Even two years ago, perhaps, the proposal would have gone across without too great a hullabaloo. But now Americans will not stand for it. A lady chief in the section on statistics and education of the Prohibition Bureau prepares the pamphlet, but the people get wind of the proceeding, and they make such a protest that big chiefs of Prohibition are hurried to Washington, and the report is given out

that the whole affair is cancelled because Mr. Hoover is opposed to propaganda of any kind in the public schools. This backing away from the fire of their own guns is interesting; the chiefs and chieftlets tried first to intimidate the people, and when they failed they thought it was time to begin a course in dry education. "We can think of a domestic crisis," says an editor: "the bootlegger's little boy brings home a report card that shows 100 per cent in prohibition." But perhaps one-half of one per cent would be a passing mark.

The practice recently begun of printing the same editorials in all or many Catholic weeklies may be a little regimented and artificial. It has its advantages, of course. It is something like speaking in a good full tone, on an important subject, over a national hook-up. And it is only in a modified sense a departure and a novelty, for we are used to syndicates, though hardly (we hoped) to syndicated editorials, news reactions and points of view. And we think it would be a bit unfortunate to have to take these last in exactly prescribed doses. It would give just the least suggestion that our Catholic thinking on the news and happenings of the day is made out beforehand, is centrally dominated and perhaps dictated. If it were truly so, that would be bad indeed, and if it is not so, we do not like the implication.

But we think it suggests—or, re-suggests—the desirability, and, it may be, the need, of combining many of the Catholic weeklies. If the editorials, which we were historically used to regard as personal expressions of the editors, are now to be all of one piece, there is decidedly less justification left for multiplying office forces and soliciting and advertising agencies. We are not sure that editorials should not be centrally thought and written. It is

thinkable that this is both the economical and the effective thing to do. After all, writers of excellent editorials are rare, and must, as a consequence, be so high salaried that only the strongest big papers can secure them without a subsidy and at a profit.

We subjoin two of the resolutions taken by a recent conference of 'the churches,' not because we subscribe to every word, but because, on the topic of unifying educational and journalistic efforts, we find them worth thinking twice about:

We believe that great progress might be made through the consolidation of our existing religious journals and their merger to form larger units which could better serve the Church as a whole.

We commend the co-operative work now being done in the field of religious education, but we feel that it should be greatly extended, and that it should be applied to adults as well as to the young.

We have become so used to speed that in at least one State it is now declared a punishable offence to drag along at less than twenty miles an hour. And not only do we go fast, but we go very far. Everybody has been everywhere, and seen—well, not everything. Nearly all our tourists hurry to a place and through the place, and then they are ready for another;—their only great need is more worlds to see. Travel used to be a choice and reserved affair, but now one is *distingué* if he stays at home. We do not wish to repeat that sight-seeing has become vulgar, for it may be that this is a desirable result. But people have received much publicity, and this was not foreseen and is not perhaps wanted.

The eccentricity of sanctity is a rather common objection to sanctity. Saints and truly holy men are sometimes a bit queer or odd, in the eyes of

their neighbors. They do "silly" things that can't be approved by common sense. But this apparent silliness is often only a sharper kind of shrewdness, and it is only too true that "common sense" sometimes becomes only another name for stupidity. The naïve, spectacular whimsies of a Philip Neri proceeded from a hard-headedness that often became the consternation of common-sense people when these latter finally came to see the astonishing soundness and firmness of the saint's purpose. Don Bosco, who was only recently canonized in Rome, was suspected by good people of being at least foolish, and perhaps even a bit soft-headed in some of his apparently fantastic schemes. But we know now that Don Bosco was anything but a crazy dreamer; he was astute and sure in his purposes. There was no illusion in his plans. He was a dreamer, it is true; but he was a shrewd, practical sort of dreamer, so shrewd, indeed, that it has taken the rest of us common-sense people almost half a century to understand how shrewd he really was.

One day not long ago Charles Hall Davis, an attorney of Virginia, slipped away from the surveillance of Bishop Cannon and Dixie, and, in a speech made in New York before the Voluntary Committee of Lawyers, showed that he had been guilty of what perhaps we may call uncanonical thoughts. He said:

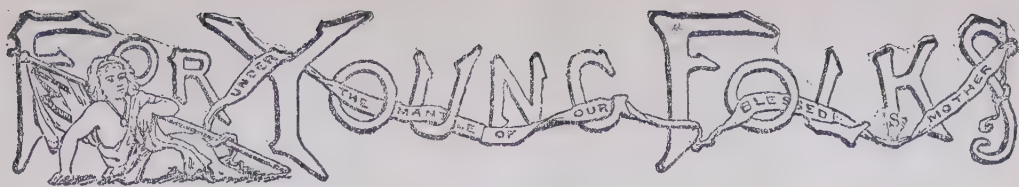
I arraign the amendment as a piece of dynamite inserted in the foundation of our governmental structure, whose activities threaten to destroy the inalienable rights of the citizen, and to blow up the edifice of republican government and free institutions which we have erected.

The Eighteenth Amendment has impaired the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press and the freedom of religious belief guaranteed by the First Amendment. Its advocates have attempted to make indorsement of

the prohibition amendment a political, religious, moral and civic shibboleth; so that advocacy of its repeal by an individual would mean political suicide; advocacy of its repeal by the press has been characterized as venality and subservience to the forces of organized vice; and religious and supposedly patriotic organizations have questioned and attacked the sincerity, the Christianity and the patriotism of those who sincerely believe that this amendment is a menace to our free institutions.

There is intense interest in Rome regarding the first exit of the Holy Father from the Vatican. Newspapers have announced on three different occasions that the Pope would leave the Vatican Palace, but in each instance his going out was postponed. A recent dispatch of the Associated Press dated from the Vatican City, announces that the Holy Father will carry the Blessed Sacrament in the Plaza of St. Peter's on the occasion of the International Pilgrimage of Seminarians, July 25. It is said that he has ordered a temporary high altar to be erected outside the Basilica, and it is thought by those in Rome that he might celebrate Mass in the open air. This ceremony, if it is carried out, will terminate the "imprisonment" of the Popes which began in 1870.

With the dying down now of the wind that was raised for a day or two against professionalism and dishonesty in college athletics, we may recite the radical statement made by President Lowell, of Harvard, a couple of years ago, that college and intercollege games should be for the good of the students. "Intercollegiate games," he said, "should be conducted for the benefit of the students by themselves and by the appropriate authorities of the universities, not by others to furnish entertainment to alumni and the public." We are likely to smile over this view—it is so far from present practice.



Little Miss June.

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

"LITTLE Miss June," said grandpa dear,
"Loved red roses and they loved her.
She had a red rosebush that bloomed so well,
The whole countryside of its beauty would tell
Of its radiant color, its fragrance and, too—"
"Like mine," interrupted Katy Lou.

"Little Miss June," went on the tale,
"Knew a little old lady who lived in the vale,
In a little old house, in a little old room;
But the place was filled with a rare perfume
During all the time that the roses red
Budded and bloomed in June's little rose bed.

"Then," said grandpa, to the girl on his knee,
With a love that was deep as the deep, blue
sea,

"That little old lady she moved away,
A mile or so, suppose we say,
To another old house, to another old room,
Where she smiled as she thought of the rose
perfume."

"But little Miss June she could not go
That far away, anyone would know,"
Said Katy Lou into grandpa's ear,
In a voice that was filled with a haunting
fear,

"Carrying roses every day
To a little old lady so far away?"

"Couldn't she, though!" cried grandpa dear.
"That little old lady had never a fear:
And the roses red with their sweet perfume
Again filled her house and her little old room."
"Grandpa," came softly from Katy Lou,
"I think I can manage to do it, too."

THE Christian young man can preserve his piety on one condition only, that he be faithful in his love for Our Lady and, in some way or other, make himself her knight.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—"GRANDMOTHER."

IT was a bewildered little Lady Bird that Miss Wilson guided from the limousine up to the wide-pillared porch, whose grim strength the climbing roses could not veil, through the heavy doors swung open by the waiting Preston, into the great hall with its beamed ceiling and tessellated marble floor. A lady and gentleman were waiting there to welcome the travellers.

"So this is our little cousin," said the gentleman, holding out his hand in cheerful greeting, and the lady put her arm about Lady Bird, and told her she was her Cousin Helen, and she had known her father in the long ago, and how glad she was to meet his little girl. "She must be very tired after her long journey," Cousin Helen added, "and ought to go up to her pretty room I have made ready for her and have a glass of milk, and rest."

But Preston, who was waiting respectfully in the hall, said the Madam had heard the limousine's arrival, and wished Miss Wilson to bring the "little girl" up to her room at once. And so, with a strange sinking at her heart that Cousin Helen's soft voice had not dispelled, Lady Bird was guided up the wide, noiseless stairs, past the great stained window, with its threatening device, into what seemed shadowy space beyond.

Everything here was so vast, so impressive, so different from all her childish dreams and fancies, that it was an altogether bewildered little Lady Bird who found herself before the great cushioned chair in which was throned

a very stately old lady, not in the least resembling the dear "grandmother" that she had expected.

"Here is the child, Madam," Miss Wilson was saying, and her voice came to Lady Bird like a voice in a dream. Oh! it must all be a bad dream, she thought, this great, gloomy house, and this stern, stately, old lady, looking at her so coldly through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"We returned according to your wish as quickly as possible, but the train was an hour late. I hope the delay has caused you no anxiety."

"None at all," was the answer. "I can rely upon your prudence in all such matters, and felt that you would have notified me in case of need. I hope you were not subjected to any discourtesy at the convent."

"I was aware of none, Madam," replied Miss Wilson. "My authority to remove the child was unquestioned."

"I am glad of that. I feared you would find your duties unpleasant. I have always understood that the Romish Church is loath to relax its hold. Your service has been altogether satisfactory, Miss Wilson, and I will duly appreciate it. You can leave your charge with me now; she will not need your further attention."

Again Miss Wilson was conscious of a vague stir of pity for her late "charge," whose soft, bewildered eyes and tight-shut lips told she was struggling with feeling to which she could give no voice.

"The all-night trip was a fatiguing one," Miss Wilson ventured to remark. "Perhaps, as Mrs. Norris Wharton suggested, it will be wise for our little traveller to go to her room and rest."

"I will see to that," was the old Madam's sharp reply. "It is not my purpose to have Mrs. Norris Wharton coddle another weakling at Stony Crest. One is quite enough for me. Since I think it best to have my granddaughter

here, I will see to her comfort and well-being myself. So you can leave her with me for the present and resume your usual duties, Miss Wilson."

And, as accepting this curt dismissal, Miss Wilson turned from the room, Lady Bird, feeling her last link to the blessed past went with her, burst into the tears she could no longer restrain.

There was a moment's awful silence broken only by the half-choked, childish sobs. Then the old Madam said irritably: "This is terrible. What are you crying for, child?"

"Oh, oh, everything," was the desperate answer; for with all her world crumbling into ruins about her, Lady Bird knew not how to evade or escape. "I thought—I thought—I thought," and then speech failed her and she could only sob again.

"You thought—what?" questioned the old lady impatiently. "Come nearer to me, child, so I can see you and hear you. What is it that you—*thought?*" And again in her despair, Lady Bird blurted out the simple, startling truth: "That—that you would *love* me," she sobbed. It was a word that had not been spoken in Stony Crest for many a hard, cold year,—a word that seemed to wake only harsh, mocking echoes. And yet—yet some long silent chord in Rachel Wharton's heart thrilled to the sound. But she silenced the music quickly, for Madam Norris Wharton had not been idle during Miss Wilson's absence.

In her watchful attention to Aunt Rachel's comfort she had found opportunity to pour in the "poison drop" her husband had recommended.

"I hope we will find the child all you wish her to be, Aunt Rachel. I know that these Romish nuns train children carefully—and—I am sorry to add, artfully. As Norris says, after seven years in a convent, she will be a perfect little Jesuit, and up to all sorts of cunning tricks." So the lady had

laughed lightly, as she shook up Aunt Rachel's pillows with a deft touch.

"I will be on the look-out for them," the old Madam had answered grimly.

Were these tears and sobs only a "cunning trick" to soften her now, thought the old Madam, stifling the echoes that Lady Bird's childish cry had wakened.

"Love you," she repeated, with a mirthless laugh. "How could I possibly love any one that I had never seen, child? We will not talk about love. What is it they call you, Lora—Laura?"

"Lorette," was the faltered answer. "Daddy called me Lady Bird, and so did all the girls at school."

"A foolish name," interposed the old Madam harshly. "You will be Lorette here,—Lorette Wharton, my granddaughter. Take off that ugly little cap, and let me look at you."

Lady Bird, who had come close to the great wheel chair at its occupant's bidding, removed her little convent capole, and the soft curls it had prisoned fell in all their beauty about the flower-like face.

The old Madam caught her breath at the picture thus revealed. This would be a granddaughter to eclipse all the beauties of the Wharton name, whose portraits graced the manor walls, was her thought. But she only said disapprovingly: "Those nuns dressed you atrociously, child. I will see that you are outfitted properly from head to foot, to-morrow. And I believe that is all I have to say to you just now."

"I will call Miss Wilson, who will show you to your room, where hereafter, Annette, your little cousin's nurse, will be at your service. Call on her for anything you want."

"Miss Wilson," as that lady appeared, "show this child to her room and let her go to bed and rest. We found each other very tiresome."

And the old Madam leaned back upon her pillows and closed the eyes

beneath her gold-rimmed spectacles, while Lady Bird, altogether overcome by her visit, followed Miss Wilson across the wide hall into a room that seemed strangely bright after the prevailing gloom. The sunlight fell through a long French window that opened on a wide stone ledge formed by the heavy cornice of the portico below. The climbing roses were already stretching tender shoots about the granite balustrade, the sheer white curtains veiled without hiding the wide view of lawn and garden, shore and sea. The polished floor was covered with a gay matting rug, the dressing table bright with crystal and silver. The old-fashioned four-poster had been removed, and in its place was a broad, low couch with silken pillows and coverlid. Miss Wilson was not a little startled at the metamorphosis of the guest chamber, that two days ago had been a place of gloomy state, but Lady Bird was too wretched to notice her surroundings. The chilling spell of Grandmother's presence removed, her tears burst forth afresh.

With a passionate clutch, she pulled the little capole back over her curls, and broke into despairing appeal:

"Oh, Miss Wilson, dear Miss Wilson, take me back, please take me back home."

"Take you home!" repeated the lady. "What are you talking about, child? I have just brought you home."

"Oh, no, no, no!" was the sobbing answer. "Take me back to Sainte Cecile's. Oh, dear, dear Miss Wilson," and regardless of damage to the spotless uniform which her late travelling companion had resumed, Lady Bird flung her arms around the lady's stiffly starched waist. "I will love you and pray for you all the rest of my life if you will only take me back to Sainte Cecile's."

And again Miss Wilson was conscious of that stir in her usual calm that she found most discomforting.

"Nonsense, child," she said, remov-

ing herself from the crushing embrace more gently than could be expected, for embraces were not in Miss Wilson's line. "I can not take you back, as—if you were not a very foolish little girl—you would know. Your grandmother sent me to bring you here, and here you will have to stay."

"Oh, I can't,—I can't, Miss Wilson, I can't!" With a shiver that convulsed her slender frame, Lady Bird flung herself face down among the silken pillows of her couch.

Poor little Lady Bird! The windflower that the good Colonel Graham had uprooted from its mountain height was feeling the first deadly touch of a frost that never reached Sainte Cecile's.

As she looked at her late charge, Miss Wilson recalled an unpleasant experience of her early hospital days, when she had been obliged to stifle the cries of a small patient on the operating table with an anæsthetic,—a child who had died a few minutes later under the surgeon's knife. She put her professional hand on Lady Bird's pulse, it was beating wildly; the foolish child would be ill. Though it was really not her business, as the old Madam had intimated, this hysteria must be quieted.

So the stiffly starched lady sat down on the couch beside the trembling Lady Bird and proceeded to explain matters as simply as possible.

"Your grandmother has brought you here to take care of you, child. She is a rich woman, and will give you anything you want, a beautiful home, with every comfort, servants to wait on you, lovely clothes to wear, money to spend as you please. You would have had nothing if you had remained at Sainte Cecile's, for those nuns could have done nothing for you."

"Oh, but they loved me—they loved me!"—was the sobbing answer. "Mère Angélique and Mother Madelon, and Sister Claudia and Sister Seraphine,

and dear Mother Machree. Nobody will love me here!"

Miss Wilson was silent. She never lied—even when a lie would be both merciful and medicinal to a patient. She could not lie to this silly child; for love—except for the selfish, passionate idolatry of Teddy's mother for her boy—was quite unknown at Stony Crest.

"Oh, if my grandmother will just send me back to Sainte Cecile's, I will not ask for fine clothes, or money, or anything! She can give it all to somebody else; and I will wait on the table and scrub the knives and clean the silver and help Sister Claudia with the dishes like Kitty Kelly used to do. And I will study to be a teacher or a nurse when I grow up, or maybe I will be a Sister myself, which would be best of all. Oh, Miss Wilson, take me back to Sainte Cecile's!"

Again the piteous cry recalled to the listener that of the child she had been obliged to stifle in the long ago, before she had been hardened into the piece of mechanism she was now, but Miss Wilson only said coldly:

"It is quite useless for you to talk like this, child. I have brought you here according to your grandmother's orders; and she is your rightful guardian now, and you will have to submit to her wish. You will have every comfort, every care, every consideration that money can buy. This beautiful home will be yours, and you will have no fears for the future, no need to work, life will be made easy, happy—"

"Happy!" Lady Bird interrupted with a sob,—"*happy*, where there is no one to love me! Oh, I can never be happy in a great rich home like this, with a grandmother who is as hard and cold as ice to me. Oh, I would die here, Miss Wilson, I would die!"

And Miss Wilson, whose teaching gave no answer to this piteous cry, suddenly recalled this child's foolish prat-

tle as she was swept away from her loved home beneath the snow-capped peak of the Archangels.

"You told me you had said that before when your father died, and the nuns told you it was wrong; that—that (the words had somehow lingered in Miss Wilson's mind) life was a lesson one must learn whether we like it or not. Well," said Miss Wilson, who seldom wasted so much time and talk, as she rose to leave her late charge, "your lesson is right here just now, child, and you will have to make the best of it, for you can't throw it away."

(To be continued.)

A Brave Heart and a Courteous Tongue.

BY BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

DO you remember what Kaa, the old Python, said to Mowgli in the "Jungle Book?" "A brave heart and a courteous tongue, they will carry thee far through the jungle, Manling," said Kaa. It is the best advice in the world. It requires, moreover, a very brave heart in order to use a courteous tongue sometimes, especially if you are a boy and your "gang" makes fun of you for being polite.

Only a very stupid person thinks that rude manners show bravery or hardihood. The strongest and bravest men are usually the most gentle and courteous to women and those weaker than themselves. The Knights of old, King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Sir Bedivere, and all the others, were as strong and brave as men could be, and yet true courtesy was a regular part of their training, first as little pages, then as squires or armor-bearers, and last of all as knights. It was Sir Gawain, who said:

Live pure, speak truth, right the wrong,
Honor the king, else wherefore born?

Europeans and Orientals coming to

this country often look down upon us as a crude and uncultured nation because our manners are so bad. Do you want them to think of our great country in that way? When Americans go abroad, they often create a very bad impression by staring rudely at the people, talking loudly, chewing gum and making unpleasant comments in venerable cathedrals and historic castles. Do we want them to say scornfully, "Oh, well, they are Americans!" as if that explains a great deal?

Who makes manners anyway? You do and I do. If you jump up and give your seat to a woman in a street-car, lifting your hat politely as you do so, you set an example. The other boys with you will do the same thing, and people will say: "What fine manners those lads have! They must come from good homes." You can, on the contrary, push and crowd in the aisles, chewing gum and noisily shouting, paying no attention to the fact that a woman with a heavy baby is standing, and people will say: "Well, what can you expect? They must come from some pretty poor homes." That is rather hard on your parents, isn't it?

An English boy may come in from the roughest sort of football or cricket match, dirty and unkempt and very probably excited; *but* the minute he gets inside the house, he makes himself presentable as quickly as possible, and becomes a quiet, civilized human being again. *It can be done.* The *honor* of the family, the *honor* of the school and the *honor* of the individual mean something to a boy like that. You are no honor to your family, your school or yourself if you have boorish manners.

Now good manners begin at home, and your mother deserves to have the very best practised on her. Show her every consideration; rise when she enters the room, and see that she has a

seat. Rise when she rises to go to the door with guests, and remain standing until she sits down again. Open doors for her and let her pass through first. If you sit next to her at table, draw out her chair. Say, "Mother, may I be excused?" when you leave the table. Raise your cap when you meet her in the street, and if she stops to speak to you for a moment or two, hold your cap in your hand until she goes on. Never forget to say good-bye to her and to tell her exactly where you are going. Treat your grandmother and your aunt and your sister in the same way, as well as your teacher and other women with whom you come in contact.

Why not have a Courtesy Club? Get a book which tells you how to behave and train yourself in good manners. If everybody is doing the same thing, nobody can laugh at the others, and you will be doing a fine patriotic thing, something which will make the name of our nation stand for courtesy and good breeding.

Here are a few simple rules to begin with:

(1) Practise your very best manners at home, so that they will be in working order elsewhere.

(2) Behave quietly in public places: no shouting, jostling, chewing gum or giggling.

(3) Stand when older people are standing; see that they have seats; open doors for them; pick up anything they drop. If you are a boy you do the same for girls or women of any age.

(4) Say, "I am sorry," if you pass in front of people, bump into them accidentally, or if you do any little thing that may be unpleasant to them.

(5) Never neglect "Please" and "Thank you." Be particular to use them with both public and private servants.

(6) Do *not* talk during a musical number at a theatre or concert or anywhere else (except possibly the radio), nor during the action of a play.

(7) Be *on time* for plays, concerts, lect-

ures, and for any kind of appointment.

(8) Do not make loud comments or read aloud the captions at the movies.

(9) Be absolutely quiet and reverent in church.

(10) The schoolroom is an excellent place to practise good manners. Do not talk, whisper, chew gum or rattle papers while the teacher is talking, or during an Assembly. Treat the teacher as you should treat your mother.

(11) Do not stand near and listen to telephone or apparently private conversations anywhere.

(12) *For girls especially.*

Girls are very likely to walk down the street four or more abreast, making things very inconvenient and unpleasant for others. Share the sidewalks courteously.

Another kind of rudeness of which girls and women are more often guilty than men, is pushing into line out of turn at a ticket window. Insisting that a clerk wait upon you out of turn is another purely feminine discourtesy.

Be sure to take off your hat if it could possibly inconvenience any one behind you at a public gathering.

Wit of the Ancients.

On the day after the victory of Leuctra, Epaminondas was seen in public shabbily dressed, and unkempt in his person, which was by no means his custom. "Anything the matter?" asked his friends. "No," said he; "I am only doing penance for the excess of joy I felt yesterday."

* * *

A bad speaker was advised to practise before an audience. "I always spout by myself," he replied. "Then, no wonder," said Demonax, "you speak so badly, with such a fool to hear you."

* * *

A Spartan, on going to war, complained to his mother that his sword was rather too short. "Then get one step nearer," she said.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Grammar Drills," by Anthony B. Morris, a set of bone rules that should be very helpful for children in the grade schools, and "Christian Doctrine Drills," are two small pamphlets published by D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago.

—Among the pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London are three for children, by a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus: "First Prayers," "Holy Child Manual," and "Confession and Communion Prayers." All of them have attractive illustrations. 5c.

—"The Spirit of Charity," by M. C. D'Arcy, S. J., is, as the author tells us in his preface, a "kind of note-book in which certain ideas and reflections have been set down." He does not attempt a complete study of so exhaustless a subject, but he has done a number of chapters that are full of solid doctrine and practical direction. It is a serious and helpful book of spiritual reading. Benziger Brothers. \$1.

—Young men and women will find helpful warnings and sound counsel in "Love, Courtship and Marriage," by Eithne. In a series of short chapters, in which the author draws freely from other authors, ancient and modern, lessons that point out the pitfalls that lie about the young in our modern world are taught in a frank yet reverent spirit. It is the work of a young lady who, living in the world, is keenly observant, and sensitive to its dangers, and offers sisterly counsel to others in similar circumstances. Published by the B. Herder Book Company.

—To any one who has read the "Scale of Perfection," the announcement of the publication of "Minor Works of Walter Hilton," edited by Dorothy Jones, should stir pleasant anticipations. These treatises, composed of brief chapters, have the sound teaching and the delightful though quaint English expression that make the book an excellent *vade-mecum*. It is of such a size as may easily be carried in one's pocket. Numerous cross references to the author's larger works, and abundant quotations from

them, point out the unity of his teachings, and indicate points of style that will interest the student of this delightful English mystic. Published by Benziger. \$2.

—A recent booklet on Thérèse Neumann, "A Visit to the Stigmatized Seer, Thérèse Neumann," is an abridged translation of a larger book by Msgr. Joseph Messmer, President of the Catholic Educational Association of Switzerland. It tells the story of Thérèse's illness and her remarkable cures, her stigmata, and the ecstasies she has enjoyed. To this is added a paper, "The Message of Konnersreuth," by the Rt. Rev. Sigismund Waitz, D.D., Bishop of Feldkirch, Austria. The book is done into English by a member of the Dominican Order, and published by the John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago.

—The "sweetness and light" of the genteel seventies and eighties has been replaced rather generally by the bitterness and darkness that has in so many places crept into our literature. Disillusionment or "futilitarianism" is the tone and even the creed of much of our fiction drama and poetry. Life has come to seem very harsh and even brutal, particularly to our novelists, and the result is that our fiction is often a cry of anguish and pain.

It is hard to tell what will come out of this. Only more bitterness and darkness, perhaps? Or, it may be that we shall begin to see life with a greater sense of reality—that we shall get genuine objective artists who can write tragedy in the tradition of "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" without the subjective warping of unhealthy anguish. We may even come to see through the bitter darkness, to find beauty more real and more precious because it can not be wholly destroyed by any pain of spirit.

—That truth is often stranger than fiction is eminently illustrated in "The Daughter of an Earl," by Ellen Louise Bigelow (Marshall Jones Company. \$4). The story as it was told by the landlord of the White Mountain Inn to Dr. Daniel Dennison Slade, the

father of Mrs. Bigelow, is thus summarized in a paragraph of the introduction: "A young girl, the eldest daughter of an English nobleman, beautiful, accomplished, and possessing all the advantages which position and wealth could afford, became interested in a young musician in her father's employ, married him, forsook home, family, and station, and accompanied him to the shores of the New World. After undergoing many vicissitudes and sad trials, which poverty too often brings in its train, and living in various parts of the country, they came into New Hampshire, and settled on a farm among the mountains not many miles from where we then were. Here they lived for a few years under somewhat improved circumstances when her sudden death occurred, leaving the husband childless." It is the romantic story of a choice soul more noble in her character than by her blood. Living out practically her ancestral motto: "Tout bien ou rien," she faced the distress and hardships that followed her marriage with a bravery that was heroic. Highly talented, she lived by the labor of her pen; and the editor has gathered from the files of American and English magazines, selections from her writings that reveal the keen intelligence, the sensitive, artistic spirit of this very remarkable woman. The editing by Mrs. Bigelow is a work of painstaking research, and has produced a volume that will bring keen delight to any one who loves good literature.

—We are often advised to read and read, and on the whole it is good advice. But reading that is not assimilated, if it be informative, or reading that is not felt sensitively and fully, if it be imaginative or of a strong emotional content, such as good fiction, is usually of an indifferent value. The good reader is seldom an extremely swift reader: the very swift reader usually skims and gets only the foam that pleases his palate and tickles the tip of his nose a little. Nor is the best reader, especially of imaginative books, or books of strong emotional content, such as novels, usually an extremely slow reader: the slow reader is often slow because he has not enough eagerness of mind or curiosity to

drive him quickly onward, or he is not sensitive enough to feel the full impact of the nervous, emotional force in a novel, and so read with an eager sympathy for character and human experience. Most good fiction, too, is highly suggestive: it implies much that is not literally expressed, reveals much about human life that can be read between the lines and in the pattern and development of the book as a whole; and these things remain, to challenge and stimulate the reader long after he has read the book. Indeed, it can be said that in one sense we can well afford to spend our whole life reading some of the great books—in re-reading them and thinking about them and slowly coming to understand and feel all that they mean. No. Much reading, or at any rate vast reading, is not necessary for all of us. But sensitive, thorough, intense, assimilative reading is necessary for anyone who would know and feel the full force and beauty of good literature.



Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis X. Zerhusen; Rev. Placidus Harismendy and Rev. Alfred Meyer, O. S. B.

Sister M. Melania; Sister M. Dulcissima, Sister St. Terese, Sister M. Edward, Sister M. Chrysostom, of the Sisters of Saint Joseph; Sister M. Petronilla, Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto; and Sister M. Gerald, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mrs. H. D. Haene, Mrs. McCrory, Miss S. McCarthy, Miss Mary Jane Kavanagh, M. A. Condron, Mrs. Mary Dwyer, Mrs. John W. Gowen, Mrs. Margaret Beek, Mr. Raymond McCormick, Mrs. Conrad Witteman, Mrs. Margaret M. Cleary, Mrs. Patrick Fitzsimmons, and Miss Ellen Dunn.



Our Contribution Box.

Sisters of Charity Rescue Work in China: Mrs. C. R. J., \$5; Jennie M. Kelly, \$20. For Lepers in China, Jennie M. Kelly, \$5. For lepers in Fiji Islands, Mrs. John Graf, \$6; Mrs. C. R. J., \$5. For lepers in Dutch Guyana: Mrs. C. R. J., \$5; Leora Swaney, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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To a Dead Friend.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

YOU shared this air for breath
But yesterday;
And now you lie in death,
Clay, only clay.

Hastening for me death comes—
And yet how far,
Despite his muffled drums,
Seems where you are.

Already you have seen
The face of God;
Already you have been
Touched by His rod.

My *De Profundis* falls
Remembering you.
In Purgatory's halls
Pray for me too.

The Black Monks of St. Benedict. 529-1929.

BY DOM MATERNUS, O. S. B.

THE question is often asked why the Catholic Church, claiming the characteristic mark of unity, is so conspicuous by the multiplicity of her Religious Orders and Congregations, both of men and women, and by the diversity of their activities. To this St. Paul has given an answer of convincing argument in the comparison between the human body and Christ's mystical body, the Church (Rom. xii, Ephes. iv). As

the multiplicity of members and their diverse functions are no obstacles to the unity of the human body, neither are the different ministries and vocations to the unity of the Church, the mystical body of Christ, who is the ideal of all individually and collectively.

As all the different troops in their component parts form but one army to serve their king and country for defensive and offensive operations, so do the Religious Orders of the Church form but one united army to serve Christ, the King of kings, in the various departments of His Kingdom on earth. They show forth, moreover, the beauty and sanctity of the Church, reproducing in their lives and activities the various virtues of Christ, i. e., poverty in the Franciscans, truth and its defence in the Dominicans, the hidden life of solitude and prayer in the contemplative Orders—Carthusians, Cistercians, Trappists,—the charity of Christ by the Congregations devoted to corporal and spiritual works of mercy; the Apostolate by the Missionary Societies, while the Benedictines by the *laus perennis* of the Divine Office and the Liturgy form, so to say, the bodyguard of the Eucharistic King, but are always ready for any and every emergency to step in for the cause of Christ and His Church, maintaining, or renewing the spirit of religion: to prefer nothing to the love of Christ and the work of God: "*Ut in omnibus glorificetur Deus.*"

The Rules of the founders and legislators of Eastern Monachism were made

known in the West by SS. Athanasius, Hilary, Ambrose, Rufinus, Cassian, etc. The Celtic monks followed more or less the stricter Egyptian Rules, while those of the Eastern and Western Roman Empire chose those of Basil, Rufinus, Cassian, Cæsarius of Arles, Augustine, and finally mingling both, there were *Tot typi et regulæ, quot cellæ et monasteria*. In the long run, however, it became clear that these various Rules had to be modified and adapted to the changed conditions of time and clime, by "a legislation of sweet reasonableness and wise discretion."

At this juncture of political and religious confusion, there appeared the venerable figure of St. Benedict of Nursia (480-543), "a man of God, blessed in grace and name," the Patriarch of Western Monasticism, destined to put order into the chaos, to reorganize races and nations, and to form barbarism into a civilized Christian society.

Born of a noble family, he was sent to Rome to study, but, appalled by the crimes and excesses of town life, he left his studies, home and fortune at the age of fifteen, and retired into the mountainous region of Subiaco, where he led a hermit life of prayer, penance and contemplation for three years, known only to a monk, Romanus, who supplied him with food, and to a few shepherds. When, however, his name and fame became known, disciples joined him to share his way of life, while the monks of a neighboring monastery, Vicovaro, urged him to become their spiritual guide. He accepted the offer, but retired after their attempt to poison him, and went back to the solitude of Subiaco, in whose outlying districts he founded twelve monasteries, each with twelve monks under the jurisdiction of an abbot. But having incurred the hatred of a priest, Florentius, and fearing lest his presence might become the cause of persecution to his disciples, Benedict withdrew to the

ruined fortress town of Cassinum, where he erected an oratory and monastery, the now famous Arch-Abbey of Monte Cassino, in 529. Here he drew up his Rule, filled with heavenly wisdom, in which he describes the life at Subiaco and Monte Cassino.

St. Benedict did not, strictly speaking, found an Order in the sense the term is understood and applied to-day, i. e., one complete religious family made up of a number of houses, all of which follow one and the same routine of religious life, with one special object of either educational, scientific, charitable or missionary activity, strictly contemplative or exclusively active, divided into provinces subject to a Superior General, as the centralized authority. He established fourteen houses, i. e., the original foundation at Subiaco and the twelve abbeys in the neighborhood, and after that Monte Cassino, which eventually became the centre (529). But each house was autonomous under the direction of an abbot and the guidance of the Rule, left for details to the wise discretion of the abbot and his council.

It was only under the third abbot of Monte Cassino that the Rule began to spread beyond the circle of St. Benedict's foundations. When with the death of King Totila the power of the Ostrogoths had waned, and the Lombards, under their leader Albion, sacked and burned Monte Cassino in 580, the monks went to Rome and were housed by Pope Pelagius II. near the Lateran, where they remained till the year 718, and then returned to Monte Cassino under Abbot Petronax. It was during these one hundred and forty years that the Lateran foundation became an important factor for the spread of Benedictine Monasticism, in the first instance by Pope Gregory I. (590-604), who opened some houses in Italy and Sicily, and converted his family palace of the Anicii on the Cælian Hill into the monastery of St. Andrew. It was from the

latter that he sent forth St. Augustine and his forty companions to England (596), and with them St. Benedict's ideals of monastic life emerged from the confines of Italy.

Through St. Augustine of Canterbury, England became the "Apostolate and Patrimony of St. Benedict," whose Rule and sons became closely united with the Church and nation, by means of the numerous abbeys and priories, cathedrals and churches, archbishoprics and bishoprics, schools and universities. Benedictine foundations to the extent of over 300 houses, became bulwarks of the Church, towers of Christian culture and civilization. Benedictine archbishops and bishops, abbots and monks, scholars, for many hundred years became the apostles and shepherds, the lawgivers and counsellors, the diggers of the soil and the colonizers, the architects and the builders, the founders of towns and cities, the educators, annalists, and historians, and the guardians of the poor. St. Benedict's Order in England became the history of the Church in England.

The typical Benedictine work, inaugurated in England, was likewise carried on by the sons of St. Benedict in many other nations. Almost every province invaded by the barbarians was in turn invaded, conquered and incorporated into the Church by the disciples of St. Benedict. Thus from the Sixth to the Ninth Century the progress of the Benedictines across Europe was almost uninterrupted.

Towards the end of the Eighth Century, however, the progress of monastic discipline and influence met with a sudden check. Owing to disorders arising from the forced intrusion of a fighting soldiery into bishoprics and abbeys by Charles Martel, regular observance became relaxed. The inroads of Arabs, Moors and Saracens into Spain, France, Italy and Sicily; of Danes and Normans into England and Germany, who took advantage of the enervated powers of

the kings and their quarrels with the barons, laid waste many of the monastic strongholds of faith and civilization. But Charlemagne and Louis the Pious, assisted by Adelard, Eginhard, Alcuin and Benedict of Aniane, came to the rescue of the monastic revival by the decrees of the Synod of Aix-la-Chapelle (817), where also the first steps were taken towards grouping together monastic communities into Confederations or Congregations. The regular observance and the well-springs of spiritual life were further strengthened by the Reform of Cluny, founded by Abbot Berno of Gigny in 910.

The success of the Cluniac observance, and the request of other monasteries for affiliation led to the formation of a centralized Congregation of Cluny with 314 monasteries, drawing a cordon from Iceland to Palestine and from Spain to Russia, linking them together in one spirit and in the pursuit of a common purpose. All the monasteries were ruled by priors dependent on the Abbot of Cluny; they followed the same statutes, and thus deviated to some extent from the letter and spirit of the Benedictine Rule, according to which each abbey forms a distinct autonomous family under the jurisdiction of the abbot. Yet this system of confederation answered the needs of the time, for it restored and maintained an exemplary monastic observance for two hundred years.

Moreover, it exercised a great religious and social influence, for it became a faithful and helpful auxiliary to the Popes in their efforts for the safeguarding of the Church's purity and independence against simony, investiture, incontinence, and against the encroachments of the secular power. They found the Church deteriorated within and enslaved without; but they purified and freed her, made celibacy the immortal prerogative of the Catholic priesthood, completely uprooted and

formally proscribed simony; and for all times guaranteed the independence of Papal elections.

About this time a new movement also set in within the Order itself, as special shoots issued from the Benedictine trunk in the form of monastic, eremitical and military Orders and Associations, founded by men who followed the Rule of St. Benedict, but aimed at greater austerity and perfection of life, or at a greater faithful and fruitful service to the Church. In the long list we find the Orders of Camaldoli, Vallumbrosa, Gramont, Cîteaux, Fontevrault, the Carthusians, Humiliati, Celestines, Sylvestrines, Olivetans, while Trappists Mechitarists followed later.

Among the Military Orders we find the Knights Templars, those of Alcantara and Calatrava, Montesa and Alfara. All these various offshoots and reforms were taken in hand by the Popes and Councils. In order to secure stability for coming times, annual or triennial canonical visitations and general chapters were prescribed, till Pope Benedict XII. gave the final directions in the famous Bull: *Summi-Magistri*, commonly called *Benedictina* (1336). At this time the Order of Black Monks was divided into thirty-six provinces, and numbered some 37,000 monasteries, abbeys, priories and cells, and had given to the Church: 24 Popes, 200 cardinals, 7000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 1500 canonized saints, and had enrolled in the Order twenty emperors and ten empresses, forty-seven kings and fifty queens. Thus from the close of the Sixth to the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, the Order of St. Benedict—with the exception of an occasional setback—steadily grew in numbers and influence, and for over five centuries was the only Order recognized and approved by the Church.

At the close of the Middle Ages, however, a great change set in. Owing to the Crusades and the subsequent great

intercourse between West and East, the intense study of Oriental literature, philosophy and theology, the rise of universities and the advance of higher studies, there also crept in a dangerous spirit of speculation, unbalancing the minds to rash conclusions. New forces were needed to deal with the new tendencies. The sons of St. Francis and Dominic stepped in to fight the newfangled heresies in the chairs of universities, in the churches of large cities or public places, using all their skill and energy in defending the Faith. Numerous vocations flocked to the two Orders.

We are told by a certain class of historians that in spite of reforms, the formation of centralized Congregations, learned works and all the good done by the Black Monks of St. Benedict, their influence steadily declined from the Fourteenth Century to the time of the French Revolution. They attribute the decline to the accumulated wealth of the abbeys and the relaxed lives of the monks, but quite forget the principal external causes which are chiefly responsible for the great havoc. There was the Hundred Years' War (1337-1437), during which bands of mercenaries in the pay of both armies, pillaged the monasteries; the Great Western Schism divided the Catholic world—bishops, abbots and even saints included. There was the Black Death with its plagues and famines; the deplorable system of "Commendatory Abbots," mere laymen as abbots and administrators, who confiscated and dissipated the property of the monasteries and their revenues, but starved the monks. There were the disorders and the open violence during the Religious Wars, when Henry VIII. in England, the Lutherans in Germany, the Huguenots and Calvinists in France and the Netherlands, suppressed the monasteries, expelled the monks, imprisoned or put them to death, dispersed or otherwise vilified them, so as to give to their robberies

the appearance of justice; the same as it is done to-day in Mexico, Russia or France.

When one bears in mind these and many other causes responsible for disorganization, or relaxation of discipline, one may, indeed, wonder how the Order was able to exist at all for centuries. Nevertheless, in spite of persecution, bloodshed and confiscation, the Benedictine Order came forth, renewed and fortified, though smaller in numbers,—nay, went outside Europe to start flourishing houses in Brazil, and flourished side by side with the new societies and Congregations—Jesuits, Lazarists, Capuchins, Oratorians, Clercs Regular, etc.

The rationalistic-philosophical spirit of the French Encyclopædists, sowing incredulity of religion, was responsible for the French Revolution, for Josephism, Gallicanism, the Secularization and the Napoleonic Wars, and the general religious, moral, political and social upheaval in Europe and other parts of the world.

In this common commotion the Benedictine Order, like the others, had again to suffer to so great an extent that the number of monasteries still in existence was very greatly reduced. But when the storm had passed, and the world and its rulers began to realize that without God and religion there could be no lasting peace and order, Napoleon renewed relations between Church and State by a Concordat; and this policy was followed by other sovereigns and rulers. Freemasons and Freethinkers, indeed, strongly opposed this spirit of reconciliation, and protested against re-admission of the Religious Orders till 1830, when a spirit of tolerance began to prevail notwithstanding smaller persecutions.

The Benedictines began to revive the Order in the homeland, and then to establish even more prosperous communities abroad, and to group themselves

into newly erected, restored and re-constituted Congregations. Among the first we find the new Congregation of Brazil, in 1827. Dom Guéranger revived the French Congregation of St. Maur in Solesmes (1833); King Louis I. of Bavaria, restored the Bavarian Congregation in 1858. The two brothers, Dom Maurus and Placidus Wolter, laid the foundations of the Congregation of Beuron in 1863. Dom Boniface Wimmer transplanted the Order to the United States (1855), and became the founder of the American-Cassinese Congregation (13 abbeys, 689 priests, 218 clerics and novices, 476 brothers), while the Abbey of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, sent out a little band of monks to the United States. (1853), Dom Marty, which developed into the Swiss-American Congregation (1881) six abbeys, 262 priests, 38 clerics, 147 brothers. English Benedictines: Slater, Ullathorne, Polding, Luck, etc., were responsible for the organization of the Catholic Church in South Africa, Mauritius, Australia and New Zealand (1832), while the Spanish Benedictines, Joseph Serra and Rudesind Salvado, transplanted the Order to New Norcia (Australia). Finally, the well-known St. Benedict's Missionary Society of St. Ottilien (Bavaria) spread the Order to East and South Africa, to Korea and Manchuria; the Belgian and American Congregations to the Belgian Congo and China, respectively. Thus with the revival and the prosperous development of the Order in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, the Benedictine Rule, hitherto almost exclusively limited within the boundaries of Europe, has entered upon new fields of fruitful activities, not only in the various countries of Europe, but also in the United States and Canada, in Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, the Philippines, Trinidad, in South and East Africa, the Congo, Palestine, China, Korea, Manchuria, etc.

The observance of the Rule and the particular Constitutions of each Congregation, approved by the Holy See, is secured by the canonical visitations of the Abbot President, Abbot President or Arch-Abbot and the triennial General Chapters, while the general affairs of the Order are under the administration of the Abbot-Primate, who was appointed by Pope Leo XIII. in 1893 in Dom Hildebrand de Hemptinne, Abbot of Mavedsous, who was succeeded by Dom Fidelis von Stotzingen, former Abbot of Maria Laach, who was elected by the abbots of the Order. The Sovereign Pontiff himself is the *Abbas Abbatum* and the Protector of the Order.

The year 1929 stands out in the Annals of the Benedictine Order as a red-letter year, it being the fourteenth centenary of the foundation of Monte Cassino, and of the proclamation of the Rule of St. Benedict, the Patriarch of Western Monasticism at Monte Cassino, the monastic Sinai.

For 1400 years his sons, as "men of God," have carried on the *laus perennis*—the Divine Office and the Liturgy "to which nothing else is to be preferred." Yet at no time have they ever forgotten that they were also "men of the Church," and guardsmen of Christ the King; and as such they have always been ready to hear her and His call. The fire of the Apostolate made them witnesses to Christ in almost every country of Europe; and so they are to-day from Rio Branco in Brazil to Korea and Manchuria, and from the Indians in North America to the Zulus and Bantus in Africa; from the Congo to China. They were indefatigable champions of truth against schisms, heresies and Mohammedanism; intrepid pioneers, of Christian culture and civilization; light towers of the intellectual life of saints and scholars in the schools and universities; fearless advisers to Popes, bishops and kings; faithful chroniclers and annalists, historians and hagiographers. The Bene-

dictine undertakes no special work as his exclusive aim, and excludes none which is compatible with the community life and the sacred Liturgy.

Apart from the Catholic Apostolate which they are carrying on in East and South Africa, Korea, Manchuria, China, Brazil, among the Indians in the United States or Canada, in the Congo and the various Republics of South America, they have also under their care some 800 parishes, diocesan, incorporated or affiliated to the monasteries with about 1,440,000 souls, with 816 churches and chapels, and 162 schools and colleges with over 20,000 students, as well as seminaries and the Universities of Salzburg and Peking. In recent times the Holy See has entrusted to them the Revision of the Canon Law and of the Vulgate, the new editions of the Gregorian Chant and the preliminary work for the Reunion of the Eastern Churches by the "Union-Monks."

Fittingly we may conclude with the words of Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, spoken in a sermon on the Monastic Order, at Solesmes, March 16, 1867:

"The Benedictine monk is the man of God and the man of the Church to praise God and get Him praised. The interests and needs of the Church are his, he knows no other. The Church is the place of his activity. In proportion as he frees himself from earthly shackles and raises himself above common passion, he brings to her service more clear-sightedness of judgment, more energy of action, more self-sacrificing ardor. He prays, studies, works but for her interests, projecting nothing, prepared for everything. If the Church has no need of his devotedness, he remains in obscurity, serving her better perhaps by prayer than by speech or action. If she invokes the aid of his learning or his genius, he stands at attention until she addresses to him the words of St. Urban II. to a

son of St. Benedict: 'Come up here to us, Anselm, and help us to battle for your Mother and ours.' Summoned or passed over, these men of solitude, steeped in prayer, inured to vigils, bathed in the light of divine grace, formed by turns a picked vanguard and a select reserve in the army of Christ. Its world-wide and age-long association in the labors of the Church has necessarily produced a race of workers incomparable in speech and action: apostles to reclaim peoples from barbarism, pioneers to go forth with pickaxe and spade to till the soil hitherto barren, or to copy manuscripts to save for a generation yet unborn, able rulers and foresighted statesmen to re-construct society on the basis of Christian civilization, or sitting in the chair of Peter, privy councillors of kings, astounding the world by their clearness of vision and by the promptitude and energy of their decisions."

The Little Violin.

BY G. M. HORT.

GIOVANNI BATTISTO was washing dishes. A great deal of his time was spent in that unlovely and monotonous work; for in the big kitchens of the Hôtel de Luxembourg, where Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the King's cousin and one of the greatest ladies of France, kept her all but royal state, and where he (Giovanni Battisto) was one of the many scullery-boys, there were a great many dishes to wash.

It was a princely house and lay in the midst of lovely gardens, where tall old trees murmured to one another, and fountains splashed their cloudlike spray, and well-tended flowers gave color and perfume. But the life which little Giovanni Battisto lived within its walls was neither a princely nor a lovely one. Hurrying hither and thither at the bidding of the head-cook and his helpers,

running errands, peeling vegetables, chopping wood, and, above all, standing at the big sink under the steam-dimmed windows scrubbing the innumerable pots and pans, he had very little time to realize the beauty or the grandeur of things above stairs.

Of the salons, with their gilded couches and rich hangings and long mirrors, he seldom got even a passing glimpse. The guests who came to pay their court to Mademoiselle, to eat and drink at her table and listen to the musicians she hired for their amusement and her own, did not know of his existence; and Mademoiselle herself had probably forgotten it. Great ladies are allowed to have short memories in matters of that kind. When Giovanni Battisto thought of her forgetfulness, his ugly, clever little face would be distorted with a hard, unchildlike anger. He would set his teeth and clench his little work-hardened hands; though he was too proud and morose to let a sob escape him.

Of Giovanni Battisto's thirteen years of life, twelve had been spent in his native Italy, and in his birth-town, Florence. Like many another little Florentine, he had been called after St. John Baptist, the Patron Saint of Florence, and had kept his *Festa*, or birthday-feast, at Midsummer, on St. John Baptist's Day.

Poor as his parents were, they had always managed some merrymaking in honor of their Saint—and their son; and his father through all the toils and anxieties of a struggling existence had kept up some of the traditions of gentle birth and breeding. He had kept, too, his early love of music; and the astonishing ease with which his little son learned all that he could teach him of the guitar and violin greatly gratified him. He had sent Giovanni for further tutoring to a friend of his own boyhood: an old Franciscan friar who, in his quiet, obscure way, was a true musician and had a deep reverence for music, which, he

said, was "one of the laws of God's creation."

Music, the friar used to remind his pupils, sounded forever in the air of Heaven; and it was the echoes and vibrations of that great continual harmony which, floating down earthwards, were caught and reproduced by the musicians. It was therefore especially necessary, he would add, with his grave little smile, that those who wished to make good music should live good lives and keep themselves, as it were, in tune with Heaven. The good friar had taught the little barefooted boy other things besides music, reading and writing and a little Latin; and Giovanni had been an amazingly quick pupil.

Perhaps, as the old man would sometimes object mildly, he had been a little *too* quick. He liked better to leap clear over difficulties than to work his way through them, and he made no secret of his contempt for his slower-brained companions. There was another thing, too, for which he had been sometimes rebuked by the friar. He had a hard, resentful temper, and if he thought himself wronged or slighted he bore malice for a longer time than children usually do.

"Child!" the old man would gently remind him, "the music in which you and I hope to join one day is without discords. The instruments which sound the praises of God must be tuned in agreement with one another; and even here in this world a bitter spirit and an uncharitable temper are the enemies of good music. All musicians should be men of peace, with God's love in their hearts."

God's love in their hearts! This evening, as he stood at the big sink, rinsing the last of an enormous batch of dishes, Giovanni Battisto's heart had very little of God's love in it. It burned with the sense of his wrongs, and with the longing to revenge himself on the great folk who had deceived and cheated him. He

wondered bitterly if the good friar, who had trained him so carefully, would counsel him to forgive and forget even this crime, not only against him but against the music they both loved so much. For it was not to wash dishes all day that Giovanni Battisto had come to Paris.

When, a year ago, the great Duke of Guise was setting out on a visit to Italy, he had been bidden by "La Grande Mademoiselle," the Duchess of Montpensier, to look for some clever little Italian and bring him back to be her page and personal attendant.

"I want a witty, well-spoken child who can play and sing passably and amuse people with his talk. My house shall be a home for him and a training-place for his talents."

So her words had been reported to the ambitious boy by the distinguished foreigner who had met him one day in the streets of Florence, sauntering home from his tutor's, and thrumming on his guitar as he went. He remembered the proud and joyful leap his heart had given, when the exquisitely dressed Signor had stopped to speak to him, complimented him on his playing, and asked him how he would like to come and play in the greatest city of France and in one of its greatest houses.

It had been like a splendid dream. His father and mother, in the innocence of their hearts, had made no scruples about accepting the Duke's offer, which had seemed a direct road to fortune for their quick-witted, talented first-born. And he himself—how full of hopes and ambitions he had been; thinking of the time when he would return home wealthy, and perhaps even famous, to enrich his parents.

On the day that he had left Florence behind him he had been too proud to shed even one homesick tear, and all through that wonderful, exciting journey he had kept his courage high and made his guitar play its merriest airs.

Some curious instinct had made him, in those days, choose to play on his guitar rather than on the little violin which had been the old friar's parting gift to him. He was fond of the old friar, but he did not, just then, particularly want to be reminded of him or of the gentle counsels and warnings which had accompanied the gift. The old man, as he blessed his pupil, had bidden him not to expect too much even of his great new friends, because it was the way of the world to be deceitful and to disappoint those who trusted it too completely. Giovanni had listened respectfully; but he had felt a touch of contemptuous pity for such a point of view, and had been glad to dismiss it from his thoughts. Pious people like the old friar knew more about the way of Heaven than the way of the world.

And now here was Giovanni in Mademoiselle de Montpensier's kitchens! This was where his thrilling journey and his dazzling dreams had ended after all. He had arrived at the Hôtel de Luxembourg to find that nobody in the great house remembered anything about Mademoiselle's carelessly-given commission to the Duke of Guise. Had she really given it at all? At any rate, she had pages and musicians and attendants enough, without the addition of this ugly little Italian, with his dark brows and shock-head and absurdly arrogant manner.

Jean-Baptiste (to call him by the only form of his baptismal name which he ever heard nowadays) had been hurried away below stairs into the servants' quarters. If he would make himself useful there, he was given to understand that he would not be grudged his keep; but that there was no room for him in the salons, no post which so unpolished a little person could possibly fill. Mademoiselle did not even ask to hear him play. His friend, the Duke of Guise, was nowhere to be seen. Really, it seemed as if a simple-minded

old friar-minor might know something about the ways of the great world after all!

Jean-Baptiste was half-choked at first with rage and grief; but soon he recovered his self-control, and sullenly and proudly made the best of the situation. The routine-work, dull though it was, at least had the advantage of leaving his thoughts free. He got through it at a great pace, and found at odd times opportunities for another sort of work—the (for him) one *real* work of music.

Soon all his fellow-servants knew that the little Florentine had an unusual skill in playing and singing. Soon, every evening after the great folks had dined, it became the custom for Jean-Baptiste to entertain the servants of the great folks with the sweet tinkle of his guitar, the tuneful wail of his violin, the clear notes of his high, childish voice, singing in French or Italian.

"Bravo! Bravo! Jean-Baptiste!" they would cry again and again. They applauded his witticisms, too, though that was rather dangerous sometimes. He had small respect for the great folks who, he felt, had cheated him, and he delighted in criticising and mocking them, whenever he had the chance. He was a clever mimic, and could twist that quaint, ugly little face of his into quite a number of recognizable caricatures of other faces. How his audience laughed at his imprudence! How he himself laughed with malicious pleasure!

Only sometimes when he played an old air he loved on that little old violin of his, his eyes would grow serious, and a kind of beauty fall over his harsh little face like a shadow. He was thinking of the old Franciscan's words about the heavenly music and the harmonies which resolved all discords. No malice nor cruel jest nor resented injury in that great concordant choir!

So time went on. The indignity of his position still made Jean-Baptiste's

heart burn in his breast; but those evening concerts of his, those small but complete triumphs, did something towards consoling him. Often, before he had finished his dish-washing he would hear his patrons calling his name, impatient for the performance to begin.

"Jean-Baptiste! Where are you? What is keeping you? Come along with you! We are waiting!"

With a teasing smile, he would not at first answer. They must be taught, these people, that, though as a scullion, he was at their beck and call, as a musician he was his own master—and theirs!

"Patience! I will come when I am ready! Are my hands less valuable than the dishes? Are they not to be washed as well?" And with elaborate care he would fill a silver bowl with warm water and soak his hands luxuriously till not the slightest smear or smell was left on them from the dirty work. He knew, if nobody else in the great house did, that his music was worth waiting for. It was growing, too, in those days, more and more actually *his* music. Child though he was, he played with an ever-increasing mastery, adding to the melodies of others more and more of the melodies which he heard sounding in his own brain. Louder and louder it sounded, that music of his own making! It mingled with the chanting in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with the rustle of the trees in the great gardens, with the rattling of the pots and pans. Nothing could shut it out nor keep it under. This evening it was more insistent and imperative than ever. This evening, when he heard the familiar summons, the impatient cry of "Jean-Baptiste! Jean-Baptiste!" it seemed as if it were not the voices of his fellow-servants which called him, but the voice of Music itself. Hastily, he replaced the last dish, hastily plunged his hands in clean water and out again; then he caught up his little violin, and, with-

out lingering, obeyed the summons.

Thinking of it afterwards, living over the scene that night, as he lay curled up under the blanket of his pallet-bed, he could not feel that he had played specially well; certainly not better than he generally played on such occasions! But he did feel that there had been something unusual about his playing. He and his little violin seemed to have become one person; to have become, too, the only person in the room whose presence mattered at all. The music which he, and it, played he did not remember ever having played, or heard, before. It seemed to be drifting down to him through the air from very far away, and he played it, as in a dream, his little harsh-featured face reflecting, as he played, something of the calm beauty and harmony of the music. He knew, too, in some curious way, that the music was accompanied by words which were as lovely and as noble as itself, and which, although he could not speak or sing them aloud, were yet audible in his brain.

It had been one of his old teacher's theories that a beautiful air should never be linked up with foolish or unworthy words; that both words and music should, as he quaintly phrased it, "turn their faces up to Heaven."

Jean-Baptiste found himself thinking that to-night his old teacher would have been pleased with his performance. It was almost as if his old teacher stood by, listening, with the quiet little smile of approval in his kind eyes; and with that, the tears, which he had been too proud to shed at parting, rose against his will in Jean-Baptiste's own eyes.

Quite suddenly, the spell had snapped. The far-away music ceased to sound, and Jean-Baptiste, violin in hand, stood waiting for the usual applause.

But what had happened? Why did his little audience sit silent in their places? And why, instead of looking at him, were they staring in that stupefied way

in the direction of the door. Ah! Now he saw why!

In the doorway stood a resplendent figure, in a suit of satin, with lace ruffles and diamond breast-pin and elegantly curled wig. A fine gentleman, from Above Stairs, had unexpectedly wandered down into that lower region and joined the audience.

But what was he that he should interrupt the music and cheat the musician of his meed of praise? Jean-Baptiste broke into one of his violent rages, and stamping his foot, cried shrilly: "Why don't you applaud the music, you blockheads? Has Monseigneur turned the whole lot of you into deaf and dumb animals? I declare, I'll never play to you again, to be treated in such a way!"

Thinking of it long afterward, recalling the events of that evening, when it had receded far into the past, Jean-Baptiste Lully, the chief musician of France, the celebrated composer and favored courtier, would tell himself, with his hard little smile, that those angry words of his had been something of a prophecy.

For he never did play again to Mademoiselle's servants. Those evening-concerts below-stairs, which had given a bright ending to so many a dark day were ended now for good and all. The fine gentleman—the elegant Count de Nogent—who had been attracted into the kitchen by the sound of the little violin, had taken the young musician by the hand and led him away upstairs to play to Mademoiselle herself and to show that capricious lady that she had a genius under her roof. And after that, Jean-Baptiste's fortunes had led him ever higher and higher in the world's esteem, and his mastery of his art had grown steadily greater and more complete.

King Louis XIV. had sent for the young Florentine to Versailles, and given him the management of the

Court music; founding, for him, the famous company of musicians, known as "*Les Petits Violons*—the Little Violins," of whom Jean-Baptiste became the leader, and for whom he composed that wealth of exquisite music, which not only delighted the brilliant Court of Versailles, but became known all over the civilized world.

Yet though his great dreams came true, after all, Jean-Baptiste never seems to have been a very happy man, that bitter, resentful temper which, in his childhood, had grieved his old teacher so much, seems to have clung to him all his life through, making a barrier between him and his fellow-men; and, also, as the old friar had foreseen it must, between him and God. Only, in his music, here and there, the barriers seemed to fall and his better, truer self to leap across them.

Lovely as are his operas and ballets, his graver music is more lovely still. One likes to think of the message of hope and comfort it brought to Louis XIV., in his saddened old age, when, evening after evening, he would sit and listen to it in his wife's quiet rooms; and of how the brilliant Madame de Sévigné, in one of her "*Letters*," observes that there "must be music very like Baptiste's in Heaven itself."

Perhaps, in spite of everything, the teaching and example of the old friar (who lived and died in poverty and obscurity in Florence, and, so far as we know, never again met his famous pupil) had not been forgotten nor given wholly in vain.

No prayer is lost. Every sincere approach to God is fruitful of good. In that sense every prayer is "answered." All who yield themselves to God so completely as to desire what He wills, are getting precisely that as fast as time passes and as fully as they obey His laws and His leading.—*Marshall P. Talling.*

The Child in the Desert.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

THE desert was not bleak and bare
When little Jesus journeyed there;
No place on earth was half as fair.

The desert "blossoms as the rose,"
As over the sands the Saviour goes.
Why does it bloom? Ah, Mary knows!

Beneath her worshipping, sweet eyes
The fairest Rose of Heaven lies;
The King of earth, and sea, and skies!

Lanfranc and the Church in England.

BY T. S. WESTBROOK.

ARCHBISHOP LANFRANC occupies a quite special place in the history of the Catholic Church in England. The sun of the wonderful, many-sided Middle Ages may be said to have risen over England with the coming of the Normans, and he stands as the first great Archbishop of that era. Like many of the Primates of England, he was a national figure and a landmark in English Church History. Monk, archbishop and statesman, reformer of the Church and right-hand of William the Conqueror, this Italian-born, Norman-speaking man left his mark on England.

During his episcopate of nineteen years great events were taking place on the Continent, for this was the 'Hildebrandine age,' and the lifelong efforts of that remarkable man in the cause of Church reform had been crowned by his occupancy of the Holy See. In 1075, Pope St. Gregory VII. condemned lay investiture of prelates, i. e., the abuse by which lay rulers nominated bishops and abbots, and invested them with the symbols of their spiritual as well as temporal office; and thus opened the grim struggle with the Emperor. Next year followed the robber noble Cenci's kidnapping of him at the very altar as

he was saying the Christmas Mass, then the excommunication of the Emperor, and the latter's dramatic submission in the snow at Canossa, finally the great Pope's death in exile.

But this combat did not touch England during Lanfranc's time. His episcopate was free from controversy. That was reserved for his successor, St. Anselm. The destiny of Lanfranc seems to have been to put the English Church in order, to set the arena for the issues which were to be fought out in it.

Under the Anglo-Saxons, the Church in England had drifted, intellectually speaking, into a stagnant backwater, and had, to a great extent, lagged behind, and lost contact with, the life of the Continent. The years which succeeded the Conquest saw the Church restored to the main European current, the clerical standard of culture raised, and a stricter discipline observed. There was an outburst of building activity in the new Norman style. A contemporary noted that "you might see churches rise in every village, and monasteries in the towns and cities, built after a style unknown before, and you might behold the country flourishing with renovated rites." In a word, the Catholic Church was revived in England.

The new Norman bishops and Lanfranc the Primate, the first Archbishop of Canterbury under the Norman régime, were the instruments of this restoration. In 1070, the year in which the real conquest was completed, King William determined to replace the native hierarchy by bishops either Norman or connected with Normandy, so as to have men whom he could understand, and who, being temporal as well as spiritual lords, might without difficulty take their place among the new Norman nobility. Moreover, the Saxon bishops had encouraged insurrection against his rule. Legates whom he obtained from Rome to carry out his project made a clean sweep, therefore, of the hierarchy,

excepting only the well-known Bishop of Worcester, St. Wulstan. Most of the depositions were merited, most of the appointments good; and, despite some cases of injustice, the country profited by the change, for the incoming prelates were representative of the Hildebrandine reform which was re-invigorating the Church.

Lanfranc was consecrated Archbishop in his See on the 29th of August, 1070. He had before this been Abbot of St. Stephen's, Caen, and was well known in Europe; indeed, Mr. Belloc hails him as "the most illustrious of all the clergymen in the North." Born at Pavia, he had taught law with great success in that city, in Avranches (Normandy), and in the Abbey of Bec, which he entered after receiving the grace of conversion from a worldly life.

There was an echo of these teaching days when he went to receive his pallium from Alexander II., in 1071, and the Pope rose to meet him, remarking that he thus honored him, not as Archbishop, but as being his former master. Lanfranc was famous also as having been the champion of the Real Presence at Rome, 1050, against the attacks of Berengarius of Tours. A man of energy as well as learning, he began, immediately on his consecration, to reform the morals of clergy and laity, to uphold the rights of Canterbury against aggressors, and to shield the native population from the injustice of their conquerors. In these efforts he found a willing supporter in William I., whose friend and adviser, when Duke of Normandy, he had long been.

William, like most Mediæval kings, claimed and exercised a strong feudal control over the Church in matters in which he felt his temporal rights to be involved; thus he forbade any Papal Bull to enter England without his license, nor, having before his eyes the struggle between Pope and anti-pope, would he allow the clergy to recognize

one of two papal claimants without his leave. On the Continent the battle was centering round lay Investiture; but William, in virtue of a special exception made in his behalf by Pope Gregory, continued the practice unchallenged, appointing men to bishoprics and abbacies, and investing them with the symbols of power both temporal and spiritual.

Yet, although he possessed such power, the King was essentially just and God-fearing, and exercised it in the interests of justice, being, indeed, congratulated on this account by the Holy Father. Like that Pontiff, he might have said: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity." Gregory in the Holy See, William on the English throne and Lanfranc at Canterbury make a trio of great personalities.

Turning now to more particular instances of Archbishop Lanfranc's work, he brought the English spiritual courts into line with Norman and European practice by separating them from the lay courts of justice. Hitherto the bishop had sat on the bench of the secular magistrates while exercising his legal authority in clerical cases. A hundred years later, St. Thomas à Becket died defending the Church's right to these courts. Lanfranc also found that the older arrangement of the English dioceses had been rendered obsolete by more recent developments, and so he altered them to suit the new conditions. He drew up Constitutions for the Benedictines, and successfully asserted the primacy of his See against the claims of York.

St. Gregory VII. made it one of his main endeavors to restore the partly lapsed discipline of clerical celibacy. At the Synod of Winchester, in 1078, Lanfranc, therefore, decreed that no future marriages of priests might take place, but priests already married might keep their wives.

Relations with the Holy See were ex-

cellent. The Pope complained to William that the voluntary English tax, called 'Peter's Pence' had not been regularly paid (all this time the Papacy was in constant need of money, for much revenue had been lost to it). The King promised to send the tax through Archbishop Lanfranc, but he refused to do homage to the Holy See, as the Pope also requested. During William's absence abroad the Archbishop acted as regent; "this great man's influence in the State was second only to his King's," says Mr. Belloc. He outlived the Conqueror by two years, and crowned his son, William Rufus, although not without misgivings.

Besides these national activities, Lanfranc left the mark of his achievement on his Cathedral city. Three years before his consecration, fire had destroyed Christ Church Cathedral. Lanfranc was thus provided with an ideal opportunity to rebuild it in the Norman style which was springing up abroad. He therefore raised an edifice, of which part is still incorporated in the present building, and thereby set the example for church-building in England. The Archbishop also built an archiepiscopal palace and two hospitals outside the walls of the city.

It was in this palace that he drew his last breath. He had been an old man when he became Archbishop, and he was eighty-four when, on May the 28th, 1089, he died—this man "worthy," as William of Malmesbury said, "to be compared to the ancients in knowledge and in religion."

The name of Lanfranc may be seen to-day cut in the wall above the spot where his body lies at Canterbury.

WE can never outgrow our dependence on Mary, she must be to us what she was to Jesus—Mother. And we need not fear ever loving her too much. Her image will never come between us and Almighty God.

"Literal Rastus."

BY GERTRUDE B. McNALLY.

FATHER FLANAGAN and a fellow priest, who assisted in serving the needy of their city parish, stood aghast in the vestibule of St. Anne's Church, staring at a small, clean, unfaded spot upon the wall where the "poor-box" had hung.

"Who could have done such a dastardly thing?" exclaimed Father Flanagan in dismay.

"Stealing the poor-box from the corridor of the very church itself!" gasped Father Riley.

"Whoever was tempted to such a theft will surely repent and bring it back. Their conscience will drag it back," Father Flanagan tried to assure the younger priest. "We will leave the outer doors open after sundown tonight, and I will watch myself for the poor fellow who will return it." Father Flanagan's faith in humanity almost equalled his faith in humanity's God. Outside, dusk was falling.

A few blocks away lay "Africa," and a small denizen was bewailing, as usual, his mother's departure for work.

"Mammy don' leab me to-day. The white chillun won' play wif me, and my lil' chicken am gone," wailed Rastus.

The black mother couldn't tell him it was she who had killed his only pet, food being scarce and money scarcer. They were often hungry, these two. Gently now the mother pulled one of the kinkly braids which stood out like a coronet around the little head, and comforted: "Now yo' jest listen, Honey. Don' you lak stew?"

"Uh-huh," instantly brightening.

"Well, then, I'se goin' start right off now to y-earn money fo' dat stew. Yo' kin jus' begin smellin' it this yere minute, w'ile I go get. The Good Lo'd he'ps dem dat he'ps dereselfs. Jus' yo' 'members dat, Rastus White?"

"Who's he, Mammy?"

"Who's who?"

"Dat man who he'ps us when we he'ps ourselves."

"Lawsy, chile," the washerwoman pointed to a cheap colored print upon the cracked wall of the benign Christ lifting a little child upon His knee.

"But dat lil' boy's white, Mammy."

"Nebber yo' min', Honey. He lubs cullud people too, same as white folks. 'Specially," she added, "pickaninnys."

Little Rastus White grew thoughtful. The tick from the one-legged alarm clock, as it lay on its side, sounded extra loud. The leg had been lost on one of its flying trips toward Mammy's head. Its pilot had been Mammy's drunken husband, who was now, "praise de Lo'd," safely in prison. The mother, glancing at the clock's composed face, hurriedly spread a none-too-elaborate 'snack' upon the table for Rastus to eat when the factory whistles blew, and hurried away to wash for white folks.

It was afternoon. The day had turned suddenly cold. Rastus who had not waited for the factory whistles, was growing hungry again. He had played house with some broken bits of china, trying to smell the promised stew, but only succeeding in growing ravenous. He wasn't discouraged, however. For had he not one toy, which never failed him? Reaching for it now, little Rastus took from the window-ledge his "puffekly good" screw-driver! With fond eyes he looked at it proudly, minding not the big nick in the steel or the loose handle. Taking it with him, the lonely little fellow went out to play.

Wandering up one neighborhood street and down another, Rastus came to a large building with outer doors invitingly open. People straggled in occasionally. Of course, they were grown-ups and white people, but they seemed to pass on beyond other doors. The little boy shivered in the coolness of the

late afternoon's breeze. Seeing nobody else at that moment entering, Rastus darted in and sat in a corner as dusky as his face. It was warm in here, and every now and then the inner doors would open and a strange fragrance float out. It was a queer smell, not so pleasant as stew to be sure, but you weren't obliged just to imagine it, and white folks were queer anyway.

He must have fallen asleep, for he suddenly heard a clinky kind of sound, then another. Had he dropped his shining tool? Frightened, Rastus opened wide his eyes. No, it was still clasped tight in his little fist; and then he saw from where the clinking sound had come. Two women had just dropped something into a small tin box which hung on the opposite wall. Said one, "I can scarcely spare even this little money, but I suppose there are some people even poorer than us."

When the women had left, Rastus looked hard at the tin money-box which was for "people poorer than them." A picture above the black box suddenly caught the little boy's eyes and he looked at it with friendly delight.

"Why, ah knows you!" Rastus exclaimed softly. "Ma Mammy done says you want lil' chilluns to com' to yo'. Yes, Sir! Yo're one white man what lubs black boys same as white. And ah 'reckons the reason why yo'r finger am done pointin' down to dat dere money-box is 'cause yo' all wants us poor uns to first he'p ourselves, then yo'll do some he'ping too."

People had stopped coming through the large inner door now. Rastus stood upon his tiptoes which were already poking through his shoes, and strove to reach the box; but in vain. His Mammy's words came back to him—"the Lo'd he'ps dem dat he'ps dereselfs."

Rastus caught sight of a long bench, ran to it, laid down his precious screw-driver and tugged. But the heavy bench seemed beyond his feeble might; then

nearer it came, an inch at a time. He climbed upon it only to discover that the poor-box which was really a rich box, was screwed to the wall.

Now for weeks little Rastus had vainly searched for some handy screw upon which to test his precious screw-driver. Triumphantly he fitted it into the screw. "He'p dereself—why, de Lo'd had knicked it a-purpose!" It would have been too long otherwise for the small, black, unskilled fingers.

At last Rastus finally succeeded in detaching the box. Or, as he afterward confided to his Mammy,—“he an' God.” Grasping the box now, and his beloved, broken screw-driver, the little boy ran as fast as his short legs allowed, to the room he called Home.

Mammy was already there, and praise be! the smell of stew was no longer a figment of imagination. She stood peering anxiously through the dark for her little boy.

Joyously, Rastus dashed in. He could scarcely tell his tale for his joy and excitement.

But what ailed Mammy? She was crying, and acting frightened. She told him he had stolen from the house of God, and said strangely that it was stealing which had put his pappy into a big stone building with bars over the windows. Now Rastus had seen from the outside the place where his pappy was, so he understood in part, what his Mammy was saying. But the rest was certainly funny. True, he hadn't meant to break into God's house. “But hadn't de Lo'd he'ped Rastus, 'cause Rastus he'ped hisse'f?”

His strange Mammy would not even let him wait until he had some of that blessed stew, which she had prepared especially for him. Instead—a frightened and determined colored woman with a puzzled and crest-fallen, small boy hurried back to St. Anne's.

Pausing outside the big entrance she told Rastus he must go inside alone, and

leave the box near where he had found it. “That'll learn you what I ain't got no words fer,” his Mammy told him sorrowfully.

The whites of the little black boy's eyes filled. “I can' go in there, in dat dark, all alone, Mammy!”

Swiftly the Mother clasped her boy to her black breast. The tin box he held hurt her. What matter, she clutched him closer.

“When we get home, we-uns will make some 'lasses candy,” she promised, kissing his tears away, and gently pushing him forward.

Bravely the little shadow mingled with the bigger shadows of the dark vestibule. Rastus bumped into a billowy seated form. A shining cross upon the broad breast, pinioned a dim light. “P'raps it was God,” thought Rastus. His Mammy had said this was God's house. Anyway, he didn't feel so much afraid now. Resting his little ragged elbows on the big lap, he peered intently up into the face. His picture at home of God, had pretty, yellow, curly hair. This man's hair was dark. No, it decidedly didn't look like God, except for a kind, understanding look. 'Twas a face that had smiled always on little children. Rastus could tell!

Laying the box upon the priest's knees, he told him the story. It didn't take long to tell,—not from Rastus' point of view. Father Flanagan asked the little dark-faced boy with the gleaming white teeth, to bring in his Mammy.

The good Father gave her part of what was in the poor-box. Literal Rastus noticed it was the larger part. Then he told her of more work she should have. It was all very perplexing to the little boy. But after all, he *had* helped! And there was still stew, and 'lasses candy, and Mammy.

THE word “library” owes its origin to the fact that books were once written on the bark (*liber*) of trees.

The "Blissful Maiden."

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

"THE English," Father Bridgett tells us, "had always a very marked devotion to Our Lady's Joys," and, "as any one familiar with modern books of piety, modern confraternities or churches, will notice a special devotion to the Mother of Sorrow; so any one who has turned over our earlier literature must have met with frequent evidences that to our forefathers Mary appeared especially as the "Blissful Maiden."

Another learned authority, the late Edmund Waterton, F. S. A., draws attention to the same fact. "The most common and homely of all the old English devotions," he says, "were the Five Wounds of Our Lord and the Five Joys of Our Lady." Certain it is that the popularity of this devotion can not fail to strike any searcher into Medieval chronicles and documents. Time and again, we find references to it in old wills. For instance, at Hull, in 1453, Robert Golding leaves five nobles to five poor virgins to buy five cows when they shall be married, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, i. e., in honor of her Five Joys (Test Ebor. vol. iii, p. 225). In 1475, John Weryn left an alms of ten pence "in worship of the Five Wounds of Our Lord and the Five Joys of Our Lady (Stow b. k. ii, p. 184). The numbers of these Joys varied; for we find besides the Five, Seven Earthly and Seven Heavenly Joys; Twelve Joys, and Fifteen Joys. John of Gaunt left fifteen marks of silver to the high altar of the Carmelites in London, in honor of Christ's holy Mother (Test Ebor., p. 228). The living, too, gave special alms on certain feasts; for always on Candlemas Day, the Earl of Northumberland, if at home, offered five groats for the Five Joys of Our Lady (Northumberland Household book. London, 1770, p. 333).

There is a beautiful old prayer in the "Speculum Christiani," beginning:

Ladye for thy Joyes fyve
Get me grace in this lyve
To knowe and kepe over all thyng,
Christen faith and Goddes byddyng.

The "Ancren Riwele," written in semi-Saxon for nuns in the Thirteenth Century, gives five exquisite prayers, one for each of the five joys, which are embodied with the five psalms in honor of Our Lady's Name; it being a pious custom in the Middle Ages to recite five psalms which begin with the five letters composing the word MARIA. Thus M. *Magnificat*; A. *Ad Dominum cum tribulauer* (Ps. cxix); R. *Retribue servo tuo* (Ps. cxviii); I. *In convertendo Dominus* (Ps. cxv); A. *Ad Te levavi oculos meos* (Ps. cxvii). It is interesting to learn that the first who is recorded to have practised this devotion is Blessed Joscio, a monk of the celebrated Abbey of St. Bertin at St. Omers, who died in 1163. The same Psalms were also sung by another monk, Josbert, who died in 1186; and by many others, amongst whom were Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the successor of St. Dominic, who did much to spread the devotion.

The Hail Mary was to be said after each prayer as far as the words "the Lord is with thee," then the Psalm standing, then the Hail Mary to the end, five times. All the prayers begin in the same way. One example must suffice: "Sweet Lady, St. Mary, for the same great joy that filled the earth when thy sweet, blissful Son received thee into His infinite bliss, and with His blissful arms placed thee on the throne, and a queenly crown on thy head brighter than the sun. O high heavenly Queen, so receive these salutations from me on earth, that I may blissfully salute thee in Heaven." The word "bliss" is constantly recurring, and a strain of holy joy and exultation rings through all the petitions. Indeed, on reading them we are made sharers, so to speak, in the happiness of

His Blessed Mother when, "after His sweet precious death, He arises into joyful life, His Body sevenfold brighter than the sun," and we seem to realize "what radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare, must be the portion of the blessed in their eternal home.

The five Joys usually recorded in prayers and songs were: The Annunciation, the Birth of Our Lord, the Resurrection, the Ascension and the Assumption. In the Latin hymn attributed to him, St. Thomas of Canterbury adds the Adoration of the Magi and the Finding in the Temple, thus making the Seven Joys, to which tradition tells us that he had a very great devotion. It is a beautiful Rosary which, with the slight variation of the Coronation of Our Lady instead of her Assumption, is still with us in the Franciscan Crown worn by the Members of the Order of the Friars Minor.

To give quotations from the prayers, hymns and songs connected with our Blessed Mother's Joys would require too much space. Suffice it to say that they all stress her ineffable happiness, and hail her as "that Lady bright whom men called Mary of might, *Redemptoris Mater*." The same is equally evident in the sermons and writings of saints and holy men. To give one example only: "O Jesus Our God, Son of this most happy Mother," says Eadmer, "Power and Wisdom of Thy Heavenly Father, we pray thee by the mercy which made Thee become man for us, enlighten our hearts that we may understand the thoughts and feelings of Thy sweetest Mother. What was her exultation and her joy when she clasped Thee in her arms, at once so little and so great!" (Eleventh Century.)

So famous was the devotion to Our Lady's Joys, that when Fabian, in the time of Henry VII., wrote his Chronicle, and divided it into seven books, he not only invoked the aid of the Queen of Angels, but he dedicated each book

to one of her Seven Joys, concluding each one with some English verses in her honor. Before leaving the subject of writings and songs, mention must be drawn to an early English poem, called "A Good Orison of Our Lady."

The tone and wording is most charmingly quaint, giving us a delightful picture of her who is "bright and blissful above all women," seated "on her royal seat above the cherubim before her dear Son among the Seraphim," whilst "merry sing the Angels before her face, playing, carolling and singing in between!" Then follows a description of the "eternal rest, full of sweet bliss where death never comes, nor harm, nor sorrow, where bloom in bliss blossoms white and red, for never snow nor frost may hurt them!" and "none may fade, for there is eternal Summer!"

From all this we see how absolutely our forefathers had captured the true spirit and mind of the Church whose entire Liturgy connected with Our Lady, except when definitely speaking of her Dolors, is one of joy. A noted Catholic writer (Digby) justly says that "it is very remarkable that bearing in mind the gloomy sadness of those who reject the intercession of Mary, that the Church, whenever she invokes the Blessed Virgin's aid, seems invariably to have in view the deliverance of men from sadness and the attainment of present as well as of eternal joy, *a præsenti liberari tristitia et æterna perfrui lætitia*." Surely this is so; for "he who studiously and intently meditates on Mary's joys," says Father Faber, "will soon perceive that, among all the glories of creation, the joy of that sinless being is the greatest." What, if we come to consider the matter, were all the joys of all the saints in comparison to Our Lady's joys. Indeed, we can not so think of God's Immaculate Mother as to suppose that even her dolors ever overwhelmed the ineffable bliss that filled her heart.

Is there not, sometimes, a tendency to stress too much the beneficial effects of sorrow, as though joy were a more shallow thing? Yet we must remember that sorrow is a condition of time, and joy a condition of eternity. "Joy," to quote once more from Father Faber, "hangs about everything God has to do with," and he goes on to tell us that "there are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere." Such an one was the Seraphic Saint of Assisi, who walked the earth as though always living in the sunshine of his Heavenly Father's smile. Poor as he had made himself, mortified as he was, he seemed to have the gladness of perpetual Spring about him, because "if there be joy in the world," as the author of the "Imitation" says, "truly the man of pure heart possesses it." Certain it is that even those who are not saints, yet who have the gift of a bright heart, are able to do a great work for others; and they do it most often when they realize it least. Their influence always brings a lightening of the spirit, it transfigures all that comes within its sphere; and there is something in even their silent company from which joy can not be extricated. Who has not known such souls? Who has not owed all the best that is in him, after grace, to such characters?

In spite of the sword of sorrow that was to pierce her heart, we can not imagine Our Lady as gloomy or depressed. When we think of the holy home at Nazareth, we seem to see it irradiated by the sunlight of a sacred joy, for "what has there ever been in the wide world to compare with the wonderful realities of the Virgin-Mother's bliss?"

LIKE a man, and you will judge him with more or less fairness; dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you can not fail to judge him unjustly.

—George Macdonald.

A Lasting Obligation.

THAT man yelling in the stock exchange, with veins swelling, and every faculty at its highest tension, is working hard. That man toiling all day in his office, too tired at night to do anything but to drop into heavy sleep, thinking only of his law points and his probable gains, is working hard. The physician rushing in and out, the journalist, the business man—all these, in this country, have only one motto: work. And work with them means constant activity, feverish activity.

Ask the man in the stock exchange, the lawyer, the merchant, why he works. He will probably answer, for his children. He fancies that he is a noble and disinterested father; his children, he says, are dearer to him than life; and yet he cuts himself off from their society; he leaves them to others; he becomes a stranger to them for their own sake. He is not satisfied with giving them, in a material sense, what he can: he strives to give them more than he can; he builds castles for them—and these castles are without foundations. He forgets that the children themselves are more important than their material environment. He forgets that while he is toiling for them, they are becoming more and more strangers to him. Perhaps he lives to realize this with bitter disappointment; perhaps he dies, leaving them without a father's care before he realizes it.

In the first case, he must feel that the fault is entirely his own. He has withheld from these thirsty little souls the dew of a father's love. It is not enough that he should appear to them only as the bread-winner, the giver-out of money; and those children who have learned to look at their father in that light are prematurely orphaned. It matters little whether they are left with riches, but it matters much whether he has trained them to be all that they

ought to be. It is a general complaint that, particularly in this country, the sons of rich men do not turn out well. The reason is that rich men have to work so hard to acquire and to keep their riches, that they lose their grip on their children.

Theories of social progress are vain unless we take the children into account. They are with us; we make the future what it ought to be by making the children what they ought to be. There is our work. The rich man who hopes to perpetuate his name and hand down his riches, hopes in vain unless he builds up the character of his children. And he can only do this by his own example and by constant contact with them. Ten men out of twelve leave the direction of their children to their wives. The whole burden of the children is thrown on the mothers. Evidently God never intended this. It is the way with the lower animals, but it ought not to be with us.

The father's direction and consideration are as greatly needed in the education of children as the mothers. But fathers are too much engaged for this. They fix their eyes on the horizon line above their children's heads, and make for it; they see a promised land, which proves a mirage. And the children are left fatherless, though their father load them with gifts, the results of his days of toil.

And when the mother has struggled in vain to do the part of both father and mother, who is blamed? Not the father, who worked apparently for his children, but who really worked because he enjoyed the excitement of competing with other men, or because he had learned to love money and the luxury it brings. No, not the father, who deliberately made himself a stranger to his children. "It is the mother's fault, of course,—the boys were under her care. Did they not have everything that money could buy?" "Everything," the mother

might retort, "except a father's care."

The children are with us. They are plastic, pure-minded, loving. If they have faulty tendencies, the father and the mother ought to be the first to see them; for the children have probably inherited them. A father can, in most cases, discover what are the natural faults of his son by examining his own conscience. If half the intelligence, half the thought were used by American fathers in really looking after their children that are used in business for the mere end of accumulating money, so many grayhaired men would not turn away from the wealth they have acquired, feeling the bitterness of having sold their own flesh and blood for gold.

Kissing the Pope's Foot.

In his collection of "Essays," Monsignor Seton wrote: "The custom of kissing the Pope's foot is so ancient that no certain date can be assigned for its introduction. It very probably began in the time of St. Peter himself, to whom the faithful gave this mark of profound reverence, which they have continued toward all his successors,—always, however, having been instructed to do so with an eye to God, of whom the Pope is vicar. In which connection most beautiful was the answer of Leo X. to Francis I., of France, who, as Rinaldi relates (*Annal Eccles.*, an. 1478), having gone to Bologna, knelt before him and kissed his foot, saying that he was 'very happy to see face to face the Vicar of Jesus Christ.'—'Thanks,' replied Leo; 'but refer all this to God Himself.'

"To make this *relative* worship more apparent, a cross has always been embroidered on the shoes since the pontificate of that humble Pope, St. Gregory the Great, in the year 590."

DISCONTENT is the father of temptation.—*Amiel*.

A Cobbler on the Farm Board.

MR. HOOVER'S choice of Alexander H. Legge, Chicago money-man and head of the International Harvester Company, as chairman of the new Farm Board raises some natural questions. People will ask, for instance, whether Wall Street has not moved west, and who, or what, after all, rules America. These queries stand out in the light of the President's recent action and of his earlier appointment of several millionaires to his Cabinet.

But perhaps we may say, also, that the President's selection is an instance of the American habit of supposing that the specialist is, after all, not a specialist but a first-rate authority on all things. Europeans say this is a national weakness with us. Mr. Edison is asked recurrently—at least twice a year—whether we are going to have better crops next year, an era of peace, a run of Hoover prosperity; and he says, sententiously, that we are going to have any of these things we want. He pronounces now that we are mortal beings, and ten years ago, or hence, that we are immortal. He is hardly ever asked, or expected to state, anything in his own field. Mr. Ford, too, draws up peace programs, settles wars, outlines political and religious platforms, and tells boys the essence of culture.

All this is in line with our emotional estimate of a specialist. Universal wisdom just exudes from the technician. When a man has scored a success as a composer, or, perhaps, as a college administrator, he can tell us how to pitch hay, to land a bass, or to shoulder a rifle. We are glad to kneel humbly at the great man's feet.

The older way of educating, which was known as the classical, was broad and quite basic. It aimed to fit a man in some way to look on with a proper ease at all things, though conceivably it did not prepare him to prescribe for all

persons, in all circumstances. It made him ready to live finely within himself and within his total environment. We have known a few persons of this kind, whose specialty was human living; and we must say that they were neighbors of high quality.

Well, for the present, while we let Mr. Legge perform, we may only remark that perhaps the very choice, for this financially and socially responsible post, of another big-monied man, shows the way the national wind blows. The President wanted Mr. Legge, it seems, to represent both banking and business, to be a kind of double man on the Farm Board; and since this could not well be, he made him chairman. It should certainly be noted, however, that the work of the Board turns out to be, not "farm relief," but "agricultural marketing," and this fact, plus the fact the farmers have been notoriously unwilling (as in the election last year) to follow the *bona fide* farm leaders, suggests that the choice is not haphazard or unfortunate. But we think it is indeed unfortunate that Mr. Legge has headed the International Harvester Merger, which has been as little loved by the farmers as any namable corporation, a business which has grown bulky at the expense of the American farmer. Farmers and others will be inclined, also, to think that the announcement that Mr. Legge steps out of a one hundred thousand dollar job to take a patriotic twelve thousand, is a theory and a blind.

But—so they say—"he has been a friend of Mr. Hoover's for many years." And Mr. Hoover is at the very serious disadvantage of not having really capable farm leaders within the more or less compact Hoover-Republican party, for it is well known that the great farm leaders disavowed him a year ago. Even Mr. Lowden, a staid Republican, accredited as the farmer's foremost friend, gave his opinion in few words, and he goes on repeating it in a tacit way.

Notes and Remarks.

We took occasion, not long ago, to call attention to the devout Catholic spirit manifested by the King of Spain and his Prime Minister during a Corpus Christi procession. A similar exhibition of devotion to our Blessed Lady marked the ceremonies of presentation of a banner with the coat-of-arms of fifty Spanish provinces, to the Virgin of Montserrat. The Count of Montserrry, President of the deputation from Barcelona, explained that the ceremony was in fulfilment of a vow made by the Assembly of Deputies in 1927 at Barcelona. The presentation of the banner was made through the hands of King Alfonso who, in a short address, said that he wished that all of Spain should be placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and that the country might always remain grand, holy and Catholic. In these days when the faith of many has grown cold, it is inspiring to see a Catholic ruler teaching his people by his example of Catholic faith a devotedness to the Mother of God that must bring abundant blessings upon the whole nation.

When a new idea breaks into an unfurnished mind, says Mr. Samuel Crothers, it has the time of its life. We might say, too, that the mind, possessed now of this novel thing, is as little at home and adapted to the circumstance as is the idea. Between them, some unpredictable interchanges are likely to occur.

For one thing, the mind might possibly not become intoxicated on this new beverage; it might stand up pretty well, and get the second idea that this first idea would be happier in company. Such a mind would begin to live, for idea rubbed on idea is able to strike fire. But there is also the evident possibility that the original would remain alone—a monopolist and autocrat of the mind. The owner would find himself—or others would find him—repeating his

solitary idea over and over; and it would become his standard and centre for measuring all things, a fragile peg on which to hang the world.

And yet do we not have to get ideas by beginning with an empty mind, and do we not have to get them one at a time with great patience? It is a test of our capacity for mental growth and perfection whether we will let in a second idea to help generate a third. It is the unfortunate way with some of us that the possession of a few very good ideas leaves us satisfied, and closes our minds against growth.

“We make a mistake when we conclude that people to-day do not want a Christian message,” said Dr. John McDowell, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions, speaking in New York City. “People to-day are tired of abstract reasoning. What is needed is not more argument, but more Christianlike living; not more sermons and services, but more spirituality.” For “Christ is the only authority upon which the Christian message can be based, and that message is written on every page of the Gospel.” And yet the leaders and interpreters of that message are so various and so wide apart that the man of the street is puzzled what to believe. Bishop McCormick of Western Michigan, speaking in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine recently, said: “At the present time there is clashing of trumpets and confusion of tongues. Mr. Wells predicts that posterity will describe this era as the ‘age of confusion.’ . . . Our religious divisions are dangerous and unhappy, because they are discordant. Men are confused, and Christian unpreparedness is made manifest because it is not clear who gives orders to the trumpeter, or whether the bugler knows his stuff, or, when all are sounding conflicting calls, to which shall attention and obedience be given. . . . Protestantism is in

a condition in which concurrent and harmonious action is so increasingly difficult, that confusion seems likely to become more confounded."

This growing discord, of course, is the direct result of the Reformation principle, that made it possible for everyone to become his own bugler and play his own tune. Yet the Catholic Church gives the same trumpet call as was sounded by Peter and Paul, taught them by our Divine Lord; and there can be no hope of calling the world into a battle of Christian unity against the forces of evil until the leaders have taught their soldiers to learn again the bugle sound which is the infallible voice of Peter.

A struggle, a beating of weary wings against shuttered windows, characterizes the intellectual and spiritual life of very many earnest, well-intentioned people of our day. And because no light, or none but a gray, unserviceable light, ever gets through the shutters, they become still more desperate, try harder to push open the windows. But the wings are weak, and the windows, if not sealed and nailed, are rusty and heavy. The trouble is that they are trying to see through the wrong windows. These earnest people are looking outward, at external and, especially, physical and material things, to find there a complete explanation of everything. As a consequence, they do see explanations of many things: the field of knowledge was perhaps never widening so rapidly as it is to-day. But these same persons are learning to explain, more or less satisfactorily, everything except themselves. They have not guessed that there are windows within ourselves which open on more wonderful and satisfying explanations of the riddles of existence than can be found in the speed of light waves or in the bones of monkeys, that may or may not have been men. One fact that is elemental

and constant, and which can be seen from the windows that open inward, is that, though religion can be cast aside, the need of religion, as one contemporary philosopher has succinctly put it, can not be cast aside. When old religions are abandoned, new ones take their places. Evolution itself has become a creed rather than a theory of science for many men: witness the recent "fervorinos" of Dr. Barnes appearing in the magazines. And, of course, we mean by this no aspersion on science or evolution; we welcome few things more cordially than the earnest, sincere searching of the true, careful scientist; we only deplore the rather emotionalized credulity of some smaller scientific minds. Indeed, we need windows that open in both directions,—on the real world about us, and on the real world within us. The single danger is that the windows that open on this latter world will remain much more closely shuttered than the other windows,—so closely shuttered that it will begin to seem like something of a superstition to speak or think of opening them.

There are many good people who would lose half the savor of life if they were somehow prevented from ever being gullible and enjoying their own gullibility. Many of us take a curious delight in believing what, if examined in broad daylight, could not be believed. Among those things which our gullibility feeds upon perennially, perhaps the prophecy of weather is the favorite. In those few towns still blessed by general stores, and not yet blighted and dehumanized by Atlantic and Pacific and Sears and Roebuck "chains," the cracker-box weather prophet still watches the crows flying north or the crows flying south, to ascertain, with all Delphic assurance, whether snow or sunshine is coming to-morrow—even while he and all his local disciples know that crows often fly into the teeth of the weather.

'And then there is the thirteenth of August: fair indeed or foul indeed will be the Fall and Winter that follow a rainy or a sunshiny thirteenth of August. And the shadow of the groundhog—where is the advanced sophisticate who does not surreptitiously remember it on the second of February? Indeed, only one of the countless kinds of superstitious weather prophecy seems practically to have failed to survive in the clear light of civilization. The old-fashioned almanac or calendar that can tell us months and even years ahead whether there will be rain or snow or fair weather to-morrow, even whether it will be warm or hot or cool or cold, and whether the clouds will fly north or fly south, and, more wonderful still, whether there will be showers merely or thunder-showers—these old almanacs and calendars seem to be getting rarer and rarer. Only once in a while can we now find one of them, naïvely tacked to the back of a door where illusionment and credulity and innocence still dwell in the tender, unspoiled breasts of young and old children.

Archbishop Seipel, former Chancellor of Austria, is no recluse living among books and spinning out theories. He has been in the maelstrom of public life, and has had abundant opportunity to study first-hand the changes in society and their influence upon the individual. Speaking of the reaction upon the status of woman as a result of her growing equality with man in the political and commercial world, he said:

If woman persists in her desire to become man, she may expect to be treated as such by him in whose eyes she will no longer appear as a companion, but as a mere rival and competitor. He has already ceased to offer her his seat in the street-car, but this is only a beginning. Later on, unless the happy and inevitable reaction which we are impatiently awaiting, comes to her rescue in time,

the unhappy daughter of Eve will be sadly the loser. She will have become theoretically the equal of man, but will possess neither his brain nor his muscle: and having neither the one nor the other, while retaining the weaknesses of her sex, she will perforce be the actual inferior of him whom she strove to equal. Now, in a competitive system in which force and might prevail over everything, the one who is the inferior to-day will be the slave to-morrow.

In analyzing the causes for increasing lawlessness in the United States, social philosophers from the schools offer many explanations. The Eighteenth Amendment, with the general disorder that has followed in its wake, has a prominent place. The turning away from the old Evangelical religion resulting in a spirit of independence and self-sufficiency is another cause. The Rev. Dr. John Falconer Fraser would blame the schools themselves and particularly the philosophers. "Modern views of life," he says, "that slant in the direction of lawlessness, are in some measure traceable to training received in institutions of higher learning. . . . In no cross-section of American life has there been a more freely acknowledged breakdown of cherished ideals in religion and moral standards than in academic centres." The Doctor is particularly severe with the professors. Much of the psychology that is taught to-day, he believes, will diminish, if not wipe out altogether faith in a personal God. "It also encourages disbelief in personal accountability before the law of the land, because man is merely a creature of heredity, the victim of the cellular tissue of his body, and of his environment." One of the victims of this so-called psychology, the Doctor believes, is the "public nuisance," known as the alienist, who, Dr. Frazer says, is "one of the chief obstacles to the enforcement of law and a grievous hindrance to the ad-

ministration of justice." We must confess that it is a puzzle to the ordinary reader of the daily news to understand how two psychologists or alienists of equal reputation, studying the same criminal, can declare—the one, that he is rational and the other, that he is quite insane. The psychologist, of course, used to study the mind and its operations; but with modern doubt questioning the very existence of the soul, the psychologist has only brain cells and muscular and nervous reactions from which to draw his conclusions. These, to say the least, are very uncertain data for the explanation of moral lapses.

This is a day of specialists, but it is a day of dabblers also; and dabblers, like specialists, can be either a curse or a blessing. The specialist can be, and most often is, a very sincere, humble man who, when he finds a bit of truth, knows that it is not the whole truth; or he can be, and sometimes is, a blind man, leading blind men who can not see that truth is in the colors of the sunset as well as in the physics of light waves. But the dabbler can be neither the man of exact science nor an artist of truth and power. He merely tastes and finds knowledge diverting and beauty entertaining. But the really unfortunate thing is that the dabbler sometimes finds his taste of knowledge or beauty fully satisfying. He may even become so well satisfied with it that he tries persistently to share his satisfaction with his friends. Particularly if he be an artist, he may bring you to his amateur's studio, perforce, and interpret his paintings for you rhetorically, with the result that in the end you like the rhetoric only less than the paintings. But once in a while—a long while—we find a dabbler who is not too well satisfied with his dabbling, who keeps his paintings in the attic rather than in his office, where perhaps he keeps only the

photographs of a few friends and a calendar. There are even dabblers who can enjoy jokes and hearty laughter at the expense of their hobbies even more than those who make the jokes. This kind of dabbler is a blessing without disguise and a most serviceable citizen. He leavens his own life and that of his friends with two of the most precious of human graces—with the sincerest kind of modesty and rare good humor.

Linked with the name of the great Pope Leo XIII. is that of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, to whose work Cardinal Cerretti paid fitting tribute recently at the unveiling in St. Cecilia's of the new tomb for his body, which was transferred from the vault of the Canons of St. Peter's in the Roman cemetery. The tomb was built at the expense of Pope Benedict XV. At the Requiem Mass, which preceded the unveiling, were present the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Papal Court, the Diplomatic Corps and the Roman Nobility. Cardinal Rampolla will be remembered in the United States as the Secretary of State who brought to a successful settlement the question of the Friars' lands in the Philippines. The American commission that took part in the negotiations was headed by the present Chief Justice of the United States.

A very laudable charity would be to answer the appeal of a Benedictine Father in Kentucky for money to spread among non-Catholics copies of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers." A new edition, published by the Holy Name Society, is sold for fifteen dollars a hundred. Father Placidus Becker, O. S. B., will distribute through three counties of Kentucky any copies that Catholics might be willing to supply. It is an opportunity for Catholic laymen to spread the truth among those outside the true fold.



I Thank Thee, for a Tree.

BY E. M. ROMAN.

I LIKE a tree because it's tall
And I am not that way at all.

I like the way the sunlight shows
Under the tree where the green grass grows.

I like the melody that the breeze
Plays on the softly shimmering leaves.

And when it's warm, I like to be
Beneath the coolness of a tree.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—"THE NEW HOME."

MISS WILSON had gone with the last words—words that had fallen upon Lady Bird's ear like a broken echo from the past, an echo that seemed to still her passionate sobs.

True, Miss Wilson's cold voice was not the pitying voice of Mère Angelique, her words had not the heavenly meaning of Sainte Cecile's, but they wakened thoughts that had been lost in the bewildering shock of Lady Bird's coming to Stony Crest, the meeting with a grandmother so chilling to all her childish hopes and dreams, the gloomy splendor of this new home that appalled and stifled her. It was all so different from anything, everything, she had known, from the sweet simplicity of Sainte Cecile's, the glad freedom of Kearney's Corner, and the holidays with her dear lost Daddy. Surely no girl in the playroom ever had a grandmother like the stern, stately old lady who had looked at Lady Bird through her glittering, gold-rimmed spectacles, with a chilling gaze that was like the touch of the frost upon an opening bud.

With all her beautiful dreams of a grandmother's home, a grandmother's tender welcome, a grandmother's love, vanishing in wintry gloom, poor Lady Bird had made her desperate outcry to Miss Wilson, to find that it was hopeless, that this dark, splendid house must be her home, this cold, stern old grandmother her guardian, this world, in which love had no name or place, her own. Far away beyond hope of her childish reach lay beloved Sainte Cecile's. Lady Bird recalled the long, bewildering whirl of the night before, through miles of black distance, the swift speed of the day through tunnels and over bridges,—a whole wide, unknown world seemed to stretch between her and her happy past. A new life was opening before her. Miss Wilson's stern, cold words came back to her, but through them, sweeter and softer, came the tender tones of old Mère Angelique: "Ah, my little one, life is a lesson, the good God wills that we should learn; and it is only His naughty children who, when they find a lesson hard, throw away their books."

"Ah! that lesson would be hard, hard, very hard in this strange, cold home. Lady Bird felt that in her passionate recoil from it, she wanted to throw away her book; but she could not. Miss Wilson's parting words had told her in harsh tones that mocked Mère Angelique's tenderness: "Here is your lesson, child, you must make the best of it you can." It was not in that cold voice they taught lessons at Sainte Cecile's.

When she was naughty—*mechante* was the word for it at Sainte Cecile's—the Sisters were grave and gentle; but against their "penances" there was no appeal.

Little girls had to stand under the

clock in the hall, their humiliation visible to all passers-by; they were kept in the study-room to re-learn their missed lessons, while the more diligent students burst into holiday freedom without. Sister Marie Thérèse had other methods of ruling the playroom that was occasionally a scene of storm and strife, as even convent playrooms will be. She would send the disputants up to the chapel to kneel ten minutes under the Sanctuary lamp.

Lady Bird and Aglae had been thus sentenced a few months ago when they had differed angrily over the leadership in an exciting game. The ten minutes of blessed silence—save perhaps the whisper from the tabernacle—had settled matters; and at the chapel door they had laughed and made up.

Oh, if she could kneel there now, thought Lady Bird, choking back a sob as she recalled that parting visit when Mother Madelon had led her into the little chapel and whispered of the light that must shine in her new life and never grow dim.

Dear, dear Sainte Cecile's—if she could only go back there and learn its lessons that seemed so sweet and easy now; if she could do penance under the clock, and in the study-hall, and kneel under the lamp of the Sanctuary; and, and with these tender memories soothing and calming her, poor little Lady Bird, exhausted by the day's excitement, fell asleep.

Miss Wilson had returned to her post to find the old Madam leaning back among her pillows with closed eyes, Tabby on her lap.

Lady Bird's visit had not been satisfactory to her Grandmother. The poison drop, administered by Mrs. Norris Wharton, was doing its work in heart and brain. The child's words and tears had stirred the old woman strangely, but it was, no doubt, as Helen had said, "tricking" to which she had been

trained by the nuns, wheedling ways to soften and win her. Of course, they knew the whole wretched story, and had primed the child with it, taught her how to play her part with the stern, old mother, who had banished her son from her heart and home. Now, since she had seen the beauty of the child, she could understand the madness that had turned Robert's head—if Lorette was like her mother. Miss Wilson sat down by the window (she never interfered with the old Madam's reflections), and took out her tatting, delicate work that suited her deft fingers and demanded little attention.

"Well, is the child resting after her excitement?" the old Madam asked coldly.

"I left her somewhat quieted," was the reply. "I do not like to give anodynes to children, if I can avoid it."

"Anodynes," repeated the old Madam,—"stuff and nonsense! That child needed no anodyne, Miss Wilson."

"I feared for a while she did; she seemed quite overwrought, pulse and respiration far above normal."

"Could you discover any reason for this?" asked the old Madam irritably.

"To a certain extent, I did," was the answer. "She was very much attached to her Canadian home, and begged me to take her back to it."

"Then she was unwilling to leave? You have had trouble with her from the first?" was the quick question.

"None at all," replied Miss Wilson. "She came with me quite willingly, indeed cheerfully."

"Then evidently Stony Crest is not to her taste," said the old Madam dryly.

"So it seems," was the quiet answer.

There was a moment's silence—it was plain the child had been trying no Jesuit trickery on Miss Wilson to make good her claims, since her only wish was to escape from them as quickly as possible.

"Has the little fool no idea of the ad-

vantages Stony Crest offers her?" asked the old woman impatiently.

"I tried to explain them to her—as clearly as possible. She does not value them. Her one desperate wish is to be taken back to the convent," said Miss Wilson.

"To charity, to beggary," was the fierce reply. "She would not have one cent from me there, as you should have made plain to her."

"It would be impossible to give her my outlook—or yours, Madam, at present. Of course, she is a mere child, and will learn the value of wealth, luxury, position, all that your good will can assure to her; but just now she is willing to face the charity—the beggary of which you speak; or, as she told me just now, to scour the knives and wash the dishes at Sainte Cecile's, to be a nurse, a teacher, or—what seemed to be her highest hope—in the near future, a nun herself."

"A nun herself!—a nun!" The old Madam forgot her crippled limbs and made a start in her chair that dislodged Tabby from her lap. "The little fool, the little idiot! With her beauty, her prospects—a nun! That shall never be,—never while I have life and breath to prevent it! I have the right to govern, to control, her, if I have to use the strong hand."

"Be careful, I beg, Madam." Miss Wilson slipped her tatting into her workbag and rose anxiously. "This agitation is not prudent. If this child affects you like this, it will be most unwise—as I am sure the doctors will agree—for her to remain at Stony Crest, and subject you to such dangerous excitement."

"Dangerous excitement," echoed the old Madam. "Nonsense, Miss Wilson, I never felt better in my life. Excitement is what I want; something to stir my blood, quicken my heart-beat. I have been kept in cold storage long enough.

Do you suppose I am so dead to all right and reason as to let this chit of a child have her silly way? Go back to this Romish convent, indeed, to charity, to beggary,—to be a nun! No! Whether she likes it or not, the little fool is to stay here in her rightful home with me—" And the speaker struck her clenched hand fiercely on the arm of her chair in a gesture that told Miss Wilson the mailed fist of the Wharton Crest had not lost its power, and the little windflower from the Mount of the Archangels was in its iron grasp.

Some pitying angel, perhaps, had visited Lady Bird's tear-wet pillow and brought her refreshing sleep and tender dreams.

She had been *mechante*, so the dream angel whispered, and was doing "penance" under the Sanctuary lamp of Sainte Cecile's, as Sister Marie Thérèse ruled. The low Vesper chant of the Sisters came from the choir like the soft coo of the doves under Mother Machree's eaves. There was a "cote" that good mother reserved for her especial pets. The sweet breath of the Benediction incense lingered around the altar, where Sister Melanie's Easter lilies still were opening belated buds, the light of the lamp shone above her like a guiding star. And the sweet peace that came to little girls sent to do ten minutes' penance before the altar, stole into poor Lady Bird's troubled heart, and she woke to find the sunset kindling her big window, and a pretty little white-capped maid standing beside her holding a silver tray.

"Sure, sure, I beg pardon, miss," stammered Annette, who was somewhat bewildered by the appearance of her new charge. "I don't know that I ought to have waked you, but Miss Wilson said I was to bring up your supper at six when Teddy had his. Will you have it where you are, miss, or shall I put it on the table beyond?"

"Oh, on the table, please," Lady Bird started up from her pillows quite cheered by this friendly presence. "I'm sorry you had the trouble of bringing supper up to me," she added as Annette adjusted the tray on a little stand that stood by the window in the full glory of the sunset, "for I am not sick at all."

"No, miss, you don't look it," was the answer. "But it's a long way you've come, by night and day, and you needed the rest, I'm sure." Annette was still in wonder and doubt about this new arrival of whom Teddy's mother had spoken in most unflattering terms.

"Oh, I'm quite rested now," said Lady Bird brightly, as she took the chair pushed up for her. "And what a very nice supper," she added as she surveyed the dainty dishes spread before her—cold chicken, wafer biscuits, a square of golden sponge cake, a tumbler of rich milk—and—and *strawberries*—red ripe strawberries.

"Yes, miss," said Annette, answering Lady Bird's surprised exclamation (for the strawberry vines in Mother Machree's sheltered beds were just opening into bloom). "Teddy wanted them, and what Teddy wants he must have."

"Who is Teddy?" asked Lady Bird, who, having been too miserable to eat any dinner, found this repast very acceptable indeed. "The little sick boy Miss Wilson told me about? He is my uncle or cousin, isn't he?" Lady Bird was still a little hazy about her new-found family.

"I suppose he is, miss," Annette answered doubtfully. During her stay with Teddy and his mother, she had learned to "keep her tongue if she would keep her place," for Stony Crest did not encourage open speech. Every heart in that splendid home knew its own bitterness from the old Madam down to Teddy, clenching his little claw-like hand and longing "to fight."

Annette had her secret sorrow with all the rest, a sorrow that, like her Irish brogue, none must hear or know.

But under the glowing light of her big window and the cheering influence of her very good supper, Lady Bird was rousing to pleasant interest in her new surroundings, especially Teddy and his vague relationship.

"I think Miss Wilson said he was my cousin. Does he live here always?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, he does," was the brief answer.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Lady Bird, feeling matters were brightening up considerably. "And, and does my Grandmother love him?"

"Love him!—love Teddy?" repeated Annette, startled by this question into honest speech. "Lord, no! miss. She can't abide him, and he can't abide her. You see, miss," Annette felt she had said too much and softened her statement hastily, "when children are weak and sickly, they ain't the loving kind."

"Oh, yes, sometimes they are," said Lady Bird. "Little Armand was weak and sickly with his goitre, and he was as loving as he could be. All the girls cried at his funeral, he was so good and sweet. And Père Jean said he had gone straight to Heaven, he knew."

"And a blessed thing it was for him," sighed Annette. "This is a hard world for old and young as maybe you know. And I am glad you liked your supper, miss. I will be in again to see that you are comfortable for the night."

"Oh, you needn't trouble to come for that," said Lady Bird cheerfully.

"It's my orders, miss," answered Annette stolidly, "from the old Madam herself. I was to wait on you the same as Teddy; and," Annette's face lit up with an Irish smile, "it will be a dale pleasanter work, I am sure."

And Annette took up her tray and was gone, leaving Lady Bird to puzzle

over her information as best she could. She looked about her room,—the pretty matting rug, the silken coverlid and pillows of her couch, the dressing table with its array of crystal and silver. The wide window framed a beautiful outlook of blue sea and wooded shore.

Oh, a grandmother who could provide a lovely room like this and a white-capped maid to wait on her, and strawberries and cream for supper, must be a good grandmother, after all.

(To be continued.)

The Goldsmith Turned Librarian.

BY ANTHONY F. KLINKNER.

WHEN a son was born to Marco Magliabechi, burgher, and his wife, Geneva Baldorietta, in the city of Florence, Italy, on the twenty-ninth day of October, 1633, they gave him the name of Antonio. Like other lads of his time he was bound out as an apprentice, and he remained in the employ of a goldsmith until he was forty years of age. Evidently Antonio was not entirely satisfied to remain a goldsmith all his life, for he was a great lover of books. He was studious, even as a boy, and from his meagre earnings bought books and read them at night.

Antonio found a friend in Michele Ermini, librarian to Cardinal de Medici, who, seeing the boy's aptness for study, taught him Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Magliabechi, besides other accomplishments, was gifted with a most retentive and remarkable memory. He acquired a prodigious amount of knowledge. He applied himself diligently to his new position as librarian to Grand Duke Cosimo III. of Tuscany, and at the age of forty was pleased to find himself engaged in what had always been his life's ambition, a librarian. People sought him eagerly, and he became a great figure in literary and scholarly circles.

Scholars of every land wrote him letters, and profited by his wise assistance. He was the editor of some rare Latin authors.

Magliabechi's memory was simply astounding. He knew all the volumes in the library, and could tell the page and paragraph in which any passage occurred. As an instance of his prodigious memory, the following story, which seems hardly credible, is told: "A gentleman, to test the force of Magliabechi's memory, lent him a manuscript that he was going to print. Some time after it was returned, the gentleman came to him with a melancholy face and pretended that it was lost. Magliabechi, being requested to recollect what he remembered of it, wrote the whole manuscript without missing a word, or varying the spelling."

Magliabechi was studying all the time, even at his meals, we are told. Every room in his house, even the stairway, was crowded with books. He led a most sedentary life, being an old bachelor, yet he reached the ripe old age of eighty-one years. Marini, who composed his eulogium, tells us that "he always kept his head warmly covered, and at certain times took treacle, which he esteemed an excellent preservative against noxious vapors. He loved strong wine, but drank it soberly and in small quantities; he lived upon the plainest and most ordinary food; but he used tobacco to excess."

When Magliabechi died at the monastery of Saint Maria Novella, July 4, 1714, he left his library of thirty thousand volumes for a public library, and gave his fortune to the poor. Over two hundred years have passed since his death, but his name is honored in the world of learning as one of the greatest bibliophiles of all ages.

THE world never forgives; it is only God and our mothers that can do that.

—E. T. Fowler.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Inez Specking's new novel, "It's All Right," is a well-written juvenile which will have an appeal for older readers as well. It is an interesting study of the change from girlhood to young womanhood under the guidance of a sympathetic and understanding mother. The character of "Petie," the 'kid brother,' is well done, although at times he speaks too well and too wisely for a boy of twelve. On the whole, his character is a good piece of child psychology. (Herder. \$2.)

—Everyone who is really interested in education will be anxious to read "The Philosophy of Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas," by Mary Helen Mayer, M. A. (Bruce Publishers, Milwaukee. \$1.20). The book is small, but we are inclined to think that, in addition to the translation it contains of St. Thomas' "De Magistro," its author—in her treatment of such important and interesting topics as character, habit, the integration of self, and self-activity as the way of education—gives evidence of such power of using St. Thomas as deserves encouragement.

—In "Personal Religion" (Herder. \$1.25), Léone de Grandmaison, S. J., writes with a characteristic Gallic precision and economy upon a subject of extreme timeliness just at present. Creeds and churches are being scorned as unreal and unnatural, and even unchristian. They do not harmonize with the modern temper of extreme individualism and freedom. And, no doubt, this view has been more or less justified by the sects, from which most moderns have taken their impressions. But in this book, the Catholic faith and the Catholic religious spirit have been presented rather accurately. It is only through a clear, honest understanding of the Catholic religious spirit that the modern mind can learn that personal religion and definite dogma are not necessarily opposed. This new book should help to increase this clear, honest understanding. It is translated by Algar Thorold.

—Politics and the facts of ecclesiastical history are not material readily available for

fiction: they are too cold or too matter-of-fact, too crystallized, and at the same time too remote for the talents of most novelists. But Margaret Yeo makes of them a rather human, interesting novel in "A King of Shadows" (Macmillan, \$2). A background of changing Renaissance culture and of Tudor times in England help to enrich and, in places, to sharpen and heighten the story. Excitement, adventure, and the glamor of those old times go toward making the story readable. In this day, when psychology and the complexity of life characterize so much of our fiction, this new novel by Margaret Yeo is different, simply because it is old, in its direct and rather swift narrative content.

—Direct, simple, easy prose makes Sister Marie Paula's book, "God's Mother and Ours" (Benziger. \$1.75), very delightful reading. The great beauty and simplicity of Mary's life, in all its modesty and humility, is reflected in the very manner of the writing. Even a child's mind can see and feel the meaning of each chapter. But "God's Mother and Ours" is not precisely a book for children. Religious persons, young and old, should find in it much to think about, much that can make the religious significance of their daily lives fresh and appealing. The book is at once chastening and encouraging in its revelation of old truths in a fresh, intimate way that makes them practical and stimulating. Here and there, there is perhaps, a slight rhetorical strain, a kind of oratorical manner in the expression; but this defect appears only occasionally. On the whole, "God's Mother and Ours" is delightfully simple and beautiful reading, and it is always helpful and stimulating.

—The free-verse movement in poetry has had its parallel in fiction, though this fact has not been talked about so much. A tendency toward freer and less traditional form or technique has characterized the work of many contemporary novelists and short-story writers, as well as a wider range in the material

chosen for fiction. Unlike the similar movement in poetry, however, experiments in fiction are still something of a vogue. Whereas free verse is no longer a militant creed with any large number of poets, and poetry has returned rather swiftly to the more conventional schemes of rhyme and metre and definite stanza form, fiction is still looking for newer and freer mediums of expression. Yet even in fiction the crusade for freedom seems to have thinner ranks under its banners already, and we are getting few extreme experiments. Old traditions of technique remain fundamentally the same. Our taste for novelty is cloying in the mouth; and so it will probably always be. Fiction, as well as poetry, can not change substantially in the elements of its art.

But in fiction as in poetry experimentation has not been entirely barren. The best of our contemporary novelists have learned sheer conventionality, whose only merit is adherence to established laws of form and technique, can not make good fiction. Genuinely good, contemporary fiction must have fresh vitality in its material, and must be fresh also in its medium. Trite and hackneyed expression or worn plot formulæ will kill any story of contemporary life. Modern people, more hurried and nervous by nature, can not be put convincingly into words that have become the stale jargon of the writer of "pot boilers." Fiction to-day must have an economy and a swift complex growth which would perhaps perplex and startle the first readers of Scott or even Thackeray. Plot and complication, once indispensable in fiction, have given place to a concern with character and human experience and with the less artificial requirements of emotional continuity and psychological accuracy; and all this is a gain, and a rather considerable gain. It lets the art of fiction begin where such art must begin, with naturalness and truth. As a consequence, not a little of our present-day fiction, though much of it is weak and crude and strained, has some vitality and much accuracy. If the vitality or strength is not great, this is the result of the sterility of contemporary life, from which the novelist must take

his material; in matters of strict craftsmanship, fiction seems to be reaching toward a greater skill or deftness, even though this skill, is, here and there, too obvious, too conscious of itself.

—We shall try to keep up for our readers the practice we have lately begun of giving rather extended reviews of new books of a general interest. Many intelligent and mentally hungry readers of these pages are simply too busy to cover the whole of contemporary literature in any one field, and we think it an honor to offer to such persons a digest of the thought and the spirit and manner of some of the important books that perpetually appear in the English language; but once the content of a particular book is brought to their attention, they may wish to have a copy of it on their own reading table. Of course, not all the books reviewed can be Catholic in authorship or even in tone, for the good reason that only a small percentage of the good books being published are Catholic. Certainly we are far from saying that we put an *imprimatur* on everything that is contained in every book we review; if we waited for such a consummation, we would mention few books. But we believe that the truly Catholic mind wishes to know, and should be able to find out, which way the winds of thought are blowing.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. P. F. Connors, Diocese of Hartford; Rev. J. F. Dolan, Diocese of Albany; and Rev. Hector Papi, S. J.

Sister M. Canisius, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Gabriel, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Miss E. Frencham, Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, Mrs. Martha Costello, Mr. Gregory Schonebelen, Miss Mary Walsh, Mrs. Ann Stanley, Miss Nellie Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Mr. John McGillick, Mr. Carl Rohloff, Mrs. Mary Chesney, Mr. Frank Mueller, and Mr. John Patrick Giddings.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (*300 days' indulgence.*)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Mary the Comforter.

BY EDITH TATUM.

TO-DAY within the market-place
I saw a woman, sweet of face,
Who soothed a crippled child to rest,
Held tenderly against her breast.

I marvelled at her happiness—
It seemed to me, I must confess,
That I would be sore dreary and sad
If that had been my little lad!

But as I looked my sight grew clear,—
Beheld the Blessed Mother near,
Her hand upon the woman's head,
And round them both her cloak was spread.

The Old Doctor.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

SMALL and light of build, fine head, covered with snow-white hair, dark eyes that dream and brood, or that flash suddenly with fire as the spirit kindles them, droop of the moustache over the mouth that is so expressive, half-disdainful, as though it had seen through so much in the world that is false and a sham, and yet which will smile kindly, and even artlessly, as it encounters cordiality, friendship, trust. The expression of the whole face, as the doctor listens to you, is of interest, seriousness, receptivity; and then immediately the gleam of illuminated intelligence in the thinking eyes, the humorous twist of the lips as he gives his reply, so often seasoned

with Attic salt. I doubt if there was any other figure on the hill so well known and so beloved as that of the old doctor. The other day when he died, at the age of eighty-three, many were amazed at his passing, for it had seemed to them that such a man as Benedetto Morelli, should have escaped the common lot.

For over forty years, indeed, close upon half a century, he had devoted himself soul and body to the good of his neighbor; then gradually he began to withdraw from public life. His mind was as bright as ever, but he could no longer rise at night, or face the long buggy drives in all weathers. A younger man, keen of glance and trained in the newer methods, had been sent out to replace him, but the old residents continued to call for the old doctor. "What do you call me for?" he would inquire reproachfully. "Why don't you call the young fellow? He is a good doctor, and you can have full confidence in him." But they hung their heads, or would explain regretfully:

"The young fellow is all right, doctor. But we have known you so long we don't want to make a change." The old doctor would growl a little and scold, but in the end the word came that they wanted: "Well, what is the trouble?" And it was strange that the doctor, old as he was, could detect the almost imperceptible flaw in the heart action, the smallest hint of a rail in the congested lung. But as a matter of fact he was in retreat, and did not wish to practise any longer.

His little white house, in the midst of the vineyards and wheat fields, had become the chief scene of his activities. He rose with the dawn, and would spend hours tying up vines and pruning fruit-trees. He had a well-developed notion that there is no physical exercise equal to that of digging, for keeping the muscles firm, and every morning unfailingly would delve for a while and turn the sods with his spade. He was so loud in praise of this form of work that, following his example, his two nearest neighbors, the one a lawyer and the other a general, went out in the early morning to toil for an hour in the fields before taking up their regular occupations. After a simple meal at noon, the doctor was in the habit of going to town to assist one of his colleagues who was overburdened with work; and, toward the end of the day, he returned, a lad going every evening in the buggy to fetch him at the junction of the electric tram which is one mile from his home. It is to this circumstance that we owe some of our most pleasant memories of the old doctor.

We had known him first merely as the old gentleman who served Mass every Sunday morning in the Sisters' chapel. This was one of his greatest and most valued privileges. And his white head, bared of its little silk cap at the moment of the Elevation, was an incessant lesson of reverence to the whole congregation. But new-comers to the hill learned immediately who Benedetto Morelli was. We frequently returned at the same hour and alighted together at the junction. To us the mile on foot was rather a pleasure than otherwise, but one evening the doctor stopped us.

"We go the same way, you might as well ride."

"I shall crowd you, doctor."

"Not at all. There is plenty of room for three." The servant was holding a shabby, old army cloak and threw it

around his master,—a rite of every evening; then we went jogging along between the tall hedges, with the last red of the after-sunset beyond them, by those delicious lanes which are among the last left in the vicinity of the great city, and where, in May, wild honeysuckle and the crinkly petals of the briar-rose unfold. The doctor told me a story, I forget which, of the many experiences of his long, active, professional life, and after that we often rode home together, and I learned of many strange and interesting incidents of his career.

"Why don't you write your memoirs, doctor?" I asked him more than once, but he only laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I haven't the time or the patience. And what would be the use?" But I have been haunted incessantly by the thought that something should be written about that life, and still more about the man himself.

A Roman of the old school by birth, education, and all his sympathies, Benedetto Morelli belonged to a generation that is well-nigh extinct. He graduated quite young from the university, sitting up for two consecutive nights to study just before his final exams, which he passed with high honors; on the third day, as he sat reading in his mother's room, the book turned dark before his eyes.

"I wonder what is the matter with me?" he exclaimed. "Mother, I can't see." It was simply the result of overstrain and of forty-eight hours of close application without sleep. But the elasticity of youth carried him through to swift recovery. He began his professional career in the sixties, as a municipal doctor, stationed in out-of-the-way places, and in those days of poor means of communication and of transit, he would have been often lonely but for the priest and the apothecary, the two

shining lights of the old-time village. These first posts were in malarial districts, ravaged by fever, or in mountain towns where the air was excellent but where the physician must pay all his visits on horseback, sometimes at long distances, occasionally through swollen streams; frozen with the cold in Winter and thrashed by rain, wind, and snow. So Morelli got his experience.

"They were rough days," he was wont to say retrospectively. "I almost lived in the saddle. And I gathered up into my bones more bad weather than I could tell you about."—"You also did a lot of good, doctor, I would wager."—"I did what I could. The sick have souls as well as bodies."

In one of the hill-towns of Sabina, where the solemn blue mountains range around the pleasant country of Horace, the young doctor stumbled into the one romance of his life. He was swept off his feet by the sight of an orphan girl of remarkable beauty, who was keeping house for her brother, the Mayor of the little town.

"Your wife must have been very lovely when you married her," we ventured to say to him once, "for she is lovely still under her Winter snow." The old doctor turned deliberately round, in his desire to convey his earnestness.

"Lovely? You have said the word. You couldn't realize what she was like. The freshness of a rose, and its absolute perfection. I have never seen another woman who could touch her. You know our Margaret? She is pretty, and the one who most resembles her mother. But she simply can not compare with her." The widow of seventy-two years, beautiful still, spoke a pathetic word as she stood looking down upon her dead.

"Poor Benedetto! How I did scold him sometimes because he would not dress himself properly. But I have never looked another man in the face."

Not long after his wedding, the doc-

tor was moved back to Rome, and he never left it again, his whole latter life being spent in the city or in its immediate neighborhood. One of his daughters was delicate, and that was why the doctor bought property on the hill. For forty years he had been one of the best known and most respected of its residents.

The annals of his professional life were unusual and of the greatest interest. But the man was so modest that, even when he related his own personal experiences, there was no overdue prominence given to the pronoun "I." And the reminiscences of his long life over which he dwelt most willingly, were those from which some valuable deduction of a religious or ethical character might be drawn. It was our privilege once to overhear a conversation between the old doctor and an army doctor stationed at the fort. "Perhaps, sir," the aged man was saying to the young one, "perhaps you think that because we are physicians, the body only is to be our concern. But I hold something quite different: I hold that the soul which animates the body is by far the most important of the two things. And if we are specially called to minister to the one, we must never be unmindful of the other. I have always remembered the address of our Professor-in-Chief of the Medical School when I graduated.

"That was a long time ago, you know—fifty or sixty years since,—and in those days, in Rome, the university professors still believed in God. 'Well,' he said to us before the conferring of degrees: 'Young men, I beg you to call to mind that the profession which you are about to embrace is sacred and almost a priesthood. If you do not feel that you can enter it with this spirit, I earnestly exhort you to draw back.' I very nearly drew back," the old doctor concluded. "I knew he was right and that I was not worthy.

But I have always remembered his word: that our profession is a priesthood."

And so, humbly and unostentatiously, Morelli passed through life ministering to souls and bodies. Advice, exhortation, rebuke, practical assistance, charity, the spiritual and corporal works of mercy were his incessant and laborious occupation. He who never boasted of anything had one triumphant object of pride, and he confessed it freely. "One should not glory in anything at all, I know. But I do glory in this, that no patient of mine has ever died without receiving the Last Sacraments." This grace was perhaps a special reward granted the physician in recognition of his own fidelity.

One remarkable incident of his early life we learned from the doctor's own lips, as we drove slowly home one quiet evening. He was a young man, recently married at the time it occurred, and stationed in a rural district. He had come home tired from a series of scattered morning visits, and was taking his dinner when a knock came at the door. Now it was well known in the village that just for one brief hour, from twelve to one, the doctor did not wish to be disturbed. It was the only hour he claimed, for necessary food and a short rest, and he was amazed himself that anybody should knock at the door. His wife announced that two men were without, asking for him.

"Did you tell them that I am in the very act of eating my dinner?"—"I did, but they insisted." The long-suffering physician rose from the table and admitted the intruders. He was still more annoyed by the discourtesy of one of the visitors who kept his hat on his head and his cigar in his mouth.

"I was very much tempted to flare up and give him a piece of my mind," the doctor remarked, "but fortunately I restrained myself." Instead he asked what the trouble was, and the man of

the cigar uncovered his head. The physician confesses that he was almost bowled over, for the man had received a wound so frightful that the head was nearly cleft in two; yet he stood and spoke. Morelli asked him what had happened to him, and he answered without much emotion that he had got into a quarrel, and that the other chap hit him with an axe. The physician made him sit down and proceeded to dress and bandage the head. "About one and a half hour more of consciousness," he was saying to himself, "then paralysis and death." To the man he said: "My boy, that's a bad cut you have. Go home now and let your wife put you to bed. You may be sure we will do our very best to help you; but of course the wound is serious, and if there is anything on your mind I would strongly advise you to send for the priest and get your affairs all in good order. Then you will be ready for whatever happens,—always hoping for the best, of course."

The man walked out without showing any symptoms of collapse, and started to walk home on foot. The doctor did not wait to finish his dinner. He ran up the hill to the parish church.

"Father," he said, "So-and-So has met with a bad accident, got into a quarrel; hit on the head with an axe. Please, go up at once. There is no hope; in one hour he will be unconscious, and after that he will die. Do go up at once."

The priest rushed out. Heaven teaches him what to say at such times. The wounded man received the Last Sacraments devoutly, forgiving all who had injured him, and in one hour and a half, speech and consciousness left him. Within three or four hours, he was dead. To us it has always seemed that this soul stood accompanied by a sponsor at the threshold of eternity, as in the paintings of the catacombs one sees beside the figure of the deceased the figure of some holy local martyr intro-

ducing him into the everlasting tabernacles. And in the case of the man who died so swiftly and tragically, it was Benedetto Morelli who stood sponsor for the soul.

Some of the episodes related by the doctor savored distinctly of the supernatural, but he had not the smallest doubt that the spirit world is very near us, and that the Almighty is ever present, even with miraculous assistance, in the lives of those who cling closely to Him. Morelli, far back in the sixties, had given his name to the so-called Confraternity of the Good Death (*Bona Mors*), an organization which at that time had for chief end the care and burial of the destitute dead.

No civic organization existed in those days to take care of the victims of accidents or of sudden death in the open, and the doctor had seen how urgently necessary the services of the Brethren were. Busy as he was, he joined their Society and took his turn with his fellow-members whenever he was called for duty. On one occasion the Brethren were sent out with their stretcher to bring in a poor man who had died in the wide country at several miles distance from the city. They had no conveyance of any kind, consequently the long, lonely plains must be crossed on foot. As they went, a terrific storm overtook them, driving rain accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning. They were soon wet through, but pushed on as there was no place of refuge nearby. Presently they came to an abandoned farm-house, part of which was in ruins, but at least it afforded shelter. They were standing in the shed, waiting for the violence of the elements to abate, when a voice called out, as it were in the midst of them: "Brothers, go out!" They turned to gaze at one another in amazement, but did not move. And again that voice, dolorous, suppliant but now imperative: "Brothers, go out!" Seized with terror they

rushed forth, too terrified to speak. They had not run far when, with a crash that made the earth quake, the lightning struck their late shelter and the sagging roof fell in with a span of wall that supported it.

In the cholera epidemic of 1886 the doctor was ordered to go down and take charge of the district lying between Ostia and Fiumicino, a frightfully malarial region in those days, especially where the sluggish Tiber pours into the sea. The doctor knew he was taking his life in his hands, but somehow he was not afraid. He found a scattered population, miserably poor, wanting everything,—food, clothing, bedding, medicine, disinfectant. It was a superhuman task to obtain for them the most elementary necessities; and the doctor knew that he could not and must not leave his post, but abide with his charges until the trial should come to an end.

What Benedetto Morelli accomplished was phenomenal: he established a lazaretto (which is still the isolation hospital of Fiumicino); and single-handed he protected the living, nursed the sick, assisted the dying, and buried the dead. This for several weeks of abnormal effort at high pressure. When at length he was able to return to the world of the living, he was like one who has been through an ordeal so terrible that the stamp of it will with difficulty be ever obliterated from his soul. Curiously enough, the doctor received no reward or recognition for his services in this appalling visitation. He did not resent it, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "I did my duty. That is all I need to know."

But the daily papers, in 1926, having had occasion to speak at some length of the cholera epidemic of 1886, singled out for high praise the heroic physician who had coped alone with the frightful situation at Ostia and Fiumicino, giving his name as, we will say, John Smith,

an actual living person who claimed that it was he who took care of the cholera-stricken people of that district. These articles produced profound shock and scandal in the Morelli home. The doctor's son raged in indignation, but the old man tried to calm him.

"My boy, what does it matter?"—"It's wrong, it's false, it's unprincipled; he is a scoundrel! But I don't wish for praise or to have a fuss made over me. If he wants the credit he can have it."

The young man lay awake at night with his fury. To his father he said no more, but he called on the editor of the newspaper and told him who the physician was who had gone down to the coast in 1886 and fought the cholera there single-handed. "You need not take my word for it. Send some man down there to inquire. Those people, or their descendants, know who it was that took care of them." Incidentally they still take off their hats to Benedetto Morelli in that region, because they remember. The result of this interview appeared a few days later in a splendid article, setting all things in order, and rendering magnificent testimony to the heroic man who had risked his life many times over in his desire to succor his fellow-beings. The old doctor was troubled and humiliated by the great praise.

"Why did you do this, Luigi?" he asked. "I did not wish to be talked about. I only did my duty. Any other man would have done the same." To his great surprise, the doctor also received from the city authorities—so many long years after—a laudatory diploma and handsome gold medal. He hid both away in an old trunk, until his daughters, discovering them, insisted in placing them on view.

When the World War broke out, the doctor volunteered. He was sixty-eight years old and his son was at the Front, but he did not hold himself excused. "Am I to stay at home and plant cab-

bage while the frontiers are threatened?" He was put into a uniform and attached to a military hospital where many men who were sick, and others who were wounded, passed through his hands. A modern writer has said that: "The physician can cure, sometimes, and comfort always"; Morelli was able to do both. He had a friendly, fatherly way that opened the hearts of his patients to confidence and hope. The soldiers frequently thought that they had met him before, in their home towns. They had never met him before, but it was a sublime illusion wrought by kindness, and by that simple, unaffected air of his, admirably combined with the sureness of professional authority. When at the close of hostilities he was able to retire, he came home gladly and cheerfully, another page turned over in the service annals of his life.

His vineyard and fruit-orchard now were his chief business; but he still went to town every day to give assistance for a few hours to a colleague who was overburdened with work. Before returning home in the evening, he never failed to go and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Church of St. Joachim. And occasionally he would say to his wife and daughters that he thought "our dear Lord was glad to see him, because He so often arranged it that they should be left alone together."

From the doctor's own lips we learned of one of the last adventures of his life. Ostia, which he had always cherished, has grown now into a modern, noisy bathing resort, overcrowded on Sundays, and affording accommodation in the Summer to an immense floating population. The doctor had built himself a modest house near the sea many years since, before the rush began, and was in the habit of spending the months of warm weather there. The nearest church was at Ostia-Paese, some miles distant, but the doctor and his family

made the trip every Sunday morning to attend Mass, and did not complain. When the town of Ostia-Mare, with its enormous colony of bathers, sprang up, hundreds of people missed Mass every Sunday on account of this difficulty. The doctor was profoundly grieved, but he did not know how to remedy the evil. "The Holy Father would never suffer this if he knew it!" Certain persons having authority answered:

"There is Ostia-Paese only three miles distant. Let them attend Mass there."

The colony did not stir. What! families with small children, in the torrid weather, go three miles to Mass? They lounged on the beach or went in swimming. On the feast of the Assumption Morelli was beside himself. Statistics showed that there were three thousand people in the town, and about one dozen went the three miles to Mass. They were, with the exception of a small percentage of Hebrews, all Catholics from Rome. The doctor could with difficulty be persuaded to take his dinner. "If the Holy Father only knew this," he cried. But he did not know how to reach the Sovereign Pontiff.

In September the doctor's youngest daughter was to attend an audience at the Vatican with a catechistic organization to which she belonged. "Antoinette," her father asked her, "would you undertake to put a letter into the Holy Father's hands so that I could be sure he had received it?"—"Yes," she answered with simple courage. Of all the children she is the one who most resembles her father physically, and also in his humble fearlessness. The Sovereign Pontiff was coming down the long line of kneeling figures, offering to each his hand to kiss. Antoinette took it reverently, putting her lips to the ring, and her father's letter into the palm of the Pope's hand. The action was instantly detected, and two or three attendants sprang forward and laid hold upon her.

But she had felt the kind, strong hand of Pius XI. close over hers with a grip that refused to be loosened. In vain prelates and guards tried to tear the girl's hand away. Pius only released it to place the missive in his breast, and he smiled gently at the petitioner. In our opinion, he thought he was receiving a secret request for charity from some family fallen into poverty, and ashamed to make their plight known. For it is in fact forbidden to hand any object to the Holy Father; and we have ourselves heard the saintly Pius X. say gently to a foreign pilgrim who sought to present a memorial: "It would be better to let it go through the ordinary channels," meaning, no doubt, Chancery and the Congregations. But Antoinette was more fortunate.

After the Holy Father withdrew, some of the servants came back to scold the culprit anew, and the good nuns in charge rebuked her most severely. "I didn't care," she says herself, "my father would not do anything wrong; and the Pope got the letter." If the Sovereign Pontiff thought the slim, shame-faced girl in black was begging for assistance he was undeceived. The epistle was a plain, straightforward statement, made by a physician in good standing and signed by him, to the effect that three thousand people were missing Mass every Sunday on the beach at Ostia, and the writer was certain that if His Holiness only knew the fact he would immediately provide a remedy. The one and only church in the vicinity was three miles away.

Within a few days, workmen appeared at Ostia with orders to put up a temporary chapel; and simultaneously the pastor of Ostia-Paese was notified that his parish was being extended to Ostia-Mare, and that he must provide for the celebration of one Mass there every Sunday and holyday. Then very soon Ostia-Mare was erected into a separate parish, and a priest was appointed res-

ident pastor. And then again the votive temple of Our Lady of Peace, to which Pius XI. contributed generously, was built upon the highest hill overlooking the sea.

When the great church was consecrated the doctor went overnight to be in good time for the ceremony; but such a crowd of notables assembled that he was not able to find a seat. He stood amid the plebs at the door. "And I was lucky," he added humorously, "that the *carabinieri* did not put me out altogether. Two of them had cast their eye upon me, and evidently thought me a disorderly character."—"But you knew in your heart all the time, doctor, that if that church stands there to-day, after God, it is due to you."—"The thought did cross my mind," he confessed humbly, "but it would be very wrong for me to entertain it. Besides the credit is not due to me: it is due to our Holy Father the Pope and to Cardinal Vannutelli. I never dreamed of anything like this."

Always when the family left the house of Ostia to return to the city, the doctor took an ancient venerable picture of the Holy Mother of God from his bedroom and placed it upon the table in the hall. Then his wife and children knelt around him, bags strapped and ready, and they recited three Hail Marys together to invoke the protection of our Blessed Lady, and to leave the house in her care. After that the doctor locked the door and they went their way. But nothing ever happened while they were absent, and they would say that nothing could happen, because Madonna kept the house. Morelli's faith was very tranquil and very sure.

Last Winter the old doctor fell sick, a more feverish cold; there seemed no cause for alarm, save that he was eighty-three years old. Then presently there was pneumonia and other complications. He grew extremely, unaccountably feeble, as if his hardness and vigor

had suddenly melted away. Although a good physician was in attendance, Morelli insisted upon taking his own pulse, and he would report upon it calmly and without emotion. One evening he held it longer than usual, and then: "We are almost there now," he said.

He received Holy Communion every day during his illness through the kindness of a neighboring priest, and when the latter proposed to administer Extreme Unction, the doctor cheerfully acquiesced: "I was just going to ask you," he added. After receiving Holy Viaticum, he exclaimed: "How happy I am! Sweet Jesus! I can not express how happy I am." We did not expect to see him, but when he heard that we were inquiring after him he sent for us to come up. We found him propped with pillows, his little cap on his white head, his hands extended on the coverlet. "It must be pretty nice up there," he said, somewhat faintly. The allusion seemed to be to the little house on the hill; but we asked nevertheless: "Where, Doctor?"—"Up there—in Heaven." One hour before he died he blessed his family, as the patriarchs of old used to do, and he used the hieratic formula: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Just previous to this, he had raised his eyes and opened his arms: "I think I have done everything. Nothing remains now but to bless my family."

They laid him out in a modest, decent suit of black with a small crucifix upon his breast. The priest who had attended him on his deathbed, for love and reverence, would let nobody touch him; but closed the door upon the family, and washed and clothed the dead with his own anointed hands. Then the two doors were opened wide, the door of the chamber and the house door, and all day long, and all night long, people streamed in to see the old doctor once more and to pray beside him. Some who worked late came in between elev-

en and twelve o'clock, others who must go to work very early stole in before the daylight. "And what touched me most," his son declared afterwards, "was that they almost all kissed him. Some kissed his hands, but the majority kissed him in the face, as if to say good-bye to him." And as these lowly friends came and went, they spoke together in praise of the old doctor. "Nobody knows what he did for me. If my boy is alive and thriving to-day I owe it to him."—"He pulled my wife through the pneumonia when two other doctors had given her up. And he never charged us one cent for all his visits."—"Neither did he to us; but then he knew we are poor folks on the hill. He always understood."—"And clever! Ah, well, this is a sad day for us all."—"Ay, and it wasn't only our nasty bodies he cared about; he was forever speaking of God. 'Twas only the other day he stopped to greet me, neighborly as it were: 'Well, there you are, Nena, always up betimes, always busy with your garden and your chickens. Why don't you go and hear Mass sometimes on week-days and be doing something for your own soul?'"

Perhaps in their rude way they realized that this man had been not only a physician to minister and heal, but an apostle.

Fine white head, glowing dark eyes, and mouth ever ready with speech and smile; and in his heart a fire that burned steadily and incessantly upward, flame and incense ascending silently together, toward the holiness of another Heart.

"We Have a Law."

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

SO truth must yield to falsehood as of old,
 Though justice stand in awe;
 And poverty must bend the neck to gold—
 For lo! we have a law.

The Stony Pringles.

BY MARY ADELAIDE BLANCHET.

"**H**OW much more, do you suppose, are we going to be able to stand from the old—?" Harden, laughing, held up a warning finger.

"Look out! You've said it twice, Dick."

Taking pity on me after a glance at the work piled up on my desk, David went to answer the telephone himself, though the boy had said it was I whom the old man was demanding.

We were indebted to the old contractor as I should not have needed to be reminded. It was he who had given David Harden and myself our first case, and there was no doubt about its being due to his generous, wholesale advertising that we were becoming so well established in the town; but of late Dan had been pushing us rather too far.

"No use, old man, you're elected," he said. "It's you or nobody."

But it was without sensible appreciation of the honor that I took up my hat and the papers, and only the discipline of necessity enabled me to greet old Dan with even external courtesy as I found him waiting for me on his front porch. The business was dispatched very quickly. In these transactions the old contractor always went straight to the gist of the matter.

Gathering up the papers in a more cheerful frame of mind, I noticed that Dan had put down his pipe and was gazing intently on a passing object that I soon recognized as the familiar green limousine, with the Misses Pringle sitting upright on its back cushions and old Hodges at the wheel. At the same time he seemed to be murmuring—that is, if I could believe my ears—"Good women, good women!" But when I turned to look at him he was solemnly puffing away at his pipe without a twinkle in his keen eyes.

"Good women?" The—the Stony

Pringles? Why—why it was Dan himself who had given them the name that had stuck through all these years. How could it be possible that he was seriously approving them now instead of laughing with the rest of the town at his old enemies' expense? Such a good chance for a laugh it was too!—the Pringles suddenly becoming aware of their sister-in-law and her boy—suddenly taking them to their hearts and home as the Countess de Berri appeared upon the scene to claim her “so dear niece, Antoinette,” the daughter of her long-lost sister. It was enough to say “the Countess” now to start a flood of Woodymere humor.

“Meet the Countess de Berri,” I could hear Joan Sayre mimicking Miss Abby's throaty contralto. “She is dear Antoinette's aunt, you know.”

Not wishing to start Dan on one of his reminiscences, I picked up my hat quickly and was rising to leave when Dan halted me with one of those lion roars that he is famous for in the town.

“‘Good women,’ I said, young man!” he thundered in a way that might have made Woodymere wonder whose character I had villainously come to blacken.

“Oh, yes,—yes, indeed! Fine—splendid!” I assented, still foolishly hoping to head off the inevitable. “And good-bye, Mr. Martin!” There was the sprightliness and vim of determination in my voice. “And remember that if there is anything else that—”

“Sit down, young man,” he ordered with another roar. “When Harden and Gray are through with my business they can throw their papers at me and run.”

I admit, however, that it was not entirely due to the roar that I resumed the hastily vacated chair. Now that there was no doubt about Dan's having gone over to the Pringles I was tingling with impatient curiosity to hear how the strange thing had come to pass.

“Go ahead and tell it,” I felt like

saying to him with the almost boyish chagrin of one still young enough to be a stickler for consistency, “but it will take some tall explaining to make such a flop as that go down with me.”

“Young man,”—Dan had settled into his reminiscent stride—“you may not know it, but at the time Robert Pringle married Miss Netty—Yes, I called her that, because there was no sense at all in that ‘Aunty-Nett,’ and her just a slip of a girl at the time. Well, as I was sayin’, I was down on my luck then. I'm afraid you'll have to be hearin' about my own self once in a while, but there's many other things you'll be takin' up to the judge's bench that won't do you as much good there as a bit of patience. Plenty of ups and downs then we had, Mike and me, in the contractin' business, but here I was nearer fifty than forty, and, like a fool that I was, gettin' out of the business on account of a quarrel with my brother, and takin' any old job with the days in between for loafin' and—and—yes, for dr-rinkin' too, if ye have to know it.

“Well, Miss Abby and Miss Lucy were nice, prim young ladies in them days, drivin' down to the town hall and makin' bandages for the soldiers, only with faces on them that you'd be takin' them for nearer fifty than thirty-one. Did you know they were twins? And Miss Netty too makin' bandages like the rest, and her only a slip of a thing, when she had a minute from the milliner store. The women were sayin' she could twist up a bit of ribbon into a hat that you couldn't tell that it didn't come from Paris itself. But Miss Johnson was that fond of her she wouldn't have her in the shop at all did she think of the Miss Pringles not wantin' a milliner in the family. Only Mr. Robert bein' in Europe and nobody knowin' he'd be takin' a fancy to her, you couldn't be puttin' it down against the poor woman and her meanin' only to be kind.

"Anyway it wasn't Netty's bein' a milliner only they had against her. Didn't they have an ancestor that was wise enough to come crowdin' into the 'Mayflower' so they could be a hundred-per-cent American; and how could they help bein' suspicious of foreigners that was only interlopers, you might say?

"There were some that'd be sayin', though, that what they were holdin' against her the most, was her goin' to Father Whalen's church down in the valley. I'm not sayin' myself it was so, but then again it might be; you can't tell, what with all the things they didn't know about the Catholic Church made up into stories against it, and if they didn't believe that one itself about the priest havin' a cloven foot, they might be thinkin' 'twas a church that the laborin' man and his wife and his child had to put up with on account they wouldn't be let in with the fine people on the hill. And it no place at all then for one with the name of Pringle.

"That was in the days—and even you might be rememberin' 'em yourself—before we turned our young men into soldiers, and sent them over to see what the other countries was like, and before the steerage was made into fine tourist ships, takin' people over in their vacation to see with their own eyes the dukes and queens and the wise men out of the big colleges troopin' into the churches that was made before ever Henry the Eighth met the woman he wanted to marry bad enough to start the Protestant religion that'd give him a divorce.

"But when you look into it the way Miss Abby and Miss Lucy was seein' it all, 'twas a big lot little Netty had against her. Anyway they were feelin' so bad about their brother marryin' her they had to go tellin' it to the old general, the grandfather, and him in his dotage, and didn't he die right after, cuttin' Robert off in his will? But Robert, the fine boy, would be marryin'

Miss Netty, whether or no; and he got a job with the father of a friend of his in college that was some kind of a judge. And you wouldn't think he was doin' so bad at it either if you see the home they had at Little Briary—when it was finished, I mean.

"Never will I forget the day when they asked me to go with 'em to the place they'd been buyin', and see could we fix it up a bit. Like two young colts they was, frolicking before me all the way and that full of joy I was thinkin' maybe there's something after all to them women on the hill, to be givin' them a good home. So when they stopped at the old briar patch Bassett bought when they auctioned off the old Ramson place, I would be goin' on, only Miss Netty had me gapin' when she catches hold of Robert's arm then, and says she: 'O Bob, isn't it wonderful?' And her eyes like it was havin' a peep into Heaven they were. But when they showed me the shanty that you could see through the briars was maybe a tool house or a place to keep the guns or something in John Ramson's day, and said: 'Here's the place, Dan, that we're goin' to make our home,' why, I thought it time some one would be takin' pity on the poor young lunatics.

"But you'd never believe it now and her so little, she could be puttin' two men like Mr. Robert and myself to work like ten overseers was after us, and all for what she was seein' in her own mind that we had to believe in not seein'—Mr. Robert anyway. You go up there some day and see the place it is now with the roses on the fence and the shrubs all around.

"Only you wouldn't guess the way it was, when we come lookin' at it first. Outside and in now, you'd think the fairies would be havin' a hand in it some way. She had me wonderin' when I looked in the livin' room was it the colors she put into the curtains and the walls and things—I seen her dyein' the

curtains herself,—but it wasn't the colors at all I found out. No; you couldn't tell what it was about the place. Hardly a stick of furniture in the livin' room itself, but 'twould put you in mind of a bit of woods with the new leaves comin' out in the Spring.

"And there was queer things she done in the garden, not lettin' us cut down all the wild things you'd see; and would you believe it but a red hollyhock came up between the stones at the back of the house and not one would she let put a hand to it, but you'd have to be goin' round it to get in the kitchen door. We had a time though gettin' the grass to grow right in the front.

"But after a while even the ladies on the hill was sayin' what a nice place it was, and wasn't Miss Netty an artist and drivin' over and havin' tea with her. And maybe you'd think Miss Abby and Miss Lucy'd be comin' too to have a look in at them, but not a step did they take to their brother's door. Not even—and would you believe it now?—when little Bobsy was born and the town talkin' of him bein' a Pringle and lookin' like the old general himself. For all he's fair, though, like the Pringles, and tall, and has the blue color in his eyes, any one at all can see his mother's eyes in him with the smile that would make a man that's down on his luck itself hold his head up, seein' some one that glad to be greetin' him.

"Well, one day I was sprayin' the roses, and there was Bobsy in his white suit and them funny short pants like the children's all wearin' now, but them new to the town then, and Miss Netty in white and the two of them playin' out on the lawn. I had to look up the road to see would Miss Abby and Miss Lucy be goin' by maybe, for fear they'd be sayin' the French was light-headed and why wouldn't she be sittin' on the porch with her sewin' or her knittin'?

"Well, I'm standin' there lookin' up

when I hear Bobsy say: 'Listen, Mums; there he is!'

"And you'd think it a signal the bird would be givin' 'em, the way they're runnin' to the house, and right up the porch steps and through the French window, standin' open like it does be in the Summertime. It was curious I must be in them days, for I bethink me then of the bit of honeysuckle trailing down by the porch that would need to be put up, only they are gone when I get there and talkin' in the room above; but in a minute or two they're comin' down again, and I think maybe I could make the vine stay better did I go up and get hold of it from the porch itself, and there I am when they come back, puttin' it through.

"Sure and I wouldn't be scarin' Miss Netty at all, but she jumps when she sees me and she comes out laughin' then and sayin' it's sorry she is for mistakin' me. And her lookin' at the honeysuckle, too. 'You'll have to admit, Dan,' she says, 'they're pretty good after all, with a little kind treatment.' 'Tis the way she's always talkin' of the plants like they're people almost. 'You can say good-night to Dan,' she says to Bobsy, just as well where you are and not be comin' out here in the breeze in your nighties.' And she says good-night to me herself, but Bobsy calls out when I'm goin' down the steps: 'Do you ever say your prayers with the birds, Dan?'

"So I'm stoppin' on the other side of the vine down below and I see them get down on their knees by the window, the two of them, and it's the Our Father and the Hail Mary that's comin' out to me there, his voice high up like the birds in the trees and her own like the brook ye'd hear down below runnin' under."

"And glory be," he went on, "if I wasn't sayin' my prayers with 'em myself, and it the first time in many a

long day, the more shame to me! Yes, it was the first time since my quarrel with Mike 'brought Father Whalen down on me for quittin', but after that night not a bird would be lettin' me by till I'd give him a prayer to be takin' up with his song. Sure the angels, I was thinkin', couldn't be stoppin' their ears on it then, anyhow."

Dan paused with a sigh, but straightened up after a quick glance at me.

"And what harm is it, Son, for you to be hearin' it all? Didn't I make up my mind last Sunday when I see you at eight o'clock Mass, that it's yourself I must be tellin' it to?

"And maybe 'twas all them prayers I did be sayin' made me go see Father Whalen. Anyway, I must go to him straight, for all I knew he wouldn't be talkin' to me like the birds. And neither he did, Son,—neither he did, but 'twas the sting of the lash he put in his tongue made me go then to Mike, knowin' well when I left him which one of us two was in the wrong. And see what come of it now? Brothers and friends since we were born were Mike and myself, and partners and friends now again! And it's queer how the business that got low with Mike havin' no heart in it at all, come up like a shot with the two of us at it together. And that's why I'm sittin' here on my own front porch this day and a fine and risin' young lawyer listenin' to my talk and my signature on a big document under his hat.

"Did you think, Son, I'm gettin' away from the Miss Pringles, that maybe you're waitin' this while to be hearin' about?" He put his hand to his mouth and gave me a sidelong look. "But it's the truth I have to go around by Little Briary to get to them, and that I have to give you a look in too—more's the pity—at my own self. Was I tellin' ye before that the Miss Pringles wouldn't walk on the side of the street with Miss

Netty until the day when their brother was killed? And if I didn't tell it itself ye know all about him gettin' killed—the fine young man—on the train when the express run into it—himself and Jake Dunell from here and all the town grievin' for them. 'Twas a sad day for Little Briary and for them at the big house too, I'm thinkin', and some was sayin', his sisters would die for shame and sorrow themselves; but we'd better not be talkin' of that.

"Anyway after the funeral, the Miss Pringles told Miss Netty they were willin' that bygones be bygones, and she should be willin' too, and no bad feelin's between them. So Miss Netty and Bobsy, they drove up with them to the house on the hill.

"Miss Netty, she isn't one to be bringin' things up to them, and she stayed with them there, her and Bobsy, for a year and five months, no less! Maybe she had to do it on account of havin' little money in the bank—Robert puttin' it all into Bassett's briar patch, and a bit more, I shouldn't wonder, makin' that into Little Briary. And maybe she'd be sorry for them, too, and thinkin' 'twould ease their hearts to be doin' for her and Bobsy what they couldn't have Robert back to be doin' for himself.

"Well, Grace says—I don't mind tellin' you now that my wife was workin' for the Miss Pringles before we were married—she says Miss Auntie Nett—that's what she called her—would be the joy of the house only Miss Abby and Miss Lucy wouldn't have it so; and many's the time she see her in the mornin' with red eyes, for all the bright face she tried to put on her. 'Twas enough to make a body cry with them two frownin' at her for every gay word she would say. It's true she'd be teasin' them sometimes—she couldn't help it with them so solemn you'd be thinkin' God never made a flower or a bird or a

thing in the world to make one glad.

"But Bobsy wasn't so strong at all then, and growin' like a weed, and that's where they had the hold on her; they, havin' the money that gets what a growin' boy needs and her with nothin' but the little house. Not that there wasn't plenty wantin' to buy the house then, only she was holdin' off from sellin' because where would she be takin' Bobsy when they couldn't stand to see her around any more or she them? Grace heard her sayin' it, only not in them words, when she was tellin' the agent to hurry up and get a good tenant for the place.

"But in the end she come down to Little Briary by herself, takin' the couple to board with her that was goin' to rent it, and another one, too. You'd be sorry for her, leavin' Bobsy up there with his aunts all the week until Saturday and sendin' him back on Monday again. Only you can't keep a child from what's comin' to him from his father's people and you with none of your own to help him, and maybe he'd be needin' it bad some day. The Miss Pringles were crazy about him now.

"But those poor ladies had trouble enough when you come to look at it. 'Twas enough to turn their hair white that was only gray and them thinkin' of the boy walkin' into St. James' with the common people, and some of them only just barely born here themselves maybe and him with the Pringle name that come in the 'Mayflower.' And what wouldn't they give and him sittin' beside them there in the old pew and listenin' to Mr. Symes? Throw that old cigarette away now, and smoke a good cigar when it's given to you."

Since there was nothing else to do, I accepted with a grin. The old man had me hypnotized by now, though so far he had given no clue leading to the Misses Pringle's redemption in his eyes.

"Well, one day," he started off again, "maybe it was a Monday, and then again

it might be a Tuesday or a Wednesday, but anyway it was one of them days when Bobsy was up with them on the hill. And the boy never sayin' a word to them about the sore throat he's been havin' for a couple of days. You know yourself how it'd be with a boy, and him maybe not likin' castor oil, or maybe goin' out for pitcher on the school team. But when Miss Lucy went callin' him in the mornin' his face was that red she had to put her hand on his head, and it would burn you, so she had to go callin' Miss Abby. And never a thing not even water could he swallow, and the thermometer goin' up—I forget how high Grace said it did be goin' in his mouth. So she had to send for the doctor quick. Dr. Taylor it was that come, and when he put the spoon on his tongue that Grace brung him, the poor child couldn't hardly say 'Ah!' like the doctor told him, and Grace herself seein' the big white spots on his throat.

"How long has this been goin' on?" says the doctor, like he's mad, but any one can see by him he's scared. And Grace is tellin' him about Bobsy not eatin' the cookies in the pantry for two days and drinkin' water every minute and just makin' believe to eat a bit of supper the night before.

"So he says to himself out loud: 'Two days then, or three, and I'm not goin' to be mincin' matters with you, Miss Pringle, seein' there's a lot of diphtheria in town, and Bobsy's throat not lookin' too good to me; and while it might be tonsillitis, we have to take the precautions in case it isn't. So you'll hang a sheet at the door after wettin' it with a solution I'll prescribe.'

"And maybe you don't know it, Boy, but when a doctor says the word diphtheria, it's enough to be takin' the heart out of any mother or aunt in the world. I'm readin' in the papers now that they're talkin' of inoculatin' for it—same as vaccinatin' for smallpox; and

that maybe is goin' to take the terror out of the name for the mothers; and God bless them if they do that. But anyway, afraid and all as Dr. Taylor is, there's no need for him to go pointin' his finger at Grace like he done, and go callin' out and makin' her jump.

"What's that girl doin' in here?" he says. 'There's nobody but one havin' business in here at all.'

"So my poor Grace goes out then in the hall, but she has to come back in a little to help with the sheet. And you wouldn't think now a body'd be pityin' Miss Abby, and her like the queen of England itself." Dan was givin' me the scene now as his Grace had given it to him at the time.

"So when Grace—she is peepin' in, do you see, with the bit of curtain in her hand?—when she sees Miss Abby standin' by the bed and the tears runnin' down her cheeks, she has to put her apron up to her own eyes—so sorry she is feelin' for her. But when she hears her sayin' somethin' about Bob-sy 'is dyin'' why she drops the curtain, and it's Miss Auntie Nett she's thinkin' of then, and her the boy's mother and not knowin' even is he sick. So she goes to the telephone in the hall and is gettin' the number when Miss Abby puts her head around a corner of the sheet and she says: 'Call Woodymere, 232, and get the Reverend Mr. Symes and ask him will he come, and call Dr. Taylor and tell him to come quick.'

"The poor lady's so excited then she's hardly knowin' what she ought to be thinkin' of, but Grace, sorry and all as she is for her, has to up and say it then to her face: 'If it's dyin' he is, Miss Pringle,' she says, 'I'll better call up his mother and the priest.'

"Why, of course," says Miss Abby, lookin' like she's sorry she forgot—"I meant to tell you to call up Mrs. Pringle. 'And—and—and—er—and,' she says, only the word 'priest' won't get by her at all—'and as for the rest,' she

says quick like, and her head up in the air, 'Bobsy's mother can do as she likes when she gets here.'

"The doctor is there first, though, before Miss Auntie Nett, and no credit to him with his car at the door. And it is a mercy anyway he come quick with the boy delirious by that time and screamin' out terrible words, says Grace, whenever Miss Abby would be comin' near him.

"That Dr. Taylor is a smart man, though. He takes a stick or somethin' and twists it round in the boy's throat and Miss Abby holdin' his head and the boy yellin' like he was gettin' killed. They're just gettin' through with that, and the doctor lookin' at whatever it is on the stick through some kind of a glass at the window when Miss Nettie come in.

"And the smell of Little Briary come in with her then and no wonder, says Grace, she havin' a bunch of sweetbriar roses in her hand like what grows by the fence over there. And lookin' like a rose she is herself, only her two eyes so big and never a dance in them at all." Dan's old sides were shaking now. "'But it mightn't be a bit of harm,' says Grace, 'did she have one inch more maybe to the hem of her skirt, and Miss Abby likin' 'em long.'

"Doctor Taylor looks up at her when she come in and bows. He couldn't be standin' up, though, havin' the glass in his hand and the stick he was starin' at on the table, and Miss Abby looks first at the rose in Miss Auntie Nett's hand and then at the hem of her skirt. Sure and Grace wouldn't be missin' that and holdin' the sheet out so she could see.

"But Miss Auntie Nett, she just give a nod to them and goes to her boy. 'Bobsy,' she says, low like and bendin' over with her hand on his head. And he give his arm a fling up then and don't the roses go scatterin' all over the pillow and some on his chin itself. But 'twould make you feel queer when he

opens his eyes, the way he'd be starin' up into her face and twistin' up his mouth, the poor lad, and it too cracked for a smile. And you'd be thinkin' it's asleep he is after, only for his lips movin'. 'Tis the Our Father he's sayin', God bless him! You'd know it by a word comin' out here and there and Miss Auntie Nett down on her knees and praying soft like. But you couldn't think what it is comes over Miss Abby when you see her standin' there and just starin' at Miss Auntie Nett.

"Then the real sleep do be comin' down on him, the way he turns over with a sigh. But Miss Abby is standin' there yet, and starin' at Miss Auntie Nett like she never laid eyes on her before. And Dr. Taylor looks at her, too, like he's wonderin' at her and then in a minute he's feelin' the boy's pulse and all that. And when he turns around he is whisperin' out loud to them: 'Sound asleep!' like maybe they wouldn't be seein' it for themselves. 'And breathin' like a sound puppy,' he says.

"'Just a minute, Mrs. Pringle,' he says then, 'just a minute. Put your hand on his head and see isn't it moist?' And anyone'd know by his eyes now, before ever he tells them, says Grace, that it isn't the diphtheria at all the boy has.

"But for all that he says it that quiet: 'A clear case of tonsillitis,'—you'd think it was cheerin' he is.

"And well he might be cheerin' then, or any doctor"—Dan added his own reflection—"when the beast that he don't know is it too fierce for the gun he has, turns out to be just a snarling pest of a dog that all it needs is a muzzle.

"Oh, and must you be goin' so soon now?" Dan looked up, after giving his pipe a shake with the teasing grin that I knew.

"Stop in, Son, when you're passin' some day and not in a hurry and we'll have a fine talk. But wait a minute till

I tell you what you're waitin' so patient to hear.

"You might be seein' it though for yourself what happened then. What thoughts would be comin' into your own head, I wonder, and you in Miss Abby's place and standin' there by the boy's bed when his mother come in. Swearin' he was, like Grace told us, a minute before. But what come to him then with a look at his mother's face? And would you be takin' Miss Abby for a fool altogether? Is it her you'd think would be lookin' at a rose and askin' did it come from the seed of a squash?

"But all the same it's not easy, Son, and don't you forget it, for people brought up like Miss Abby and Miss Lucy and set in their ways, to be seein' what they wouldn't want to be seein' maybe, and not turnin' away but lookin' it straight in the face. And when women like them say they're wrong and them so sure all their lives they are right—say it by the way they're actin' ever since, I mean—why then—then what is it any one can be sayin' that's too good for such women?

"And listen a minute, and take this away with you, too. That'll be a year last April and the Countess never gettin' track of Miss Netty till six months after, let alone landin' in America and settin' Woodymere by its ears.

"But do you think they'll believe me in the town and me tellin' them 'twas a child's prayer made that change in the Pringles? Only you, bein' a smart lawyer can tell it in a way they'll see what makes women great, even if you don't tell of the prayer itself. That's why I'm givin' to you all—the whole of it, son, and leavin' nothin' out." The old man turned squarely around and looked at me.

"Me?" I gasped. "You're asking me to—?"

"Is it to anybody else I'm tellin' what

I tell you this day?" asked Dan solemnly. "It's you'll be takin' away the name I—"

Dan paused for a moment, his gray eyes troubled with a sudden painful doubt as they questioned mine.

"I'll do it, Dan; I'll do it," I said, grasping his hand with a new and genuine warmth, realizing now all the mission he was giving me meant to him.

And in the smile that spread over his face, reminding me of a sunset over the crinkled ridges of the Rockies, there was compensation enough for whatever trouble that same mission might bring me.

"Let there be no more Stony Pringles,"—his voice rang out.

"No more Stony Pringles, Dan," I said, shaking his hand again.

Harden's back was towards me as I entered the office. He glanced at the clock when I came in and turned towards me with a chuckle: "The poor old man's name now I suppose is—"

"Dan Martin—a great old man, and nobody in this office is going to forget it," I said savagely.

But in the spirit of fair play I had to add: "That goes for me, old man. You won't have to wiggle your finger at me again, where Dan is concerned."

Hospitality.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

I WONDER if He found in weariness,
In humble, homely things, something to bless?
The ordered ways of household such as mine,
A fragrant cup of tea, a sip of wine?
The patter of His mother's serving feet,
The daily stirring on the village street?
The swish of shavings falling to the floor,
The face benign of Joseph at the door?
I yearn to soothe Thee, Lord, but see—like
these,—
Naught have I but this household for Thy ease.

Our Lady of the Arts.

MANY years ago one of the most celebrated French artists saw, entering his school, a child whose curly head and timid manner seemed rather to indicate a shy girl than a fine young boy. This lad had heard the master spoken of as one of the best of men; and, without knowing him or having any letter of recommendation, had come to place his destiny in his hands.

When little Julien entered the school the master was absent, and his pupils were profiting by their freedom and unrestraint to give free vent to their frolicsome spirit. None so daring, venturesome, roguish or so fond of bantering as a *rapin*, or painter's pupil,—the name given to young fellows who are learning design and coloring in an artist's atelier. There is no harm in them, but they are greatly addicted to tricks and practical jokes. So when little Julien found his way among this clamorous crowd there was a lot of noise, joking, and game-making.

They gathered round Julien, jostled him, questioned him, turned him round and round, and shouted what they meant for pleasantries into his ears. One said: "*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous danser?*" Another put an improvised paper bonnet on him and daubed his fresh-colored face with vermilion, under which still appeared the beautiful bloom of youth. "What does monsieur wish?" "Has monsieur come to have his portrait painted?" "Does monsieur want to pose for Ajax and Agamemnon?" were among the questions they asked. It was monsieur here and monsieur there. They were a gay, careless lot,—shock-haired, uncombed, unwashed, and more or less ragged Bohemians of the genuine Parisian type.

They were still laughing, shouting, and jesting, when all at once a voice was heard: "To the water—to the tub

with the little countryman!" And they raised Julien on their shoulders and passed him from one to the other.

What would his good mother, who had so carefully washed and combed him and adjusted his little blouse, say if she saw her boy with his paper bonnet and face smeared with red paint and on the point of being plunged, dressed as he was, into an immense tub? He, however, let them do what they liked. He was quite cool, not in the least afraid. He gave himself up to the young scamps who were carrying him; he wanted to be a painter at any cost, and was quietly letting himself be thrown into the water, as it appeared to be necessary to begin in that way.

One can not say what might not have happened, to what point they would have pushed their pleasantry, if suddenly profound silence had not succeeded this general clamor. All at once voices were hushed, the noise ceased, and Julien remained suspended from the shoulders of the biggest of the band. It was the master, Vanloo, who had just come in!

He was a kind but severe master. He hardly liked his pupils' horseplay. He was disposed to be angry when he saw the grotesque figure of little Julien hanging from the shoulders of one of his companions. But at the sight of that pretty face daubed with red, those wild, wondering eyes, and his imperturbable coolness, the master burst out laughing, and, approaching the child, said in his gentlest voice:

"Where have you come from, my child? Poor lamb! don't you see that you have got in amongst a pack of wildest wolves?"

Simultaneously, Julien slid down, found his feet, and replied:

"Sir, I'm a poor boy; my mother has nothing, and I've no calling, and have come to ask you to receive me into your school."

"Welcome, my son!" the master an-

swered. Then, turning to his pupils: "To your places, young gentlemen!"

And everyone returned to his work.

From that day Julien was the most assiduous pupil in the school. He soon realized that his terrible companions were not so bad as they seemed; they vied with one another to make the way he had entered on easier for him.

To be intelligent, courageous, laborious, patient, to be full of heart and soul,—such are the first conditions, the first elements, for the formation of an artist. Julien had them all. He began slowly, studying nature little by little, bit by bit; first confining his attention to details, to be able shortly afterward to grasp the whole. Every day was marked by a new step in advance; every day nature appeared more beautiful to him. He was docile to the master's lessons; and still more so to the teaching of nature, which he studied in all its features, all its aspects.

He was soon able to draw, with a free and firm hand, men and animals, plants, running waters, solid earth, and blue or cloud-flecked skies. So much learned, he advanced more and more until he rose to the reproduction of human emotions,—from the objective to the subjective. He finally had recourse to the great masters to learn the science of color.

His leisure was spent in studying the masterpieces in the Louvre, at which he gazed with silent devotion, like one rapt in prayer before a shrine. Admiration prompted emulation; and from the union of both these sentiments was born the desire, the resolve to be a great artist.

Progress is rapid in the arts, once progress is made at all. The difficulty is to make a good beginning, to obey a well-defined vocation. Julien's vocation was revealed to him by his mother when he was still a child. Of her lost fortune she had reserved only a beautiful "Virgin" of the Italian school, before which every morning she taught her son to

pray to God and Our Lady. This Madonna, with its pure white hands joined and its sweet, downcast glance, was so lovely that the child, from the habit of contemplating it and saying his prayers before it, gradually grew to look up to Our Lady and love her as a 'second mother.

In this way Julien had early learned to feel the mysterious power of form and color over human souls. He loved, then, this beautiful "Virgin" with the love of a little child until he came to love it as an artist; and that was what urged him to go to the school of painting.

One Winter's day—one of those long, dark days, when mother and son were cold and hungry, without fuel or food,—an ill-favored man, shrewd and sharp-eyed, entered their lodgings. He went straight up to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, the only adornment of that mean dwelling, took it unceremoniously into his hands, and, drawing near the window, looked at it long and attentively. Then, turning toward Julien's mother, and in a voice which made the child tremble, he said:

"This picture is worth ten pounds. Will you have them?"

The mother hesitated. Her son was hungry, but the Virgin was so beautiful!

"O mother," said Julien, "don't sell it! It has blessed us so often,—please don't sell it!"

"Twenty pounds?" said the man.

But Julien continued to plead for the retention of the picture.

"Well, going for fifty?" queried the stranger.

And mother and son, in a unanimous transport, snatched the picture from the stranger's hands.

One would have said that the Blessed Virgin had become the protectress of such poverty. Smiling down on Julien, the picture had inspired him with a taste for poetry and the fine arts; by dint of contemplating it on awaking

in the morning and going to rest at night, he discovered the secret of that exquisite color and those divine forms.

"Where do you go to look for your models, my little Julien?" Monsieur Vanloo, the master, often said to his pupil. "Where did you get the blue of those charming eyes, the blonde of those sunny locks?"

Julien did not know what to say. He was forgetting the "Virgin," the revered guest of that humble home.

And when at last came the great day of the Exhibition, under the roof of the Louvre, in the very place where shine with an immortal splendor Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Carracci, and Murillo, Julien's "Virgin," calm and serene, one foot on the abyss and her gaze turned heavenward, drew all hearts and eyes toward her.

"Honor to Julien!" cried the whole school.

"Ah, my lad," exclaimed M. Vanloo, "bravo! You are a master!"

The greatest painters were astonished that a boy should have penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of their art. It was Julien's "Virgin," it was the unknown masterpiece, it was the blessing of Our Lady of the Arts, it was Raphael's picture, which they would not part with for gold even when in the lowest depths of their poverty, which had wrought these miracles, raised this great artist, and glorified that humble home.

How few are those whose passage upon this foolish planet has been marked by actions really good and useful! I bow myself to the earth before him of whom it can be said, "He goes about doing good"; who has succeeded in instructing, consoling, relieving his fellow-creatures; who has made real sacrifices for the sake of others,—those heroes of silent charity who hide themselves and ask nothing in this world.

—*De Maistre.*

Two Brothers.

BY M. R. HÖSTE.

JULIAN FUSELIER was in his garden, clearing the caterpillars from his roses. The garden was full of roses from one end of it to the other—white roses, red roses, tea roses, roses of all shapes and colors, modest roses, famous roses, pale roses, brilliant roses, and, in the centre of the rest, the pink rose veined with bronze, to which Monsieur Fuselier had given his own name.

The roses, and the little boy who was soberly pacing up and down the garden paths, with his hands behind his back—there you have Monsieur Fuselier's world. No, not quite all his world, for we must not forget his young wife, who at that special moment was working near the open window, and enjoying the whiffs of perfume which the breeze was wafting from the garden. A young wife, a little son, and roses, what more could a man require to fill his life? High walls separated the garden from the outside world; and, indeed, Monsieur Fuselier lived apart from the world, in the midst of his family and his flowers. Visitors came from time to time to see him and admire his flower beds and borders, and the greenhouses which sheltered the more delicate specimens from the cold, and they would now and again remark:

"You must be making a lot of money! How happy you must be!"

It was very evident that Monsieur Fuselier was making money. Not so much perhaps as certain envious persons imagined, but plenty for his needs. He was not one of those rapacious folk who are haunted by an insatiable longing for wealth. He loved neither money nor the joys it can buy. He was able to enjoy the delights of his lot in peace and quietness. Yes, he certainly had the

right to be called a happy man; and yet—sometimes—

Monsieur Fuselier carefully cut off with his *sécateur* the leaves which had been attacked, and wrathfully crushed the caterpillars with his heel. *Why* had God who made the roses made the caterpillars as well?

Suddenly the little boy lifted his head, listened, and then exclaimed:

"Daddy, an aeroplane!"

The child was right. The mighty whirl of an engine was heard from the sky, at first far off, then gradually working nearer. Monsieur Fuselier left his work. The aeroplane had already come into sight, a tiny, black speck below a white cloud. Then they could see it more clearly—yes—there were the two wings which seemed to rest, like great arms, upon the invisible air.

"Look, Daddy! It's coming down! Suppose it's Uncle Francis, Daddy!"

The same idea had occurred to Monsieur Fuselier. Perhaps it was Francis, his young brother, the aviator whose fame had spread beyond the limits of France, and even Europe, and now reached to the farthest limits of the civilized world; Francis, the hero of those marvellous flights from continent to continent, the man who found his vital element in the air, and was wont to pace gloomily up and down, like a bear in its cage, if obliged to spend twenty-four hours away from his machine.

It was indeed Francis. After a few evolutions, the aeroplane descended lower and lower, finally landing in the meadow which adjoined the garden. Every now and then the fancy would take the famous aviator to drop thus from the sky, and visit once again the house which contained all the souvenirs of his boyhood, and the cemetery where his parents were taking their last earthly rest—all too soon. He liked to greet his brother Julian also, and give a hug to the little fellow who would always cling to his knees, with the

* Translated from the French of René Duverne, in *La Croix*.

entreaty: "Take me away in your aeroplane, Uncle Francis, *do* take me away in your aeroplane."

Julian left the garden by the gate which opened directly into the meadow and hurried to meet his brother. But his little son was beforehand with him. He bounded forward and reached the great machine, whose copper and nickel fittings were sparkling in the sunshine.

"Uncle Francis, do put me in! *Please* do!"

"In with you, then; but whatever you do, don't *touch*."

The child dived into the cabin as if through a trap-door, and Francis advanced towards the house, leaving his little nephew to take care of the machine. Julian watched him in silence. He was indeed a fine-looking fellow, in his helmet and suit of leather. His short and glorious past seemed to encircle his person like a halo. Without any conscious vanity on his part, he could not help giving the impression of being a conquering hero. The little village boys ran up and cheered him, and he smiled at them in an absent-minded sort of way, as if his thoughts were far away.

"Well, old Julian, is that all you have to say to me?"

Julian was the elder, he was in his own home, yet he experienced a strange shyness in his brother's presence which he could not overcome. He felt himself so insignificant beside this celebrity whose portrait was in all the papers. There was a wide distance between him and his brother; Francis belonged to the nation, which discussed his actions, applauded his exploits, and put its own glory into his hands, that he might spread it to the ends of the earth; Julian was only a nursery-gardener, and his doings would never be talked of beyond his immediate neighborhood.

"Forgive me, Francis, for not talking to you. I am so *very* glad to see you. Stop to lunch with us, won't you?"

"I'd love to do so, but I can't. They're expecting me at Lyons. You were on my way, so I stopped as I passed."

They went into the house, and drank each other's health, and at the end of half an hour the screw once more began to turn, and the engine to hum. Julian stood in the meadow, holding his little son's hand tightly clasped in his own. They watched together as the aeroplane swiftly and gracefully rose into the sky, seeming by its marvellous flight to defy the laws of nature.

Julian Fuselier went back into his garden, and picked up his *sécateur* with the intention of continuing his morning's work. But when he had cut off one or two leaves, and crushed as many caterpillars, he stopped short, suddenly losing all heart in his toil. What was the good of it all, this rose cultivation? To spend his whole life in obscurity, tending roses all day long, shut in from the world by the walls of his garden, while a man on wings, or rather a creature, half-man, half-bird, was skimming through the universe.

"What are you thinking about, Daddy?" asked the boy, who could not understand why his father was standing motionless, buried in thought.

"You can't understand, little chap."

It was best that he could not understand. Such thoughts as his father's did not befit his age. He had not yet developed the mind of a man, with its insatiable desires and its complexity. Were Julian's thoughts reasonable? Was he clearly conscious himself of their trend? Deep in the depths of his soul he was reviewing his own life, and comparing it with his brother's. He saw and was crushed by the difference between the two destinies. Perhaps he had never thought of it before—certainly he had never felt this sort of depression, which seemed to settle down on him as he contemplated his brother's

lot and his own. He gazed into the future, and it seemed to him charged with gloom and monotony. Always the same daily repetition of the same actions, the same words, the same efforts, directed towards the same results. Twenty or thirty years would pass, and during all that time he would still be cultivating roses, and when he had passed away, another, no matter who, would cultivate them as he himself had done. Oh, he was not jealous, he cherished no base feelings of envy with regard to his brother; but his own toil, which hitherto had seemed to him an object of joy in itself, now appeared a vain and trifling occupation, destitute alike of utility and beauty.

He had not closed the garden gate, and Monsignor, who was passing at the moment, looked in and saw him.

"Well, Julian," he said, "has your brother been paying you a visit?"

"Yes," murmured Julian, still lost in reverie.

Monsignor had had a long experience of souls, and understood all their complications. He guessed at once why Julian was thus standing there motionless, and the cause of his evident melancholy.

"Come, come, Julian, pull yourself together. Are you wishing that you, too, were an aviator?"

"Oh, no, Monsignor! You know very well that I don't wish that. But you know too—" Julian left the sentence unfinished.

For a moment the priest abandoned him to his melancholy and reserve, or rather, he did not abandon him; but he waited in silence. Then he said:

"There are lowly tasks, Julian, and there are lofty ones. We ought not to compare them at all. We must not call them either lowly or lofty; we don't know which they are really. God will be our Judge, and He will measure their value by other tests than ours."

That was true. Julian had said it to

himself more than once, in his own heart. But it did him good and cheered him to hear Monsignor say it.

"What is a little earthly glory and worldly fame, my friend? Your garden is worth the world to you; and what you possess here is abundantly sufficient to fill your life, and render you truly happy."

Monsignor glanced round at the child, the roses, and the young wife, who was leaning out of the window, with a smile of respectful greeting.

"Certainly your life has nothing wonderful or remarkable about it. Others besides yourself have founded a family, and made roses bloom, and even called one of them by their own name. But surely the smile of a child and the perfume of a flower garden are a more wholesome, a purer, a sweeter reward than the intoxication of speed, or the pride of danger vanquished? We need the little birds which sing in our trees more than the eagles which circle round the heights, Julian. Don't complain because you are merely one of the former."

The black speck was lost in space, and it was already long since the whirling of the engine had been heard. Francis must have flown hundreds of kilometers. Presently, while Julian would be lunching quietly under the verandah, amid the scent of the roses, with his wife opposite to him and his child at his side, Francis would be presiding at a banquet, surrounded by a crowd of admirers. No glorious record had ever been beaten by Julian, nor ever would be, but he had created a little life and a little beauty around him. The cloud of depression vanished, and he was himself again.

"I ask your pardon, Monsignor," he said simply, "it is over now."

HERETICAL nations first send away the Blessed Virgin, then her Son follows her not wishing to be separated from her.

Religion and the Machine.

THE problems of religion, says John Herman Randall in "Religion and the Modern World," center more and more around industry, commerce and the machine. The science which just now counts for religion is science as applied to industrial processes, and not science as raising questions about the validity of the Scriptures.

Religion isn't merely "facing a machine age." It is knee-deep in it, if it is alive and healthy in the Western world. The machine has changed the tone and color of our life. It has built roads; it has fathered the apartment house, the unbroken strings of houses called "homes," owned by soulless corporations and occupied by people who often are transients and almost vagrants. It has killed the old Christian habit of neighboring. And, as is so well known, it has made a successful attack on the home; it has divided the members of the family in their work and their play.

We do not wish to recite either the crimes or the blessings of the machine. We merely note that in the Western world and in American life, the machine is the dominating fact for all normal people. Most of us have to work in the factories, and are glad to get work there; we have to work a night shift, if that pleases the corporation. We go, in a sense, into the machine and into the success of the corporation. And we would be inhuman if we loved this work, or if we gave it thought beyond that required for holding our jobs.

Evidently, a large part of the work of religion has become the effort to protect the home from complete devastation by the machine, and keep some shred of joy in, and love for, work. The observation made by Mr. Randall seems a good one: that Catholicism, because of its continuity, its ideals and solidarity, can best civilize and Christianize Protestant big business and respectability.

Notes and Remarks.

There are some Americans who have been fearful of Catholics because the spiritual head of their Church resides in another country. Their fear is now mingled with a certain sympathy for the quandary in which they are placed by the independent status of the Vatican. Catholics must be disturbed greatly to know "whether their conflicting allegiances can be harmonized," whether they can be loyal American citizens, and at the same time preserve their loyalty to the Head of the Church. Mr. David Orebaugh is concerned about the question to the extent of some 3000 words in the July number of the *Forum*. Of course, there is no difficulty in the minds of Catholics in maintaining a spirit of obedience to the Government of the United States in civil affairs and obeying the Head of the Church in spiritual things. Nor does the independence of the Vatican create any essentially new situation for American Catholics. "Long before Mr. Orebaugh was born," points out the *Catholic News* of New York, "this relation of American Catholics to the supreme head of their Church was defined and defended by two very able, very patriotic, and very important Americans—President Lincoln and Secretary Seward." Secretary Seward, writing in 1862 to our minister at the Vatican, and expressing, as he said, the views of the President, declared:

The opening of our country as an asylum to men of all religions as well as of all races, and an extension of the trade of the Union, in a short time brought with them large masses of the faithful members of that Church of various birth and derivation, and these masses are continually augmenting. Our country has not been slow to learn that while religion is with these masses, as it is with others, a matter of conscience, and while the spiritual authority of the Head of the Church is a cardinal article of their faith which must

be tolerated on the soundest principles of civil liberty, yet that this faith in no way necessarily interferes with the equal rights of the citizen, or affects unfavorably his loyalty to the Republic. It is believed that ever since the tide of emigration set in upon this continent, the Head of the Roman Church and States has freely recognized and favored the development of political freedom on the part of Catholics in this country, while he has never lost an opportunity to express his satisfaction with the growth, prosperity and progress of the American people. . . .

It is said that when a modern girl buys a spool of thread she may not intend to mend anything—she may merely need a new clothesline. It is true that women, even good Christian women, dress in scanty and flimsy things; but we believe that most Americans have now become so used to this way of attire that a woman has to be an extremist indeed before she does any great wrong to herself and the neighbors. Boys and young men pay little attention to the abbreviated styles, for they grow up in the family where their mothers and sisters dress much as other women.

It is likely to be, in the normal instance, only the old and inexperienced person who is aghast and scandalized at the sight of good women dressed in fashions of the times. And if hands and face may be left bare, nudity perhaps becomes somewhat a relative matter. We are accordingly surprised to hear of an American prelate declaring that the costumes of our day are "scandalous, nasty, gruesome and revolting," that "miserable and gaudy butterflies" set the standards, and that at this rate "the world is lost."

This man (we think) loses power by becoming violent. The Chicago Catholic Students' Conference has done remarkably better. It conducted a contest among the forty colleges and high

schools for girls in that city for an effective statement on "Modesty in Dress." The prize resolution contained these excellent thoughts:

God intended woman to be an ennobling and spiritualizing influence in the lives of men.

The realization of woman's spiritualizing supremacy makes chivalrous men face the worst dangers, death itself, to protect woman.

The indispensable condition for woman to exercise her God-given mission is to conduct herself so that men will elevate their thoughts to the contemplation of those qualities in woman which make her akin to the angels.

We keep for our model Mary, the Virgin Mother. We place ourselves on record as advocates of a nation-wide campaign for self-respecting women and girls to keep themselves so modestly—and yet so stylishly—attired that they will inspire the reverence and the respect of all mankind.

We accept the practical suggestion of the Sodality Convention "that skirts be worn of such length as to cover the knees when standing and sitting."

"The game's" the thing, at least nowadays, and in this country. Whether it be the White Sox in a Chicago park, or "Lindy" going over the ocean, or a national election, or a dry raid, or a fashionable dog race, or a Derby in Kentucky or at Arlington, we want it, and will not be without it. Nothing catches our interest more readily than the element of contest. Excellence in anything or accomplishment, is uninteresting, if sought for its own sake. But offer a prize for any sort of excellence, and the winner becomes a national figure overnight. Indeed, the game's the thing. And if we can not play, at least we are sure to be found on the side lines.

It might be explained in several ways. One explanation is the War, and perhaps the War has had something to do with it; for although there were Der-

bies and dog fights before the War, there were no fashionable dog races, and the Derbies were neither so popular nor so fashionable. Another explanation is Prosperity; but Prosperity alone can hardly explain it all—we can hardly accept Mr. Coolidge as the patron of flying devils, however apt he might seem as a patron for the safe and honorable game of fishing. And there is the third and last great root of evils and blessings. Surely Prohibition has done its best to foster our distinctly national love of sport. For several reasons, there is now no other game more fascinating than that of breaking "the fundamental law of the land." Anybody can have some genteel adventure, simply by setting up a tiny brewery in his basement; and all but the very blood of Drake and Hawkins flows again above the deck of every rum-runner. Moreover, Prohibition, in educating the citizenry to pay handsomely for what is almost always virulent, and sometimes even poisonously strong, but seldom excellent, has helped to develop a craving for strong substitutes, such as this spirit of contest, which makes excellence or achievement in itself quite unimportant and incidental.

The phenomenal growth of the radio industry in America surpasses even the surprising development of the moving picture. According to Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, writing in *The Century Magazine*, this country had but one broadcasting station in 1921; to-day there are 630. Eight years ago there were virtually no receiving sets; to-day there are 12,000,000, and the volume of business of the radio manufacturers in 1928 was nearly \$700,000,000. The country is blanketed to-day by over one hundred thousand miles of leased wires, and every week forty or fifty million people listen in simultaneously to special programs or special events. There is no

doubt that many of the programs are cultural, that they tend to develop an appreciation of good music; but many of them, too, are a sheer loss of time. It would be interesting, if it could be computed, to know the thousands of hours that are idly spent in listening to useless, if not harmful, programs,—hours that formerly would have been spent in serious reading that would be far more beneficial in training the mind and developing cultured men and women. It is a general complaint of teachers that the modern pupils do not read; that they are unacquainted with the great classic literature in English that has been the delight of even the last generation; and in giving reasons for this lack of interest or cold indifference, the radio and the moving picture are put in the first place.

Any one who has scanned the pages of the London *Punch* of seventy years ago will recall the bitter anti-Catholic spirit that ran through its pages. In a letter to the London *Universe*, quoted by the *Bombay Examiner*, Lt.-Col. Walter à Beckett, the son of a noted *Punch* contributor, tells how the brave stand of several Catholic members of the staff broke down that spirit, and brought about a policy of fairness toward the Church. He writes:

The facts are these: in those early days, as a result of persistent pictorial attacks made against Catholicism, Dickie Doyle, the famous *Punch* artist, whose cover still adorns the pages of *Punch*, resigned his position on the staff, giving as a reason that, as a Catholic, he could not be any longer associated with a paper which had persistently attacked his religion, even though it might mean the end of his career. Despite every effort made, he severed his connection, and never again drew for *Punch*. What that sacrifice meant to the great artist can be easily imagined.

Apart from this, Sir Francis Burnand, then a young member of the staff—he was after-

wards the famous Editor of *Punch*—also a Catholic, made the strongest possible protest, supported by my uncle, Gilbert à Beckett, and my father, the late Arthur à Beckett, who was afterwards for a quarter of a century assistant editor. In each case resignations were handed in. As a direct result the resolution referred to above was agreed to. On that condition alone they consented to remain on the staff.

The resolution referred to was that religion should never again be the subject of criticism by the famous English paper. It is an example of Catholic loyalty well worthy of emulation in these days of blatant bigotry.

In presenting his credentials to the Holy See, Mr. Charles Bewley, the first Irish Free State Minister, made an address to his Holiness that was full of the Catholic faith and loyalty that have ever been the characteristic mark of the Irish people. He said in part:

My Government have entrusted to me the very agreeable task of expressing to your Holiness their sincere congratulations on the establishment of the Vatican State, and their most earnest prayer that this great act of reconciliation may prove to be the beginning of a new era of lasting peace amongst all the subjects of the immense Kingdom of the Faithful whose destinies God has committed to your august hands.

My Government are especially gratified that the reopening of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Ireland should coincide with the celebrations in Ireland of the centenary of Catholic Emancipation, and realize that the deep significance of this happy coincidence is fully present in the mind of your Holiness, for is there any nation in the world whose history can show greater devotion to the cause of Christianity than ours, or is there any nation whose whole history has been so determined in all its phases by its attachment to the Catholic faith and to the Holy See?

It is a far cry from those early days in Kokomo, Indiana, where Apperson

or Haynes—which, only the devil knoweth—first went out on the quiet Hoosier roads with a horseless carriage, to the recent Indiana law requiring a minimum speed of twenty miles an hour. The rest of the land will say that even the Hoosiers are waking up at last, and that we can all begin to hope that the time is not so far distant when we shall begin to get somewhere. And we undoubtedly shall. We shall at least get into the ditch, as very many are already doing every Sunday afternoon. But it would not be so sorry a spectacle, if it were only a few speed cars and a few broken bones that had to be picked up every Monday morning. If we could only stop at running a few automobiles into the ditch—if we were not losing, along with broken wheels and broken arms, and even a few broken necks, many of the most delightful graces of human life—simplicity, and contentment, and courtesy, and neighborliness, and just a little leisure. It is much harder to restore these things, once they are lost or broken, than to pull automobiles out of the ditch.

Bishop James Cannon's friend, Mr. Harry L. Goldhurst, the young bucket-shopman, has been in court answering questions on the interesting topic of how he and the bishop first got into the bucket business which eventually sold half a million dollars' worth of imaginary stock for the bishop.

Education, said Mr. Goldhurst, was their early common interest. "Education?" asked a lawyer. "Yes," said the other, "educational matters." "What kind?" he was asked. "Well," said he, "we were both interested in educational matters, and that's how we came to get acquainted."

This is an ugly affair for any Christian bishop to get tangled up in, and we are glad to notice that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, does not highly approve of it.



The Little Top Explains.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

"G'D think that you'd be dizzy,
Spinning round and round,
So fast you seem all streaked,
Upon the playing ground?"

I asked the top the question,
And laughing, he replied:
"Perhaps I do look dizzy,
But I am not inside!

"You see, I simply fancy
My spinning is a sham;
I shut my eyes until I stop—
Look up—and there I am!"

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—A BATTLE.

THE tender spell of the dream angel was still upon our Lady Bird as she sat by the big window of her room looking at the beautiful scene without, from which the sunset had swept away all the shadows. And here in front of the great columned porch, that formed the high, stately entrance to Stony Crest, the trees had been cut down, and a terraced vista opened to the sea.

"Oh, surely, none of the girls in Sainte Cecile's had a grander home than this!" thought Lady Bird as she drew back the sheer curtains, and, allured by the glory without, opened the French windows and stepped out into the sunshine where the roof of the great entrance below formed a wide, open porch half the length of the house, a charming play place that just now seemed all her own. Leaning upon the protecting cornice, Lady Bird was turning, after her

usual happy fashion, to the sun, and feeling the lesson in this new book she had opened might not be so very hard after all. She would not be sad and sorrowful any more; she would try to be glad and happy, and make her "light shine" as dear Mother Madelon had said. She would be good and kind and nice to everybody, and not cry and fuss about going back to Sainte Cecile's. And Grandmamma was old and sick, and maybe grieving about losing her dear Daddy,—how long and bitter that loss had been, Lady Bird did not know.

Daddy would want his little girl to love her and cheer her for his sake. Oh, the dream angel had done good work when he had led Lady Bird back into the sweet stillness of Sainte Cecile's to spend ten minutes, according to Sister Marie Thérèse's penance, under the Sanctuary lamp. Its light was shining through the sunset glow undimmed, when the sound of fierce battle broke upon the peace—barking, snapping, yelping—a big grey cat and fluffy, white dog tumbled and rolled, spitting and snarling in a desperate fight to Lady Bird's feet. She started back in dismay to her open window when a piercing howl from the little dog held her breathless. The big cat was getting the best of it, her tigerish claws tearing at the luckless, little poodle until his white fluff was stained with blood.

"Oh, she will kill him, kill him!" thought Lady Bird. She must spring to the rescue, cost what it might.

Miss Wilson had wheeled the old Madam's cushioned chair into the wide western window and gone to her supper. The silken curtains had been pushed back that the mistress of Stony Crest might have her favorite view—

carefully preserved through more than forty years—of the sunset scene, the white foam of the waves on the beach, the blue stretch of deeper water beyond, the light on the terraced cliff. From early youth Rachel Wharton had been a lover of beauty, but in some strange way it had always eluded her, and grown hard, cold, unlovely at her touch.

Even this child recoiled from her, wished to fly from her care and her home. "Bah!" thought the old Madam bitterly, "she is but a silly baby, worse than the puling boy I have on my hands now; the old Wharton spirit is dead in them both. The nuns have made my grandchild a spineless little fool, without sense or strength." And then these reveries were broken by the battle cries on the porch without, and Miss Wilson rushed back to her post in alarm as Lady Bird dashed into view. Teddy's Fido, yapping wildly in her protecting arms, while her bleeding hands told of the fight she had made for its rescue from Tabby, who was still leaping and scratching fiercely at her escaped victim.

"Oh, catch her, hold her, somebody, please!" cried Lady Bird, as the open window revealed there was "somebody" within reach. "Oh, somebody catch her before she kills the poor little dog—"

Yap, yap, yap, came Fido's cry as, mistaking the situation, he snapped at the arm of his protectress.

"Down, Tabby, down—*down!*" At the stern command of her mistress, the clawing and spitting Tabby lapsed into submissive quiet. "Great Heavens!" continued the old Madam in dismay, as Miss Wilson drew the battle-scarred Lady Bird into the room, "she has torn the child to pieces. Let the dog go, you little fool, he is trying to bite you! Let him go!"

"Oh, I can't,—I can't!" cried Lady Bird, still holding to the snapping Fido. "The big cat will get him again. She was killing him when I pulled her away and picked him up."

"Pulled her away—picked him up—you little—idiot!" gasped Lady Bird's grandmother—now a grandmother indeed in her fierce alarm, for even Lady Bird's pretty face bore the mark of Tabby's claw.

"Miss Wilson, get salve—lotion—for this child's hurt; or perhaps we had better call up Doctor Vance."

"There is no need, Madam. I can attend to her," soothed Miss Wilson, as she removed the snapping Fido from Lady Bird's hold, and proceeded to bathe and salve the child's bleeding hands.

"You little fool!" cried the old Madam sharply. "Don't you know better than to try and part a fighting cat and dog?"

"Oh, they were killing each other!" murmured Lady Bird. "I couldn't let them kill each other, could I, Grandmother?"

"You could, and you should!" said the old Madam in fierce anxiety. "Look out for the child's cheek so there will be no scar, Miss Wilson."

"Murder!" cried Annette, in her richest brogue as she burst into the room. "Did ever any one see the like of this! Sure, I had just washed Fido—that Teddy had spilled his cocoa on—and put him in the sun to dry."

"Take the wretched little beast away," commanded the old Madam. "Never let me see him again. I'd like to drown him and Tabby too. And take this child away too, Miss Wilson, and do your best for her. I don't know when I've been so upset."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lady Bird whispered. "I'm sorry I troubled you again, Grandmother!"

"Sorry you troubled *me*," echoed the old Madam, "when my cat has nearly torn you to pieces—and all to save that miserable little poodle dog. Go to bed, child, and never meddle with Tabby again when she is in for a fight."

And as Miss Wilson led Lady Bird

away she caught a quaver in the old Madam's voice she had never heard before. Those little scarred hands had touched a slumbering chord in Grandmother's heart. They recalled a battle of long ago when her boy of twelve years old had torn his collie from the mastering hold of a neighbor's wolf hound, at the risk of being maimed for life. She had wept over the bleeding hand, but his stern father had looked at the brave boy's face with proud approval. "Right, my son, a Wharton always fights for the under dog."

The old Madam roused from her heart-breaking memories as Miss Wilson re-entered the room.

"Is the child suffering?" she asked.

"She is badly scratched, but does not complain," was the brief answer.

"I thought I heard her crying," said the old Madam anxiously.

"It is Teddy," explained Miss Wilson. "He is quite hysterical about his dog."

"Who cares about the wretched little dog! It is the child I am asking about," said the old Madam irritably. "Tabby's claws may be more deadly than we think. I have heard of blood poison from a cat's scratch. Have you taken every precaution against such danger, Miss Wilson?"

"Every precaution," was the assured answer. "There is no cause for alarm. The child is in such excellent health, and has wonderful self-control. Though my antiseptic treatment was severe, she did not flinch. She seems only troubled that she has disturbed you."

"Nonsense!" was the brusque answer, and again Miss Wilson caught the new quaver in her patient's voice. "I would like you to give that child some attention to-night," added the old Madam. "Teddy will keep Annette busy; I hear him crying yet. What a poor, little weakling he is!"

"As for you, Tabby," added the speaker (as if conscious of being in disgrace, Tabby crouched humbly at the

old Madam's feet), "you ought to be chloroformed for this evening's work."

"Meow—meow—meow," wailed Tabby, penitently.

"But you hate poodles, I know. So do I," her mistress went on in a lower tone; "and when things we hate come our way, Tabby, we lose our temper. I can't blame you, for I've been an old scratch cat myself and should have been chloroformed long ago. So I forgive you for fighting Fido." The old Madam snapped her finger and Tabby leaped to her place in her lap. "But if you ever scratch my granddaughter's pretty face again, I'll tie you in a bag with a stone about your neck and have Preston drown you without mercy."

Clasped in his mother's arms, Teddy was still sobbing wildly over the wounded Fido, who was yapping under Annette's anxious ministrations.

"Take him away," commanded Mrs. Wharton. "Take him where Teddy can not hear him. Oh, what did that wretched child do to the poor little dog?"

"What did she do to him?" echoed Annette. "Sure nothing but drag him away from that devil of a cat that was killing him entirely."

"Oh, will he *die*?" wailed Teddy, catching the terrible word. "Don't let my poor Fido die, mamma."

"No, he won't dear, he won't," soothed his mother. "Take him away to Preston, to Willet, to somebody that can do something for him," said the lady desperately, urging Annette and her yapping charge from the room. "My dear little boy will be sick after all this excitement."

But Annette's version of the late battle had roused Teddy into healthier interest. He lifted his black eyes to his mother in eager question. "Did the new girl keep Fido from being killed, mamma?"

"Oh, I don't know what she did. Try to forget all about it, darling. I

wish she had never come to the house."

"Then Tabby would have killed Fido," said Teddy, with solemn logic. "For Fido is like me, mamma: he can't fight;" and the pitiful little sigh went like a stab to the mother's heart.

No, her poor little boy could not fight, she must fight for him,—fight with all her woman's wit, her mother love, against this child who had come to wrest health, fortune, everything from his feeble hold. And the hate in her heart grew more deadly as she recalled Lady Bird's lovely young face, so bright with health and strength and childish bloom,—with all the charm that poor Teddy lacked. She must fight for him, indeed; and a battle fiercer than that on the porch this evening must be won.

Soothing Teddy with bright dreams and promises of the strong days to come, when, like Dick Ellington, he could play and fight, his mother left him to Annette who reported Fido sleeping quietly in the kitchen under Aunt Hepsy's more experienced care.

"It's only a bad scratch or two, he had," added Annette, when her mistress left the room. "It's lapping Tabby's milk he was when she went for him. It was the poor little Missy that got the bad hurt when she pulled him out of Tabby's claws. Why she did it, I don't know. She ought to have run away from them and let them fight it out."

"Then my Fido would have been killed," said Teddy.

"And what was the dog to her?" asked Annette. "The little beast was snapping at her while she was saving him from Tabby. She's a new kind in this cold-hearted house," added the speaker to herself as she prepared to put her charge to bed for the night.

Evidently Lady Bird's first evening at Grandmother's had created an impression, for Teddy's black eyes refused to shut, and his whimpering voice had a changed note as Annette laid him down among his pillows.

"Tell me more about the new girl," he asked. "She is my cousin, mamma said. Is she going to stay always? Why did she come here, Annette?"

"I don't know," was the brief answer.

Annette had learned to be brief and cautious in her communications with Teddy, whose moods were most uncertain and whose mamma demanded that all those moods should be indulged.

"And it's a dog's life I lead betwixt the two of them," Teddy's nurse had confided to Aunt Hepsy in moments of desperation. "But it's a good place and good pay, and I'm holding on to it as long as I can."

"You'se right, chile, you'se right," said Aunt Hepsy, who had grown fat and strong by agreeing comfortably with everybody. "When you gits good pay and good vittles, it's all anybody wants."

But "good pay and good vittles" did not seem "all" to Annette to-night. Some long sleeping chord in her heart had been stirred, awakened.

She had dropped into the little new-comer's room, according to the old Madam's orders, to see that the child was comfortable for the night, and had found the white-robed Lady Bird on her knees, her pearl Rosary slipping through the fingers scarred with her battle for the "under dog." Silently Annette had turned away, thinking bitterly, sorrowfully.

What would this child do here? God help her, poor innocent darling! What would she do in this house where there was neither love nor light?

(To be continued.)

Humility.

BY O. P.

THY hands, Sweet Maid, are swift to serve,
Whenever Jesus asks.
Ah, let me choose with love to do
His lowliest tasks!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The French Government has confided to *L'Europe Nouvelle*, a weekly newspaper founded and edited by a woman, Mlle. Louise Weiss, the publication of the "Archives des Origines de la guerre: 1870-1914."

—"Shadows of the Past," a story of Irish life by Mary T. McKenna, has been reprinted from *St. Anthony's Annals*. The story tells of the dissipating of the shadows of the Penal Days in Ireland in the light and love of to-day. The book will appeal especially to those who are interested in Irish life and character. B. Herder. \$1.50.

—The issue of June 7th of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* is an important historical document. It contains the articles of agreement between the Holy See and the Italian Government, with maps showing the area of the Vatican City and the various properties enjoying the privileges of extraterritoriality. The National Catholic Welfare Council has published these agreements in English, with maps, etc.

—Sister Mary Eulalia Herron, Ph. D., has done, in "The Sisters of Mercy in the United States," a work of great thoroughness that cuts across, and pretty deeply, into our Catholic life for almost the whole of the last century. She traces the story of journeys and hardships and epidemics, and the founding of many of the famous hospitals. The history of the labors joyfully done by these women of mercy, in far above a score of dioceses from Maine to California, will appeal to all who care to read of heroic deeds, and especially to all of us who believe that the American Catholic girl, trained as a Sister, is as ready for ministration and devotion in tents and camps and in medical schools as any that have gone before her. Macmillan Co. \$5.

—Truthfulness in writing is a much rarer thing than truthfulness in the business or even the social relationships that obtain among us. But untruthfulness in writing does not always come from a desire to be untruthful. It proceeds much more often from incompetence—the inability of a writer to express

himself with accuracy: it is almost always involuntary, and perhaps most writers who are untruthful never guess that they are so. The ability to express precisely the finer shades of human feeling is especially rare. Many writers are satisfied with an approximation of emotional authenticity; and the commonest marks of the lack of this emotional authenticity are triteness and conventional elegance—diction which does not convey the writer's own feeling freshly and genuinely. Devices of rhetoric and oratory in the written word, consciously and deliberately used, are always false. They stamp a writer as being either unwilling or incapable of writing truthfully.

—Bishop Kelley has given the reading public a wholesome taste of practical mysticism in his recent book, "When the Veil is Rent." Here is a mysticism that is not mysterious, nor is it pure symbolism, but a mysticism which the subject-matter demanded for its natural vehicle of expression. Without unduly intruding Catholic theology, the author tells of the awakening and disillusionment of a religious indifferentist after the veil of this life was rent and as he came face to face with eternal truths. The reader follows with intense interest through each successive stage of this mental purgation from the first awakening until the very throne of Truth itself is reached. Unlike most books of this type, Bishop Kelley's story is told in such a clear, interesting, and convincing manner that even the most casual reader can not help taking from it truths clothed in the appealing garb of beauty,—truths which will influence his life for the better. This book well deserves the recognition and praise that it is receiving from all sides. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.

—Literature of high quality about children is indeed rare. It is difficult for a writer to avoid certain very damaging defects of exaggeration—emotional and artistic exaggeration—when writing about children. One of the commonest temptations for such a writer—

especially in fiction—is that of “labelling” the charms of children. Grown-ups have such inveterate habits of pointing out to each other how “sweet” or how “darling,” or how “angelic,” Mary Lucille is, when her mother or her maiden aunts are showing her off to visitors. Many grown-ups, too, love nothing more than to talk about the color of Mary Lucille’s eyes or hair, and about how pink and fresh is her skin, and about how neat and clean she keeps her dress—her “perfectly darling little dress.” Yes, we are prone to talk interminably, and in trite, obvious phrases about the dear, sweet Mary Lucille. And all this may be wholesome enough in the dining-room or the drawing-room, after tea. But when this sort of obvious labelling appears in black and white, on the printed pages of a story about children, it is not quite so wholesome or harmless. It is often extremely objectionable, because it appears, then, as too obviously flat, and insincerely felt—or even wholly unfelt by the writer. It is a false, trite, hackneyed expression of feeling. And this kind of dishonesty in a writer is offensive to the sensitive, discriminating reader. The several charms of childhood seldom need to be labelled for the intelligent reader. Such a one can see and feel the appeal of children without the need of obtrusive or obvious interpretations and labels supplied by the writer. We wish to insist upon this and emphasize it urgently. We sometimes find this kind of obtrusive sentimentality in stories which are submitted to *THE AVE MARIA*, and we assure writers that it does not help toward acceptance.

—Usually other people’s letters are interesting to themselves alone, and it is notoriously true that only “snoopers” or gossips will read letters that are not meant for their eyes. For this very human reason, no kind of personal letters, except the very finest and most exquisite, can stand the chill of type. Even good letters will often be killed and wilted by being published; they retain an interest for only those who wrote them and those who received them, because they are not fine enough to convey to the casual reader an intimate sense of the personality of the writer.

But really excellent letters richly deserve to be published, for they are among the most precious things in literature.

In a new volume of letters, “Golden Friendships” (Louis Carrier and Company: New York and Montreal. \$2.50), written by old students of Romona Convent in California, not a few intimate and exquisitely personal touches will delight even the casual reader. Though these letters can never be blessed—or cursed—by an extremely wide popularity, though they naturally can have no great interest for any readers except those interested in the local or personal associations attaching to the book, there is in them an occasional charm that can give delight for its own sake.

But much of the intimacy of these letters can hardly stand the coldness of print. When they are taken out of their natural place in an old album or letter-box, they lose too much flavor for the uninitiated reader. He will feel an intruder while reading, sometimes almost an embarrassed intruder, and sometimes, if he be even in the least critical, he may smile a little to himself. Always, he must admire and respect the wholesomeness of the letters. But he can not always accept them as excellent enough for print; for the letter that can stand the coldness of the printed page, and still seem intimate and fine, is a rare and a beautiful thing. But even the most casual reader may find in this volume of letters something to please him sufficiently to overcome at least part of his very justifiable prejudice against the trite elegance of such a title as “Golden Friendships.”



Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Luke Eichenlaub, O. S. B.

Brother Blasius, C. S. C.

Sister M. Laetitia, Sisters of Charity.

Miss Rose A. Fiore, Mr. Frank H. Crowell, Hon. E. J. Fogarty, Mr. J. P. Gibbons, Mr. George Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan, Mrs. Mary O'Neill, Mr. John Lynch, Mr. John Wheeler, and Mrs. George Perry.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Suppose.

BY C. J. LASKOWSKI, C. S. C.

SUPPOSE God never were, and that by some
Mysterious force this world of men could be.
Could grass be grass, and yet each tiny blade
Not make men think of God's eternity?
And even from the miracle of grass
To that tall marvel of an ancient tree,
Whose simplest leaf is but a parchment
scroll
Too highly lettered for schooled Scrutiny.
Let mankind turn and meditate. A tree—
Could it be what it is without the dim
Romance of being once a Christopher
Who braved the tides of sin upholding Him?
If God were not, could yet the sparrows be
So light of heart? They give no thought to
needs
Of vague to-morrows, 'stead a million hearts
Pour out their unfeigned hopes in naïve creeds
Of song that give assurance of a One
Who will provide. And who would loose the
deep
Floodgates of heaven to give the flowers life?
Would then the lilies have to spin and reap
And barter for the sunlight and the rain?
And last of all, could mankind, when it came
To finish life's dull, common task, rejoice,
Yet know that it was but a thinning flame
Too soon to sputter out in smoke? For it
The cloistral walls of heaven would not hide
God's loveliness.—If God were not,
Could mankind die and rest full satisfied?

As incense tends to revive a coal, so
prayer revives the hopes of the heart.

—Goethe.

The Catholic Event of the Century.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.



APOLEON said, on one historic occasion: "It was the most grand, the most sublime, the most impressive sight this world ever beheld."

I was reminded of these descriptive words on the evening of the 23d of June, 1929, after attending Pontifical High Mass at Phoenix Park, Dublin, on the occasion of the centenary of Catholic Emancipation.

Never before have I seen such a gathering of people, and I certainly do not expect to see such a congregation again. Indeed, at times, as I looked across the sea of humanity to the last black wave that marked the horizon, my thoughts rushed forward to the great Assize—the General Judgment.

Mr. H. V. Morton, the special correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, has been moved to a depth to which he has never been stirred before.

"For seven days," he wrote, "Ireland has been a nation at prayer; for seven days general Communion has been held throughout the land. A national pilgrimage was made to Dublin to-day for what I believe to be the greatest Catholic demonstration since the Reformation. Ireland to-day is a land of deserted villages. Special trains brought men and women to the capital from the most remote parts of the land. . . ."

And describing the congregation at

High Mass in the open: "It was a crowd so vast that no man could count it. It was a nation in miniature. Nothing like it could be organized in any country to-day, except perhaps Spain or Italy. . . . Above this tremendous gathering rose upwards of fifty loud speakers mounted on tall poles, so that those nearly a mile off on the fringe of the assembly could hear every word of the ceremony.

"I can not think when the British Isles has ever known a national gathering as representative as this Irish pilgrimage. Every parish in Ireland had sent its contingent. All night long special trains had brought them to Dublin. Here and there would be seen deputations from remote districts in Kerry or Galway, weary with their journey, anxious only to lie down on the grass and snatch a few moments' rest."

The correspondent next describes the white and gold altar which stood beneath a canopy fifty feet high; the Irish army with fixed bayonets; the President of the Irish Free State, and the ministers, consuls, and representatives of every phase of the nation's life. The enthusiastic greetings when Archbishop Pisani, the Papal envoy, arrived, were all that one would expect from the Irish race.

Listen to the *Express* correspondent describing the scenes at High Mass. I quote freely from him, for though not of our Faith, Mr. Morton is expressing in great part my own feelings and impressions.

"The procession mounted the altar steps, the Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh, carrying his silver crozier, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Archbishop of Cashel. One sweeping movement passed over half the crowd, and every man bared his head. Eyes nearly a mile off were fixed on the distant altar, and the Mass began. The loud-speakers carried the music and the intoning of the

Mass to the very edge of the crowd. There was dead silence.

"We looked towards the altar and there we saw the celebrant, the Archbishop of Armagh, performing the slow, deliberate ritual. There were times when a blue mist of incense hung over the altar. My mind went back to St. Peter's in Rome and the High Mass that I attended there. The same ritual, the same Sacrament—but what a different scene!

"Instead of the great dome of St. Peter's, was the great dome of the sky, bright with sunlit clouds; instead of a congregation, was this nation in miniature, falling to its knees, or rising to its feet with a strange motion like that of waves. And nowhere, perhaps, in Ireland could so lovely a setting have been found for this declaration of Faith. Far off the Dublin mountains rose to the sky in a bright pattern of green, and forward over a hazy dip in which Dublin lay, the Wicklow Hills could be seen through a mist and crowned with clouds.

"... A bell rang. Now was the most sacred moment of the Mass. An even deeper hush spread over the Phoenix Park, and the quarter of a million men and women sank to their knees in the grass. There was no sound but that of the bell and the voice of an officer ordering the troops to present arms. Rifles came to the present, and two officers on either side of the altar brought their drawn swords to the salute. The tremendous gathering knelt with bowed heads frozen in prayer. It was an unforgettable sight. I thought, as I looked on over the crowd, that this might be one of those tremendous events in the Middle Ages when whole nations pledged themselves to a crusade."

It was fitting that the *Daily Express* should have sent its best man, Mr. Morton, to Ireland on this occasion. He was guilty of none of the fantastic journalism which the *Daily Mail* sometimes indulges in when describing Irish events.

But I am diverting from the solemn ceremonies. How our forefathers of the Penal Days, looking down from their high places in Paradise, must have wept for very joy over posterity's grateful tribute. I look back on that Sunday and contrast it with another scene which is still fresh in my memory. In the old house in the Irish midlands—my native home—there was a mud-walled, dimly-lighted room. We called it "grandfather's room." On the wall hung a faded picture, entitled "Mass in the Penal Days—The Alarm."

A hunted priest and people were gathered about a lonely rock half-hidden by a thicket. It was at the Elevation of the Host. . . . Over the crest of a distant mountain the enemy was appearing. The suspense, the terror of the Penal Days were in that scene. But this June Sunday of 1929—how different! On the proud altitude of the Phoenix Park by the very door of the Palace where one time England's viceroys to Ireland had their home, High Mass was celebrated. And the Benediction later, on Watling Street Bridge, was given almost in the shadow of Dublin Castle. Not by design were these places the scenes of the sacred ceremonies. Not in any unchristian spirit of revenge did a single person come to Dublin that day. All came on a pilgrimage of joy and gratitude—subjects of Christ the King, Who has promised to be with us "all days."

Everywhere the Papal colors were to be seen,—on tree, on spire, on the masts of the ships far out at sea, on the railway engines thundering towards the city, on the homes of learning, on the halls of merchandise—and last but not least on the houses of the poor.

"The poor you have always with you," commented a priest friend as we walked through a slum area that evening. We were admiring the countless banners trailing from the tenement windows. The Dublin poor have the Faith

that moves mountains. Outside their doors elaborate shrines and altars were erected, and if at times one's artistic sense was offended, nobody criticised, but rather felt moved by the sincere devotion and love that inspired all.

To the organizers, the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, directed by the Hierarchy, our best congratulations are due. They left no stone unturned to make every provision for the great day. An ambulance car was in readiness at all points; staffs of nurses were to be seen everywhere; thousands of stewards recognizable by their yellow armlets were models of courtesy and kindness.

The discipline and order throughout were worthy of the sacred and historic occasion. The procession, representing the dioceses of Ireland, marching sixteen deep through the Phoenix Park, seemed as if it would never end. At one point we had hymns and music, at another, countless voices reciting the Rosary, and always,—the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet.

Overhead, in the earlier part of the day, aeroplanes were circling, each representing a big English newspaper. The movitone had a favorable position at the great gates of the Park. In the forenoon also the Dublin Broadcasting Station was busy sending out running commentaries on scenes from Irish history which were a prelude to this triumphant day. For the first time in Great Britain or Ireland, Mass was broadcasted, so that the sound of the bugles announcing the solemn moment of the Mass were heard with reverence thousands of miles away.

To touch upon every aspect of this event of the century would occupy most of the space available in one issue of THE AVE MARIA, so I can only conclude by joining in the prayer of the old man who knelt in Parkgate Street in adoration of the passing Host: "O God be praised, that I should live to see a day like this!"

The House.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

COULD a house have a spirit—and want something; and try to get that across—to somebody? Arlette, her hands in the pockets of her green smock, found the idea intriguing. She was standing in the rose garden, which gave her a good view of the house—the home, for five generations of the Houstons. The house had influenced her mind during the most impressionable years of childhood. Her father had been a tenant farmer; and when she was five years old, he had drifted into this part of Kentucky. He had found a good landlord, and roamed no more.

The Houston home dominated the landscape, as its owners dominated the community; for it was one of the few plantations which the war between the States and consequent change of fortune had not wrested from the family. Hard times had been known by the grizzled old soldier and his son, who had fought under Lee; but though they had to part with more than half the land, they held vigorously to the house and its five hundred acres, and handed it on, free and unencumbered, to their successor.

When first it loomed before Arlette's eyes, it was in the hands of the widowed mother of a son and only child, and again its fortunes were on the decline. The last of the Houstons, they called the pale boy, whom she saw riding off on pleasant mornings to the military school in the sleepy town of Millvale, which had planted itself between two counties, and from time immemorial boasted its Female Academy and Military College.

His way led him past the district school, which, later, Arlette, with her brothers and sisters and other children of the locality, attended; and for the wistful little girl, all the desirable

things of life rode with him. She must pass the house when she went to town on Sunday to attend Mass, which was celebrated there twice a month; and the curved drive leading from the gate to the stately portico was full of allurements.

Wonderful stories of the house were told by old people who could get any one of an indifferent generation to listen to them. These Arlette garnered, and the more pronounced their fantasy and exaggeration, the more she treasured them. And ever for her through the house and the fields wended trains of slaves; and as they went, they sang, and one song only, "My Darling Nellie Gray." But the ancient stone fence which separated the Houston farm from the land which Arlette's father worked, socially reached to the sky. In the five years, Arlette's mother never even saw Mrs. Houston; and only once did her son, Jason, come in contact with any of the children.

Forgotten soon by him, that meeting poured romance into the heart of Arlette. She had been sent by her mother to pick some blackberries to stew for supper. The patch was near the road; but she had scarcely got the bottom of her tin pail covered when she saw a black snake, coiled up on an elder bush. Screaming, she ran to the fence. The snake did not pursue her and eat her, as she expected, but abject fear of it would never allow her to go back to her berry picking. And her father and the other children, working in the tobacco, were tired. They liked the berries with their hot biscuits. She began to cry. Then a voice was asking what was the matter. She turned and saw Jason Houston, looking at her from the back of his horse. That he, the hero of her life, should have found her in such a humiliating situation, was the final stroke of misfortune. Her tears now were a downpour and her sobbing excessive.

The boy dismounted and climbing to the fence tried to quiet her sorrow.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Etta," between sobs.

"Etta what?"

"Etta Dorsay."

"Oh! You live in the old Wayne place? I've seen your father and the children in the fields. It must be nice to have a father and brothers and sisters."

That she possessed something which was desirable to her god instantly restored Arlette. She told him her trouble.

"I don't wonder you got scared!" he declared. "Let's go over on our side of the fence; he won't bother us. I'll help you."

That year Mr. Dorsay sold his tobacco at a high price. With the money, he went to Louisville and bought a cottage, and got a job driving a truck. He knew as a tenant farmer there was little chance for his children; he also realized the grave danger to their faith. He had seen too many bearers of Irish names heretics or unbelievers. The two boys got work, and by attending night schools secured an education necessary for their advancement. The two older girls entered school and had no difficulty afterward in obtaining good positions. Arlette had greater opportunities, and at graduation, chose the nursing profession.

After completing the course of training, she remained in the hospital as private nurse. To the hospital, Jason Houston was brought one day, suffering from typhoid fever, and Arlette became his nurse.

"Don't thank me, thank your nurse!" said the physician when finally young Houston came from the wings of death. Turning dim but conscious eyes, he saw a slim, white-gowned girl, with pale, worn face, for Arlette had fought for his life, and would bear the marks of that fight to the grave. He was hardly out of bed, when she was stricken.

While her life hung in the balance, Jason Houston came to realize how he and all his future were wrapped up in Arlette. Afterward they were married, and went to the old home to live.

He had studied law, which he loved and in which he would have been eminent, if it were not for the drag on him of his ancestral estate. While his mother lived, she had tried to spare him. But she had been dead several years, worn out, as he knew, by duties for which she was unequal—cares that belonged to a man.

The acreage was still intact, but in the hands of tenant farmers, its fertility was depleted. The town, which had become an important railway center, had advanced to the class of a city. It was covering the distance between its original boundary and the farm. Soon, willy-nilly, the tract lying to the north would be included, and would have to be sold, unless he wanted to spend the remainder of his life paying for improvements and taxes.

But his generations of forefathers chained him. The thought of his own enslavement had been a determining factor in causing him to fight shy of marriage. Had he not met Arlette, under such devastating circumstances, he had cut his Gordian knot. But Arlette's joy in the house, the ease with which she assumed its duties, the ability she was evincing in assisting him in the management of the farm, offered a solution for his difficulties. Together they could carry on.

As time progressed, however, Arlette became conscious of a disquieting feeling. She could not analyze it—study it as she might. Nor could she find physically any cause for it. Frail she was and might so remain for years, but certainly she was well. Why then should she always, as mistress of the Houston home, find a question in her mind? One evening, waiting the return of her husband from town, a wind rose and

began to sway the branches of the pine trees. And there stole over her the memory of a plaintive voice singing "My Darling Nellie Gray."

The white man bound her with his chain.

She sprang from her chair, and ran out into the yard, so certain was she that she heard the spoken words. Nothing could dispel the illusion. She found herself humming the song, singing it often when alone. She adroitly questioned her husband, but all he could tell her of the system as practised on the plantation was that, as a child, he remembered hearing one of the old servants, who came "home" regularly, declaring the colored people fared better in slavery than freedom.

By diligent searching, she found a daughter of this former slave. The old woman assured her that the Houston "niggers" were well treated, so her parents had always said.

"Were they ever sold?"

"Cos dey was, honey! Same as cattle an' mules. What else was tha' to do wif 'em, when dey got too numerous! But we've heerd Pap say none uv 'em waz sold, less'n dey wanted to go."

"The white man bound her with his chain"—Did some poor heart break, because of a girl that went to Georgia—even if she went willingly? And Arlette knew that not until the heavens were rolled back like a scroll, should she find her answer to that question.

And was this the sorrow of the house! And how could it ever be assuaged! All this poured over her in that brief moment in the rose garden looking at the house. She had come out to cut some flowers. Now she decided she would not. Sister Mary Roch would rather see them on their stems. They would be here soon; and she walked back to the portico.

A little while before, her husband had telephoned her a wonderful piece of news. Happening to pass through the railway station, he had seen the two

Sisters, and immediately recognized Sister Mary Roch. Many a time that fair, young face had bent over him as he lay, fighting for life. Often her patient ears had later heard his wild pleading to save Arlette.

Sister Mary Roch and her companion, Sister Agnita, who had spent the year in the South, were on their way to the mother-house. They had missed connections, and had a wait of six hours before them. Their Sisters, who taught the parish school in the town, had gone home; so there was nothing for them to do, but wait in the station for their train.

"You'll come home with me, Sisters!" he decreed, in his masterful way. And now the car was turning in at the gate, and soon Arlette was enfolded in the loving embrace of the woman who had been her friend and teacher during the three years in the training school.

It was a day long to remember. Sister Agnita, who was very young and very pretty, with a Creole voice, amused them with stories of her work in the Southern Negro school. It gave Jase Houston a decided shock to hear that this member of an old aristocratic Louisiana family was teaching Negroes.

"Ah! Mr. Houston, if not we—who!"

And Arlette, seeing the look which they exchanged, knew that they met on a plane from which she, his wife, was excluded. They were of the same order. So when they went to the rose garden, it was by Sister Agnita's side he walked, his head bent to her, and only the murmur of their voices came to Sister Mary Roch and Arlette.

The excitement of the visit, and something indefinable, kept sleep from Arlette's eyes that night. Sister Mary Roch had been captured by the house. The beauty of its interior had appealed to her. Once Arlette had surprised Sister Agnita swallowing hard. Was there another such home overlooking the Mississippi—ghostly trains of black people?

Had one "Nellie Gray" gone from here to there. Never had she felt so desolate, never so assailed by impending disaster. Only one thing could happen to her—to lose her husband: so many of the Houston women had been widows. She sprang up, and putting on her kimona slipped into her husband's room. He lay asleep, the moonlight on his face. He stirred, opened his eyes, and seeing her, half rose, leaning on an elbow.

"Etta!"

He had never so called her. No one did but her mother, for her father was proud of the Norman name of his family. She had surprised the boy, sitting on the fence with the weeping child.

"Arlette! what's wrong?"

"I had bad dreams—waking ones."

"Which shows you have a bad mind. Now I was having a very good dream. You draw the inference?"

"I do. What was the dream?"

"I dreamed I was sitting on the fence, across the road from our gate, and the gate was locked tight as a drum. Suddenly Sister Agnita appeared—with an ax."

"And you call that a good dream—about a Sister!"

"And she began to hack at the hinges of the gate. I was so astounded at her strength, that I couldn't think of anything else."

"I don't wonder! Sister Agnita weighs about a hundred pounds!"

"She stopped, leaning the ax against the gate, and took off her bonnet and veil, and her shawl. She gave her white cap a jerk to straighten it, and began to hack at the hinges. It was the lower one, and when finally she got it cut in two, I thought she'd fail on the top one, as it was so high up. But at the first blow, it snapped, and the gate opened of itself."

"Then, I came to myself, and wondered how I was going to face her, after having sat there watching her at that hard work. But she just looked

across at me, and laughed, and said, 'If not I, who?' And right away I saw that she had a perfect right to chop down my gate, and only she could do it. 'But why,' I asked her, 'did you chop the hinges instead of the lock?' She said, 'so that I could never close it again.' At that, everything in the world appeared to be all right; and I took her in my arms and kissed her."

"Whose mind is bad now? Kissing another woman—and a Sister!"

"But you see it wasn't the Sister at all. It was you! And I woke up, and there you were, standing over me!" and he smiled up at her in the moonlight. "Give me my dream-kiss, and go to bed and get some sleep!"

But Jase could not get the thought of Sister Agnita and her work out of his mind.

"Your religion is wonderful, Arlette!" he cried. "But I don't believe it could ever make me serve the Negro like that."

"If not you—who?"

Arlette was scarcely conscious of the question until it was asked. For a long, startled moment he looked at her.

"My God! I didn't catch her meaning—you've made it clear."

And she remembered his dream, and the Sister changing into her.

"I don't know why I should say that, Jase," she said. "It must be the house."

"The house?" he repeated, bewildered.

"Jase, the house wants something done—no, I'm not losing my mind,—it wants something done—for the colored people."

She stopped before the alarm of his eyes.

"I'm all right, Jase," she laughed. "I feel happier than I have in a long time—since the house began to try to tell me something. It's got its message over to you. You belong, Jase; I don't—never can. I know that now."

And Jase thought of his mother—had she belonged? No. His grand-

mother—she of the reconstruction period? Perchance. His great-grand-mother? Oh, yes! not any doubt of her.

For weeks he went as one in a daze. Then the annexation ordinance was passed, and he felt released. Long hours he spent in the colored part of the town, in the worse districts of Lexington, and visited the patients in the crowded wards for the colored in the hospitals. Out of it, slowly evolved a plan, which he carried to Sister Mary Roch. And the nun told him that to do something for the physical and moral well-being of the Negro was as great a service as he could render to God and the community. Then he went home.

"Sister Agnita hewed down the gate, Arlette!" he announced. "We'll build a new home for ourselves in Lexington. I'm going to enter politics. But first, my darling, I'm going to enter the Catholic Church! I can not withstand its power any more than you could the urge of the house."

When it became known the Houston home was to be converted into institutional work for colored people, there was an uproar. But Jase went ahead with his plans, and gradually the conscience of the people awoke. A chain, they knew, is no stronger than its weakest link. While so large a number of the population is sunk in ignorance, immorality, physical disease, the community is held back. By the time Sister Agnita and her companions arrived to begin the work, the project was receiving generous support.

But Jase, his eyes on the future, visioned a time when men will assist the unfortunate, not for their own safeguarding, but seeing in them their brothers.

ACCORDING to the uniform testimony of the Saints and Doctors of the Church the love of Mary is the best test of true piety, and that love of her Son which is an essential of the Christian character and a guarantee of our salvation.

The Significance of the Crusades.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IT is difficult to justify, from the moral standpoints of to-day, the military expeditions which, in the Eleventh and succeeding centuries, set out for the Holy Land. There is something incongruous to our minds in the association which they present of religious zeal and slaughter. We find ourselves wishing that love for those places made sacred by the feet of the Prince of Peace had been shown in some other way. The history of militarism has not led us to regard it, for all the discipline it imposes, as a school of Christian morals. Nor does the story of the Crusades themselves lead us to think that they were carried out in a spirit consonant with the aims they professed. Yet it would be unjust to impose on the generations responsible for them the standards of the Twentieth Century. We must judge them by the ideas of their own age. Regarded in that way, we can see that the Crusades indicated a great awakening of Christendom, and the initiation of a movement responsible for some of the greatest achievements of Western civilization. In order to understand that, it will be necessary to glance at the period preceding these campaigns.

In the Fifth Century occurred one of the most momentous events in human history. Goths, Vandals and Huns poured in a devastating flood over Italy; and the dominance of Rome was shaken to its foundations. Barbarism and chaos trampled on the civilization it had taken centuries to upbuild. The permanence of the imperial city was a dogma accepted by all; and when men saw that which had been, from time immemorial, the center of government and culture, thus overcome, it seemed to them like the end of all things. A deep gloom settled down on Christendom, accentuated

ated by the lingering traces of Oriental heresies which emphasized the transcendence of God and the insignificance of this world. Cardinal Newman in "The Benedictine Centuries" graphically described the mood of that period.

"In all times," he wrote, "the multitude, whether from religious feeling or from superstition, is prone to portend some impending catastrophe from the occurrence of any startling phenomenon of nature. An eclipse, a comet, a volcanic eruption, is to them the omen of coming evil. But in the early centuries of the Church, the expectation extended to the learned and the saintly. It was the posture of mind of professors and doctors, . . . it was the sober judgment of the wisest and most charitable, that the world was too bad to mend, and that destruction was close upon it."

The practical consequence of such a belief, he goes on to say, was to leave the world to itself. "Monachism, therefore, was a sort of recognized emigration from the old world. St. Antony had found out a new coast, the true *Eldorado*, or gold country; and on the news of it, thousands took their departure year after year for the diggings in the desert. The monks of Egypt alone soon became an innumerable host. As times got worse, Basil in the East, and Benedict in the West, put themselves at the head of fresh colonies, bound for the land of perpetual peace. There they sat them down, over against Babylon, and waited for the coming judgment and the end of all things. Those who remained in the world waited too. To undergo patiently what was, to make the best of it, to use it, as far as it could be used, for religious purposes, was their wisdom and their resolve." Thus, we see Christendom abandoning the hope of a world-mission, and preparing itself for what appeared to be the final Doom, the Judgment of Almighty God.

It was from this despairing attitude

that the Crusades shook men free. The clatter of hosts arming against the enemies of the Faith indicated a new spirit: it meant that the Church was once more militant. That its militancy took the form of militarism was due to the circumstances of the age. A holy war was the only kind of enterprise that could have aroused the religious enthusiasm of the Europe of that time. At least, it was doing something instead of merely waiting. It enlisted the energies of the faithful on a plane of activity on which they could function easily.

The Moslem was threatening the West as previously Goth and Hun had threatened it; but the reaction to the Mohammedan menace was very different to that which the Northern barbarians had experienced. Christian civilization was not going to be trampled on again. It would vindicate itself. This world had become worth defending.

But the chief point to note is that the inspiration of the whole thing came from resentment at the indignities suffered by pilgrims to the Holy Places. The scenes of Our Lord's earthly life had been desecrated. His Presence had made ineffably sacred a little corner of the earth; and to put Palestine under the protection of the faithful, the hosts of Christendom sprang to arms.

Previously the dominant conception of Christ was that of the Judge who was to pronounce the sentence of doom. Now, however, the emphasis fell on His human life. It was the Babe born in Bethlehem, suffering as a Man on Calvary and ascending to His Father from Olivet, who commanded their far-drawn forces. Attention was inevitably focussed on the Incarnation, and that Incarnation was seen, dimly perhaps, but very truly, to give a new meaning to the affairs of this planet. Christ had said, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

But this was true of God as well as of man. The Treasure of Heaven had

been committed to this world. God Himself had walked its roads; His blood stained its soil. Jerusalem had been the scene of a Tragedy involving infinite sacrifice on the part of God. A world thus consecrated would not be abandoned. The Cross had staked out a divine possession. That gaunt spectacle standing out against the sky-line indicated God's claim to the earth not only as Creator but also as Redeemer. It was not man alone He had purchased with His Blood but the earth itself.

Human history, therefore, was to be something more than the story of a retreat; it was to be the story of a conquest. That conquest naturally would begin with the places most closely identified with the Incarnate One, but by implication it must extend everywhere. Thus the Crusades may be looked upon as a turn in the tide of hope in the destiny of man's lost Paradise, the beginning of a war of conquest, which, though it has changed its form, still persists.

The Crusades left behind them a trail of disillusionment. They not only failed from a military point of view; they failed in every other sense. But it is significant that the failure did not mean a return to the pessimism of a former age. Even when the Moslem advanced into the heart of Europe, and it began to look as though a Moorish civilization would plant itself on a ruined Christendom, did the hope that had been kindled, die out. The reason was that the crusading spirit took another and a higher form.

In his youth, St. Francis of Assisi had desired to emulate Richard Cœur de Lion and Godfrey de Bouillon, Charlemagne and King Arthur's knights. A little experience of militarism, however, pricked the bubble of military romance. But instead of turning back to the mercantile pursuit for which his father had destined him, he became the founder of a new Order, which was to carry to the

four points of the compass his unconquerable love of the Crucified and his unquenchable gaiety. His movement inspired Christendom with fresh social ideals and with a more human type of art. His love of nature restored to men a perception of the beauty of this world. He saw that the Incarnation had not only sanctified Palestine; it had sanctified Umbria and the whole earth. Franciscanism showed that a desire for Heaven was not inconsistent with a due appreciation of this mundane sphere. Above all, his friars were missionaries who taught their hearers the Christian principles of citizenship.

The Saint's emphasis on the need of poverty and simplicity, his insistence on the duty of laboring, constituted a different type of asceticism to that of the older Orders. Theirs had been a penitential discipline meant to fit the soul for Paradise, and without reference to the requirements of our mortal state. St. Francis, too, was a penitent, and his chief purpose also was to prepare his followers for the citizenship of Heaven. But the discipline he imposed was calculated also to make this world more habitable. His ideals were applicable to those living a normal life. Bad as were the times in which he lived, there is in his teaching no trace of the gloomy forebodings of an earlier generation.

He is not to be confused with those modern reformers who sometimes borrow his name to give sanction to programs concerned wholly with the simplification of our earthly existence—programs which are humanistic rather than Christian, and which make no reference to man's immortal destiny. Nevertheless, we may say that St. Francis, sublimating the motive of the Crusades, did much to give vogue to that tendency in modern Christendom to shoulder responsibility for the conduct of affairs here and now.

Thus it would seem that we may look

upon these Crusades as marking the beginning of that movement, ever since characteristic of Western Christianity, to take our present habitation seriously. They turned the retreat into an advance. That advance has not been always made under those Christian auspices beneath which they fought, and it has had, therefore, frequently to retrace its steps. But they and the developments of succeeding centuries have made it impossible for us to drop the task of embodying the Christian spirit in a civilization worthy of it. The world to which God gave His Son can never again be to us an abandoned fortress, nor can our faith falter on the words, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done *on earth* as it is in Heaven."

A Right to Sorrow.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE McNAUGHT.

CAROLYN WINCHELL laid her magazine down and looked around the living-room. It was about time for Osmond, her young son, to come home from wherever he had spent his evening, and she wanted to see how the room would look to his eyes when he entered. It must look inviting, and, after its first impression of pleasure, hold its charm for him. The grate-fire was just low enough; the silken cushions were tossed with just the right carelessness upon the great couch; books and magazines were placed temptingly in sight; roses gave fragrance to a shadowy corner; a dish of mixed candy gave a note of color to a small table near the couch. Everything was just as Osmond had loved to see it when a boy, only the smoking outfit told that the room was arranged for a man's comfort.

After her study of the room, Carolyn glanced at her image in a mirror. She, too, must look attractive, with a charm that would hold after the first

impression, for this grown-man son of hers. Her hair was arranged in brown, silken waves about her face; her brown eyes were silkenly soft; her plump body settled into its silk covering with an air of assurance. She picked up her magazine again, it was a book-review magazine. She liked Lewis Mumford's reviews. The things he said in regard to literature were often more interesting and inspiring than the work he was reviewing. Lewis Mumford held enough splendid slants on life to make a novelist himself, she reflected. Here was a passage, for instance, about the great work of a great writer: "It was from the abyss of his soul's darkness, perhaps made more keen by his remorse over past sins and mistakes, that he beheld the inner illumination of his star." She read it again. She was not quite sure of its meaning, but she liked the sound of it.

She looked up with a greeting as Osmond entered; but his response was without the usual smile. As he took off his coat and lounged back against the pillows of the couch, she noted the lines of his well-built body, the smooth, lustrous hair, the grace and poise which dictated his every movement. Yet his smoldering eyes and full lips and well-defined nose and chin held strength that, without balance of lightness in temperament, might amount to sullenness. Happiness—that was what she wished for him, and had spent her life in trying to secure for him. She changed her moods to fit his, taking his attitude from a glance, a gesture. His silent, downcast eyes bade her be silent now. He spoke first.

"I've broken with Eileen," he said.

Eileen! Carolyn was regretful of the momentary sweep of gladness through her heart. She expected her son to take a wife sometime; she would endure the sacrifice of giving him up with both joy and sorrow when it was for his happiness. But she had felt that

Eileen would not make him happy. If Eileen was not of the "gold-digger" type, then she had never been able to read types. But she had made no criticism of her to Osmond. She trusted to his judgment to find out for himself what was best; and he had found out. And he was suffering over it: his tone told that. He went on.

"I cared a lot for her—do yet; and I tried to shut my eyes to a few things. But—well, it's all over now, and that's all there is to say about it."

His voice broke a little, like a boy's. Oh, to shield him, as she had shielded him from too harsh censure from his father while his father lived; as she had shielded him from the strangeness of school-contacts.

"Perhaps it will 'all come out in the wash,'" she said, using a homely saying—anything to take that despondent look from his dear face.

"No," he answered, curtly; "I said we're done, and we're done. You don't know anything about it, so it's no use for you to try to tell me anything."

Her eyes fell upon the magazine lying on the table. "It was from the abyss of his soul's darkness," she read. His soul's darkness! Oh, and she had wanted so that nothing but light should dwell in the soul of this boy. Almost unconsciously she said, aloud: "If I could do anything—to shield you from sorrow—"

He interrupted her halting statement almost angrily.

"Shield me? Why shield me? Dog-gone-it, I *want* sorrow! I've got a right to sorrow, haven't I?"

He rose and went up to his room.

Carolyn sat laughing, with tears in her eyes. It was funny and sad at the same time. She wouldn't have him see her laughing. "Dog-gone it, I *want* sorrow! I've got a right to sorrow, haven't I?" A right to sorrow. Yes, he had a right to sorrow. And with her keenness of entering into his life, she

perceived that anything but his hour of sorrow would be unwelcome to him just now. That hour of sorrow in grief is often more of a balm than we are aware of. She would share it with him, but silently.

The next morning after breakfast, he went up to his room and did not come down for quite a while. When he did come down, he had his suitcase.

"I'm going to take a run to Chicago for a while, Mother," he told her. "A change of atmosphere will do me a lot of good. I want to look over things out at Chicago University. If I find anything I'm interested in, I may decide to go there instead of finishing here at the Normal. Don't worry about me. You and Nettie will make it all right here. Tell Nettie I said for her to be a good girl, and stay in nights," he said, jocularly. He treated Nettie like one of the family, and she served him from her heart, Carolyn knew. Nettie would be sorry when she told her that Osmond had gone away.

"You'll write often?"

"Every day." He kissed her, and went.

Carolyn fled to the kitchen, to Nettie. Nettie would be sorry, and she needed company in her misery. She and Nettie would go to the show after supper, and try to forget for that long.

"I suppose I can't expect to keep him a little boy always," she said, out of the fulness of her heart that would not allow her to speak of other things.

"Yes'm; he looks like a man that would be able to stand on his own feet." Nettie's philosophic words were contradicted by her frivolous-looking nose and mouth; but there was a seriousness in her deep-set eyes that won Carolyn.

"I'll help you with the dishes, and we'll go to the show, if you like, and we're not going to do anything else."

"I'd like it the best in the world. And, Miss Winchell, when you write to Mr. Winchell, you tell him for me that if I'm

not a good girl about stayin' in nights, it's you that's to blame."

In Osmond's first letter home was the statement, like a shining star, that he considered the choice of Sociology the most important among his studies at the University. It was the study, he said, about which the rest of his work would be built. It was the study upon which he expected to base his lifework. Carolyn was glad he had made some sort of decision in regard to his life career. He had money, and she had hoped it would not be a handicap to him in his development. Sociology was a study of depth. But depth—meant—sorrow. Now, if he had chosen any of the arts, with their reaching always for beauty. Why had he chosen a life-study that would plunge him into the very ugliest of life's aspects if he pursued it earnestly, as of course he would? She sighed! Perhaps he would meet some girl who would turn things for him.

He came home at Christmas. The old, glad light was in his eyes. Nettie must make him a jelly cake, eight layers high. Nettie made it. And he was so full of his interest in the work he was doing in Chicago that he couldn't keep still long enough to eat. How often had Carolyn reprimanded him for talking a lot and eating at the same time. "It isn't refined," she admonished. But on this vacation her heart rose rapturously as, with a great piece of the jelly-cake, he tried to tell her all about the wonders of the work he was undertaking, and to eat his treat at the same time. He didn't do it so badly, either. He seemed to alternate "the bites and the blab," as he expressed it, with a niceness that she could never have taught him.

"Life has handed me a large order. Just to be big enough to handle it is all I'm asking. Both ideas and duties pile up so big before me that I feel like I'll have to make myself a pretty high-powered engine to go through them; and

that's what I'm aiming at. It's something worth living for."

"Yes. It might not have been the happiest choice in the world, but it is a noble one."

Osmond took up the first part of her sentence.

"Happiness! Why, I never was so happy! Maybe it sounds paradoxical to say you are happy in rooting out and trying to alleviate the suffering and misery in the world; but I am happier doing that than I would be shutting my eyes to it, and living in luxury obliviously, as many rich do. Why, I should be ashamed of myself to lounge in a mansion, squandering money on luxuries, while youth and old age are crucified for my hoggish benefit. The things I see and know would break the heart of an ox—"

His voice broke. "Jeanette feels as I do about it,—Jeanette Arbogast. She is a student in Sociology, and we plan to do something worth while with our lives, and our money. It's making a man of me. O Nettie! Would it be good for me to have another piece of that cake, do you think?"

A fragment of something she had read somewhere came back to Carolyn's mind: "It was from the abyss of his soul's darkness . . . that he beheld the inner illumination of his star."

Summer.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

THERE'S a glory in the Summer

When the skies are softest blue;
Grasses springing, thrushes winging,
Linnets singing, woodlands through;
Bloom of clover, meadows over,
Spider laces, gemmed with dew.

There's a glory in the Summer,
With its budding golden-rod;
Bending willows, ferny pillows,
Wind-swept billows of green sod.
Earth rejoices, insect voices,
Join in praises unto God.

The Little Flower Calendar.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, CULLED FROM
HER WRITINGS. *

AUGUST 1.—St. Peter in Chains.

Happiness is not in the things that surround us; it is in the depths of the soul. One may be just as happy in a gloomy prison as in a royal palace.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

AUGUST 2.—St. Alphonsus Liguori, B. D.

While I suffer from spiritual dryness, and am not able to pray or do anything, I look for simple ways of pleasing Jesus, a smile, a kind word, when I feel like keeping silent and showing that I am sick and tired of everything. If I do nothing else, I tell Him over and over again how I love Him. That is not hard to do, and it keeps the fires burning in my heart.

AUGUST 3.—Finding of St. Stephen, Protomartyr.

I realize more than ever that when we are near the end of our way and about to appear before God, there is but one thing necessary: to labor solely for Him, and do nothing for self or for any creature.

AUGUST 4.—St. Dominic, C.

Do not be afraid to tell Jesus that you love Him, even when you don't feel any love for Him. That is the way to make Him help you.

AUGUST 5.—Our Lady of the Snows.

O Virgin, full of grace, I know thou didst live in great poverty at Nazareth, and wished for nothing else. No raptures, no ecstasies, no miracles, marked the even tenor of thy way, O Queen of the elect. The number of little ones upon the earth is very great; they can lift their eyes to thee without fear. It was thy good pleasure, O incomparable

Maiden Mother, to follow the beaten way so as to lead them to heaven.

AUGUST 6.—Transfiguration of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

O Jesus, whose Face is the only loveliness I crave, I am content not to see in this world the sweetness of Thy smile, and to live without the rapture of Thy lips; but I beg of Thee to grave in my soul Thy divine likeness, to embrace me with Thy love that it may quickly consume me, and that I may soon come to see Thy glorified Face in heaven.

AUGUST 7.—St. Cajetan, C.

As I am weak and little, Jesus lowers Himself to my level and sweetly teaches me the secrets of His love. "If anybody is a little one, let him come to Me." I draw near the good God, then, and, anxious to know what He will do for little ones, I find this: "As a mother fondles her child, so shall I caress thee and dance thee on my knee."

AUGUST 8.—Sts. Cyriacus and Comp., Martyrs.

(To her Sister Celine) You are sensible of your weakness; that is a grace of God. It is Our Lord who puts in your soul that feeling of mistrust of self. Do not fear; if you try hard to please Him in little things, He will not fail you in the things of greater moment.

AUGUST 9.—St. Romanus, M. St. John Baptist Vianney, Curé of Ars.

You should sail the stormy sea of life with all the loving abandonment of a child who knows the good God, its Father, is at the helm, and will not leave it alone in the hour of danger.

AUGUST 10.—St. Lawrence, M.

The good God will do wonders with me that will far surpass my wildest dreams. . . . I am only a fledgling. But mine is the spirit of the eagle, and though I am a very little one, I make bold to gaze upon the Sun of Divine

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Bishop A. MacD.

Love, and long to fly up into His fires.

AUGUST 11.—Sts. Gilbertius and Susanna, Martyrs.

O Jesus, lovely Lily of the Valley, Thy sweet odor draws and holds me close to Thee. Bunch of myrrh, O sweet-smelling posy, I wish to wear Thee on my breast, and love Thee!

AUGUST 12.—St. Clare, V.

To live on love is to give without stint or measure, to look for no reward here below. Ah, I so give, for when one loves one does not count the cost! To the Sacred Heart of Jesus overflowing with tender love, I have given all that I am and have. Lightly I run, bearing nothing with me but my only riches—ever to love!

AUGUST 13.—Dormition of the Blessed Virgin. Sts. Hippolytus and Cassianus, MM. St. John Berchmans.

O Jesus, I have no other means of showing my love but to strew the way with flowers, that is, to miss no little sacrifice, no look, no word, without turning it to account and doing it out of love.

AUGUST 14.—St. Eusebius, C.

(From the discourse of Pope Benedict XV. proclaiming the heroic character of the life of the Little Flower.)

The more widely known shall be this heroic soul, Teresa of the Child Jesus, the greater will be the number of those who will follow in her footsteps, and glorify God by the practice of the virtues of *spiritual childhood*.

AUGUST 15.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Tharcisius, M.

O Jesus, give me a pair of white wings that I may mount to Thee. I would fly to the eternal shore, I would see Thee, my Dove Divine. I would fly into Mary's arms, and rest on this golden throne and get the first sweet kiss from this our loving Mother!

AUGUST 16.—St. Joachim, C.

By our little acts of love performed in secret, we draw to God souls that are

afar off, we help the foreign missionaries, we procure them pecuniary support, and so we build up many spiritual and material dwelling places for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

AUGUST 17.—St. Hyacinth, C.

It is confidence and nothing but confidence that can lead us in the way of love . . . fear leads to the stern justice that is set before sinners. But that is not what Jesus will show those who love Him.

AUGUST 18.—St. Helen, Empress. St. Agapitus, M.

Even if everybody were to be drawn to me, admire me, load me with praises, that would not add one iota to the joy I experience in seeing myself just nothing at all in the eyes of God.

AUGUST 19.—St. John Eudes, C. St. Clare of Montefalco.

It is the call of the Lord that draws me to our Heavenly Home; it is the hope of loving Him at last as I have longed to love Him, and the thought that I can make Him loved by a multitude of souls who will bless Him for all eternity.

AUGUST 20.—St. Bernard, Abbot.

There are times when one feels so bad that one has to get away from oneself. The good God does not want us at such times to keep to ourselves. In fact, He often lets us get so ill at ease with ourselves that we shall want to quit. When this is so I know of no other way of getting rid of self than to visit Jesus and Mary in the persons of the poor and afflicted.

AUGUST 21.—St. Jane Mary Francis Fremiot de Chantal, Widow.

O my God, grant that no one concerns himself with me, that I be trodden under foot, made so little of as a grain of sand. I offer myself to Thee, O my only love, so that Thou mayest do with me in all things as Thou wilt, and that nothing may ever stand in Thy way.

AUGUST 22.—St. Hippolytus, M.

It is not right to try to convince our neighbor that he is in the wrong, even when he is, because we are not accountable for his conduct. We mustn't be judges, but angels of peace.

AUGUST 23.—St. Philip Benitius, C.

What pleases God is to see us love our littleness and poverty, to see our blind trust in His mercy. . . . O Divine Sun, I am glad to find myself so little and frail in Thy sight, and my heart rests . . . for I feel that all the eagles of Thy heavenly court pity me, guard and shield me, putting the vultures to flight—the demons that would devour me.

AUGUST 24.—St. Bartholemew, Ap.

The day is far spent, the hour is late. Oh, stay with me, Thou Pilgrim of the skies! With Thy cross I climb the hill; come show the way, O Lord. Thy voice findeth an echo in my heart, I wish to grow like Thee. Sufferance I seek; Thy fiery word inflames my soul.

AUGUST 25.—St. Louis of France.

I could wish to do the most heroic deeds. I find in my soul the courage of a Crusader. I could wish to die on the field of battle fighting for Holy Church. . . . When I was a postulant I found it very hard to do some of the things that our Rule required, but I did them just the same. It seemed as if Our Lord looked at me with pleading eyes from the big crucifix that hung in our garden, and begged for these sacrifices.

AUGUST 26.—St. Zephyrinus, Pope.

O little key I envy thee, that canst open daily the prison of the Eucharist where dwells the God of love. But I, too, O miracle more strange, by effort of my faith alone can open the tabernacle and hide there beside my Divine King.

AUGUST 27.—Transverberation of the Heart of St. Teresa. St. Joseph Calasanctius, C.

I have Thy Heart, Thy adorable Face, and am wounded with the arrow of Thy

love. . . . I have the kiss of Thy sacred Lips, I love, Jesus, and wish for nothing more.

Thine image, Jesus, fair I trace,
It is my star where'er I go,
And gazing on Thy Sacred Face
I find my Heaven here below.

AUGUST 28.—St. Augustine, B. D.

Already I hear the strains of the eternal jubilee, O God, that is being prepared. I snatch my harp from the willows where it hangs silent; I go to sit on Thy knee, to gaze into Thy Face, to see Mary by Thy side, the saints, my beloved family. After the exile of this life I go to find my Father's House in Heaven.

AUGUST 29.—Decollation of St. John Baptist. St. Sabina, V. M.

Jesus had rather see thee hit the trail by night than see thee march in the full light of day along a way strewn with flowers, because the flowers may be turned into stumbling blocks.

AUGUST 30.—St. Rose of Lima, V.

I would console Thee, O my God, for the ingratitude of wicked men, and I beg of Thee to take from me the freedom to displease Thee. If through frailty I should fall, may Thy pitying look purify my soul, consuming my imperfections like the fire that transforms all things into itself.

AUGUST 31.—St. Raymond of Pennafort. C. St. Isabel of France.

Our Lord wants us to give Him alms as to a beggar. He places Himself at our mercy, so to say. He will take nothing but what we give with all our heart, and the least offering we so make is precious in His sight.

COME to the feet of Mary, you that need light and counsel, you that are in doubt about your vocation, uncertain of the path you should follow in life. Come and seek for direction from her who is the Seat of Wisdom, the Gate of Heaven.

St. Cuthbert's Vision.

CUTHBERT was a shepherd-boy watching his flock on the Lammermuir Hills, by the side of the river Leader, not far from the ancient town of Lauder. One night, while his companions were sleeping and he was praying, he saw a wonderful light break through the darkness, and in the midst of it a company of angels descended to the earth. Having received among them a spirit of surpassing brightness, the angels returned to their heavenly home.

The shepherd was struck with awe at this sight and began to offer up praise and thanksgiving, calling loudly on his companions to join him. He told them he had just seen the door of heaven opened and there was led in thither, amidst an angelic company, the spirit of some holy man, who now, forever blessed, beheld the glory of Paradise and Christ its King, while they were still grovelling amid this earthly darkness. He said it must have been some holy bishop or some favored one of the company of the faithful whom he saw thus borne up to heaven. As Cuthbert spoke, the hearts of the shepherds thrilled with reverence and praise.

When the morning came he found that Aidan, the holy bishop of Lindisfarne, had passed away at the very moment of the vision. Immediately, therefore, he delivered over the sheep that he was feeding to their owners, and decided to become a monk. He went to Melrose, the monastery two miles east of the present abbey, where Boisil was prior. He was admitted, and Boisil at once saw the future greatness of this young novice, who lived a holy life there for ten years more.

After leaving the great monastery at Melrose, St. Cuthbert became an eloquent preacher in the neighborhood of Galloway; and in 664 was made prior

of Lindisfarne, where to this day the little shells found only on that coast are called St. Cuthbert's shells; and the seabirds, his favored friends, are called St. Cuthbert's birds. He built a cell, and pilgrims from all parts flocked to ask his counsel and his blessing and his prayers. After eight years had passed thus he was chosen Bishop of Lindisfarne. When not engaged in the administration of his diocese he retired to his cell at Farne.

When his last days drew near, in 687, he directed his brethren to wrap his body, after his death, in the linen which the Abbess Verca had given him, and to bury it, as they so earnestly desired, in their church at Lindisfarne. His last words were: "Keep peace with one another and ever guard the divine jewel of charity. Despise not any of the household of the faith who come to you seeking hospitality, but receive and entertain and dismiss them with friendliness and affection."

His remains were taken to Lindisfarne, where, amid the prayers and the solemn chants of the brethren, they were interred in a stone sarcophagus on the right of the altar in St. Peter's Church. Eleven years later the body, still incorrupt, was taken from the tomb, wrapped in fresh linen and placed in a shrine of wood, which was laid on the floor of the sanctuary. Great veneration was shown to the saint's relics by King Alfred, King Canute, and William the Conqueror. The Cathedral of Durham was dedicated to his memory, and in the Twelfth Century his relics were transferred to that place. In the year 1537, when his shrine was plundered, his body was found still incorrupt.

EXCEPT in the recoil from sin, God does not demand *extraordinary* things from us: He demands *ordinary* things. Our life is made up of these latter, not of the former.—*Francis Neumayr, S. J.*

The Home of the Prodigal.

There is in the Catholic Church a divine institution, which, of itself, would suffice to place her above the plane of every other religious society,—an institution of clemency and mercy, whose object is to administer to souls, with the assurance of pardon, solace, refreshment and peace. In that tribunal of consciences is nothing to recall the severe forms of human justice. Two men meet there, and place themselves side by side,—one to accuse himself, the other to absolve; the former to expose the wounds of his soul, the latter to pour thereon the balm that tranquillizes and cures. There are no unpardonable faults, no evils without remedies, no tears without hope. An avowal stamped with repentance and a firm purpose of amendment takes the place of chastisement, repairs the past, gives new force for the future. For nineteen centuries, this divine institution has exercised its function in the world; and if during that period souls have risen up stronger and purer; if under the spell of these sacred confidences, mankind, that can be delivered from evil only on condition of avowing it, has seen the growth of its moral patrimony, its treasures of virtue, of probity, of justice, of chastity, of devotedness, of holiness in no matter what form,—all these returns, these renewals, these deep spiritual transformations, these sustained combats for the right and good, have been and are the work of confession.

The men and women outside the Church who see and admire many things in the Catholic Church, not infrequently express a horror of the confessional; and yet there is no institution in the world, looked at merely from a purely human point of view, that so touches the bosoms of men, and fires their hearts with new hope and lasting encouragement.

Idling Out the Long Vacation.

BY L. R. W.

WE heard an old but unresigned professor say once on a May day that few alumni would be attending the commencements that Summer because it had been a backward Spring. He had the notion that miry roads and chilly weather, even to this day, slow up the traffic or make it impossible; but he was not nearly so far out of date as those, namely, all of us, who yet imagine that college men and women do best by taking three mental vacations of four full and unbroken months each. This is the more an anachronism, because as an educational method, it was probably never justified. It rests now on the theory, which has gained universal acceptance, that education is not an opportunity but a cut-and-dried series of tasks, "duties," they are called; that it is not a lifelong discovery of something within the student, but a formalistic imposition of something from without. The spelling of the educational process in the words, "From the Inside, Out," is more and more forgotten in practice; in fact, it is long ago buried.

Of course, a break, a rest, is a necessary thing, and we had better resort to it several times a day. But it can be overworked or over-prolonged, both during the day and during the year. No one develops well mentally, gets a commendable poise, a command of himself and of circumstances, without generous periods of leisure. And for mere children, it is still quite defensible that long gaps in the more formal learning process are a great advantage; they are a blessing, also, in particular instances, to maturer persons. But not all college men and women are children, and hardly one-half of one per cent of them is ever overloaded with actual work.

Perhaps, in very large part, the long vacation is a relic from the old days

when college students were generally from the country, or the country towns, and were needed at home on the farm during the growing and the cropping seasons. No one who is *au courant*, however, with the movements of American social and economic life any longer believes that our college students come from the farms, or that those few who do come from farms are "needed at home," or, indeed, that many of these few would, in the ordinary instance, be "caught dead or alive" working on a farm. Their parents are merely living in the country, and they are going to school.

What, in fact, during the long vacation, becomes of the bits of Spanish and chemistry that the sophomore gathered up, week by week, all last year? Certainly he passed the examinations: he studied for this end, and he "got by." Well, it must be said that normally there is a good deal of evaporation during the torrid Summer months. If he takes up these studies again next year, he and his teachers will have some lost ground to regain; and if he doesn't, they will leave on his mind and in his life the faintest and a quite useless deposit. And it is one of the great advantages of the elective system that the student may take just such subjects, which, likely as not, have little or nothing to do with his course, except to fill it out, and nothing at all to do with his life—certainly not rounding it out.

Some boys work during vacation. This is likely to be good in many ways for them. Others have been to college principally because they do not have to work, because, that is, they have time and money, and do not know what to do with them. It would be an excellent human service if the colleges would teach these latter what to do with leisure, not with the leisure of after life, which they are less likely to have, but with the leisure of the long vacation. We know that there are, at least in

America, a large percentage of college students who, if they are freed from physical labor and college daily "duties" and have little opportunity for athletics, are simply lost, bored beyond toleration. In a word, freed from the distraction of class attendance and left for a day or two to themselves, they do not know what to do. Here, now, they have leisure, open fields in which they might grow rich and fat; but they are unprepared for it. They can get along well enough within a system braced up on every side from without, but they have no power of mental self-determination and direction.

And yet if a soul is to have any color of its own, it must get it during its leisure hours; that is, on its own and during free hours. It is an unhealthy soul that does not crave leisure and that does not grow when fed on it.

The First Library.

The Rev. Dr. Coakley, of Pittsburg, comparing our civilization with that of an earlier day, writes: "The first public library in the New World was a Catholic library in the university at Lima. The first printing press in the Western Hemisphere was set up there, and the first printed book ever issued in the new continent was a product of this Catholic institution. And what think you it was? The latest novel, one of the six best sellers, a book to make maidens blush and strong men despair for the virtue of the citizens of the country? Not so; the very first book published was a Catholic Catechism, and it is still preserved in the National Library at Lima, an object of surpassing interest to all who love learning. Those in charge of the university printing press at Lima were conscious that the principles of the Catholic faith were the very prop and guarantee of the civilization they were founding. There is less divorce to-day in South America than in Chicago."

Notes and Remarks.

We shall long hear echoes of Mr. Hoover's famous statement that the Eighteenth Amendment is a noble experiment. His view, when we think back now to it, raises the question again of whether he has a clear understanding of the nature and place of human laws. Justice E. L. Hammer, of the New York Supreme Court, says that no law may ever be enacted "merely for the sake of experiment." If a law is reasonable and for the public good, he says, let us have it; if it is not, then it is a perversion of law, "unjust and immoral," and to try enforcing it is tyranny. "Many laws are unenforceable, and remain unenforceable because they are unreasonable, unjust, immoral and foolish, and, in consequence, contrary to public welfare."

The present difficulty over the dog races in the neighborhood of our greatest country town, and the very real problems of whether they should be stopped, and whether they could be stopped, and of what in the world is going on there, may make us recall the place that sports of so many kinds have come to take in American life. One dislikes making any comment on the subject, for the good reason that sport can be, and ordinarily is, so excellent an element in the lives of normal men and women as well as of children. It is healthful, it is natural and praiseworthy. But like all best things it can be driven too hard and far; and we suspect that in our glutting ourselves on a score of sports and in our idolizing of all record-toppers, we are getting at least close to the rational limit. A golfer, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, says he has had three caddies this Summer who were supporting their unemployed fathers. Evidently, sport has become the serious business of life in such instances. Simply any kind of

gaming seems able to take us off our human balance. Serious men will fish almost "for blood." And we have known of blameless young men who have nearly abandoned their families for the strange, amphibious sport of frogging. Indeed, sports are like religions, they sell so surely and under so many varied forms.

France has voted to pay its war debt to the United States. Whether or not this is merely a gesture made for diplomatic reasons can not now be surely known. It may be only a cup of good will shrewdly extended across the sea. If so, there are sure to be many slips between the cup and our open lips. Economists who have studied the question impartially, with no blinders of emotional patriotism, say that it is practically impossible for the war debts to be paid within any reasonable period of time; and they are virtually unanimous in saying that even could they be paid, it would be unwise for America to ask that they be paid. There is little money in Europe now, comparatively very little. And the only way that the debts can be eventually paid is in goods. But this is precisely what America can not, with sound business sense, welcome. We should be wishing to sell rather than to buy, for we need, more than all else, a greater and greater outlet for our prolific production. Those who are waving the flag because France has voted to pay us her war debt may be enthusiastic patriots; but they can hardly be very wise ones.

Recent issues of the English papers have been filled with glowing descriptions of the memorable scene in Phoenix Park on the occasion of the Centenary celebration of Catholic Emancipation. But there was, perhaps, no more moving paragraph in them all than this which the *London Tablet* quotes from the *Manchester Guardian*,

describing the efforts of the poor to do honor to the occasion:

But of all this wonderful scheme nothing was so touching, so amazing, as the pains taken by the humbler citizens of the slums. The poorer the area the greater seemed to be the energy and thoroughness put into the work. Mean-looking lanes were transformed into the gladdening attractiveness of fête gardens; and how these poor people, many of them unemployed, found means thus to adorn their surroundings is a puzzle. Many a man and woman must have gone hungry in order to make this vivid declaration of faith. Few who have seen the by-ways of Dublin to-day will ever forget the spectacle.

Mr. Kellogg, with admirable assurance, is convinced that the difficulty between China and Russia will be settled by arbitration, or mutual agreement, after a peaceful discussion of the points at issue. The world devoutly hopes Mr. Kellogg is right. "It is of such an economic nature," he says, "as not to incite war." But we recall that most wars, when their causes are searched out by historians who are detached in time and sympathy from the events, arise from some economic difficulty. So simple and apparently innocent an event as the German ship "Bremen's" breaking a record might have, in years to come, serious economic results—even a war. A headline in the *Chicago Tribune*, "Germany after the Sea Scalp of Great Britain," is ominous. If Great Britain has more than one scalp to lose, the last will be her "sea scalp." This record of the "Bremen" inaugurates a race between Germany and England for commercial supremacy of the sea, held now by Great Britain. Officials of the North German Lloyd Line believe that the "Europa," now nearing completion, will equal if not surpass the "Bremen." In the meantime, the Cunard Line, of England, is refitting the "Mauretania," and the work on an English ship, designed to be the world's greatest liner, was

halted before it was well begun for the owners "to see," it was reported, "what the new German ships, such as the "Bremen" would accomplish before finally determining their plans." The world of tourists is interested, no doubt, in seeing the "time of crossing" considerably shortened; but what began as a friendly rivalry between great companies has more than once had results that involved nations and the sacrifice of armies.

Donald Attwater, the editor of *Pax*, a quarterly review of the Benedictines of Caldey, makes some very sane and thoughtful observations on the question of art in an article in the *Commonweal*. His statements, we believe, will create discussion, particularly among those who look to the Middle Ages for the ideal of all that is great and perfect in the realm of Christian art; yet there is much to be said on the other side. We do not go back to the Middle Ages for our treatment of literature; we take life as we find it in this rushing, industrial Twentieth Century, and with this material build a work that is genuinely artistic. But in architecture that has a religious use we are inclined to believe that it can not be great and religious, and modern in treatment. To quote from the article in the *Commonweal*:

In Great Britain and the United States, we Catholics are living, whether we like it or not, in a civilization and organization of society which owes its peculiarities to the un-Catholic Renaissance and the anti-Catholic Reformation. We can not get away from it. But that is no reason why, in this matter of art, we should go puddling about with the past and conditions which no longer obtain, instead of getting our common-sense Catholic philosophy to work on the new conditions. Why are the children of the living Church content to produce only a dead art?

Take one example, church buildings. We have been hypnotized by the doings of the Middle Ages; we have worked ourselves into

a feverish state of irrelevant ethical complacency about Gothic architecture, and have organized a jargon of technicalities about "styles" to enable us the more easily to classify museum specimens, and make to ourselves churches whose ways of building and forms of decoration are borrowed from our ancestors.

Can we imagine what a builder of the Fifteenth Century would have said if asked to build a church with round arches and beak-head mouldings, Norman, in fact; or if a carver in Bourges had been told to do a scheme of Byzantine decoration? Just as in 1400, Norman was dead and gone, out-moded, the manifestation of an earlier and different day, so in 1929 in Great Britain and America, Jacobean, neo-classical, Gothic, Norman, Byzantine, are dead and gone, out-moded, the manifestations of earlier and different days and places.

This would seem to be the view of the Archbishop of Liverpool who, in announcing the architect for the proposed cathedral of Liverpool recently, said:

My idea is not simply an imitation, not a replica of the Thirteenth Century cathedrals, no matter how beautiful, nor merely an echo of a past age. What we want is something that expresses the spirit of this age, so that future generations may look upon it and say "that is of the Twentieth Century." It will be something that embodies and expresses the spirit of the age, the Faith of the age, and the Catholicism of the age.

We have received a pathetic appeal for help from a Sister of Charity in Tangshan, North China. "Our Hospice," she writes, "is a sort of Noah's ark. Within our walls we have the abandoned infant, the blind, crippled, bed-ridden, and idiots—all abandoned or unfortunately alone in the world. In the villages, the people are chiefly pagans, and we make a visit from village to village, baptizing the infants who die like flies in the Summer. But we must have a supply of little caps, knitted socks,

etc., to induce the frightened mothers to bring out their sick babies. . . . These villages are so abandoned to devil worship that we are not infrequently asked to visit some who are 'possessed.' A little holy water usually chases the devil, but is not sufficient, for he returns later, and the poor possessed one is as bad as ever. If we can, we bring them to our hospice for exorcism."

A work of such self-sacrificing charity in the interests of Christ's abandoned children surely is worth sharing in, and is an opportunity for great merit for those who have been blessed with abundance. We shall be glad to forward contributions, or to send the address of this Hospice to any who might be interested in it.

The dog days, which are practically upon us, will be sending many to Canada to escape the heat, and incidentally perhaps the federal agents; but thrice blessed is he, and his friends beside, who can bear a hot Summer, whether on the road or at home, without becoming snappish. It is not dogs alone that become mean, or even a bit dangerous, because of Summer heat and Summer fleas. A roasting August day has its own way of breeding human savages, who growl and whine quite readily, and there is probably as much snarling in the rear seats of tourists' cars as upon the verandas of the stay-at-homes. Just what to do about it is a very serious question, concerning which the citizenry expends yearly much more thought than it does on such apparently less important questions as national elections, or even the education of its children.

The automobile makers and the gasoline refiners and the railroad officials, as well as Canadian brewers, all suggest travelling as a certain remedy. Your haberdasher will tell you that it is to be found in the proper kind of Summer underwear, the shoe salesman says that

it depends upon your care of your arches, the sellers of sports goods assure you that you can find escape in the ideal golf equipment or the bathing suit which you see in his window. Your doctor will, of course, advise diet. But the chances are that your friends, if they are frank, will insist that only the veterinary can save you, that, like your dog, you need to be vaccinated against the rabies of your own temperament.

But of course this would be only a glib concession to science. No remedy or preventive can be found in fashions or fads, scientific or otherwise. What we need most of all is a little rest from fads and fashions, whether these be in vacations or in sports or in Summer styles, all of which strain rather than rest the nerves. What we need is something old-fashioned and cheap and sound and restful, such as Tom Marshall's five-cent cigar, or a mellow pipe with a pouch of home-cured tobacco, to be smoked by the hour in a slat hammock, over a glass of sweet cider and to the tune of crickets singing in the orchard.

It is noteworthy that in recent years a large number of converts to the Church have been literary men. A celebrated Spanish writer, Palacio Valdes, has recently published his "Literary Testament," in which he tells how, though born a Catholic, he fell away and lost his faith, and how he was led to return to it. The need of an infallible teacher, and the daily miracle of the Church's existence, though stock arguments in every Catholic book of Apologetics, seem to take on a new forcefulness in their appeal to this searcher after truth. We quote these significant paragraphs from *The Register* of Denver:

A church there must be. If the Redeemer came down to this world to show men the way of salvation, He must have left

upon earth a means to prevent men from going astray by interpreting His words in an absurd manner.

The story of the Church is a constant miracle. When we consider the terrible trials to which she has been subjected, the brutality of tyrants, the mockery of the wise, we can only ask in amazement: How did not this ship founder? Can it be that if it had not in it something incorruptible it would not have perished entirely? This something incorruptible is Christian truth. The Church has preserved it intact; she has preserved the purity of her doctrine, and so could not perish.

The latest repetition of itself which history can record is the return of the Amazon. In a recent decision of the Supreme Court upon the citizenship of a lady, it was implied that women may now fight for their country, or at least this is one interpretation which has been taken from the decision. But the logic of the law may not, even eventually, become actual fact. The return of the Amazon may remain only virtual, whether Mr. Kellogg has or has not banished war. The granddaughters of this generation will probably never be asked to join the Marines; Feminism, even at its worst, can hardly bring us to that. We may always remain satisfied with the more genteel substitute of the Congresswomen.

There has recently been opened in Omaha, Neb., the preliminary investigation in the process for canonization of Mother Mary Magdalen Bentivoglio, founder of the Poor Clares in Omaha. This process is held at the request of the Bishop of Indianapolis, in whose diocese, at Evansville, the saintly Mother died in 1905. Her biography, written some years ago by Gabriel Francis Powers, under the title, "A Woman of the Bentivoglios," was published by THE AVE MARIA.

New Books.

TRUTH AND THE FAITH. By Hartley Burr Alexander. Henry Holt Co. \$3.

Of this man's book it is pleasant to write. His book is himself. His truth and his faith are intimately and intensely his; they are a kind of flame. The work is a human expression of significant personal experience; and if we believed that any man could write or do anything quite free of propaganda, we would say that Mr. Alexander has achieved it.

This is my faith, he says. Nature is an expression, the world is a deed; and this volume is an external statement of a part of Mr. Alexander's rôle in the whole moving pageant. The work is not so much a philosophy, even of one man, as it is the man's faith, the affirmation of his belief in the divinity of our world, and especially of persons. It is a very strong, triumphant kind of affirmation.

The "truth" described in the book is that which is most ruling in human life, or most significantly human. It is therefore thought to come nearest to depicting the real world. Indeed, we live in a mirror world. The reality is spirit, the meaning is mind, men are most godlike. At least, they worship and praise God. "Ah, yes! we are the ministers of God"—all of us, as well as the philosopher Malebranche and the prelate Bossuet and the poet Francis: "as the birds are, and the annual fields, and the chanting stars. . . ."

Faith is reposed in all things: in earth and skies and God and man; but mostly in Christ and the Christian way, which is "ours by inheritance," and than which none is more profound or sincere.

Jesus is a plain man among plain people. "And suddenly, and for a world, he made of humanity, his and ours, something which could never be simple again." In the ordinary ways of people and nature, "he finds his book and reads his wisdom." His consciousness of spiritual reality is such that it is hard to name; we may call it "nobility." And "I, as I have been writing this, have again and repeatedly been compelled to turn" toward a phantom or image of Jesus, who, like a child

refusing to touch a rose lest its loveliness vanish, is close, but will not touch the souls of men. To ask whether Jesus is Man and God is almost a superfluous question. "Divinity is a name for one of our readings of our own mysterious life."

God is our light and leader in the fight on chaos, He is a worship, a revelation, the world's redemption, "man's resentment of the imperfections of his world," and our faith in moral sanity. God is not so strictly reasoned to, but is an inspiration, the maker of "our high humanity."

The faults of the book are an extreme subjectivism, which disregards urgent rational claims, a tendency to run all things into one pantheistic mould, and a style that is rich and alive but of almost too great eloquence.

SHORT STORIES FOR COLLEGE CLASSES. Edited by Blanche Colton Williams. Appleton, \$2.25.

The name of Blanche Colton Williams is familiar to everyone interested in short-story collections. She is perhaps the most indefatigable of the many critical compilers of stories in recent years; and many teachers have had good reason to thank her for her work in making conveniently available many of the most serviceable stories for use in English classes.

The vogue for collections of short stories is sometimes smiled upon, as having a tendency to stereotype, by rather mechanical classifications, the study of the short fiction. However true or untrue this may be, it is a fact that discerning collectors of stories have helped greatly in educating readers to some of the most significant, modern short fiction. And Dr. Williams has done more than good yeoman's service in this work.

Her new book of stories will be very interesting to teachers of the short story in colleges, whether in classes of critical appreciation or in writing classes, though "Short Stories for College Classes" will perhaps fit the needs of the critical class more precisely. The book is not standardized. The stories included will, for the most part, not be found in many other collections; though Tarkington, and Poe with "The Cask of Amontillado," and De Maupassant, and O. Henry's "A Municipal Report," do appear—surely without ob-

jection. Most of the stories seem fresh and unusual in a collection. Conrad, for instance, is not represented by "Youth," or "The End of the Tether," or "The Lagoon," as usual, but by "The Brute," a story with a strong element of the yarn to appeal to younger readers; though in revealing not a single permanent human fact—as does "Youth,"—but several such facts, the story will be perhaps a little more difficult as a means of introducing students to Conrad, who is essentially the interpreter and illustrator of significant human experience. And there is a rather wide variety to the stories. Romanticism and its escape appear in such a writer as Wilbur Daniel Steele; realism, made exquisite and human and irresistible, is provided in Ruth Suckow's delightful, altogether satisfying story of "The Little Girl from Town"; a classic quality in "The Real Thing," by Henry James; the raw and bitter strain of the seaman's life in James B. Connolly's "The Trawler," and humor of a rather genuine kind in "Good Old Uncle Homer," by Nunnally Johnson. Most of the general short-story types are included in the volume. The teacher will therefore find the book widely serviceable.

But if we have always liked Dr. Williams as a collector of short stories, we can not say so much for her as a critic or interpreter. Perhaps the criticism is not entirely fair—perhaps it is only our personal taste—but we have often felt her critical and interpretative comment on stories to be unserviceable or even harmful for teaching, especially the teaching of short-story writing. There is in it a certain pat obviousness which may standardize or narrow the student's approach to a story, and prevent his immediately feeling the full emotional impact of the vital and significant human experience which the writer of the story essentially aims at conveying. This, we think, is especially true of the comment upon the stories published in Dr. Williams's latest collection. But her comment is confined to a few prefatory pages; happily, she does not load each story with critical notes, but, experienced editor that she is, leaves all matters of interpretative study largely to the student and the teacher. Even

though we can not feel satisfied with the critical approach made to the stories in the book, we are grateful for a collection which is, on the whole, very valuable and discerning in its selections.

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF LIFE. By J. S. Mackenzie. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Mackenzie has for years been writing some of the most readable philosophical works in our language. His "Manual of Ethics" has gone through several editions, and his "Elements of Constructive Philosophy," "Outlines of Social Philosophy" and "Ultimate Values," have proved important volumes. We can hardly think of a better general introduction to modern thought than the present book. The author is widely read, and though we think he is an idealist, and perhaps a theist, he has an understanding of the realist's and the agnostic's views.

Mr. Mackenzie is concerned here with the problem of what are the most important things that men strive for, or perhaps should strive for. The sub-title explains this: "An Essay on Citizenship as Pursuit of Values." He considers welfare, life, and wealth (naturally he throws this last out as of second-rate appeal). For him "Beauty seems to be the final form of pure Value." Again, "Beauty and its correlative, Joy, are the central elements in Value." Religion, which is "the attitude of devotion" to all the good things that we know, has a high place or function: to wean us, as Goethe said, from "what is only half good, and help us to live resolutely, as far as possible, in the Whole, the Good and the Beautiful."

SOME WORTH-WHILE BOOKS:—"Three Reformers." By Jacques Maritain. Scribners.

"The Philosophy of Teaching of St. Thomas." By Mary Helen Mayer. Bruce Publishing Co.

"The School of Suffering." By Bishop von Keppler. B. Herder Company.

"The Life of All Living." By Fulton J. Sheen. The Century Company.

"Catholicism and the Modern Mind." By Michael Williams. MacVeagh & Company.

"Faith and Revealed Truth." By George D. Smith. Macmillan Company.



To a Little Girl.

BY HELEN M. RYAN.

LITTLE Maiden, winsome fair,
With the sunlight in your hair,
In your eyes the deep sea blue
Snow-white is the heart of you.

Stretching on before you there,
Maiden with the winsome air,
Gay with laughter, grave with tears,
Lies the roadway of the years.

Whatsoever it may hold,
Honor, fame, or fortune's gold;
Skies of gray or azure hue,
Snow-white be the heart of you.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—THE NEW "BOOK."

THE old Madam had a restless night. Lady Bird's coming had been like the cracking of ice over a long-frozen sea whose depths began to stir into warmth and life. But such stirring is slow and painful at seventy-three, and Miss Wilson found her patient in a very irritable mood.

"How are that child's hands this morning?" she asked as she pushed aside her untasted breakfast.

"Oh, much better," Miss Wilson answered; "the scratches were not deep, and are healing fast. She is up and dressed. Would you like to see her?"

"No," was the decisive answer. "Keep the little fool out of my sight. After that cat-and-dog business last evening, I had a bad night of it. But I suppose now that I've brought her here, I will have to make the best of her."

"She will return to the convent willingly, if you so wish. If she is an

annoyance to you, I can take her back at once," Miss Wilson said eagerly.

"No," said the old woman in her harshest tone. "It is my business to look after her, and I will not turn it over to Romish nuns. She must stay here for a while, until I decide what to do with her. I may send her to some school where she will unlearn all the foolish teachings of her past. She looks like a little nun herself in those ridiculous clothes. I would like you to take her to Martine's and outfit her decently."

"To Madame Martine's?" exclaimed Miss Wilson, startled into unusual surprise.

"Yes," was the answer. "She is expensive, I know, but Martine has sense and taste, and won't make a French doll of the child as most of the stores would. Just tell her to outfit my granddaughter properly and not count the cost; and then, when she looks less like a Romish picture, maybe I will see her again, but not to-day. I find her too—upsetting."

And so, as the old Madam was—in Oriental parlance—"the one to be obeyed," after a pleasant breakfast served in her room by Annette, Lady Bird was borne away in the softly cushioned limousine to spend a wonderful forenoon in the most exclusive "shop" of the great city,—a shop that had catered to the old Madam's tastes in the days of her strength and pride. Madame Martine, herself, came at Miss Wilson's summons, to wait on this new and most welcome customer.

"*Bien!* I know, I know," she smiled as Miss Wilson explained what she felt to be little Miss Wharton's most unfashionable attire. "It is the convent mode, which, after all, is for *les jeunes filles* quite simple and correct. I wore

it myself for many a happy year," added the elegant Madame with a stifled sigh. "But for the granddaughter of Madam Wharton, we must have something very different."

And very different indeed, but still quite "simple and correct" were the exquisite French underwear, the silken stockings, and dainty shoes, the stylish little dresses of serge and silk with their delicate touches of embroidery, the soft blue bathrobe, the quilted silk dressing gown, the gay little bedside slippers, the boxes of handkerchiefs, and pretty collars, the bright scarlet cap and sweater—"For the sports around Stony Crest," added Madame Martine, with her pleasant smile,—and last but not least, the beautiful little fawn-colored coat and hat under which Lady Bird's pretty face bloomed in a way that made the Madame whisper softly to her attendant saleswoman: "*Ciel!* she is perfect, *n'est-ce pas?*"

But for that lovely face, Sainte Cecile's would never have recognized the stylish little figure that faced Lady Bird in Madame's long French mirror when, as the admiring lady assured Miss Wilson, she was "all complete."

"It is the soldier son's daughter?" she inquired sympathetically, for the story of the brave Captain's death was well known.

"Yes," Miss Wilson replied briefly.

"Ah, it was most—*triste*—but she will bring the joy and blessing to his mother, I am sure," murmured Madame Martine, as she jotted down the last charge in the gilt-edged notebook she reserved for such exclusive patronesses; and when Miss Wilson's watchful eye caught sight of the figures she was momentarily dismayed. But the old Madam had given the orders *carte blanche*, and her will must be obeyed.

"Oh, I never—never had such beautiful things in all my life!" said Lady Bird, as, after this bewildering experience, she found herself whirling home

in the limousine. "My Grandmother is very good to me, Miss Wilson."

Miss Wilson thought of the harsh, old speaker of this morning, and answered evasively: "You will always find her most generous, I am sure."

"I am so sorry I troubled her yesterday," continued Lady Bird penitently. "I ought not to have cried as I did, but—but I couldn't help it, Miss Wilson. I thought Grandmothers took children in their arms and kissed them, and—and loved them; and when she looked at me so cold and strange, it seemed as if my heart would break. And I felt I must get back to Sainte Cecile's or I would die. I couldn't stay with a Grandmother that didn't love me. But now that I've learned how good she is," continued Lady Bird, "we will love each other, I know."

Miss Wilson was silent for a moment as Lady Bird, looking so bright and beautiful in Grandmother's "outfit" smiled up happily into her face. She must warn this poor little foolish child that "giving is not always loving," that it was only a cold, hard pride that had been so lavish in its generosity to-day. But how could she strike so cruelly this tender, trusting young heart. She chose her words carefully, even as she had learned to choose the knives for the surgeon's skilful hand.

"All Grandmothers are not alike," she said; "you must take yours as she is, even if she seems different from all that you expected. She is old and has been very sick; if she is crossed or troubled, she will grow worse."

"And I troubled her yesterday," said Lady Bird remorsefully; "yet she has given me all these beautiful things to-day. Oh, my dear, good Grandmother. Never will I give her any trouble again, Miss Wilson; I will do all I can to make her well and happy. May I go up to her room and tell her so," asked Lady Bird eagerly, as the limousine rolled up to the great porch of Stony Crest.

"Not to-day," replied Miss Wilson, thinking of her morning orders. "She will send for you when she wants you." And when that will be, thought the lady to herself, no living creature can tell; for her old Madam's moods were most uncertain; and the beautiful things from Martine's, gifts of pride not love. And just how Lady Bird stood with her stern, old Grandmother, Miss Wilson could not say or know.

Cousin Helen met Lady Bird in the hall, bitterness in her heart, as her jealous eyes fell upon the charming little figure in Martine's stylish coat and hat. But she only smiled pleasantly, and told Lady Bird that Teddy wanted to see her, and she must come and have lunch with him, or he would fret himself sick.

"So take off your pretty coat and hat, dear, and we will go to him at once." Cousin Helen's voice was very soft and sweet, but Lady Bird liked Miss Wilson's plain speech better, though she could not tell exactly why. She slipped into her room and took off the coat and hat which Cousin Helen admired greatly, and—as all the other beautiful things were to be delivered later—it was the simple, little girl of Sainte Cecile's that Teddy's mother led into her boy's room, where a small, wizened figure in a rose-colored dressing gown, was seated in a big cushioned chair, awaiting her arrival.

"Here is your pretty cousin, Lorette, Teddy. She has come to live at Stony Crest, and you will be great friends, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, yes," declared Lady Bird, her heart going out to the pitiful little fellow, whose big, black eyes were lifted to her face. "Annette has told me about you, Teddy. We are going to be good friends, I know."

"So I will leave you to have lunch together, and get acquainted as little cousins should," said Teddy's mamma, choking down the bitter feelings welling in her heart, as she realized the

contrast between this lovely child and her own pale, puny boy. "And after lunch, Annette will take Teddy out in his rolling chair, and Lorette can go with him if she wishes, for a pleasant walk about the grounds."

"I can walk, too, if you will let me have my crutches, Mamma," put in Teddy eagerly.

"No," said his mother, a pang rending her heart at the words; "you must let Annette wheel you in your nice comfortable chair."

"Oh, I want to walk,—I want to walk on my crutches!" wailed Teddy. "I don't like to be rolled around like a baby, Mamma."

"There, there, eat your lunch like a good boy, Teddy, and then we will see," soothed his mother as Annette came in with her bountifully laden tray. "Here is everything you like—creamed chicken, and rice cakes, and cup custard, and lovely little strawberry shortcakes piled with whipped cream."

And this proving satisfactory to Teddy, Cousin Helen stole away and left him to entertain his guest who had been regarding this fretful young autocrat with mingled wonder and pity. But the dainty luncheon proved a pleasant opening to their acquaintance, and they soon were making friends as Cousin Helen had wished, yesterday's battle proving a subject of mutual interest.

"Annette told me you kept Fido from being killed," said Teddy, "and that your hands are badly scratched. I didn't think girls did nice things like that."

"Oh, yes they do," laughed Lady Bird. "When Englatine's white veil caught fire in the Forty Hours' procession, Aglæ pulled it off and burned her hands much worse than mine are scratched; and when little Pat broke through the ice in the Kearney pond last Winter, it was Winnie who jumped in for him and saved him from being drowned. No girl at Sainte Cecile's

would stand by and let that big cat kill your poor, little dog."

Teddy pondered this surprising statement, and then asked with interest: "Where is Sainte Cecile's; is it very far from here?"

"Oh, yes," sighed Lady Bird sadly, "very, very far. But it is the loveliest place in the world, with great white mountains all around it, and trees and flowers, and playgrounds, and porches; and—and—oh, I just can't tell you how beautiful Sainte Cecile's is!" concluded Lady Bird, with a little break in her voice that warned her she must turn her thoughts to nearer things.

Then Annette came to gather up the luncheon dishes that, with Lady Bird's healthy young appetite, had been pretty well cleared, and it was time for Teddy to be borne down stairs by Preston to the rolling-chair, waiting his coming, a softly-cushioned, silver-wheeled equipage at which Teddy knew all the boys of his acquaintance privately and often publicly scoffed. For boys are heartless creatures, and poor little Teddy's "perambulator" was the subject of much cruel fun.

"Don't forget the baby's bottle," Dick Ellington would shout to Annette, as he passed the Stony Crest gate.

"Bye, bye, mamma's darling," Jack Morton would laugh, as he cleared the stone wall at a bound.

And Teddy would shake his little clenched fist at his tormentors in a pitiful mockery of the family crest, and refuse to be rolled any further in their sight; for the proud spirit of the Whartons lived in the poor, little, feeble form, and Teddy found the shame of this prolonged babyhood hard to bear.

"I don't want to go out to-day," he said, as Annette appeared with his velvet coat and cap; "I want to stay with my cousin."

"But I can go with you, your mamma said," declared Lady Bird cheerfully.

"No," said Teddy, feeling that with

this girl cousin to see and hear the boys' chaffing, it would have an added sting. "I am not going out at all," and this pitiful young scion of a sturdy race flung himself back in his cushioned chair with the obstinate look in his black eyes that Annette knew.

"It's his mother's orders, Miss," she explained to Lady Bird. "The Doctor said he was to be out in the sunshine every day at two o'clock."

"I won't go!" said Teddy, with the confidence of a young ruler whose will is supreme. "You can take away my cap and coat, Annette, for I *won't* go."

"What am I to do with him?" asked Annette hopelessly. "Didn't ye hear your mother say you were to go out, Teddy?"

"Yes," said Teddy, "but I won't go."

"And Preston ready to take you down stairs, and your beautiful chair waiting for you," coaxed Annette.

"If you could just see his beautiful chair, Miss, that his mother had made for him, with its soft cushions and silver rimmed wheel."

"I hate my chair," Teddy burst forth tempestuously; "I am never going to let you take me out in it again—never! I hate my rolling-chair, and I hate *you*, you horrid, old Annette."

"God save us!" murmured Annette, in a dismayed whisper, for though Teddy whined and fretted, it was not often he broke out so fiercely as this.

"Oh, Teddy!" came a shocked young voice in the clear, rebuking tones of Sainte Cecile's. "What a naughty little boy you are to talk like that."

Teddy's black eyes opened in wide amaze at this plain, fearless speech. "I am ashamed of you," continued Lady Bird, "when Annette is so kind, and good and nice to you." This was a version of Annette's attention that Teddy had never heard, for he had been taught to look upon her as the slave of his every whim.

"You ought to go out as your mother

told you, Teddy." Lady Bird's severe tone softened as she realized what a pitiful, little rebel she was addressing. "Little boys have to go out in the sunshine, or they will never grow big and strong. Don't you want to grow big and strong?"

"Yes," said Teddy briefly.

"Then let Annette put on your pretty coat and cap, and take you out."

"No," was the determined answer, and Teddy fixed his black eyes on Lady Bird in a defiant stare.

"There's no use in talking to him, Miss, when he gets in a tantrum like this," said Annette hopelessly.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Lady Bird, for the training of Sainte Cecile's did not admit of despair. "You are a real naughty little boy to act like this, Teddy," she went on; "and I thought you were such a dear little cousin, and we were going to have such nice times together. But I can't love you, or like you, if you are going to be mean and stubborn and naughty like this."

Lady Bird turned away with the words and was leaving the room, when she was stopped by a piercing howl.

"Don't," cried Teddy, his howl rising into a roar that brought Mamma hurrying up the stairs in alarm. "Don't—don't go! I want you to stay! I want you to stay!"

(To be continued.)

Jimmy the Newsboy.

IT was night in the great city of New York. The rain fell in torrents and the wind swept through the deserted streets, which the numerous lamps but feebly lit up. A little boy, a mere child, was hurrying through the storm, striving to hide beneath his torn and ragged coat his poor stock in trade—a few newspapers. His tired and weary feet could scarcely support him, and through the darkness one might see his large brilliant eyes filled with anxiety and

pain. He had earned but three cents that day, and his mother had beaten him and driven him out into the cold, dark streets.

And so he went on at random, his little heart full of sorrow. He was scarcely seven years old, and was ignorant of everything, except, perhaps, his own misery. Poor child! he thought not of asking aid of any one. He knew nothing of God; and yet on that night the Guardian Angel of the Poor watched over him, and directed his steps through the storm.

It happened that Jimmy suddenly found himself before a building, the door of which, as often as it was opened, sent forth into the cold night floods of light and warmth. How could he resist the temptation! The child followed timidly some newcomers, and entered. It was a church, and filled with poor people and great numbers of children like himself; so that he felt reassured.

Soon after he entered, they commenced to sing. The music thrilled the newsboy's very soul; for he had never before heard anything so beautiful. Then a priest rose up and addressed the people, directing his remarks especially to the children. Poor, neglected Jimmy knew nothing of the things of Heaven; but the grace of Baptism still possessed his young heart, and the God of the afflicted, the Saviour of little children, bowed to his desolation; so that when the priest spoke, he understood the sacred word. He then learned who it was that created him; who it was that loved him so much as to die for him, and who willed one day to have him near Him in His abode of splendor and joy without end.

The little newsboy listened with delight, and received with a believing heart this wonderful history of love. And then when once more the music and the hymns were heard,—when a sweet perfume filled the air,—when all heads were bowed in reverent adora-

tion, Jimmy felt that beneath that immense, vaulted roof the Supernatural was passing.

Outside, the rain still poured down, as Jimmy hurried home to his humble garret. Now, what cared he for his poverty and wretchedness, and the neglect and cruelty of his parent! He was happy, even as he slept upon his hard floor; for he knew now that there was One who loved and cared for him.

The next day, and for some days afterwards, Jimmy continued his visits to the church, where services were held daily at intervals; for it was the time of a mission for the children of the parish. He managed to dispose of his papers between times, and his mother, satisfied with the receipts, made no inquiries as to how he spent his time. With his new companions, he went from the church to the Sisters' school, and the day came when he had the happiness of making his first confession.

The mission was over, and then good Sister Bridget missed from her class that little childish figure that had attracted her attention and claimed her particular care. What had become of Jimmy? The child had already early in life served a painful apprenticeship; but, alas! a much heavier cross had been placed upon his weak and delicate shoulders. No longer was his shrill, piping voice heard crying out the news and the titles of the matter of his little trade—the papers of the great city. His mother had sent him away with a brutal sailor, who cruelly beat him, because of his inability to do all that was required of him; and after some months of this hardship, he was returned to his mother in a dying condition.

But never for an instant did murmur or complaint escape the lips of the child. Nothing could disturb the serenity of those large bright eyes; and when, at length, it became impossible for him to move, one might imagine from seeing his fixed and eager look, as he lay

stretched upon his miserable bed, that some loved voice was whispering to him words of comfort and consolation. He knew that he was going to die, but the thought had no terrors for him. Death, to him, meant Heaven, the Blessed Virgin, Jesus,—the end of all the pains that now tortured his feverish body.

One afternoon it chanced that Sister Bridget, while on a mission of charity, entered the miserable house; and as she passed the stairs she heard a plaintive voice crying out: "Oh, mother! please shut the door, I am so cold!" But the woman to whom the words were addressed, heeded them not. The Sister stopped, looked into the cold, wretched room, and recognized on the bed her poor little scholar. The recognition was mutual, and joyfully were the two puny little arms reached out to good Sister Bridget. Then, for the first time, he told the story of his long suffering and his interior consolations. The religious declared that she would not abandon her poor little victim, and easily obtained the consent of the mother to remove the child to the hospital of her order.

How happy Jimmy felt in his warm, comfortable bed, at the foot of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, who seemed to smile upon him! The priest who had, as it were, first opened heaven to his soul now came to receive his last confession; but the one only fault with which the dying boy had to reproach himself was some slight impatience in suffering. No ill-feeling was there against those who had broken his young life. "My poor mother," he cried; "oh, how I wish she were good! You see, Father, it is because she never heard what you told us."

The holy oil anointed the feet and hands of the child, and with the intensest love and devotion he received his Lord and Saviour into his heart. Then, with the holy names "Jesus—Mary" on his lips, his pure soul took its flight to another and better world.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Priests and theological students will find "The Ritual Explained," by Rev. W. Dunne, B. A., a handy and efficient reference book. It is more than a commentary; it is designed to lead to a better understanding of the functions of the Ritual and at the same time to be a guide to its intelligent use. B. Herder Book Co. \$1.75.

—"Give Me a Chance!" is the title of the latest novel from the prolific pen of Will W. Whalen. Although the book is not characterized by remarkable story-telling ability or by originality, it will no doubt hold the interest of the average reader. The main incidents of the story center around the activities of the local Ku-Klux Klan. From this fact and from other indications it is evident that the author's purpose was to give that organization a jolt. Herder. \$2.

—Among recent pamphlets received are "Apologetics in the Parish and in the Diocese," by the Very Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P. An interesting account of the means and methods of promoting an interest in Apologetics. The *Ecclesiastical Review*.—"The Terrors of Being Engaged," by Ada McCormick. Plain talk about an important subject. "Ordinary of the Mass," by a Paulist Father. Simple prayers adapted to the hearing of Mass devoutly. Paulist Press.

—Any one who has enjoyed the delightful "Evening Memories," of William O'Brien, will find a keen pleasure in this new volume, "Golden Memories," edited by his wife, Sophie O'Brien. To see the great nationalist, the stirring orator, the astute statesman on this very human and very tender side of life as it is revealed in his love letters, is to appreciate the genuine greatness of him. Worried by grave political problems, engaged in unending conferences, he stole a few minutes whenever he could to pen a few words to the fine, cultured woman who had been his inspiration and his stay through many a long public battle for the Irish cause. The third chapter of the volume is an appreciation of his charac-

ter and his work, by his wife who knew him best of all. Published by M. H. Gill & Son. Dublin.

—We are glad to see, so soon after the publication of Don Pierami's admirable "Life of Pius X.," another excellent study of this great servant of God. René Bazin, with his usual simplicity, tells the story of the child of Riese who reigned in Peter's stead for a short time, but who accomplished such marvellous things for God's glory and the honor of the Church. There are many delightful bits of humor and wisdom from the lips of the Pope which recall the naïvete of the Curé of Ars; there is a large section of the book devoted to Pontifical Acts in which explanation is made concerning Sacred Music, Codification of Ecclesiastical Law, Frequent Communion, Modernism, etc., and what the Pontiff did about them. The more we learn about this Pope, "so lovable, so gentle, yet so firm," the greater is our desire to see him raised to the altars of the Church. M. Bazin makes no mention of miraculous cures attributed to the Pope, leaving this phase to others more competent to adjudge such matters. The excellent translation of "Pius X." is by the Benedictines of Talacre; and a preface is furnished by the Rt. Rev. Francis J. Vaughn. Sands and Co., London; B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Obituary.

Rev. J. C. Reville, S. J., and Rev. John Lunny, S. J.

Sister M. Alcera, Sisters of the Holy Cross, and Sister Mary of St. Stephen, Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maynard, Sara E. Hooton, Miss Anna Reilly, Mr. Terence Coughlin, Mr. Arthur Combs, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Mrs. Patrick O'Brien, Mr. John P. Simonton, Mr. George Marmion, Mr. Frank Hall, Miss K. E. Griffin, Mrs. J. J. Lyden, Mr. Thomas E. Murray, Mr. Rupert Mills, Mr. Edmund L. Casey, and Mrs. Catherine Dinnen.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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To a Negress at the Pieta.

BY E. DAY STEWART.

AH, old black woman with Madonna eyes
Before the shrine where your dead Saviour lies,

Surely your swaying grief played pleasing part
At Calvary in solacing His Heart!

Though you may toil until the hour of death,
Was not Christ Carpenter of Nazareth?

Your ways are hard, you may know utter scorn;
Was not Christ spat upon and crowned with
thorn?

And when you feel the touch of agony,
See that crushed form in dark Gethsemane.

Let all the world despise the ways you trod:
It hated once, it crucified its God.

Yes, you belong here where the dead Christ
lies,
Old black woman with Madonna eyes.

A Convert's Warfare.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

LIKE the novel which ends with the marriage of the happy couples whose troubled careers have been recorded, the usual religious autobiography concludes with the subject's conversion. But as the modern realist knows that the "lived-happy-ever-after" ending is false to life, so all who recognize facts have to admit that, infinitely great as is the privilege of admission to the Church, the convert's reception does not conclude his conflict. That "the course

of true love never runs smooth" may be said of the married couple as of those who woo and are wooed; and it is true both of the love which seeks to know the Truth and of that which has found Him.

It is one thing to discover the polestar by which to guide our pilgrimage, and another thing to find the pole. The religious wayfarer, who has been plunging at random through the thickets of our chaotic world, vainly seeking some trustworthy clue to the mystery of life, is conscious, when he first sights that Star which God has set in his heavens to direct us, of a great peace. But he will delude himself if he imagines that thereafter he may go to sleep like a passenger who has taken his seat in the right train. It was not Saul but Paul the Christian Apostle who wrote, "Not as though I had already attained, or were already perfect; but I follow after, if I may by any means apprehend, wherein I am also apprehended by Christ Jesus."

It is the virtue of Johannes Jørgensen's autobiography—an English translation of which has been published by Messrs. Sheed and Ward of London—that it recognizes this fact. The first volume, issued last year, brought us, in the company of the author, to the threshold of the Church. It was a very frank confession, on the part of a man steeped in the scepticism of the Nineteenth Century, of the disillusioning process which followed his acceptance of contemporary literary prophets. The

proclamation of those prophets that they were heralding a new age of glorious freedom was proved in personal experience to be false; and the poor victim of their confidence reveals in these pages the moral and intellectual morass into which his obedience to them plunged him. The concluding pages gave us a fairly clear hint that the pilgrimage described would end in the Church, as indeed it did; and some readers may have been content with that volume as with a completed story to which *finis* has been written.

On every hand it was welcomed as one of the great spiritual autobiographies of literature. The London *Tablet* declared that, in many respects, it might be compared with St. Augustine's "Confessions." Protestant papers recognized the weight of its testimony, and gave it glowing reviews. But they were dealing with a half-told story; and what to some will seem the equally fascinating remainder has only now appeared. The second volume, after relating the story of Jørgensen's reception, brings the record of his experience down to the present day. In this later instalment, we are allowed to see something of the Convert's warfare as a member of the Catholic Church.

Quite candidly the writer disposes of the myth that the convert's lot is necessarily what would be called a happy one. "You are fortunate in being a believer," he records a freethinker once saying to a friend of his, a well-known Parisian advocate and a staunch Catholic. "You are mistaken," was the reply. "You order your life as you please and at the same time keep your good conscience, and very possibly you will get into heaven at last, as it is presumably through no fault of yours that you are a freethinker and a heathen. We others have received the gift of faith and the responsibility it entails; and it often weighs so heavily upon us that we

nearly faint under it, as under the burden of a cross." That is paradoxically stated, but the essential truth need not be contested.

One of the first difficulties he had to face was concerned with finances. As a Danish Catholic his public would be small, and for the ordinary kind of journalism he had neither aptitude nor inclination; yet there was a wife and family to maintain. He was offered a position on a daily paper, but refused it. The things that once interested him can no longer command his pen. To take the popular point of view and write for it became impossible. Briefly but poignantly he indicates what it means for an author, whose whole being has undergone a transformation, to find or create a new public. Not being one of those happy individuals who can satisfy themselves and a sufficient number of readers by writing in a non-committal style, he had to suffer poverty and obscurity.

But this was a small matter compared with the assault on his faith consequent on what seemed to be the effect of Catholicism on his creative powers. His "religiosity," he declares, appeared to shut him out from life. It made him a stranger to the world of culture; it deprived him of his poetic gift. And this at a time when he most needed these things. It seems to him that to be able to write one must live in that world which was now forbidden him. He notes that Catholic culture is largely in the hands of men who, before their conversion, had a wide experience of evil. Is talent, he asks, the fruit of sin? He is haunted with the fear that in becoming a Catholic he has betrayed the cause of truth and life. Was he a traitor to human progress, he wants to know. This war between the demands of faith and those of the eager mentality of a Nineteenth-Century *littérateur* recurs in page after page. In conver-

sation with an ecclesiastical friend, whose life was given up to labors on behalf of the poor and diseased, a ray of light falls on his problem.

"'You must be happy,' I said in the evening to my bishop friend. 'What you are doing is worth more than all my writing.' As soon as I had said it, I knew that here was the answer to the complaint of the literary and artistic inferiority of modern Catholicism made by Huysmans, Karl Muth, myself and many others. In my diary I wrote: 'In view of the great distress of the modern world, the Church must necessarily lay most stress on *Caritas*—she can not afford to do anything else. Fruits are needed, not flowers. Catholic education, therefore, as given in the schools and colleges of the Jesuits and other teaching Orders, is directed mainly, one might almost say one-sidedly, at the training of *character*, while *feeling* and *imagination* are neglected. The result: we write fewer novels and poorer verses than the others—but we show our strength in nursing lepers.' "

Jørgensen's theory may be right or wrong—I am not concerned with that—but the fact remains that he had, like all men of his type, to face the possibility of becoming, in St. Paul's words, a fool for Christ's sake. This sacrifice of mental vitality, of cultural interests, may be more apparent than real, but to the man whose whole life has consisted in such, it makes demands which it is no exaggeration to call terrible. One is like a foreigner in a strange country—one's customary forms of speech are useless, the mind moves slowly about its new surroundings, spelling out their meaning with the halting uncertainty of a child. The intellect, accustomed to rapid thought, has to exercise caution, and assumes a manner not unlike stupidity. But the loss of mental power and alertness to which Jørgensen refers, is more in seeming than in actuality.

The trouble is one which time and spiritual development cure. In this as in so much else, it is true that, having sought first God and His justice, that which has been given up for His sake is restored to us a hundredfold. The Autobiography is eloquent with this truth.

It was not only the threat to his intellectual interests which the Convert felt as a difficulty when he exchanged his pagan world for the Church. He had been a social democrat, an active member of that movement which has influenced so profoundly the workers of Europe and America, and he was disappointed at what looked like tepidness on the part of Catholics with regard to economic and industrial problems. His new co-religionists sometimes gave him the impression of living in a world remote from all those pressing questions agitating democratic thinkers. He wondered whether in becoming a Catholic he had betrayed the people—just as he had wondered whether by the same act he had betrayed the world of cultural progress. In the Middle Ages, he reflected, Christianity and civilization had been at peace with each other. Men's social ideas had been obviously inspired by their religion, and the debt was acknowledged. But to-day there was a divorce and a conflict, so that the Church was charged with being the enemy of political freedom and of democratic progress.

It can be imagined what a relief to a mind revolving such thoughts was Pope Leo's Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, issued in 1891. Its magnificent championship of the legitimate rights belonging to the workers gave him renewed faith. In addition he came to see that the Church was justified in conservatively guarding the treasure of Truth confided to her keeping, that it was on the careful preservation of this and its promulgation that all true progress de-

pended. What might look like antagonism between the Catholic army and the principles of that revolution which was everywhere evident, was not in reality such. Everything of lasting value in those principles was derived from that Christian teaching which it was the Church's business to safeguard.

The anti-clericals and anti-Christians had failed to recognize the origin of their own ideals. It took the Church some time to sort out the true from the false, that which originated in her own doctrines from human accretions; but she never failed to do so in the long run. This, so far as it can be stated in such brief compass, was the conclusion to which the Danish poet came. The reader of his autobiography will find it all set forth in the chapter on Christian Democracy in the second volume.

There are many millions of Catholics to whom the problems which troubled Jørgensen mean nothing. If they read his book they will probably wonder why he should bother himself about such things. For themselves the daily struggle absorbs all their thought and strength. To do the day's work honestly, to live in neighborly accord with others, to attend Mass and receive the sacraments are enough. Why, they will ask, should a man go out of his way to perplex himself with such abstruse inquiries, thereby imperilling his faith?

The answer to that is that Jørgensen did not go out of his way to meet these difficulties. Before his conversion he was in daily contact with men opposed to the Church and regarding her as the enemy of progress. He himself was called upon in his capacity as a writer to acquaint himself with the thought of his age. Sharing the views of his non-Catholic friends, it was natural that he should give expression to them. Thus when he became a Catholic he found himself burdened with a heritage of responsibility. He must attempt to justify his new faith in the eyes of his for-

mer associates. He could not act altogether like a private individual, content to leave the ordering of public affairs to others. Though he had become a Catholic he had not ceased to be a student of contemporary life. Modern tendencies must be either rejected, or reconciled with the Faith. To examine them was his business, his profession, his contribution to his times.

Unfathomable indeed has been the peace which this convert has known in his inmost heart. But it has been such peace as is found in the depths of the ocean when storms rage on the surface. "A thousand difficulties do not make one doubt," said Newman. It was no doubt—this perception of the peculiar characteristics of our times and the effort to adjust Catholic thinking to them. But Jørgensen's religion being of the militant type, he could not rest in an inglorious ease. What St. Thomas Aquinas had done in appropriating the wealth of Aristotle's philosophy for Christian use he must attempt to do with regard to the thought of his own age.

Thus his autobiography is resonant with the clamor of battle. It is a live book, the product of a mind in touch with the actual world, and courageously facing it. Those who seek in its pages for quiet corners where friends converse in a spirit of sacred intimacy, or where the soul holds solitary communion with God, will not seek in vain. But on the whole, the picture presented is that of a modern Catholic, fully acquainted with the contemporary world, valiantly fighting for his faith, and triumphantly conquering his former self.

COME to Mary you who suffer and toil; you that are weighed down by sorrow; you who experience domestic troubles or spiritual cares and anxieties. Mary has also suffered, and she is the Consoler of the Afflicted and will bestow upon you strength, courage and resignation.

Under the Shadow of the Old Mission.

BY EDITH WALTNER.

MANY girls would have been greatly pleased at the progress she had made. She had been offered a leading part in the next play that they were about to produce; but the production manager was in love with her, and Marilyn was again confronted with the question of whether to marry a divorced man, for upon her decision depended her success as an actress.

To-day as she had started out on a shopping expedition, a letter had been brought to her. It was from her father; stating that he was giving up his position on account of his health and was coming to California to live. He might buy a farm and stay there the rest of his life.

Marilyn had now been three years at Hollywood, and in that time she had not seen any one from home. She had left her mother's home to avoid marrying a divorced man. Mother and father were separated for years—so long that she could hardly remember when father had been at home with them. Mother was now married again; father had not married because it was against his religious belief. She herself had rebelled when her mother had wanted her to marry a divorced man, rich and many years her senior. She had not given the thought of religious or moral influence any serious reflection, but the very idea of a union with some one whom she did not care for in the slightest degree had stirred up in her the smoldering spirit of rebellion that had lain dormant, but now sprang up in her awakening womanhood. How could she care for him—his youth was gone, bound up and entangled with other lives in which she had no part.

Her mother's separation from her father had deprived her of a happy

home life and of the companionship of brothers and sisters. When the mother, herself, intent on marrying again, had arranged this marriage for her she had fled to her father, who had been so long exiled from home—her father who had no home. She had appeared in his office one evening and told him that she had left home.

The only relative she had was her cousin, Mae Morris, a movie actress at Hollywood. Her father had sent her to Mae, and they had become great friends. To-day, while Mae had an appointment at the beauty parlor, Marilyn had gone over to the library to write an answer to her father's letter. She sat down in the reading room. The letter progressed slowly. Her eyes and thoughts wandered out the window. The mountains of Santa Monica were in the distance; farther away across the mountains, part way across the continent, was her home in Ohio.

Where were her old friends and schoolmates? Where was Roy Janson, her best chum and comrade in her high-school days? Roy's home life had always seemed so happy; mother and father and his sister Jean had always been so congenial together. How she had envied him his home ties; how she had admired his athletic achievements! He had always encouraged her in taking part in plays and pageants connected with their school work. She had enjoyed acting as a child enjoyed playing: it was merely a game to be played. Her happiest recollections were of Sundays spent with schoolmates at one or the other's home, trying out cooking recipes learned in the domestic science course in school. Now she had no use for her skill as a cook. She would never have a real home if she married the production manager.

In a few days, the company was leaving for the southern part of the State. They were going across the border into Mexico for some scenery for

their play. It rained the day they left Los Angeles, but as the train went toward San Diego the clouds rolled away, and when they came to the seashore the sun was shining from the west in a broad, dazzling path of light across the restless waves. The two cousins crossed the bay to Coronado. There Mae Morris expected to meet her fiance, a writer of fiction for magazines. He had asked Mae to bring Marilyn with her to join him with a party of his friends for a trip along the coast in his yacht. He was at the hotel when they arrived, but as some other of his intended guests had not arrived, Marilyn strolled out on the beach. She wanted to leave Mae with her lover, and she wanted to get away alone to think about her own future. The thought of going on with the work after Mae was married, the thought of marrying the production manager did not bring to her any prospect of happiness. She was tired of making love before the camera. She was ready for the one real drama of her life. She was tired of make-believe. So absorbed in thought was she that she did not notice a big police dog sitting near her. He was quietly watching her, and when she made a motion to arise, he suddenly stood before her.

"Pal, why, Pal!" she exclaimed. The sudden appearance of the dog had awakened afresh the memory of her schooldays when a boy and a dog had been her best friends. Unconsciously she had called the dog Pal, but the canine was also awakened from his dreams by the sound of her voice. He arose to all four feet and wagged his tail. Pal—it can't be Pal! Pal was Roy Janson's dog. Pal had been a pup when she had last seen him. If this was Pal, where was Roy? She knew that Roy's mother was dead. Her friend Goldie Holl had written to her several times, but she had known nothing about Roy. Roy had gone to college after his

mother's death, and had not come home after that. His sister, Jean, was married and lived at home.

Marilyn put out her hand to pat the dog. The canine wagged his tail so swiftly that his whole huge bulk seemed to rock back and forth. She started to walk away; he followed at her side until she reached the veranda of the hotel.

Mae Morris and her fiance, Stanley Coldren, were waiting for Marilyn. With them were Myron Sherwood, a young newspaper reporter, and an artist, Otto Hersheimer.

"Where did you get the dog?" asked Mae.

"I don't know where he came from. He just suddenly appeared on the beach and followed along."

"That's a fine dog," said the artist, when they had been introduced to Marilyn.

"What will I do with him?" she said.

"He looks like the dog that some of those aviators had with them when they were here yesterday," put in the reporter.

"We might take him along," said Mr. Coldren. "We can stop at the aviation field at North Island. Some of those aviators may be there now, no doubt, wondering where they left their dog."

The yacht made a stop at North Island. On inquiry they found out that the dog had been with the aviators at Coronado, that his name was Pal, and that he belonged to a friend of one of the aviators, a civil engineer, engaged at work in the oil fields near Santa Barbara. The dog had strolled away while the men were fishing near Coronado.

Upon their return from their yachting trip, Mae and Marilyn joined their company at San Diego. Marilyn spent all of her spare time roaming around the Old Town. She loved to visit the ruins of the old mission, to sit under the shadow of its adobe walls, away from the Summer heat and the noise of

the company. It was a pleasant retreat, and she wanted to be alone.

She wanted to get away from the production manager with his persistent love-making. If she wanted to succeed she must marry him; he would make her a success. That is all that she really meant to him—to make another star. "He does not love me," she reasoned with herself. "How could he care when he has been married twice before. How can I love him? How can I marry him?" She wanted to succeed in her work, yet she did not wish to pay the price. She had not yet made her decision. It made her head ache to think about it.

There were many tourists passing along the road; they stopped to view the ruins. Across the road was an abandoned well in the midst of an old olive orchard which had been planted years ago by the friars of the mission. She crossed the road and sat down by the side of the well. The birds were singing in the olive branches overhead. She hoped no one would disturb her. "If I only knew where father is," she thought. "I could find some other work if I could get away from here."

To-morrow they were crossing the border to Tia Juana to finish the picture, then back to Hollyhood. Mae was to be married in two weeks, and was going abroad with her husband. Marilyn had enough money to take her back to Ohio, but what would she do there? Father was already on his way to the West. Where would she go? "I will not marry him," she finally decided. "I will go back to Hollyhood and wait there for father. If he buys a farm, I can keep house for him. We will both have a home."

She was thirsty and tired. She wished for some water but could not get any from the well. Something cool touched her hot and feverish hand—a dog's wet nose was thrust into her palm—she lifted her head.

"Pal! why, Pal!" she said. He had

laid a kerchief in her lap. She soon recognized it as her own. She must have dropped it on her way across the road. The dog stood for a moment watching her, and then walked slowly away.

"Pal, hey, Pal!" she heard a man's voice calling. A man stepped into view; he came nearer. The dog did not rush up to him, but stood watching first Marilyn and then the man. The man had seen her and was approaching. The dog followed him. When he came nearer she recognized him as Myron Sherwood, the reporter, whom she had met at Coronado.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Nothing, just thinking."

"This is a queer place to come to do your thinking."

"It is the best place I have found for a long time. I never get any time to think even if I could find a place."

"I see that the dog likes you better than he does me." Pal was crouched at her feet.

"I like him, too. He reminds me of a dog back home. His name was Pal, but he was only a pup. I suppose he is big like this one by this time."

"Was he your dog?"

"No, he belonged to a schoolmate of mine. I never knew what became of him. He left home a short time after I did. I have been thinking about him a great deal of late. We were such good pals—he and I and Pal. I wonder—"

There was a sound of some one stepping, a crackling of dry leaves, a barking of dogs.

"Stop wondering," said a voice behind her. "Here I am, and this is Pal, grown up from puppyhood; and here are some of his descendants," as several young dogs came bounding up to their master. A tall athletic figure stood before her. The dogs surrounded him.

"Roy!"

It is more ignorant to have adopted false knowledge than to be uninformed.

—John Ayscough.

A Toast.

BY JOSEPHINE MARY O'NEILL.

DEAR Lady of the Summertime,
 I drink a heartfelt toast to thee!
 I drink not of crushed purple fruit
 Whose vines curl yonder gracefully;
 I sip not honey from the flowers,
 Coquetting in the languid breeze;
 I drink not water from the brook
 Agleam with skies and waving trees.
 I've often drunk of these—but now,
 I drink a toast of tears to thee,—
 Great tears that drip from my heart's cup
 As dripped from yours on Calvary.

The Unchanging Church and Her Ever-Changing Enemies.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

(CONCLUSION.)

FROM this procession of Survivals, all in process of departure, we are invited to the consideration of the "Main Opposition" of the present moment. It is made up, Mr. Belloc holds, of three great forces: Nationalism, anti-Clericalism, and what calls itself the "Modern Mind." The first is a legacy from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, when royal authority (representing the country) was regarded as supreme and sacrosanct, and when the Protestant theory of government invented the fiction of the divine right of kings. The spirit, much to the front to-day, that says "My country, right or wrong," the spirit that in late Victorian days was known as "Jingoism" from the refrain of a music-hall song, looks on the nation as an end, as in itself the supreme end of human devotion. It is made a religion; it affects even the children of the Church; it is supposed to justify all villainy in its defence and support. As our author well puts it: "It is tragic—a sort of murder of Christen-

dom" (p. 144). It makes no profession of enmity to Christianity, as such, but its spirit is definitely anti-Christian.

There are signs, however, that this blatant Nationalism is passing its meridian. There are three forces against it: God's international force of the Catholic Church; the world's internationalism of Big Business, which bawls nationalism as a slogan, but is really out, and that with determination, for international finance; and the far weaker force of Socialism, tending to issue in Communism. Mr. Belloc believes this last will increase to some degree; but have not the most recent European happenings, notably the total failure of the Russian tyranny to establish it, and the genuine *risorgimento* of Italy, given signs in the opposite direction?

Anti-Clericalism is, also, not professedly anti-Catholic; in practice it has proved savagely so. For its theory is, not the supremacy of the State in its own domain, but in every domain of human interest and human duty. The anti-clerical begins by asserting neutrality, and ends as a persecutor and a common thief. So the French history (not to mention other examples) of the last half-century proves. A Masonic, mostly atheistic, gang has captured the government of France during that unhappy time. The attempted destruction of religious education, the refusal of the vote to women, the corrupt officialism that is rampant everywhere, are some of the ways by which it works. On the other hand, the Church is fighting a splendid battle, and the Faith is growing. The battle may continue indefinitely, but we do not believe that the anti-clericals will succeed, any more than the Huguenots succeeded, in dechristianizing the Land of the White Lilies. "The tide has turned in Europe"; and no country occupies the same central position of importance to Europe as France.

Then there is the third force of the "Main Opposition." It calls itself the "Modern Mind"—a curious misnomer for a temperament whose outstanding characteristic is phenomenal lack of mind. The supposed intellectual fashion of the day, the "latest authority" quoted in the popular newspapers, the wearisome iteration of a few barren *clichés*, are its guides. The Catholic, and the cultured pagan alike, shudder at its ineptitude and its folly. The mass of the people, with their clear vision of the things in front of them, will have none of it. Mr. Belloc's pages on our current compulsory education, its character and its results, deserve the most careful study. How we wish that all educational authorities would digest them! The spirit of standardization, the turning out of one type (far from an interesting one), and the senseless illusion of so-called "Progress," all make for the stupid morass of the "Modern Mind" that values itself so highly.

The type has *forgotten how to think*, and the popular Press unfortunately panders to this lack of thought. "It presents as matters of chief importance things not even important in natural religion, let alone in the eyes of the Church. It tends, for instance, to substitute notoriety for fame, and to base notoriety upon ridiculous accidents of wealth or adventure. Again, it presents as objects for admiration a bundle of things incongruous; a few of some moment, the greater part trivial. Above all, it grossly distorts" (p. 221). Was there ever a more accurate criticism?

Elderly people can look back to a time when the London daily papers, whatever their limitations and prejudices, represented a far higher intellectual standard than is the case with most of them to-day. The modern mind likes its politics, its news, and its Press comments, in "snippets," spiced with a share of vulgarity and not distinguished

by an exacting moral code. But in itself the Press is not an enemy to the Faith. Proprietors and editors have too much experience and too much common sense for that, and on the whole too much decency and honor. But what we need sorely, and what some other countries possess abundantly, is "a Press secular in interest but Catholic in tone." We believe it will come some day.

The last part of this arresting book is devoted to the "New Arrivals." These are only beginning to gather strength and to show themselves openly. They are a motley crowd of opponents, whose standards of life (if they have any), whose emptiness of value, as it seems to us who have grown up in the tradition of the civilization which the Church created, are at once contemptible and utterly barbarous. The developing attack is quite distinct from all past experience. The New Arrivals make no direct attack on philosophy or theology, because neither means anything to them. They have no ethics except a distorted Hedonism. The whole order of life, as we and our fathers for two milleniums have understood it, the very conventions of civilization, are cast aside. For the attack is now directed against our *moral* heritage. It is the New Paganism, of which we see the appalling signs all around us, which "works in an attempted denial of good and evil which degrades all it touches."

Now there is one note which the old and the new paganism has in common: the note of despair. But the old paganism acknowledged the fact of evil in the world, and man's inability to cope with it. Mr. Belloc quotes the famous verse:

"Video meliora, proboque: deteriora sequor," which rings like an echo of the great Doctor of the Gentiles as he wrote, "When I have a will to do good, evil is present with me." But St. Paul knew the remedy for despair; Ovid had never heard of "the grace of God by Jesus

Christ Our Lord." The wretched new despair comes to a world that has known deliverance. "If all paganisms end in despair, ours is accepting it as a foundation." Man is represented as a mere animal, whose desires are to be the law of his conduct. "Self-realization" is even lauded, in the sense of fulfilling by experience every one of those desires, however destructive of all that man, at bottom, knows to be noblest in his nature.

We see for ourselves how the attack on the sanctity of marriage becomes more and more extended; how divorce is pushed to a point that differs little from polygamy; how the family, to many of the modern Pagans, is no longer the essential unit of society. And along with all this goes an increasing tendency to tyrannize over individual life, to dispute the inalienable right of property, to urge unspeakable abominations under the specious title of "eugenics."

This is beyond all question the coming enemy, already sending its advance squadrons into our midst. Will the New Paganism join hands with the much older paganisms of the black, brown, and yellow races? There are signs of this, too. There are European writers who maintain their adherence to Buddhist negation and denial of personal immortality; there are also those who hold the doctrine of the "mailed fist" of pagan violence and right-by-conquest. Then there is to be taken into consideration the force of Islam, that distortion of Christianity which, only two centuries ago, still threatened to submerge the Christian culture of Europe; a foe indeed to Paganism, but a still more uncompromising foe to the Christian Faith. It may therefore become a strong negative support to the New Arrivals. Incidentally, the situation should rouse our consciences to the enormous importance of the Catholic Missions in India, China, and Japan; in Africa, where Islam is still advancing slowly.

But in all these lands, whatever the terrible hindrances, the Faith advances too.

Is there any probability, when the New Paganism is itself a mere Survival, of the rise of a new religion, claiming dogmatic authority and universal jurisdiction? At first sight, one would say, none whatever. But man can not live on mere negations, and the devil seems always to have some scheme ready in the vain hope of destroying the work of the Eternal. There are subjective systems without number, especially among the quasi-*intelligentsia* of great cities, one of the most prominent at the moment being the curious religion known as Christian Science, which a Protestant bishop, being asked his opinion, defined (on a post-card!) as "neither Christian nor scientific." But these have no real force against the Faith. There is another, however, commonly known as Spiritualism, which appeals to objective evidence, and which, so far as we can see, is the only serious opponent of the future. Yet "it takes on nobody" and has no coherent dogma—two characteristics which a system that aims to be a world-religion must possess. Spiritualism, the cult of the dead, which, as Dr. Lapponi insisted, is more exactly termed Spiritism, has its roots in the far-distant past. It may grow, but can scarcely hope to be the "Main Opposition" of any future time.

Mr. Belloc does not end on a pessimistic note, though he is never one to under-rate difficulty and danger. In the total inability, so far, of the New Paganism to construct any organized religious system, there results a gap; "and that gap is our opportunity. It is possible to re-convert the world." For this belief he gives two reasons: (1) that Paganism does not even pretend to answer the Great Questions to which humanity is always asking a key, and (2) that we are dealing not with a native, but a most foreign thing—a corruption of a much better state of things. "We

are still dealing with Christendom: with Christendom in ruins, but with Christendom." He finds a hopeful sign in the interest the new pagans (only a small percentage, we fear) are showing in *discussion* as to the problem of Man. Now the Catholic Church alone can give a reply to the Great Questions which is at once consistent, based on a sound philosophy, and which actual practice has proved valid for man's deliverance and happiness.

But the ignorance among otherwise fairly well-educated people as to what the Faith is and what the Church claims to be, is astounding. They do not know her alphabet. It is our chance, and our obvious duty, to take every opportunity that reasonable Christian men and women can take, to enlighten them.

By plain explanation of a Catholic doctrine when a question is asked or an absurd mistake propounded, by modest but uncompromising refusal to even appear to accept any standard of conduct lower than that of the Divine Authority, the most obscure Catholic can do much to help those in the twilight or the gross darkness in which they are groping. Sometimes a short letter to the secular press may be of service, so long as we are sure of its accuracy in fact or argument. Catholics themselves, many of them, need to throw themselves into the vigorous study of their Faith, its implications and demands with regard to the social as well as the individual life. There are many thousands outside the Church who still maintain her ideals of conduct, though they do not embrace her belief. We can help them to realize that all those ideals are falling to pieces except within her walls. "This is a practical fact—not a theory. It is a fact as large and as certain as is a neighboring mountain in a landscape."

Other considerations will affect a considerable number of non-Catholics and dispose them to resist the neo-pagan advance. Men who boast of liberality

and toleration will not care to give the lie to their own loud professions. And those who follow some reduced form of the Christian Faith can scarcely fail to learn from Russia that it is not the Catholic Church alone, but every form of religion, that the neo-pagan wishes to destroy. He does not *fear* Orthodoxy and Protestantism as he fears Catholicity, but he *hates* them none the less because they profess a transcendental belief. But for how long will these form a breakwater?

The Church has known, and will know, foes of every kind. At the root of all this kaleidoscopic opposition is hatred of her moral claim to guide men's thoughts and conduct. That is more evident in the last New Arrival than, perhaps, it has ever been before. No observant person can doubt that in the attack on her moral code lies the struggle that the next generation will have to face. There is much to inspire fear and to make her children stand to their arms with an intensity that dare not slacken. But such considerations as Mr. Belloc puts before us at the close of his book should give us confidence and courage.

"We are not as yet rapidly advancing in numbers. But the numerical test does not apply at first to a rising moral force. A modern man accustomed to testing everything by numbers would, if he had been put down in Rome about the year 280, have decided that the Catholic Church had no chance—but he would have been quite wrong. . . .

"But the more important, intellectual and moral tests of the advance are all in our favor. To begin with, the Catholic case has 'got over the footlights.' It has 'pierced.' Intellectual Europe to-day is again aware of the one consistent philosophy upon this earth which explains our little passage through the daylight; which gives a purpose to things, and which presents not a mere hotchpotch of stories and unfounded

assertions; but a whole chain and body of cause and effect in the moral world. . . .

"Of perhaps more effect in a time such as ours, after so long a prevalence of intellectual decline, is the pragmatic test of the Faith; that is, its test in practice; for practice and experience affect even those who can not think."

We gratefully acknowledge the special value of this book in its clear-sighted analysis of the successive outstanding assaults on the Faith in our own time, of the main peril of the moment and of that which threatens in the immediate future. It should help to shake many people out of their happy-go-lucky indifference to the things that really count. Clarity of outlook is our crying need in this crisis. We know indeed that eventual failure is impossible for the Church that is built upon the Rock; but if we are not alive to our risk and our responsibility, instead of authentic Christianity permeating and regenerating the world, our children's children may see it, holding its own indeed, but as a beleaguered city surrounded by the hosts of Paganism.

The signs of the times are again, after long depression, on the Christian rather than the Pagan side. But forewarned is forearmed.

The Course of the Law.

BY MAURICE V. REIDY.

IT was in the dark days when Titus Oates reigned as the uncrowned King of England. My Uncle Ambrose and I had been at the playhouse in Covent Garden, London, and lingered outside for a while to watch the celebrities as they emerged from the building.

As the ladies stepped into their sedan chairs, attended by gaily-dressed cavaliers, my uncle, who knew them all, named them for my benefit, adding occasionally some grim comment, when a

notorious personage came within his line of vision. For me, the passing show possessed far more interest than the play we had just witnessed, which was but a sorry specimen of the work of one of the minor Restoration dramatists, lacking the wit and sprightly dialogue of Wycherley, but possessing all his grossness. It was truly a brilliant spectacle, and I was so lost in wonder that I only realized for the first time that I was alone, when I turned to speak to my uncle and found he had vanished from my side.

As I was reflecting as to which direction I should take, in order to seek for him, he hurried up to me and beckoned me to follow him. As we turned the corner and walked through Maiden Lane, he nodded towards three or four men who walked along rapidly ahead of us.

"They are pursuivants," he said, "led by Johnston, the priest hunter, who is evidently on a trail. We can not do better than follow them."

After keeping them in sight, as they hurried through three or four streets, we saw them stop at a house in Chandos Street, into which they entered. My uncle tapped me on the shoulder.

"That house," he said, "is the residence of one Mrs. Howard, a Catholic. Her late husband was an old friend of my father, and as she is rather old, and has been ailing of late, it would not surprise me if some priest had not been observed entering the house, probably to administer the Last Rites. If so, I fear he is doomed, for Johnston clings to his victims with a bulldog grip. We shall be ready, however, and may be able to give some help if the situation is as I fear."

My uncle and I pulled up the collars of our coats, so that our faces were but slightly visible. We then waited in a dark hallway, not far from the house, into which the pursuivants and the informer had entered.

Before many minutes had elapsed, my uncle's premonition was proved to be true. From the open doorway of the house walked the pursuivants and the informer, bearing a thin, pale-faced, middle-aged man, who, although not in clerical attire, bore the look of a priest.

They would have got him away quickly, were it not for the fact that they were followed by a brawny serving woman, who placed herself directly in front of the pursuivants, and upbraided them in no small measure for violating the privacy of her mistress's house and forcibly kidnapping her guests. The sound of her voice quickly drew a little crowd, which, although not composed of Catholics, were in entire sympathy with the lady whose guest had been dragged away. They consisted for the greater part of small tradespeople and humble local residents, who were well aware of the unbounded charity and kindness of Mrs. Howard.

"Now then," exclaimed a brawny linkman, "Mrs. Howard may be a Papist for aught I know or care, but have poor folk who sought her aid been ever spurned from her door?"

"Let us knock down the scurvy gang who have dragged her guest from her table," shouted another. "How can so good a dame have evil friends? To the rescue!"

The linkman and his supporters rushed in and dragged the prisoner from the pursuivants, despite their desperate efforts to hold him in their custody. But the next moment the linkman, who now held the prisoner, was surrounded by still another crowd who had assembled, and who were entirely unsympathetic.

"He looks like a Popish priest," they cried, "hand him over to the pursuivants, and let them and the honest citizen who denounced him go in peace."

"A most sensible and timely suggestion," exclaimed my Uncle Ambrose, as we both pushed in and joined the

throng, for if you only permit them to take the prisoner in peace, law and order will be vindicated."

"A murrain on thee for a peace-maker!" exclaimed the serving woman. "Why hidest thou thy ugly face thou talker of claptrap? Only that I know it were vain to try, I should beat some sense into thy empty skull."

And she shook her fist in the face of my Uncle Ambrose.

"Woman," he exclaimed, with a delightfully assumed pomposity of manner, "do not allow thy wrath to get the better of thy judgment. These are officers of the law, and are but doing their duty. Put no obstacles in their way or thou shalt rue it. Thinkest thou that these doughty pursuivants, who captured the great McClintock himself, a few yards from here, are going to take fright at thy sorry mob?"

My uncle alluded to the capture of a noted highwayman of the day, whose popularity amongst a certain section of the public was so great that he received a public ovation upon his execution at Tyburn.

At my uncle's words a roar of rage went up from the greater part of the large crowd, men and women howling forth opprobrious epithets at the pursuivants.

"Zounds, sir!" exclaimed the chief pursuivant, "you could not have done us so ill a turn as to inform the mob that we had aught to do with the capture of McClintock. Why, the greater portion of those around us were his admirers!"

The pursuivants drew their swords and succeeded in keeping back the threatening crowd for a few minutes. Heavy missiles began to descend on them, and I noted with some satisfaction that the informer went down at the first onslaught, before a heavy blow from a well-aimed brick.

"This is no time to bandy words," exclaimed my uncle to the leader of the pursuivants. "You and your men had

better run off for reinforcements. Leave the priest in my charge until you return."

The pursuivants heeded no pressure. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, they made off in different directions, pursued by the more active portion of the mob.

"My uncle now held the priest, and was at once attacked by the serving woman, who made some vigorous blows at his face, which he succeeded in parrying.

"I tell thee, woman," he hissed in well-simulated rage, "that I shall hold this priest even though all the Papists in England should try to get him free!"


A man, whom I recognized as one of my uncle's servants, whispered something into the ears of the woman, who fell back, as my uncle and I, with drawn swords, walked away with our prisoner.

"We were in the nick of time, Father Nicholson," said my uncle, when the priest sat with us around the fire after supper.

"My hour is not yet," answered the priest gravely.

Walking along the Rhine.

BY LOUISE MOULTON.

 ONE very pleasant afternoon in the middle of August, 1927, we found ourselves in the romantic old city of Bonn, having come up the river by boat from Cologne. We established ourselves at an hotel with geranium-bordered terraces where weeping willow trees dabbled the tips of their branches in the smoothly-gliding water as if they would investigate furtively that on-rushing, silent presence that so fascinatingly mirrored their charms on its ever-staying yet ever-changing surface.

We, too, were caught by the spell of the river; we, too, would dabble along

its margin, but not perpetually in one spot like the willow-trees. I would not suggest any sense of superiority in our ability to move along. Perhaps, indeed, the willows showed greater self-restraint and wisdom; for do not all the waters of the Rhine, from their very source, on their way to the sea, pass beneath their inspection?

When, as a child, I used to hear travellers discussing their walks along the Rhine and sometimes entering into heated arguments as to which bank offered the greater amenities to pedestrians, I resolved that some day I would investigate that matter for myself. Then those pleasant excursions became less the vogue, partly due to the newer fascination of the motor-car, perhaps, but particularly dating from that unthinkable catastrophe that so interrupted all the pleasures and pursuits of the civilized world. So it was the centenary of Beethoven's death before I found it convenient to realize my youthful dream. I mention this centenary as a label for the year, because it was at Bonn that Beethoven's father had settled before his marriage. We sought out the pretty old-world house, and, in the low, cross-beamed room where the great musician was born, we paid our homage to his genius.

Bonn impressed us as a city that has ever been more occupied with the quests of intellect and spirit than with purely mercenary matters. We had difficulty in finding a bank. No, it is not the houses of commerce and exchange that are conspicuous, but rather the university and the churches. That night, up on the Zoll, with a vague sense of the river flowing beneath and of the eyes of the universe above the trees, we listened to a concert of exquisite music.

But I must get on with our walk. The next morning we were absorbed with the business of preparing for that event and getting our luggage sent off to Wiesbaden where we expected to join it

again in about a week's time. At just twenty minutes before three we were ready, with our satchels over our shoulders and our sticks in our hands. With what a care-free sense we went down the steps of the flower-bordered terraces and found ourselves on the promenade at the river's edge and already started upon our gentle adventure!

For several miles a well-paved promenade, above which lean flower-girt mansions, binds the river's edge; but finally one reaches the real country, and the promenade gives place to a path, or rather two paths, one close to the river, the other a few yards farther back. At first, we followed the path closest to the river, and passed one little beach where perhaps a hundred children were lying in bathing-suits of many different colors on the sands. Then we took to the path farther back and higher up, from which we had a good view inland over ripening fields of wheat, where harvesting was already in progress. Along the edge of one wheat field we passed and then into a plum orchard, where we met a boy driving a one-horse cart laden with luscious plums, several of which very considerably rolled off into the grass at our feet.

Presently the paths merged again into a promenade, and we passed more villas, prosperous-looking and gay with flowers. At half-past four, after having walked just an hour and forty minutes, we found ourselves on the Weinterrace, Godesberger Hof, waiting for tea. Up two winding flights of steps we had come to the rhythm of music—a piano, a violin and a cello. The terraces were shaded with chestnut trees and bordered with red geraniums; the railings were festooned with ivy.

The very clouds seemed to move to the measure of the music, producing a lively chioroscuro, so that the whole landscape danced, the wind blew and the waters tripped along to the same tune. Drachenfels, capping one of the

Seven Hills on the other side of the river, loomed in broken majesty, hoary and silent. The landscape might dance, the wind might blow and the river glide to the time of music on a Summer's day, but Drachenfels was unimpressionable. Grave and stolid, broken but serene, it gives up no secrets.

It was delightful to sit up above the world, in a sort of dream-world, watching old Drachenfels so stubbornly clutching the past, while all about the elements sang and danced for joy. Up there in the dream-world, deferential waiters were bringing us tea and passing us thick plum tart heaped with whipped cream—fit food for the gods.

But at length we had to detach ourselves. Down the winding steps we went out again upon the sunny promenade and along to Mehlem, where, sitting on a bench to rest, we still studied Drachenfels. From this point of view it looked out from a huge bouquet of trees. At the foot of the crags lay a patchwork of vines, some squares being planted in horizontal, some in vertical, and some in diagonal lines. Mehlem itself was gay with flowers, the terraces bulging with pink and red geraniums and purple petunias—a favorite combination in this region.

At about eight o'clock we were waiting for dinner in a terrace dining-room at Rolandseck, and it was still Drachenfels that dominated the landscape. We watched it grow purple in the fading light, and saw the windows of the huge hotel that nestles in the saddle of its hill flashing like rubies. Then my companion recited those famous lines of Lord Byron's from "Childe Harold":

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and widening Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine.

We chose a room at the back of the house looking out upon the restful wooded hills. Over the crest of one hill, four huge sunflowers peeped and smiled.

When I close my eyes, I can see them yet, nodding and smiling toward the setting sun. Another hill is surmounted by Roland's Arch. It is a restoration of the one which stood there until the 29th of December, 1839, as the sole surviving fragment of the ancient castle where the Knight Roland lived, in order to be near the nunnery of Nonnenwerth on the island below. That convent sheltered the lovely daughter of the Count of Drachenfels. She was to have been his bride; but believing her lover to have been killed in the battle of Roncesvalles, she had taken the veil. It is a touching story of fidelity.

In the rosy morning light, as we sat on the terrace over coffee and rolls, we watched some Franciscan nuns coming in a ferry across from the Convent of Nonnenwerth to the mainland. Somehow, of a sudden, we seemed almost in touch with the romantic legend of the Knight Roland. By one o'clock, or a little after, we had got along as far as Kripp, where we had an excellent lunch with Apollinaris water, which we felt was the proper thing to drink there, Apollinarisquelle being only a few miles up the woodsy valley of the Ahr, at the mouth of which we then were.

We had come along through Remagen, which is said to be rich in Roman remains, most of which are now housed in the museum; but we came too quickly along to stop to investigate, but not too quickly to appreciate the picturesque quality of the old-world houses in the narrow streets. And the Apollinaris Church, at the top of a high hill to the north of the town, had for miles before reaching Remagen been the most outstanding feature of the landscape. The wild flowers were particularly attractive all along the way. I remember that I plucked a little bouquet of thyme and majoram for my buttonhole.

From Kripp we looked across to Linz, where a church peeped out from among the trees on a high hill. We took it to

be St. Martinus Church, a romanesque relic of the Thirteenth Century which would, no doubt, have repaid us for the trouble of a visit. High above Linz, lies Dattenberg. I remember how, when I was a child, my imagination was excited by tales of ancient Dattenberg, lying high above the Rhine and celebrated through the ages for its "fiery red wine." I saw visions of color more beautiful than rubies, of fiery dragons and shooting stars. Yet now, when I have grown middle-aged, I pass tamely by. Thus do we tumble from the ethereal heights of childhood. But I feel ashamed as I write this, and something tells me that next time—if there be a next time—I shall not pass Dattenberg without a visit.

While we were leaving Linz and Dattenberg on the one hand, on the other we were relinquishing the thought of going up the valley of the Ahr to Apollinarisquelle. We were attracted by the idea of exploring that wooded valley; but we tried to be content with searching with our eyes as far as possible its course as it penetrates the Eifel Hills. A little town on the right bank with a spire showing picturesquely on a wooded height we took to be Sinzig.

The Ahr empties into the Rhine through a delta of sand, which offers attractions to bathers, many of whom we saw here availing themselves of that wonderful health-giving union—sunshine, sand and water. Back of the sand, the valley spreads out into a wide and fertile tract, where men and women were busy harvesting the fields of golden grain. From now on the aspect of the country became more rural. We were leaving behind the amenities of the fastidious.

Our path for a long way was a sandy one; but in due time it gave way to pleasant, grassy stretches. As we drew near Nieder-Breisig, we again saw many informal bathers. Some, arranged in family groups on huge bath-mats, were

sunning themselves; others were promenading up and down, and still others were swimming in the edge of the current. We watched one handsome couple, a man and a woman of well-achieved maturity, lithe, yet firm of flesh, swimming side by side in perfect rhythm, on and on, as if they were bent upon reaching a certain goal. There was something heroic about them—something that made one think of the old tales and legends.

We found Nieder-Breisig a charming place, stretching in a graceful line under trees along the water-front. From a wooded height above a flag waved. It was on Schloss Rheineck, we learned, a Nineteenth Century castle which is the seat of the family, Von Bethmann Hollweg. From the terrace, where we had tea, we looked across to the factory chimneys at Hönningen. Here are the great carbolic acid wells, principal of which is the Hubertus Well, from which Germany procures most of her supply of that important commodity.

Not far beyond Nieder-Breisig we crossed the mouth of a pretty brook that comes babbling down from the height of Schloss Rheineck. It is called Vinxtbach. Like many other things, it is far more important than it looks. In Roman times, it marked the boundary between Upper and Lower Germania; many years later, it separated the archbishoprics of Treves and Cologne; to-day it serves as the division-line between the Upper and Lower Rhenish dialects. After crossing Vinxtbach, we soon came to the mouth of the Brohl, a brook which tumbles down from the Eifel Hills over a bed of volcanic tuft. A railroad now penetrates this valley, and is useful in bringing down carbolic acid from the wells and stone from the quarries.

Thus all along the Rhine we found the commercial and industrial blending with the picturesque, legendary and romantic. Sometimes we thought the utili-

tarian aspect detracted from the charm of the river. But, considered more profoundly, we knew that it was right that civilization should avail itself of the resources of this powerful waterway. May the time soon come when we may learn how to employ Nature without blemishing her! It seems to me that docks, tanks, factory-chimneys, telegraph-lines, and even railroad-tracks, offer opportunities for artistic treatment. Might we not learn of the Ancients and of Nature herself that life may be enhanced by beautifying all useful objects? And if we once learned that lesson, might it not solve the whole problem of unemployment?

After leaving Brohl, the river path soon became rough; so we took to the highroad which was paved, as seems general in this region, with small blocks of basalt beautifully laid in geometric curves. At the sides of the road were paths for pedestrians and bicycles. Across the river, on a lofty height, between the villages of Ober-Hammerstein and Nieder-Hammerstein, loomed the tragic-looking ruins of the proud castle of Hammerstein. The hills on the right bank were planted to vines, while on our side of the river they were heavily wooded, and among the green leaves we frequently caught the gleam of red berries.

Half-way between Brohl and Andernach, we came to the village of Namedy, which, according to our guide-book, was, up to the end of the Eighteenth Century, an important place in connection with the lumber trade of the Rhine. It seemed to us still to be so, as we saw there great piles of lumber waiting to be shipped.

Opposite the village lies the Island of Namedy, far-famed for its geyser, which is the highest in Europe. Every four or four-and-a-half hours it throws up a column of water to a height of from 165 to 200 feet. Unfortunately it did not perform for our benefit. It was just

then in one of its periods of inactivity. It is different from the geysers of the New World in that its spout is cold instead of hot. It is said to be very medicinal—good for rheumatism, gout, kidney troubles and other complaints.

We got to Andernach just at nightfall after a long day of walking. Andernach marks the north end of the great Neuwied Basin. Here we were to leave the hills and come out into the great plain through which the river Wied flows into the Rhine. The town is overshadowed by the great hill, Krahnenberg. At night it looked dark and austere; but in the morning we could see red berries gleaming in the sunshine, and we should have liked to explore its paths. The river-front is delightfully laid out with flower-beds and lime-trees.

But we waited until morning before making any attempt to see the town. First of all, we went to Mass in the *Dom*, a fine old romanesque church dating from the Thirteenth Century. It was packed with people. As in the church, so in the streets, we found many signs to remind us that we were in a town that had felt the lapping of centuries. We went through one narrow old street the charm of which partly depended upon the variety of colors with which the plaster-covered houses had been painted. One was sky-blue with trimmings of mauve; a buff-colored house had windows and doors in a setting of terra-cotta outlined with cobalt-blue; mauve trimmed a pale-grey house; the windows of a blue one were bulging with geraniums and petunias. The houses were mostly of the type which in England we would call Elizabethan. They looked very old, but the colors were fresh as Spring. Going out of the town, we followed the ancient wall, very interesting and well-preserved.

And then we found ourselves in the valley of the Nette and the Neuwied Basin. The Wied, which gives its name

to the vast plain extending almost to Coblenz, empties into the Rhine almost opposite the mouth of the Nette. Along this part the beauty of the river-bank is greatly marred by railroad-tracks and freight-cars for the transport of stone. A little farther along the shore abounds in pumice sand which is commercially utilized. We tested its efficacy in washing our hands.

During the course of the morning we were overtaken by several small showers. It was fortunate that they were small, as this stretch offers no shelter of trees, rocks or architecture. The highest growth of any kind was that of brambles. The berries were turning ripe and we refreshed ourselves on some of them to which the rain was still clinging.

It was getting toward lunch time when we crossed the Nette. We could see Neuwied on the opposite bank of the Rhine; and as there was a ferry plying back and forth we thought of crossing, but finally decided to walk on a little farther to Weissenturm. It indeed seemed farther than it looked on the map, and as we had some difficulty in finding a place for lunch we thought regretfully of the ferry across to Neuwied and of our lost opportunity to see the ancestral abode of Carmen Sylva, who was born a princess of Wied. But we kept straight along by the high wall overhung with fruit-trees and roses which separates cozy-looking villas from the river walk. At length we came to an opening which let us into the town. Grey and humdrum the place appeared to be, and there were noisy humdrum boys loitering in the streets.

And now the sun was blazing hot. As in the morning we had wanted shelter from the showers, so now we looked in vain for protection from the sun. Once or twice, I believe, we were able to stop under a railroad arch. The industrial aspect still pushed Nature away from

the river. All along the front were piles of brick made from the gravel that abounds here. In the centre of the river is a long, wooded island called Neuwied Werth, Werth being a very neat little word which means an island in a river. Behind this island we could still see Neuwied which, at the upper end, spreads out into tracks and yards. And there are the great chimneys and furnaces of the well-known Krupp ironworks.

We soon came to another island, a very slender one called Urmitz Werth; but before coming quite opposite to it, we had reached the village of Urmitz, a place which shows nothing to the casual passer-by of its great antiquity. In the Museum may be seen many Roman remains, and even relics of prehistoric times, things belonging to the period of the lake-dwellers and of the Bronze Age.

A little farther along at Kalten-Engers, we had tea in a rural café frequented by peasant folk. We were given a room to ourselves where we sat by a window. This is what I wrote in my diary while we were waiting for tea: "The scene is a peaceful one. A slender island, Urmitz Werth, severs the river. Looking across to Engers, we see church spires and the chimneys of factories rising against a background of misty hills. This is distinctly an industrial region. The villages are not equipped to cater to the tastes of travellers, and the people one meets are simple country-folk and laborers. One passes unpretentious houses set in neat garden-plots. Beans grow enormously high. Lettuces look fresh and tender. Tomatoes are very large. Pears and plums do well."

After Kalten-Engers, we came to St. Sebastian-Engers; and then we saw Bendorf on the other side, somewhat back from the river, peeping from its setting of orchards. It must look lovely in fruit-blossom time. Just here, at St.

Sebastian-Engers, we were in the widest part of the Neuwied Basin and exactly opposite the mouth of the Sayn which flows down from the Westerwald between Engers and Bendorf. It was along here that we saw some French soldiers. From now on they were to be a common sight. They were knee-deep in the edge of the water, engaged in the Frenchman's favorite sport, fishing. Their brown-eyed wives sat on a bench near-by chatting. It was pleasant to hear the *oui* and *n'est pas* of that more familiar language.

The approach to Coblenz is not particularly attractive. We went through vegetable plots and an untidy avenue of trees. Before we came to the mouth of the Mosel, we could see in the distance the imposing monument to William I. that stands there. The Fourteenth Century bridge across the Mosel interested us: here was romance. We loitered, too, to enjoy the very fine view of the Mosel and the Rhine from this point.

But alas for the loitering! We were caught in a sudden heavy downpour and arrived at the Bahnhof Hotel where we had chosen to stay the night quite dripping. We were glad to get undressed, have hot baths and get into bed without supper. We slept well, and I am sure that never to jaded appetites could mere coffee with hot milk, rolls, butter and honey have seemed so delicious as they did to us next morning.

It was still raining, and as we were almost under the eaves of the station, we decided to begin our trip up station, we decided to begin our trip up the Mosel at once by train. Upon the advice of the hotel-manager, we booked to Cochem.

I hope I shall never forget that charming train journey through the vine-clad hills of the Mosel. How eagerly we looked out through the rain to assimilate every detail of the landscape so new to us! We marvelled at the way in

which the terraces were built up in the almost precipitous banks, and noticed that flat stones were scattered all over the soil in which the vines were planted. Several castellated hills made us long for a more intimate study. On the tops of some of the hills we could see small, primitive-looking churches with very pointed gables and towers as if they had been built in conformity with the steep ridges of the hills.

It was still raining when we arrived at Cochem, and we waited with many others in the very neat and well-planned station until the rain should stop, which it did at half-past twelve. The street through which we went was a pleasant one lined with trim, fresh-looking houses and well-pruned, abundantly-blooming rose-trees. We had a delicious lunch, with real *moselwein* to drink at the Köln-Stadt Hotel, and we were interested to see lunching there a club of jolly men whom we had noticed at the station, all wearing tiny straw hats, the badge of their brotherhood, we supposed. After lunch we went by a narrow, winding way up among the terraced vineyards and little gardens to the great castle on the hill that towers above Cochem. The views among the vine-clad hills and along the river, varying as our point of view shifted along the winding path and with the ever-changing cloud effects, were entrancing.

We only reached the next village by tea-time. There we found no inviting tea-gardens, cafés, or hotels; but we tried our luck at the only accommodation the place afforded, a simple *gasthaus*. Our host was an extraordinary creature, in a dirty white coat, who sat drinking glass after glass of the excellent white wine that seems to flow almost as abundantly in this region as the waters of the Mosel itself. He talked to us continually, in an attempt to make us understand, a grotesque mixture of German and French. We could soon see

that it was far better not to understand what he was saying, and we paid but little attention. We thought him unbalanced—perhaps suffering from gas, or shell-shock. His daughter, who was proud to try on us the French which she was studying at school, came to wait on us. She did so very quietly and nicely, and brought us very good tea and currant bread and butter. We felt sorry that she had to live under the influence of such a father.

About half-past six we came to Elenz, opposite Beilstein, and there we saw a castle that looked as if it might harbor material for many mysterious tales. There was a delightful-looking white hotel bulging with geraniums that tempted us to put up there for the night. We might better have done so, for we had far to go before coming to another suitable place; however, we had not yet progressed very far, and it was now delightful for walking. The clouds seemed definitely to have blown away, and the sky was of that delicious blue that one sees only after it has been washed by rain. The late sunshine on the fresh green valley with everything so glistening and bright was entrancing. It seemed that we simply must go on.

Presently the valley began to spread out, making room for orchards and hay-fields and ordinary farms, and we saw peasants driving the cows and making hay. We passed through several tiny villages or hamlets; but none of them looked as if they had ever made any plans for the entertainment of the passing stranger.

August.

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

THE purple grapes are hanging on the vine.
Brown cows are munching in a spot of shade.
Tall marigolds are bowing to the earth.
A cricket swings upon a slim grass blade.

An Arch Enemy.

IN a spirit of satire, Dean Swift once made the modest proposal that the children of the Irish be fattened for the table, thus keeping down the growing population of the Island. The Dean was an Irishman, had a sense of humor, and had, too, the interests of his country at heart. But when religious prejudice is at the root of one's thinking, the modest proposals that are made for getting rid of the enemy can go to extremes, while the author, evidently without a saving sense of humor, believes that he offers something that will provoke the interest and approval of reasonable men. In a Rationalist paper, which dignifies itself with the name *Literary Guide*, Mr. Robert Arch, in a prominent article, asks himself the question: "Was Catholic Emancipation a Mistake?" and comes to the profound conclusion that "the repeal of the Catholic Relief Act is not practical politics." It did not occur to this rationalist "thinker" to ask whether the Relief Act was a matter of justice, but he would measure its rightness or wrongness by the standard of practical politics. And by the same standard, he would reject toleration as a principle in the nation. In an article in the *London Tablet* he is quoted as saying that Toleration is not "a first principle sacrosanct and inviolable." He hopes that human society some day will be "so permeated by the rationalist spirit as to be able to take order with Catholics as we take order with lunatics. . . . They would be pronounced unfit to propagate and bring up offspring and be compulsorily subjected to a safe and painless operation which . . . would effectively prevent the reproduction of their kind."

A modest proposal, indeed! Mr. Arch is convinced in his own mind of the undesirability of Catholic men and women (and we suppose he would include the children). But in a great nation with

men of many opinions and various likes and dislikes he can hardly look for unanimous agreement with his unusual views. If, however, men should accept his principle which rejects tolerance except in so far as it is politically expedient, it might prove a boomerang to the Arch philosopher. It might easily come into the minds of sensible men that a man who holds views such as those expressed by this rationalist was a deal closer to the lunatic than his much-disliked Catholics. And if in the interests of practical politics it seemed good to get rid of the apostles of rationalism, would it not be inconvenient for Mr. Arch to submit to his proposed operation, or perhaps to some more summary and effective means to prevent the propagation of his kind?

Men who propose principles like those of Mr. Arch feel safe that these are practical so long as they are applied to others than themselves. There is no doubt in their minds that Catholics are undesirable, and therefore ought to be dealt with radically. But Mr. Arch must know that to the thinking world these so-called rationalists have very little to recommend them. The story of their self-sacrifice in the interests of their country, of their institutions of charity in the interests of their fellow-men, of the principles they have enunciated to preserve the family which is the basis of the State, would not make a bulky volume. Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great? Upon what grounds would Mr. Arch or others with his perverted notions dare to "take order" of Catholics whose record of achievement in England as in the world can hardly be denied? We should not take notice of Mr. Arch and his vaporings were he not typical of a class whose hatred of Catholicity gives expression from time to time in this country as in others to statements as wild and unfair as those of the English "thinker."

Notes and Remarks.

The Church in America has lost a distinguished Archbishop in the death of the Most Rev. James J. Keane, of Dubuque. An eloquent speaker, a distinguished educator, a kind and courteous father, Archbishop Keane had made a multitude of friends not only throughout the archdiocese of which he was the head, but throughout the United States. He will be mourned by many, and remembered prayerfully from coast to coast. *Requiescat in Pace.*

In a recent sermon at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, Dr. Thomas Campbell Darst, Episcopal Bishop of East Carolina, drew some interesting possibilities out of his text: "And Jesus went into the temple of God and looked it over." Among other things, the Doctor said: "It stirs the imagination to think of Jesus making a survey of His temple to-day: the temple of the world He died to save, the temple of modern civilization. He would find the temple of the Church, with its divisions, worldliness, indifference and intolerance, a sorry realization of the principles He preached. There are 250 divisions of the church in America alone. We can hear Him saying, 'This is My church; ye have made it a thing of fragments.'"

Many of the good listeners must have been a bit shocked at this evidence of what "Private Judgment" has visited upon us. The average American knows only his own denomination and the five or six others that are generally in the public eye nationally and in his own community. But two hundred and fifty divisions! It is a sad picture certainly. It shows how hopelessly people are wandering. Yet it has its promise also, for it indicates how pathetically people are seeking the truth. The missionary opportunity for a great harvest exists right here in our own United States;

but it is a new 'type of mission, the technique of which we have not yet solved. Some day the Catholic Church will learn to deal more skilfully with the particular type of suspicion which grows here, and then the harvest will tax the workers beyond all expectation.

The historic wisdom of the Church is daily attested by the growing appreciation of her century-old ideals and practices. Modern leaders, however, are not apt to be content with mere admiration of her accomplishments. The more serious-minded are asking the "why" of her success in protecting her children from so many of the dangers of our very liberal age. The fidelity of her church membership, for example, and the sanctity of Catholic homes, have long been the subject of admiring scrutiny. In recent years we have beheld a surprising acceptance of the Catholic attitude on the religious education of youth. The Protestant Church is no longer content with the Sunday School instruction of children. It has developed week-day instruction in religion and it has supplemented that activity by the establishment of 12,000 vacation Bible schools. Even these efforts, we believe, will be found somewhat unsatisfactory due to the instability of their "fill-in" nature. It was indeed a wise prevision of the old Mother Church that foresaw the advantage of weaving into a single presentation the religious and secular education of her children.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan still cherishes those educational ideals which marked his rectorship of the Catholic University. In a recent visit to California he observed some evidences of excess in Catholic wealth, and immediately his mind leaped to the educational possibilities of the same. In an interview given to the *Monitor* he suggested the formation of an association of Cath-

olic rich men from such fields as oil, banking, steel and general merchandizing for the purpose of selecting bright boys and giving them the opportunity of developing their talents. Such a group, he declared, could direct Catholic talent into the right channels and show the way to success, as men of other beliefs are now doing for the youth of their own affiliations. The Bishop's proposal is a real challenge to surplus Catholic dollars. We hope that it starts a golden flow in the direction of our needy educational field. In case that flow approaches anything like flood proportions it would be very easy to suggest offhand a dozen other worthy outlets. Just recently, for instance, in one of the lectures given at the Cliff Haven Summer School, Rev. J. E. Rockliff, international promotor of the Apostleship of the Sea, stated that although investigation shows over fifty per cent of the sailors of the world to be of our Faith, yet less than one-tenth of the sailor service work is being done by Catholics. It would require a great deal of money to train, equip, and maintain the manpower sufficient to carry on this important work properly. What a contribution it would be for some of our Catholic millionaires to come to the rescue of this and similar struggling missionary services of which there are so many in the Catholic Church.

The idea has always been current that Catholics are somewhat backward in most fields of endeavor. That idea, while fostered by certain types of anti-Catholic workers, has also been given a sort of indirect credibility by what we might charitably call "Catholic modesty." There are Catholic leaders in every field, men who are hardly known to be Catholics except by their intimate acquaintances. In numerous cases the life work of these individuals is such that it does not easily or noticeably reflect particular religious beliefs, al-

though those very beliefs may have directed a high type of living in that particular field. Many Catholic lawyers, for instance, and business men and doctors have distinguished themselves, not only on the technical side of their careers, but also by their integrity as leaders. We know such men in many cases by reputation, but we do not see the vital connection between the beliefs that they practice and the high ideals of service which they exemplify in their professional lives.

Now the ideals of religion should flower in the doctor's clinic and in the lawyer's conference as well as in the convent chapel. They actually do so, but the difficulty is that our eyes are not ordinarily accustomed to recognize these ideals except insofar as we see them decked out in the conventional religious externals. Make no mistake about it! There are Catholic leaders of eminence in every field of endeavor, if only we can open our eyes to see them. We ought to know these men so that we can catch something of the inspiration of their lives. They ought to know one another for the mutual benefits of such acquaintance; and for other reasons. These men have certain common ideals, and certain principles which are much needed in the various professions which they follow. Few though they be, the spectacle of a compact group striving to live Christian ideals into modern professional practice, would not be without its visible effects. Just now we are seeing evidence of some such activity in other countries.

The Catholic manufacturers of Belgium, for example, have already met, discussed and demanded certain living wage conditions for workers. The Medical Guild of St. Luke, an organization of English Catholic doctors, has been functioning since 1910 in the noble aim of keeping Catholic principles of morality active in British medical practice. Recently also there has been organized

the *Catholic Times* Arts and Crafts exhibit to be presented in September in connection with the National Catholic Congress of England with the express purpose of impressing "the world of art with the Catholic culture of our own generation." We need a few such organizations in this country to acquaint ourselves with our own Catholic contributions to life, and to give ourselves a little of that solidarity of thought and action which, at times, we so sadly lack.

In these days of records and championships we wish to make our nomination for the "world's meanest man." Recently a prisoner died in one of our penitentiaries. After several years of prison labor, he had gradually, a few cents at a time, earned a miserably small sum of money upon the books of the institution. One day his brother visited him when he was sick, and perhaps in gratitude the prisoner gave him a note on the prison funds for the few dollars of his account. Shortly after, the prisoner took a turn for the worse. He died. The authorities wrote to the visitor of a few weeks before, telling him that his brother had died and that, according to prison rules, his body would be delivered up for dissection unless a sum sufficient for burial were forwarded. The sum was a paltry one. It was about the same in amount as that which the prisoner on his sick bed had so generously handed over to his brother. The respectable brother outside of the walls sent a telegram to the prison officials. It was a curt telegram. It had a pharisaical smugness about it. It directed in the usual ten words that the body be abandoned to the dissector's knife. The judgment of men has placed the mark of the outcast upon one of these men and the mark of respectability upon the other. Somehow, we believe that in this case, as in many others, God's Higher Court may reverse many earthly decisions. At any rate, signs are not want-

ing to prove that God still favors the Publican. Before the Pharisee's message could be carried out a charitable stranger saw to it that the poor prisoner's body was saved from the knife and given to the gentle disintegration of natural burial.

We are inclined to discount greatly the statements made by leading business men and economists that America is not only wealthy but prosperous. Wages, we admit, are higher in this country than in any nation of Europe, but we put over against this fact the other that prices are exceptionally high in the United States, and too, that there are millions of men without employment. Mr. Edward A. Filene, a prominent American manufacturer, speaking before the annual convention of the International Advertising Association in Berlin, said some very sane things with regard to wages and prosperity which are worthy serious thought. We quote from the *New York Herald-Tribune*:

In years past employers would seize upon every possible opportunity to reduce the wage scales of their employees. Not so to-day. The American employer has learned that to reduce the purchasing power of the community is like cutting off his nose to spite his face.

A good many people confuse national wealth with national prosperity. A nation may be wealthy because a few people are inordinately rich, while the vast majority are very poor; but a prosperous nation is one in which every one is comparatively well-to-do. As a merchant, I would rather do business in a land of prosperity than in a land of wealth. Prosperity depends upon the buying power of the masses.

In support of this proposition he mentions the following concrete facts about America:

. . . . An automobile for every sixth man, woman and child in the United States, and a telephone in every other dwelling house; a bathroom in three-quarters of our urban homes; 700,000 radio sets in use; an increase

in educational facilities of 250 per cent from 1914 to 1926, and a growth of public expenditure for recreation of 146 per cent in the same period of time.

These are interesting figures. Mr. Filene, of course, is a manufacturer interested in big business which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that he does not go into the prosperity of the American farmer or discuss his profits.

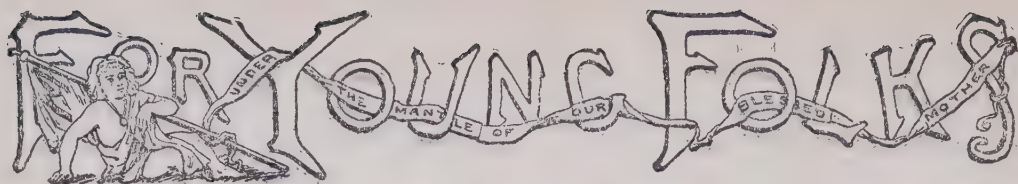
The famous "floating university" seems to have got into shoals and storms of its own. But now two girls from Radcliffe College are adventuring with a library on wheels. The Radcliffe Rambler, a book-shop equipped with a carefully chosen and greatly varied assortment of over four hundred titles, will visit the Summer resorts along the New England coast, to offer to the vacationist a chance to fill in with his own kind of reading the mental vacua and gaps that would encourage ennui.

For the sake of a common ground, we shall exclude such of these books as are really objectionable. We think there is still a large list left. Isn't it interesting, and perhaps remarkable, that so many excellent books, readable by vacationists, can be written and sold, and that so considerably few of them are read? Nearly none of these books, we venture to say, are from a Catholic pen or on Catholic subjects. The recent study, made by Father Talbot on Catholic writing and Catholic reading, confirms what we have long had to admit, that Catholics are a bit indifferent about this matter. We hesitate to say what we think is the central reason for this attitude. Catholic life simply has a hard time to get itself written and read. At least we may say, in an immortal phrase, that the problem "deserves consideration and sympathy."

Ireland has been so long the land of pastoral beauty that it is difficult at times to give it a place in our machine

age. Recently, however, there have been changes. The beautiful River Shannon, famed in song and poetry, is going to contribute in a new way to Ireland's welfare. The flowing waters which so charmed the poets of old have been harnessed now in the Irish Free State's \$35,000,000 electrification project to carry power to twenty-six counties. That means factory facilities and employment over a wide territory and modern conveniences in many places heretofore limited to rather primitive living conditions. Unfortunately, this material development means also a threat to that spiritual aloofness which has been the charm of old Ireland. There is hope, however, in the fact that the Irish people have begun the commercial development of the country's resources in the proper way. Press dispatches tell us that the completion and formal opening of the great Hydro plant was publicly blessed by Rt. Rev. Charles Benjamin Dowse, Bishop of Killaloe. Let us hope that all future commercial projects may be as auspiciously started. So long as Ireland keeps her spiritual vision, material prosperity will remain the blessing that God intended it to be instead of the curse that man has so often made of it.

There died recently in Massachusetts, Mrs. Martha Moore Avery whose zealous work in the Catholic Truth Guild did much to spread the true facts about Catholicity. Before Mrs. Avery became a Catholic she had espoused the cause of socialism, but after her reception into the Church she labored by writing and public lecture in exposing the fallacies of that system and in teaching the Catholic opinion on the right of ownership. For many years she was associated with Mr. David Goldstein, another well-known convert from Socialism to Catholicism, in lecturing under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Guild. May she rest in peace.



Cobwebs on the Grass.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

OUT of the silent spaces,
Out of the frosty night,
Gossamer silver laces
Gleam in the amber light.
Know you the legend loved of old?
This is the story our mothers told:

Our Lady is spinning. Her silver thread
Floats and falls through the blue o'erhead;
And so God's miracle comes to pass:
Silver laces on bush and grass!
Strive to gather them? Ah, but nay!
Heaven's vision has vanished away.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—"LIGHT AND SHADOW."

PLEASANT days followed for Lady Bird in spite of the seeming shadow that rested on her new home. For Summer had come to Stony Crest, the wide windows were thrown open to breeze and sunshine, birds sang in the arching trees, the June roses were in full bloom, the days were long and bright. Grandmamma was no more the stern, forbidding figure that had so chilled Lady Bird's loving heart. True, she was not the grandmamma of her hopes and dreams, but she was sick and sorrowful; and after her happy fashion, Lady Bird was making the best of her, and, as dear Mother Madelon had counselled, letting her little "light shine in the gloom." That light was needed by Teddy who often began the day with a tantrum that Annette could not quiet, but that Lady Bird knew how to quell.

"Now, don't be a naughty boy, Teddy,

or I won't take breakfast with you. I'll go downstairs with Miss Wilson as Grandmamma said I could when you were cross. And just see what a lovely breakfast Annette has brought us—waffles and honey, Teddy; honey that the bees get out of the flowers."

"They don't," was the surly answer; "that's a story. Annette gets it out of a glass jar."

"Oh, but the bees make it first," Lady Bird would laugh. "When we go out in the garden to-day, I'll show you how they go after it. And sometimes they hide it away in hollow trees, and the bears find it. Con found a hollow tree in the mountain that the bears had licked clean." And roused into interest by this startling statement, Teddy forgot his tantrum and proceeded to sample the golden nectar that could allure even a mountain bear. For in spite of his mother's idolatrous affection, poor Teddy had been sadly neglected. His little frail body was all that had claimed mamma's attention; and in her passionate desire to make him well and strong, she had given no thought to his heart and mind, and still less to his soul. At seven years old, he was a baby still, untaught, untrained, humored in every whim. But Lady Bird's little light was shining upon him in a way she did not know.

And breakfast happily over, Cousin Helen would take charge of Teddy for an anxious hour or two, while Lady Bird went for her morning visit to Grandmamma who had been wheeled out on the porch where the roses were climbing over the stone cornice and doing their best to hide the mailed hand of the Wharton knight over the great entrance below.

It was not always a cheerful visit, for

the old Madam had changing moods,—sometimes she was brusque, sharp, impatient, sometimes interested, sometimes silent and stern. But whatever her mood, she watched for Lady Bird's morning visit, and was restless when she did not come. Though it was often a grim old face that was turned for her granddaughter's kiss—the kiss was never wanting,—and Lady Bird would dislodge Tabby who no longer resented the friendly push from her footstool, and begin the soft chatter that made such new music in the listener's ears and heart.

Sometimes it was of the happenings around her new home, the kittens that black Tom had found in the hay loft, the bird that had built a nest in Sandy's box hedge and left six little blue eggs, the old plum tree that had burst into unexpected bloom. Sometimes it was of happy days in the past, to which the old Madam would listen in a grim silence that might have discouraged a less innocent narrator, but the childish prattle of Sainte Cecile's seemed to the old Madam only a bird song which would soon be hushed and forgotten if she let it pass unnoticed.

So Grandmamma heard of Aglae and Corinne, and Eglantine, of Mother Madelon and Mère Angelique, of Kearney's Corner, Con and dear Mother Machree. Distasteful as she found these confidences, they flung a new light upon convent life which she could not ignore. The nuns had been tender, wise and watchful in their care, as she was forced reluctantly to see.

Far more painful to the old Madam were Lady Bird's talks about "Daddy." The little trunk sent in from Sainte Cecile's was full of treasures that its owner displayed to Grandmamma, quite unaware how they pierced her heart. For as no one at Stony Crest ventured an allusion to the rupture between mother and son,—Lady Bird was happily unconscious of its bitterness. So

she brought out the pretty fans and necklaces and trinkets sent by Daddy from foreign shores, the packages of letters telling his little girl of his wanderings, and his loving thought of her, and his interest in the pleasant happenings at Sainte Cecile's, the birthday parties, the Christmas visit to Aglae, the May festival at which Lady Bird had been crowned queen.

Of course, as Lady Bird innocently concluded, Daddy's mother should see and hear them all. For in the light kindled at Sainte Cecile's, Grandmamma was not the stern, moody, exacting old "Madam" that ruled Stony Crest, but the sick, sorrowful old "Mother," whom Daddy's little girl must cheer and brighten and love, as best she could. This was the lesson in her new life book that she was learning every day.

So when Grandmamma sometimes told her crossly she talked too much, and she was tired of her chatter, Lady Bird gave up the footstool to Tabby and tripped away down into the garden for a talk with Sandy, or a visit to the dairy where Gretchen was turning out her lovely prints of butter or white moulds of cream cheese.

She had made other acquaintances now of a higher class. Neighbors, roused into interest by the arrival of a granddaughter at Stony Crest, had called on Cousin Helen bringing their young people to make pleasant acquaintance with the newcomer. Dick Ellington's sister, Maude; Janette Norwood, Elsie Vance, all little girls about Lady Bird's age, had become quite friendly. They had asked Lady Bird to their homes which, though not so splendid as Stony Crest, were much more cheerful. They all went to Madam Greville's, a fashionable private school in the Heights, beyond Stony Crest, where there was a gym, a swimming pool, a Physical Culture class, and many other things quite unknown to the students of Sainte Cecile's.

But when the exams came on and Maude was hopelessly muddled over her French translation, Lady Bird helped her through wonderfully as they sat on the wide porch of Maude's home after a game of tennis in which the young visitor had been triumphantly victorious.

After she had tripped home cheerfully, Dick—who had been an onlooker at the game—expressed himself in frank brotherly fashion: "That little peach has got you all beat to a frazzle. Gee whizz! I am sorry for her in that old dungeon of Stony Crest, with that nit-wit of a boy. I would rather be in jail outright."

"Oh, she is used to it, I guess," laughed Elsie Vance. "Mother says the old Madam took her out of a convent which is as bad as a jail."

"Pooh!" said Dick; "I don't believe it. If she is a jail-bird, you all better swipe somebody's pocket-book and get a two years' term."

"She is pretty, we all agree," said Maude. "But then any girl would be pretty in Martine's clothes. Mrs. Wharton told Mother she was a perfect sight when she came to Stony Crest. The old Madam would not look at her twice."

"Well, she is looking at her now," said Dick who had heard his father talk about the Whartons; "and looking at her in a way that makes some folks pretty sick. That sissy boy of theirs is cut out sure. He had better find his legs quick, for he is likely to need them." And Dick turned away having only voiced with boy bluntness the general gossip of the neighborhood that had always been more or less envious of the wealth and power of Stony Crest and curious about its inheritors.

Tripping back to the great house, her hands full of roses, wearing one of the white middies that had formed a portion of Madame Martine's "correct" outfit, Lady Bird made a picture this afternoon that was not pleasant to the jealous eyes watching her from Teddy's

window. For it was Annette's "day off"—she was only allowed one day a fortnight—when Mamma took charge, and Teddy was always at his wilful worst. He had refused his lunch, refused to let Susan, the housemaid, take him out in his "carriage," refused even Mamma's more alluring offer of being lifted into the limousine and taking a ride to town. The pretty little figure coming up the shaded road laden with June roses, was a striking contrast to the pale, puny, fretful little boy that all Mamma's tender soothing could not quiet.

"I want Lady Bird," was his peevish cry. "I want Lady Bird to take me out under the trees and tell me stories about the butterflies."

"I will tell you a story about them," said Mamma, plunging desperately into dimly remembered fiction. "Once upon a time the butterflies were all fairies—and—"

"No," roared Teddy indignantly, "you don't tell it right, Mamma. The butterflies weren't fairies at all; they were caterpillars, ugly, hairy caterpillars. Lady Bird showed me one crawling on a leaf. And they roll themselves up and go to sleep, just like a dry brown ball, in the dirt—and they wake up with beautiful shining wings, lovely butterflies. Oh, Mamma, I wish I could roll up in a brown ball in the dirt, and come out a butterfly."

"Oh, Teddy darling, don't say such horrible things!" said his mother.

"It would be so nice to have wings shining like gold and silver, and fly," continued Teddy, his black eyes growing thoughtful. "Wings are better than legs, and I wouldn't have to be pushed in a wheel chair and have the boys saying mean things to me."

"I won't have them teasing you," said his mother passionately. "I'll take you out myself; and then they will not dare to trouble you, darling, when you are with me."

"Oh, they would call me 'mamma's baby' then sure!" said Teddy fretfully. "I'd rather have Lady Bird go with me. They don't say mean things when she is around. I want Lady Bird,—she tells such nice stories about the birds, and butterflies, and the bees. Do you know that the bees make the honey Annette puts on my waffles, and they hide it away in hollow trees? Lady Bird told me all about it. Oh, I think she is awful mean not to come to see me, and take me out, and tell me stories to-day." And so pitiful was the peevish plaint, that mamma was forced to explain.

"I told her she need not come, that Annette was off for the day, and I would be with you; so she went to play tennis at the Ellington's, but I see she has come home, and—and, if you want her so much, Teddy—"

"Oh, I do, I do!" was the eager answer. "Call her, Mamma; call Lady Bird to talk to me, and play with me, and tell me stories. Call her, please."

And Lady Bird, who had stopped in Grandmamma's room to fill one of her silver vases with roses—an attention which Miss Wilson did not consider professionally necessary—was called, and came, bringing gay light and cheer that all mamma's "coddling" could not give.

"Oh, I didn't think you wanted me to-day, Teddy, or I would not have gone to lunch with Maude Ellington. And you wouldn't eat any lunch, or let Susan take you out this lovely day! Oh, Teddy, what a naughty, naughty boy to give your dear mamma so much trouble! If I go down and get you some lunch, will you eat it?"

"Yes," agreed Teddy briskly. "I was too sick to eat my lunch before, but I'm better now. And I want Preston to put me in my carriage so you can take me out under the trees, and let me see the butterflies, and the caterpillars that roll up in brown balls, and the bees that make honey."

And in a little while Teddy had dis-

posed of the nice lunch Lady Bird brought up on Annette's silver tray; and, in a pretty white coat and cap the pleasant weather permitted, he was out in his silver-wheeled chair that Lady Bird guided with a skill that Mamma could not criticise. Ah, the light from Sainte Cecile's was shining upon poor little Teddy, but it was a light Cousin Helen's jealous eyes could not see.

(To be continued.)

The Boy Who Lost His Smile.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

ONCE there was a boy named Norman who lost his smile. He did not know how he lost it, as he had not used it for a long time; but one day when he wanted to smile, it was gone. And then he found he had also lost his whistle. Dear me! He felt quite sad when he found out they were lost; it was too much to bear, and although he was eight years old he sat down and cried, and cried, and cried.

"Dearie me," said a little voice, "dearie me!" And looking through his tears he saw the funniest little old lady standing beside him. She was dressed all in brown and green, with a little pointed cap on her head, and she had a tiny wand in her hand. "Dearie me," she repeated, "this is very sad indeed. I am your fairy godmother and I have come to help you. What has happened? It must be something dreadful to call me from Fairyland. But I felt such a strong tug at my heartstrings that I had to come at once."

Norman looked through his tears. Sure enough, he saw tiny strings running from his heart to his fairy godmother's.

"I've lost my smile," he sobbed, "and my whistle. I had them put away all safe, and I didn't use them, and now they are gone."

"Dearie me," said the Fairy God-

mother again, looking solemn. "This is a serious case. Smiles and whistles were made to be used, and get lost when they are put away; but I will see what I can do."

She waved her wand, and a tiny fairy stood before them, all white and gold and pink and amber—all the colors of sunrise and sunset blended together.

"Norman has lost his smile and his whistle," said the Fairy Godmother. "Can you help him find them?"

The fairy opened a tiny book she carried and read:

"For a lost smile, ring all the flower bells in the garden."

The Fairy Godmother stamped her foot, and all the flower bells in the garden began to ring—lily bells, hollyhocks, bluebells and all the others—such a happy, gentle little gurgling sound as they made; but it didn't do a bit of good. Norman's tears only fell faster when he heard them.

"Try again," commanded the Fairy Godmother. The wee fairy turned over another page and read, "Have all the birds in the garden sing."

Fairy Godmother clapped her hands, and all the birds in the garden began to sing—robins, bluebirds, thrushes and orioles,—all poured their hearts out in melody, but Norman still sobbed on.

"Again," commanded Fairy Godmother, and turning another page the fairy read, "When a smile is lost by its owner, only the owner can find it."

Fairy Godmother nodded wisely. Then she turned to Norman, "You must go and find it, my dear godchild," she said. "No one can help you."

"Where shall I go?" sobbed Norman.

"That you must decide," she answered, and vanished.

Norman looked around, but both the fairies were gone. He started crying harder than ever, when all at once he heard a sound, very faint and pitiful, "Mew, mew, mew," it said.

He listened. "Why, that sounds like

Kitty Muffett! I wonder what is the matter?" and dashing away his tears, he listened.

"Mew, mew, mew," it came again. Norman sprang up and looked in the direction of the sound. Yes, it came from the big oak tree close beside him. He looked, and there was Kitty Muffett way up in the top of a tree, caught in a little crotch, so she could not get down.

"Wait a minute, Kitty," he called, and ran off to get a ladder.

"Mew, mew, mew; don't leave me," cried Kitty Muffett, harder than ever, but Norman didn't hear her he was so far away.

In a few minutes he came back with a ladder, which he placed carefully against the trunk of the tree, pushing it firmly to make it stand steadily. Then slowly and cautiously he crept up until he could reach Kitty Muffett, lift her out of the crotch, and gather her up in his arms. He stroked her gently, then slowly descended the ladder and put her on the ground. She frolicked away, none the worse for her fright.

Then he felt it coming,—first just a little tiny glow in his heart, which grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until it burst through his throat and through his lips;—and Norman found his smile and his whistle.

A Language of Courtesy.

It must be very easy for the Japanese to be courteous; for Sir Edward Arnold tells us, it is impossible to use abusive language or to revile any one in the tongue which is used by the dark little people. If you wish to express your mind in Japanese in regard to some one of whom you have a very poor opinion, the worst you can possibly say is that he is a "fellow"; and the most vehement indignation can find no vent but in the very tame expression, "There! there!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Brian O'Higgins has sent us a sample selection of Christmas cards which we are sure will appeal to many of our readers. They are decorated with delightfully artistic Gaelic designs, and contain verses by the author that are thoroughly Catholic, and full of the spirit of Christmas. A full selection of cards will be sent for \$5, and a smaller set for \$1. We note that there were no envelopes with the set. (Brian O'Higgins, Stormanstown, Glasnevin, Dublin.)

—Among recent pamphlets received are "Is There a God?" by Bertrand L. Conway, C. S. P., a presentation of the proofs for the existence and nature of God. The Paulist Press.—"Into Thy Hands," the office of Compline for Sunday and for every day of the week in Latin and English, edited by Mr. Donald Attwater, The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.—"Holy Child Manual" and "First Prayers," by a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus, simple prayers for little children, English Catholic Truth Society. Twopence.

—The importance of the science of education is evidenced by its rapid acquisition of a large fund of new knowledge and by the number and quality of the men who are studying and investigating in this field. Much valuable work has been done from which all teachers can profit. But there is one part of this new field which Catholic educators alone must cultivate. We can learn from the researches of other men the principles involved in mathematics and the best methods of teaching that or any other subject. But these men can not show us the best methods of teaching religion. This subject is for the Catholic the most important, and he must apply to the teaching of it the best that modern pedagogy has to offer. "Religion Teaching Plans," by Sister M. Inez, O. S. F., is a good effort along these lines. These somewhat detailed plans of classroom procedure can not, of course, be followed slavishly; they serve rather as a guide or pattern to help teachers formulate their own plans and methods of teaching religion in the most effective way. Such a book should

stimulate others to do more and better work in this particular field. It has a preface by Rev. George Johnson, Ph. D., head of the department of education of the N. C. W. C. Benziger, \$2.

—The following news note is from *The Saturday Review of Literature*: "This is certainly the age of the child. Even the staid Oxford University Press, sponsor of some of the most valuable works of scholarship available, announces a department of juvenile publications. Included in its list will be poetry, fantasy, popular science, Bible stories, animal stories, and folk songs. The paper on which the announcement comes whets our appetite, for trailing enticingly down either side of the Oxford Press imprint is a row of books with attractive titles. . . ."

This is interesting and pleasing to know, even though all the juveniles coming from the modern press would perhaps not be so interesting or so pleasing to read. But some of them are indeed excellent. And the flood of juvenile literature is surely a wholesome fact, in a literary world where all is not wholesome. Even in an age of machines and dollars, we can not wholly forget the more exquisite, human things, such as the innocence and laughter of children.

—Habits of sustained prayer, in one form or other, even under the stress of much external activity, always mark the saintly. In "The Life of the Ven. Joseph Passerat, C. SS. R.," by the Rev. H. Girouille, C. SS. R. and translated by the Rev. J. Carr, C. SS. R. (Sands and Company: London, 12s. 6d.), we read of a man who, in the midst of his busy apostolic life, remained deeply prayerful. His zeal and his spirit of prayer seemed always identical; and as a result he left a rather lasting impression upon the religious life of his Order and his time. This new biography of Joseph Passerat traces his work, and attempts to catch the strong, courageous spirit with which that work was done. Because the book is heavy and in places ponderous in expression, it fails to make Joseph

Passerat, the man, very intimate or real for the reader. Indeed it frequently makes slow and toilsome reading. But in spite of this, the author succeeds in recounting the work of his subject rather definitely. Prefaces and introductory notes and letters of approval by eminent ecclesiastics and by the author and the translator lend considerable weight to the book.

—Stephen Leacock recently said: "If you would write a first-class, up-to-date, tommyrot love story, you must start it fast and get faster and faster until the crash. Nature is ruled out. Put the plot indoors. Don't fail to put the hero in a cabaret with a rubber tree beside him. These rubber trees see more love in a night than the hawthorns saw in 100 years. Don't have the people get married. They know they can't because they're married to someone else. Never mind about the plot. Get them in a fashionable hotel room, and then get the husband in there. When he's in the picture start shooting. It doesn't matter who shoots first or what they shoot. And then, to end it properly, I would suggest that you have them all jump out of the window and rid English and American literature of their type forever."

Just what to do about the "tommyrot love story" is indeed a puzzle. Mr. Leacock's solution is, perhaps, about as sensible as any, and the amusing irony of it makes us wish he would put the solution in the form of some of his own "Nonsense Novels." Then this noisome literary wind would blow at least some good.

—The work of the late Ludwig von Pastor is so well known and so generally appreciated by everyone who loves historic truth, that the announcement of another volume of his "History of the Popes" is always waited with pleasant anticipation. Thoroughly documented, written with frankness and the balanced judgment of the scholarly student, his pages recreate with vividness the times of which he writes, and make living the characters who move in and dominate the period. Volume XVII., translated from the German by Ralph Francis Keer, of the London Ora-

tory, deals with the life of Pius V., the Dominican Cardinal Ghislieri, who brought to the papal throne the reform spirit of the Council of Trent. As a temporal ruler, he ranked far below his predecessors. A man of severe life personally, he set himself to reform the Church spiritually in its head and members. He set an admirable example in his own life, and carried the spirit of his reform from his own court to the religious Orders and the secular clergy. Before his elevation to the Papacy he had been General Inquisitor, and the work of the Inquisition during his reign was prosecuted with a severity that struck fear into heretics; yet "at the end of the Pontificate there was for the most part a greater tranquillity in the Papal States than there had been before." In the matter of his reforms, the work of Pius V. recalls the more recent work of his successor, Pius X. He published the Roman Catechism and promoted the teaching of it vigorously; he reformed the Roman Breviary, bringing the Psalter back to its traditional place in the prayer of the Church; he set to work a commission on the revision of the Latin Vulgate, and by a decree banished figured music from church services and restored the ancient Gregorian Chant. The volume has a good index of names, and a complete list of the titles of books quoted in the text. Published by the B. Herder Book Co. \$5.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. S. Bauman, Archdiocese of Dubuque.

Sister Mary Ferdinand, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister Mary Rufina, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Michael Gilbride, Mrs. Roach, Mr. Archibald Chisholm, M. D., Mr. D. C. Thatcher, Mrs. Edward McGuire, Mr. Michael McCormick, Mr. Thomas Lardner, Mrs. Alice Masterson, Mr. Frank Carrick, Mr. James Quinn, Mr. Joseph Kluempers, and Mr. Richard Cummings.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Sleep.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

And they stoned Stephen . . . and he fell asleep.
(Acts vii, 58-59.)

They also who are fallen asleep in Christ. (I. Cor., xv, 18.)

NOT alone of the even
When tender-eyed Stephen

Fell under the sharp flints that hurtled through
air.

And praying, "Forgive them,"

Felt his life leave him,

And saw Christ in the open skies bend o'er him
there;

Nor of young men and maidens who,
Sweet as the morning dew,

Gazed in Thy kind eyes and died safe on Thy
breast;

And old saints, their wars over,
Greeting their lover,

And weary, contentedly turning to rest,—

(Though of these, Lord, I pray that I
May be one when I die,

And nestle me down in Thy welcoming arms,
Thy pardon to cover me,
Thine angels' wings over me,

That in the Dark Valley I fear no alarms)—

But let it be true now,
When sleep lies on my brow,

Let all my dreams be of Mary and Thee.

Be as a candle set
Burning beside my bed;

Let Thine archangels keep guard over me.

Then shall I fall asleep,
Dreading no shadows deep,

Knowing that on me the heavens have smiled:
Feeling upon my heart

Soft warmth in every part—

The Child Jesus is sleeping to comfort His child.

The Process of Canonization.

BY THE REV. J. WEBB.

IN the new Code of Canon Law a long section, Canons 1999-2141, gives the present legislation of the Church on the subject of beatification and canonization. It is a highly technical and complex affair; and readers will perhaps get the best general idea of the matter if they understand that it is really a suit at law, instituted before the Congregation of Sacred Rites by the parties interested therein, with the full apparatus of legal personalities and procedure.

All cases of beatification and canonization are reserved exclusively to the judgment of the Holy See, which in this matter acts by means of the Congregation of Sacred Rites. Bishops and other local ecclesiastical authorities are competent in this matter only in regard to certain points expressly specified in the Canon Law. Procedure is divided into two kinds or ways, called Ordinary and Extraordinary, respectively. The first, or Ordinary procedure, has place when it is intended to prove, before making any judicial inquiry into the virtues of the Servant of God, that no public cultus, or veneration, has been paid to him, or if given by some abuse, has been stopped before the institution of the proceedings. The second, or Extraordinary procedure, has place when it is intended to prove that the Servant of God is in actual possession of public ec-

clesiastical veneration. The causes of Martyrs, by whichever of these two ways they proceed, are not to be taken together, unless there is question of martyrs who suffered in the same persecution and in the same place, and this holds good of all the processes and discussions from the introduction of the case to its conclusion.

PERSONS HAVING PART IN PROCEEDINGS OF CANONIZATION.

Any one of the faithful, and any approved corporate entity in the Church, for example, a diocese, religious institute, or pious society, has the right to petition before the competent ecclesiastical authority for the introduction of a cause of beatification, and, if the petition is accepted, to carry the process through to a conclusion. Bishops, and other higher ecclesiastics with territorial jurisdiction, can institute such a process either on their own responsibility, or at the request of the interested parties. The parties interested and petitioning for the introduction of a cause may act either themselves or through a procurator or agent, but women are restricted to action through a procurator.

The one who actually conducts the case before the appropriate ecclesiastic tribunal is called the Postulator of the Cause; and whether he acts on a case presented by himself or as agent for some one else, must be a priest having his residence in Rome. There is to be one Postulator for each case, but he may appoint substitutes to act for himself who are called Vice-Postulators. These persons, both Postulators and Vice-Postulators, when acting as agents for others, must exhibit to the Court canonically attested documents certifying their appointment, and the appointment of the Postulator must be recognized by the Congregation of Rites.

The Postulator has the right to incur expenses necessary for the prosecution of the Cause, but in the use of money collected for this purpose from the faithful

he must observe the instructions issued by the Holy See. It is his duty to conduct the case, to submit the names of witnesses and the documentary evidence to the Court, and to draw up the questions on which the witnesses are to be examined in the different proceedings. In cases proceeding before the Congregation of Rites, a Cardinal of that Congregation is appointed by the Pope to make a special study of a particular case and to bring forward all the evidence, either for or against, which is relevant to the case in question. He is known as the Cardinal Relator.

In every Cause an official must be appointed to watch over and safeguard the processes of law, to see that the proper witnesses are called, to check evidence, to urge objections where required, and to formulate and ask such questions and interrogatories as are required for eliciting the truth. This legal personage is styled officially in the Canon Law the Promoter of the Faith (*Promotor Fidei*), but has for ages been known by the popular and picturesque designation of the Devil's Advocate (*Advocatus Diaboli*). The Promoter of the Faith in the Congregation of Rites is a permanent official appointed by the Pope, as also his assistant, known as the Sub-Promoter. These two have the title "General" prefixed to the name of their office—"General Promoter of the Faith,"—and by this are distinguished from other Promoters in the preliminary stages of a Cause. In the first process before a local Ordinary it is this local ecclesiastical authority that appoints the Promoter of the Faith, but when the process has become what is styled an Apostolic Process; that is, when it is acting in the name and with the authority of the Holy See, the appointment is made by the General Promoter of the Faith.

In all processes there must be a properly qualified and duly appointed Notary, who is to make a report of all

the proceedings, and who may have an assistant to help him in the work of comparing copies with original documents, and such like. Members of religious institutes are not allowed to act as Notaries, except in case of necessity, and must always be excluded from Causes which concern members of their own Institute. The report of the proceedings and evidence is confided to the charge of an official, called the Chancellor. Ecclesiastical lawyers, known in Canon Law as Advocates (*Advocati*), are employed in these proceedings, and it is required that they hold the degree of Doctor in Canon Law, and at least a Licentiate in Theology, and have served a prescribed period as pupils with one of the recognized advocates of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, and also be attached to the Supreme Court of the Rota. The above-mentioned Chancellor, who has charge of the various documents and reports of the proceedings, must be a priest and hold a degree in Canon Law.

EVIDENCE.

After enumerating the various legal personages who may or must be engaged in causes of beatification and canonization, the Canon Law goes on to specify the evidence to be submitted or allowed in these proceedings. The general principle in this matter is that proof must be full and complete, and that the only evidence to be admitted is that derived from witnesses or documents. In the Ordinary procedure at least four witnesses must be called to prove that public cultus or veneration has not been paid to the Servant of God. To establish the reputation of the one concerned for sanctity, or martyrdom, or working of miracles, eight witnesses are required whose evidence must at least be complementary and corroborative; that is, supply different facts all supporting one another in the line of proof. In addition, two witnesses as to the reputation of sanctity must be called

officially by the tribunal, making a total of ten in all.

In order to prove the fact, as distinct from the reputation, of sanctity, or martyrdom, or miracles, the evidence must be that of eye-witnesses whose testimonies agree in the same fact; historical evidence can be admitted only as corroborative. Other evidence that may be admitted is that furnished by persons who have themselves received their knowledge of the facts from eye-witnesses. In certain cases it will obviously be impossible on account of lapse of time to bring forward any such first-hand witnesses, and therefore in such cases it is allowed to proceed by means of traditional evidence, common report, contemporary documents, and monuments recognized as authentic. However, in regard to miracles, it is laid down that no proof can be accepted but from eye-witnesses whose testimonies agree as to the same fact.

When a Cause of beatification has been undertaken by the competent tribunal all the members of the Church, with the exceptions mentioned below, are obliged, even though not expressly summoned, to furnish whatever information they may possess which tells against the virtues, or martyrdom, or miracles, in the case under investigation. Quite recently, when it was reported that steps were being taken to introduce the Cause of a Pope of our own days for beatification, a certain priest, who had been excommunicated by the said Pope, sent up what he described as his "cogent objections to the proposed canonization." This action was quite within the Canon Law, and the evidence of the priest in question would be considered on its own merits. The Promoter of the Faith must, and the Postulator of the Cause may, call all those who have lived with or had intimate personal knowledge of the Servant of God. Those in possession of information, but not cited to appear as wit-

nesses, should send that information to their Bishop, who will transmit it to the Promoter of the Faith. Relatives, friends, acquaintances, even heretics and unbaptized persons, may be admitted to give evidence. The Postulator of the Cause, an Advocate or Procurator engaged in the case, may not give evidence, but if their official connection with the case has ceased they may be admitted in corroboration of other witnesses. Any one who has held office as judge in any stage of a case is altogether excluded from giving any evidence in that case. The confessor of the Servant of God is entirely forbidden to state in evidence anything he may know from sacramental confession, even if he has been freed from the seal of the confessional in that matter by the express permission of the party concerned; and anything heard from any person or in any way on occasion of confession, is to be excluded even as evidence of the truth of other statements.

When there is question of a reputed miraculous cure, all the medical men concerned in the case must be called as witnesses, and if they refuse to appear before the Court, their written and sworn statements should be produced, or at least their opinion ascertained by some competent person, and submitted in evidence. All witnesses in giving evidence are required to state the source or occasion from which their knowledge is derived. When the case concerns a Servant of God, who was a member of a religious institute, at least half the witnesses called must be non-members of that institute. The evidence of medical and other experts is often required, and these experts are appointed by the Court. No one may be chosen to give expert evidence who has otherwise appeared as a witness in the case.

There must be at least two expert witnesses in cases where such evidence is required, and they should be unknown to and work independently of each other,

though the judge may, in a particular case, and with the consent of the Promoter of the Faith, allow collaboration. In cases of beatification, documentary evidence will naturally be a very important feature, and rigorous and minute rules are laid down concerning the authenticity and evidential valuation of such documents, transcripts, photographic copies, and the like. It may seem strange that neither funeral orations nor obituary notices written or printed immediately after the death of the Servant of God constitute legitimate evidence, but those who have heard or read the old-fashioned funeral sermon, or seen the laudatory inscriptions on tombs and gravestones, will at once understand that this canonical prescription is not without wit and wisdom. Much less can statements made, even by illustrious men, at the request of friends, during the lifetime of the Servant of God and concerning his virtues and works, be admitted in evidence.

THE ORDINARY PROCESS OF BEATIFICATION.

All the official personages, Judges, Postulator, and the rest, engaged in any Cause, must take an oath to discharge their respective duties faithfully, to observe secrecy, and not to accept gifts of any kind. All witnesses, before giving evidence, take an oath to tell the truth, and after giving evidence swear on oath to the truth of what they have said. The expert witnesses, interpreters, translators, copiers of documents, and others of this kind, take a similar oath before and after their work. The Postulator and Vice-Postulator of a Cause are required to take the peculiar oath called in the Digest of Ulpian and other compilations of Roman Law the "*Jusjurandum de calumnia*," by which they bind themselves not only to tell nothing but the truth throughout the process, but also not to have recourse to legal trick or wile or artifice to promote their case.

The preliminary step in any process

of canonization is for the interested parties to petition for the examination of the case before the competent ecclesiastical authority. This in the first instance is the Bishop or Ordinary of the place in which the Servant of God died, or in which his reputed miracles were performed. If a Bishop takes up a case three things fall within his competence, and are to be carried out by him. (1) To collect, as far as possible, all the writings of the Servant of God, whether published or not, in print or MS.—sermons, letters, diaries, autobiographical notes, and, in fact, everything written by him or at his dictation. If this can not be done for certain, writings, copies, transcripts, photographic facsimiles, and the like, are to be made, and certified by the Notary of the tribunal considering the case. This collection of writings may, in the case of martyrs, be deferred till the Cause has been introduced before the Holy See.

(2) To collect information concerning the reputation for sanctity of the Servant of God, his virtues and miracles, or martyrdom and cause of same. If this inquiry is not made within thirty years of the death of the person concerned proof must be adduced to show that the delay is not due to fraud or deceit or culpable negligence. Obviously, information of the kind here required can best be furnished by those who lived with or at the time of the Servant of God, and these diminish and disappear with the lapse of years. Witnesses in this inquiry have to furnish particulars concerning themselves, their name, address, family, age, religion, and connection with the person in whose Cause they give evidence. Not only must they relate what they know of the life, virtues, miracles, or martyrdom of the Servant of God, but also state the manner in which they acquired that knowledge, and if the information they give is matter of common repute. Then they are put through an interrogatory

of questions, which serves the purpose of cross-examination, drawn up by the Promoter of the Faith, and lastly examined on certain points arranged by the Postulator of the Cause. A report of the whole proceedings and of all the evidence is taken, and copied by hand, both documents being carefully examined, signed and sealed by the Notary, Judges, and Promoter of the Faith. One copy is kept in the archives of the diocese, another is forwarded to the Congregation of Sacred Rites.

(3) To institute a process for the purpose of proving that no public cultus has hitherto been paid to the Servant of God. At least four witnesses to this effect are required, two put forward by the Postulator and two others called by the tribunal. The judges must visit and carefully inspect the burial place of the Servant of God, the room in which he lived or in which he died, and any other place in which they may not unreasonably suspect some kind of public honor to have been offered, such as the setting up of a picture or statue, lamps or candles, votive offerings, and the like, and must issue a definite decision as to whether or not any kind of cultus has been given.

When the collection of the writings of the Servant of God, and the two inquiries just described, are completed, the writings, the transcript of the evidence with letters of the judges and the Promoter of the Faith concerning the reliability of the witnesses and the proper conduct of the various processes, and the decision of the tribunal concerning public veneration, are forwarded under seal to the Congregation of Rites. Any further writings that may be discovered must at once be sent to the same Congregation, and no other steps can be taken in the process till these are examined.

INTRODUCTION OF THE CAUSE BEFORE THE CONGREGATION OF SACRED RITES.

All that has so far been described is

only a preliminary to the "Introduction of the Cause," properly so called, which is really an act of the Pope committing the case to the consideration of the Congregation of Sacred Rites. Once the case has been transmitted to Rome the first thing done is to examine the writings of the Servant of God. The examiners must be priests holding the degree of Doctor in Divinity, or some equivalent qualification, appointed by the Cardinal Relator, with knowledge of the General Promoter of the Faith, to examine the whole or part of the writings.

There must be two revisers of the written works, each unknown to the other, who must give their opinion and the reasons for the same in writing, and in the event of their disagreeing a third reviser is appointed. The purpose of this examination is to detect errors in matters of faith or morals, if such there be, and to obtain a general knowledge of the virtues and defects of the person concerned as they appear from his written works. The Promoter of the Faith may draw objections from these writings, or from the opinions of the revisers, for consideration and discussion by the Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites. Decision on any point to which exception has been taken is reserved to the Pope after hearing the opinion of the Cardinals, though a favorable judgment implies no positive approbation of the writings themselves. The next step is to open and examine the evidence collected and transmitted by the diocesan court. Many precautions and formalities are prescribed to obviate any possibility of fraud or error in regard to this evidence, of which copies and summaries are to be made, all duly authenticated by the responsible officials concerned. Letters of request for the beatification of the Servant of God from persons in positions of ecclesiastical or civil dignity, and from moral personalities in the Church such as dioceses, religious institutes, and the

like, may be submitted to the Holy See, provided they are presented unasked, and are based upon the personal knowledge of the parties presenting them. If, after the examination of the writings of the Servant of God, it is decided that the Cause may be carried further, the General Promoter of the Faith submits his objections against the Introduction of the Cause, to which objections the Advocate of the Cause replies. When the written works and the evidence from the diocesan Court have been examined, the formal Introduction of the Cause is proposed at one of the ordinary meetings of the Congregation of Rites.

The question, "Should a commission for the Introduction of the Cause in the case and for the effect proposed be signed," is considered and decided, and if the decision is favorable the commission is presented to the Pope for signature, and a decree certifying the Papal authorization of the commission is issued by the Secretary of the Congregation of Rites. At this point it was formerly allowed by custom to give the title "Venerable" to the Servant of God, but this was forbidden by a decree of August 26, 1913, a prohibition repeated in the new Canon Law, so that now the Servant of God may not be styled "Venerable" until the Apostolic decree, certifying the heroicity of his virtue or the fact of his martyrdom has been issued. After the commission for the Introduction of the Cause has been signed, the evidence transmitted from the diocesan Court proving that no public ecclesiastical cultus or honors have been paid to the Servant of God is examined and discussed. If in the opinion of the Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites such cultus has been given they may, according to their judgment, suspend the whole process until all signs of such cultus have been removed and omitted for such period as they may determine.

(Conclusion next week.)

Time.

BY PAULA KURTH.

A MINUTE doesn't matter much
 To you, perhaps, or me;
 But how it matters to a soul
 Poised on eternity!

When Lingerin on a Bridge.

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN.

FLORENCE is apt to pay you in rich tribute for brief spells of calm meditation along her streets and grey-shadowed lanes. A lavish city this, with a generosity not always understood and frequently condemned; for tourists may scorn it, since it finds no place in travel books, and orthodox guides would dismiss it as some kind of May madness. And shrewd, busy men, intent upon the gathering of antiques, have no concern with uncatalogued treasures of Florence. Ponte Vecchio is one of these, but not as an aggregate of age-sobered stone, wood and iron. Ponte Vecchio lives its own life—remembering the strife and tumults and triumphs and griefs of Florentine history. And Ponte Vecchio? Ah!—but this is no guide book, merely a recorded musing born in a green Summer twilight, when Florence, amber and jade and opal shadows trembling across her breast, glides into her well-earned ease, when footsteps, hushed all of a sudden, touch the worn flagstones of Ponte Vecchio, and that so noiselessly that you begin wondering whether carpets of pale green velvet are spread across the bridge.

Sh-sh!—for all the hush, you can hear footsteps, and voices, too,—rather one voice, hurried, discordant, quite un-Florentine. The clear green shadows darken into peridot tints, but you can see two figures approaching. It will be well for you to efface yourself against the grey parapet. No undignified eavesdropping

this, for Florence yields her hidden past to all who care to see and to listen.

And here they come. A tiny misshapen man, sombrely and ungracefully clad, the stamp of littleness ruthlessly clear upon his unprepossessing face. He prattles on in that raucous voice which sounds like some ignominy upon Florence and the Arno. His tongue has always been well employed in the dubious service of gossip; and Florence knows him for a gossipier. The latest scandal, brewing within the indifferent majesty of some great palace, the most recent story of some reckless young nobleman, enmeshed in gambling debts, the hidden feuds smouldering among the great ones of Florence, and so many other details,—all these have infinite value for the man. And he hurries on with his ignoble prattle, curiously unconcerned with the lack of apt response on the part of his companion—rather of the man he had followed all the way from the Palazzo Spini.

That man is silent. His rose and silver doublet gleams strangely and provocatively in the shadows. His mouth, half-hidden under the flowing silken beard, remains enigmatically sealed. The gossip does not bore him; he can stay indifferent. A personal insult would not disturb Leonardo. Has he not listened to many such? But a few moments ago they were hurled at him from the venomous crooked lips of Messer Michel Angelo. "You who bartered your art for the gold of Milan; you who have spent sixteen years in trying to mould the Cavallo; why speak you not out of your weakness?"

And Leonardo had merely smiled away Michel Angelo's fury.

But just now his unwanted companion does not provoke him even to an indifferent smile. Let the creature prattle on; the artist is concerned with greater things. The grey-veiled mystery of the Arno is within his reach, and mere thinking of God's waters always calms

him; and his mind shelters a sweet remembrance. For he had returned to Florence to complete his "Gioconda," to unravel the mystery of Mona Lisa's hands, to probe into the depths of her as he had never probed before. So whilst the untiring gossip prattles on, Leonardo remembers.

"Farewell, Messer Leonardo. May God hold you in His keeping!"

Artist-wise he imagines all the details of their last meeting: the rainbow fountain in the little yard, the golden dust of the afternoon hovering over the grey olive branches, his hands almost futilely groping in his big brush box, the great wonder of the unfinished canvas before him, and the still greater wonder of Mona Lisa's face and the twilight softness of her green robe. And he remembers her pity on him, such as his own superbly arrogant mind could not altogether despise. And the poignant dreams he had woven round that marvellous canvas, which has, so far, taken him three full years of efforts, disenchantments, and more efforts. And still he strove on, eager to interpret the pure spirit of womanhood which he had guessed in Mona Lisa—ah, so many years ago! He hoped—nay, he knew at times—that his interpretation would be faultless. And a gentle, lilting song lingers in his mind even now as he remembers that once more he is back in Florence, where Mona Lisa belongs—where—

And suddenly his feet halt, as he hears the exquisite name pronounced by the crudely gossiping lips.

"Ah, the incomparable Mona Lisa! Tell me, Messere, have you yet finished her portrait?"

Leonardo knows that were he to proffer no answer, his silence might be more than misconstrued by his companion. His voice is as cold as steel:

"I have not. And, pray, why need you be interested in this matter?"

The artist in him challenges the

futile street-loiterer; the latter, too, halts and shuffles his feet. The knowledge he possesses is now to come out, and he will be careful to watch Leonardo, and that so closely no movement of a muscle will escape the prying, ferrety eyes. His shallow mind blesses the tall swinging lanterns on the Ponte Vecchio. Darkness would ruin his chance of capturing a valuable piece of gossip. And he drops his voice almost to a whisper:

"Nay, Messere, it behooves not that I should be interested in the picture. Your great art compels admiration. Consider, for three long years you have labored at this canvas, and, as you say, it is yet incomplete. I am a foolish ignoramus, Messere, but I hold that the portrait has already reached perfection. Need you toil at it any longer?"

He smiled into the master's eyes.

"Need I? Messere, the matters of art are difficult to discuss—"

"With such unlearned fools as myself," the little man catches on. "Oh, yes, Messer Leonardo. But even as a layman I could not help wondering what the fate of the canvas would be now."

And Leonardo turns on him:

"You have some tidings to tell me. If so, I am not highly interested."

He gathers his rose-colored cloak round him in the manner of a man determined to pass on, but the taloned fingers of his companion clutch his arm and that so feverishly that Leonardo lingers—much against his will.

"Forsooth, Messere," jars the raucous voice. "Ah, but you have returned to Florence this morning and the sad news could not have reached you. I pity poor Messer Giocondo; his is a hard fate indeed! And yours, too, Messere! Why, 'tis nearly a month that Mona Lisa has found rest with God's saints. And you aver that your great picture is still incomplete! Ah, Messere—what a calamity—for you!"

The tall, swinging lantern is still there; but darkness has fallen over

Leonardo's eyes,—darkness so inscrutable that the little evil-mouthed man may not be aware of it. And the clear air becomes as bitter as aloë to Leonardo's cheeks. So there falls a brief pause, which the old bridge gathers to itself, with the words Leonardo might have uttered and did not, with the pain which might have shadowed his clear blue eyes and did not, though for him—at this moment—the stars of Italy's sky were stayed in their course. For a second his sense of loss battles with his reserve; but it is a losing battle after all, because his memories of Mona Lisa are castled in white and gold. He may not betray them; he may not betray her who—to him—has stood for the pure spirit of all womanhood. Yet there is something he must say, lest his iron reserve be twisted this way and that to provide a shabbily unworthy nucleus of a story destined to while away many an otherwise dull hour of Florentine gossip-mongers. And the pause which has fallen is so brief that it has no significance for the little misshapen man at Leonardo's side.

"Indeed! Sad news, indeed! I wish you good evening, Messere."

And the old bridge is glad that a son of her noble city has proved himself worthy. For the moment of temptation to be weakly human has come and gone, and will not return. The gossip-seekers of Florence will not be satisfied. They had long desired to fling mud at his rose-colored cloak, to give the lie to the pure quintessence of his continual detachments, to prove him ordinary and frail, to translate his aloof and frozen reverence for the woman he was painting into the fiery and quick liquid colors of casually followed passion. The busy-body with the ferrety eyes had sensed a tremendous chance. But Leonardo is proof against such traps; they sadden him; they do not disturb him. The truth is serene within him, and the truth will not weave a shady pattern of un-

worthiness between him and the dead woman. He would pass on to the uncompleted canvas, and touch it with his master brushes, his mind conscious of having kept faith with Mona Lisa's purity.

So he repeats casually, "I wish you good evening, Messere!" and goes past the swinging lantern, his sense of loss sheltered so deep down within him that his royally steady gait is changed not one whit.

The old bridge is left to witness a superb study of disconcertment. The gossip-spinner's eyes reflect it unashamedly. So his wily efforts were in vain. He might yet build a story—but he is cunning enough to acknowledge that even the wildest and maddest gossip must hide a germ of truth in it to sound convincing. He had striven to wrestle that germ out of Leonardo—unto what a pitiable end! If a genius could ever be unmasked, this was the moment. Yet the little man refuses to face defeat, and his shuffling feet run towards the disappearing rose-colored figure.

"Do you not desire to hear the details, Messere? At Lagonero, Mona Lisa died, on her return journey from Calabria to Florence. They say 'twas some terribly contagious malady of the throat. They say—"

Yet Leonardo's interruption adds a subtle touch to the little man's baffledness:

"Ah, Lagonero! I know of the city. Obscure and little frequented—but I have heard of their church frescoes. You should go and see those, Messere, if so be you are interested in the matters of art."

The cool quality of Leonardo's voice proves too much for the gossip-weaver. So back he steps, and the tall figure in rose and silver passes on into the liquid blue shadows of the other bank. The Ponte Vecchio is left desolate. And to the Palazzo Spini goes the little man, defeated, if not shamed.

"Inhuman he is," he muses of Leonardo, "and so all those rumors were nothing but idle lies. Ah, well—"

The silver music of a Florentine night rings in your ears, as slowly you retrace your steps across the Ponte Vecchio. The voices you had heard are long since hushed, though in the shawl of a hurrying flower-girl you may remember the gallant rose tints of Leonardo's raiment. And for an exquisite moment you live through that brief pause which had once fallen on the old bridge, when darkness fell over the artist's consciousness and the stars ebbed away from his aching vision. The ancient bridge has sheltered this pause in its worn cobbles, its sober and yet withal fantastic parapets.

Only for a moment, though! Because, coming to it by somewhat irrelevantly joined thoughts, you remember a room in France and the calm, queenly grace breathing from a canvas of Leonardo's—a canvas completed—as much as he had ever completed anything—after that poignant evening encounter on the Ponte Vecchio. You remember that canvas, and you sense that the face you had so frequently contemplated could not be quite as it is to-day—were it not for the serene truth sheltered in Leonardo's mind, even when the shuffling, raucous-voiced man from the gossiping purlieus of Florence was trying to twist it this way and that, and make a muddily convenient falsehood of it.

A mightily generous city is old Florence, and her Ponte Vecchio is the most generous part of her—to those who come and tread its worn green flagstones—they are eager to cast the veil off the vanished years, to listen to the long-hushed voices, to appraise a long-forgotten battle of a great artist's royal chivalry.

GOD reigns only in peaceful and unselfish souls.—*St. John of the Cross.*

Walking Along the Rhine.

BY LOUISE MOULTON.

(CONCLUSION.)

IT was quite dark when we came into Ediger; and as it was very little lighted we could see nothing of the houses. We asked some one the best place to stay, and were directed to a *gasthaus*. At first we were told that the rooms were all taken; but the proprietor finally decided to put us in that part of the house reserved for his own family. We were given a room opening into a huge drawing-room which was cluttered with heirlooms and family pictures. There was a friendly atmosphere about the place.

In the morning it was raining again, so we were not in a great hurry to start out again; but we finally did so while it was still drizzling. We now went around a pronounced curve in the river which was marked, at the most acute point, by the village of Bremm. We were now, as a crow flies, quite close to Cochem again, our starting-out place. And we could look back over a confused tangle of river which it was difficult for the eye to unravel.

At Alf, just at the bend of the river, there is a great bridge crossing to Bulay. We stood at the corner watching the traffic for a few minutes—motor-cars, produce-carts, pedestrians,—and then we turned into a path that wound up a long hill under pine trees, and so were somewhat protected from the rain that was now coming down rather heavily. Fortunately, when we came to the end of the wood and out among the vines, the rain had again diminished. At the top of the hill we found a ruined church of 1130, one chapel of which had been charmingly restored. From this height we had a sweeping view of the surrounding hills and the winding Mosel, so tortuous in its course that its curves baffled all attempt to follow them.

When we came down the hill, we crossed the bridge to Bullay, where, after wandering about a bit and getting several fine views, we had tea in the Bahnhof restaurant, and then took the train back to Cochem. Very slowly we went along the bank of the river, so that we were able to look across and see distinctly the way by which we had come. We distinguished the *gasthaus* where we had lunched, a shed where we had taken refuge from a heavy downpour of rain, and several other landmarks. Then we came to that bend, which I have already mentioned, that brings us so close to Cochem, the train plunged into the depths of the Kaiser Wilhelm Tunnel, which burrows straight through the hills, and very soon we emerged at our destination.

In the morning we started again in the direction of Coblenz. At Cotten, we took a street through the old village among many-colored Gothic houses made more gay by flowers in all the windows. We came to a church, perhaps of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth Century, which contained some fine old frescoes. In the entrance porch, on either side, were the photographs of the men of that village who had lost their lives in the war. There were thirty on one side and thirty-four on the other, among them many strikingly innocent faces of peasant boys.

Soon after passing this village we came to a path marked *Zum wasserfals*. We followed this up and up along the bank of a tiny stream until we came to a cascade which had a fall of some fifty feet. There we sat on a bench, half in sunshine, half in shade, and ate our lunch which we had brought with us and which we augmented with blackberries which we had gathered along the path. Butterflies hovered around us, and there were delicate flowers—wild pinks, geraniums and bluebells—growing all about.

Going down we crossed a path which appeared to lead to a castle; and there we met a chain of boys carrying bundles of faggots. They were followed at a little distance by a goat. In a vineyard, we saw rosy women working in head-dresses of snow-white linen, which in this region seems to be the customary protection against the sun. We hoped to get to Klotten to take a train at 2:7, but we arrived just in time to see it pulling out. It didn't much matter; and we walked along through Pommern and Karden to Müdens where we found a well-defined path leading up to the ancient feudal castle of Burg Eltz. We crossed orchards and vineyards and a rather broad plateau where men and women were busy reaping the yellow wheat; then we plunged into a wood of stately beeches and oaks. Exploring the castle, we found other wanderers, many of them with ruck-sacks over their shoulders; but we were the only ones of the English-speaking variety.

We came down the valley of the Eltz by a tortuous path making the letter "S" all the way. It led us through the natural amphitheatres where the terraced vineyards reminded one of tiers of benches. We heard the resounding melody of a clarinet, clear and cool. Was there some hermit musician hid away in a leafy retreat listening to his music echoing and re-echoing through the vast chambers of the valley? Nothing so romantic. We soon came upon the performer standing on the bank of the pretty stream, his cap upturned in front of him.

The Eltz flows into the Mosel at Moselkern, a quaint and tranquil village. There we decided to spend the night. Our hostess was corpulent and bustling, after the approved German type, a genial creature, the very apotheosis of hospitality. While we were waiting for supper, we watched from our windows the sharp shadow-edge

of the hills on our side of the river creeping up the wooded slopes of the other side.

That night was brilliant with stars; but in the morning it was raining again. We took the train to Coblenz and spent a few hours there in sight-seeing. In the early afternoon we went by steamer up the river to Stolzenfels. From the steamer we had a good view of the mouth of the river Lahn, up which lies the famous resort of Bad Ems. On one side towered Allerheiligenkirche, and on the other, Castle Lahneck. Upon landing, we went up the winding road through the woods to the castle of Stolzenfels, one of the most beautifully situated and one of the richest in legends of all the castles of the Rhine. It was built originally in the middle of the Thirteenth Century by one of the Electors of Treves as a centre for the collection of taxes. After its destruction in 1833 it was rebuilt, thus sacrificing, perhaps, something of its romantic character.

After tea, at the foot of Stolzenfels, we walked along as far as Rhens, passing the famous mineral water establishment, *Rhenser Mineral Brunnen*; and then we saw some of the quaintest timbered houses with richly carved wooden balconies, cornices and trimmings. An ancient church, crumbling with rot, was a sad sight, making a strange contrast with the well-kept, flower-planted churchyard in which it stands. The whole is surrounded by a unique wall in which are medallion insets of the Stations of the Cross.

We went on by train to Boppard, where we expected to spend the night; but the evening was so beautiful and the sunset effects so lovely that we decided to walk on to the next village, Bad Salzig. They were evidently not accustomed to receiving foreign guests in the little hotel where we stopped; for our registration was accompanied by a

vast amount of red tape which in the larger places is omitted.

Rain again in the morning! But we walked along to St. Goar, where we visited the ruined castle of Rheinfels. This castle is a complete contrast to Stolzenfels, and of the two, we thought it more impressive and romantic. The ruins are extensive, and as one wanders from part to part, one's imagination plays the part of restorer. It must, in its day, have been impregnable. It made us think of Corfe Castle in Dorset. Like Corfe, it was not taken through honest onslaught, but only yielded up through treachery, after having withstood seemingly irresistible onslaughts. Across the river, one sees the castles of the *Maus* and the *Katz*. The real name of the former was Durenberg; but it was changed to *Maus* to couple with *Katz*,—the Mouse and the Cat.

Beyond St. Goar, we soon reached that great basalt rock that stands out so stark and sinister, leaning over the placid waters which, at this point, are very deep. A railway train came rushing along the valley and disappeared in the marvellous tunnel that has been bored through the rock; presently it emerged on the other side. We wondered if the construction of that tunnel had completely broken the spell of Heine's golden-haired maiden who was wont to lure travellers to their destruction. Or can it be possible that she still haunts the Lorelei? We were half inclined to believe in her; for, under the heavy canopy of clouds, the landscape of rocks and vine-covered hills frowned darkly, while the deep waters of the Rhine murmured a soft, mysterious music.

About four o'clock we reached Oberwesel, a picturesque place with ancient walls and watch-towers, ruins of old fortifications, and up a long flight of winding stone steps, St. Martinskirche. From a wooded height, the Castle

Schönburg looks down paternally upon the town. We walked on from Oberwesel to Bacharach in the mauve part of the day. The dismal clouds had now somewhat dispersed, and their broken effects produced an interesting chioroscuro, the sunlight travelling in reticent patches over the hilltops. Once we caught the gay gleam of a rainbow's foot on a leafy hill. We exchanged smiles with a young woman gathering blackberries, though it was time for her to stop; for her pail was already heaped high with the luscious fruit.

Bacharach was a pure delight, one of the most picturesque and convincing of Old-World villages. We stopped at a little white hotel whose gardens ran down to the river's edge. From its terrace we watched the stars come out and the boats plying up and down the river, and long, lighted trains slipping through the valley. Our windows looked out on the ruins of a Gothic church bedded in the hills. Higher still, we saw Burg Stahleck, frowning as if he would conceal some dark mystery. In the morning, to regain the Rhine front, we went along a quaint street of timbered, steeply-gabled houses, above which peeped the steep ridges of the hills. The opposite side of the Rhine was covered with vineyards; but we walked for some distance under the shadow of wooded hills.

At Rheindiebach, we watched men threshing in the old-fashioned way, with flails. Above us, the ruins of Furstenburg grew sharply out of the precipitous cliffs. We now realized that we were opposite that interesting region known as the Rheingau, which, in the Middle Ages, was surrounded by a hedge some fifty yards thick, an impenetrable rampart which was strengthened by a number of towers. We had lunch at Sooneck. I remember some people came in with bouquets of heather, which they had brought down from Burg Sooneck,

which lies back on the hills some distance from the river.

Just after lunch, we came to Clemenskapelle, a Twelfth-Century church with a delightful legend. A lovely and virtuous maiden, living near Lorch, had refused to marry the Count von Rheinstein. He and his party therefore seized her and dragged her to their ship. The maid prayed to the good St. Clement, who caused her abductress to be drowned, while she escaped to the other side. Clemenskapelle was her gift of gratitude. We soon came to Castle Rheinstein which rose sheer and impressive out of the perpendicular masses of rock that towered above us. From the Burg, we looked down upon Assmanshausen, on the other side, a place noted for its red wine, only a very small per cent of the Rhine wines being red.

From now on into Bingen, the waterfront was usurped by shipping and railroad tracks. Only from the industrial point of view can it be said to be romantic. The legendary nucleus is buried deep in the heart of the town. It now came on to rain with dogged determination which was to continue for days. We boarded a steamer, and so ended our walking trip along the Rhine.

My Candle Near Our Lady Burns.

BY MARY C. DEHEY.

MY candle near Our Lady burns,
 Beneath her altar fair;
 Each fitful flicker love bespeaks,
 Each tranquil gleam a prayer.
 Its life my life, its beam my faith,
 Its eager flame my heart;
 I may not, but my candle may
 Enjoy the "better part."
 Could happier lot than this belong
 The candle that is mine?
 My candle near Our Lady burns,
 And dreams before *her* shrine.

"Fanfare."

BY HELENE BEDARD.

PETE BALDWIN'S day in the office of the Canadian National Railways had been a tiring one; Amy's day at home had been, to her, a monotonous one, as well as tiring. She had become mutinous at sight of Pete returning, looking jaded. What reason had he to look like that, after sitting around all day in an office? A big man, too. Nothing ought to tire him. Oh, but men had it easy!

Something—or nothing—started it. Hot words, angry ones from her, and mostly patient ones of mild protest from Pete. She grew wilted.

"Pete Baldwin! It's not that at all. I'm *not* bored; I'm *not* sorry I married you; I'm *not* sorry about Dilly,—I'm—*not*—sorry—about anything,—I'm only just—tired!"

Her tone confirmed her final statement with almost greater persuasion than did even her lagging movements about the small kitchen.

Of course, she *was* bored, and sorry—almost. Or, perhaps a little envious. Dilly, dishes, beds, floors, washing, ironing, meals,—Dilly, dishes, beds—eternal stupid roundelays of empty labor; like the dragging mechanism of a merry-go-round without its flourishing blare of music. Other women no better off than she could take vacations.

Amy had very black hair and very black eyes, but to-night those black eyes had lost their brightness; her short hair was pushed back in weary, damp disorder; her little figure drooped in a blue gingham cover-all, as faded as her spirits. As she paused in the midst of the horizontal bars of paling May sunlight that coaxed their way through the little mullioned window, she looked like a tired, disillusioned sprite.

Eighteen-months-old Dilly — Daffy-downdilly, they sometimes called him—

who looked so much like Pete, took advantage of the lapse in paternal attention and proceeded to massage his plump face and yellow head with the remains of his custard, and when he had finished the job to his own satisfaction, he picked up the spoon that Pete had left on the tray of the high chair, and set up a series of bangings and gurglings and squeals.

Pete turned quickly and gaped at the culprit who then began kicking up his fat legs against the table-leaf in an ecstasy of joyous abandon, all the elements of crude villainy emphasized by the slippery, fatuous grin that spread from one custard-smeared ear to the other.

Pete laughed—a howl of a laugh—and then chuckled:

"You've got your geography mixed, old man. That's stuff for *interior* decoration, and—"

Amy felt a childish impulse to slap at him—just for his being a man.

"You can laugh at that!" she cut in, with a fine air of tragedy. "Of course, *you* don't have to bathe him again; *you* don't have to bother about getting that mess out of his hair. Yes, *you* can laugh! And just when I've got supper about ready, and wanted to get him to bed, so I could have one meal a day in peace!"

Pete became fittingly ashamed and apologetic, but Amy did not want to listen to him. The next half-hour was rather bad. Amy's tight-lipped visage of martyred patience closed the discussion of the incident after Pete had offered penitently:

"I know you're tired. Poor girl! I'm awfully sorry. I just laid his spoon down and—took my eyes off him when you said that about wanting a holiday *off by yourself*. You kind of took my breath. I forgot what I was doing."

She just went on with her work at the big sink, scrubbing the stickiness from the iniquitous infant whose result-

ant howls filled the little blue-and-white wilderness of kitchen, and reverberated with metallic din from every shining pot and kettle in the place.

She got him quieted, carried him upstairs, deaf to Pete's offers of assistance, and returned to the preparation of supper, her face grim, as if she were in bitter contemplation of a quick escape from something. She sighed loudly as she slumped into her chair across from Pete. She did not even make the Sign of the Cross. Dispiritedly, she reached half-way across the table for a potato. Just as she was piloting it toward her plate, it slid from her fork, plopped into her tea.

"Darn!" Her eyes flashed, bright like a bird's, and burned into Pete's. "Darn!" again, with more force, as the corners of Pete's mouth began to curl upward. The atmosphere over the little table became brittle as china. "Darn!" again, with a splintering force and tinkling laughter, hers and Pete's, spilled itself about the room.

"Have you ever known the beat of this?" she asked when they had sobered again and had said grace together.

Pete hadn't. She sighed again.

"Dear! I'm awful. Good thing Dilly isn't down here. That's the first time in ages I've said it, though. And—just everything is wrong to-day," and she shook her head ruefully at the stain on the fresh tablecloth. "And I *am* so tired and—wretched," she quavered.

Pete got up and changed her cup. "Aw, come on! Eat supper, old lady, and never mind. We'll talk about things after."

She brightened—a little doubtfully.

"You mean—I *might*—there's some chance for a holiday?"

"Eat supper," he repeated. "We'll talk about it after."

Amy smiled at the little picture of the Sacred Heart that stood on the sideboard.

Pete helped her with the dishes—he

always did. Her wilted spirits rose with the steamy song from the kettle as she piled the things to be washed. To get away for a week—for two weeks—alone: to rest, to eat what some one else had to fuss over; to dirty as many dishes as she pleased, and leave them for some one else to wash; not have to fuss with baby food, and baby clothes and the eternal washing of them. Sheer luxury of idleness!

"Although," Pete mused, "I don't, somehow, seem to be able to understand why you want to go *alone*. Of course, mother will be good to Dilly, but—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Gosh! oh, well. If that's the way you want it, I guess we can manage. I thought we could put the hundred and fifty we'd saved into a radio for next Winter."

"Fifty would do me, Pete," she offered placatingly.

"All right," he answered after a moment's thought. "I'll put in for your pass to-morrow. And still—Say, listen: Why don't you go and see the doctor first? You've been ailing ever since Dilly came. And after the way your sister went—It *might* be your lungs. If it is, why, I'd think a trip to Muskoka—We *could* manage if we had to. It wouldn't be sense for you to go spending two weeks in a Montreal hotel. Of course, maybe it's just that you're anæmic; maybe just your nerves. Lately, by gosh! you're always so tired and—and—so cranky!" he finished quickly and uncomfortably.

"I know," she admitted with a little guilty irritation. "I think maybe I *am* anæmic. That makes a person's nerves bad, too. I don't think it's my lungs, though. Still, if it's going to make you feel any better about it, I'll go and see Doctor Parks to-morrow."

"You'd better call in at the hospital, too, and see Toots Gardner. Perry's all smiles to-day. Another boy. That's four in less than five years. Can you beat it?"

"No, I can't," admitted Amy. "And I don't want to. I'm just about killed looking after one. I'll leave Dilly with your mother."

A nurse directed her to Mrs. Gardner's room which just at that moment emitted a volley of whoops, shrieks and giggles.

Amy sensed something of slight shock and a definite distaste for the notion that had possessed Toots to share a hospital room with three other women. She mentioned it to her, nodding toward the others who had withdrawn discreetly behind magazines when she entered.

"Never again," announced Toots, "will I go into a private room. There's more fun this way."

"Fun?" asked Amy, vacantly. She always had been prejudiced against hospitals, private rooms or wards. (How could you tell that it was your own baby you got, and not some one else's?) but,—*"Fun?"* she asked again; *"fun in a hospital? With sick people?"*

"Well, I should say!" declared Toots. "When my next one comes, I'm coming right back here."

Amy gasped. "Your next? Oh, my dear! You are one grand optimistic scandal. Four babies in less than five years, and talking about the next! You're indecent, Toots. And, anyway, I don't know how on earth you manage. I'd never get done with the work. I'm dragged to death with just Dilly this last while."

"You do look kind of bedraggled," offered Toots sympathetically. "You shouldn't. Not with just one youngster. Why don't you see a doctor? Maybe a good tonic—" She paused to steal a glance towards the opposite bed. Satisfied that its occupant was engrossed with her reading, she resumed in a whisper, "Mrs. Potter over there—she's only twenty-four—just had her second baby a week ago. It died. Now,

they say she's got T. B.—neglect. Poor little thing. But a little soldier, full of fun, too; keeps us all going. Wait till I introduce the gang."

Introductions were called out across the sunlit spaces between the white beds; books were dropped; chatter flowed, and bubbled, and burst into bright cascades of laughter that washed from the anæsthetic institutional atmosphere every trace of solemnity and suffering that the room had ever known. Amy felt a little proud of being a woman just then, proud of belonging to the sex that these others glorified with their brave humor.

Mrs. Point, Irish, fat, and forty, joking about calling her new baby Decimal, nine children having already exhausted her list of "dacent" Irish names. Mrs. Seabrooke, a sick-looking young woman, telling about her doctor, who came in that morning and announced to her that there would be soup for dinner to-morrow. Asked how he knew, he replied that he had just cut out part of a fellow's shin-bone. That sent Toots and Mrs. Potter into spasms of near-hysteria, and Mrs. Point boomed out, grimacing, "The cannibal haythen!"

Mrs. Potter coughed exhaustedly between jokes and spells of laughter, while the others looked at each other, trying to mask the pity they felt by all talking feverishly at once.

During one of these spells, Amy became lost for a moment in introspection. Was she falling down on her job? Whining about a holiday, off by herself! Had she any right to be proud of her claim to membership in the order of womanhood? Could the order be proud of her? And was all this bravado, all this generous deception, just a part of a woman's dignified duty to the world and to her man? Could Mrs. Potter feel as light-hearted as she appeared? She couldn't!

The nurse came in, beaming and lively.

"Hello, girls!"

She was introduced to Amy.

"Somebody must have willed our hospital a fortune," she continued, laughing. "Ice-cream and *real* cake for supper again. Third time this week. And, Point, your holidays are just about over for another year. Lazy thing! You're getting up to-morrow, and Monday, you go back to a many-Pointed existence. Sad, isn't it? To have to cook your own meals and wash your own dishes again!"

More light talk, more laughing over the bits of hospital gossip the nurse had saved up for them, while pillows were plumped and temperatures taken, and Amy realized with a start that she had forgotten about calling at the doctor's. She had been actually enjoying herself!

It was nearly five o'clock. She wondered whether the doctor would still be in his office. She'd promised Pete. And he'd been so good about this holiday business. She spoke to the nurse.

"I wonder if Doctor Parks has come to the hospital yet? Or would he still be in his office? I've forgotten his hours. I was to have called to see him, and I—we—got talking in here and I never realized how the time was going."

The nurse went to find out for her.

"I called him. He's going to be in his office for a while. He said he'd wait for you."

Amy bade the four women good-bye, promising to come again, and started down the corridor, the nurse beside her.

"Have you seen our baby, Mrs. Baldwin?" the nurse asked as she paused at the door to the sun-parlor. "He's such a lovely boy!"

Amy shook her head. "What baby?"

The nurse led the way over to a crib. "Isn't he a darling?"

It might have been Dilly—so fair, so blue-eyed. Only, as Dilly radiated mischief, this baby sent out an appeal that was pathetic; as Dilly was rosy, this baby was pale. He needed to be out of doors.

"Mrs. Potter's," the nurse explained. "We're going to keep him here till the father gets some one to take him. She's going to Muskoka as soon as the doctor thinks she can stand the trip. You don't happen to know of a good woman who wants a baby, do you? We're all sort of on the watch for one."

Amy shook her head. "I'm sorry. I don't." Then: "She's pretty bad, isn't she?" she asked, after a moment's thought. "Do you think Muskoka can cure her? She looks so ill."

The nurse smiled speculatively. "There's always hope, you know. I'm hoping she'll get well. Such a brave little woman! If she doesn't come back—"

She did not finish, but shook her head and leaned over to caress the baby.

"If she doesn't come back—" Amy repeated tonelessly, and left the nurse with the child.

When she left the hospital, the May sun had marched westward down the light-stippled ribbon of pavement; the wind flirted with the green young leaves overhead, ruffling them and whispering and capriciously brushing aside each one in turn with soft kisses; flower-beds embroidered in joyous patterns the velvet green of lawns; birds sang in crazy ecstasy of utter happiness; children skipped and kicked up their heels, and flung their rollicking calls through the Spring-sweet air.

But to Amy, it had suddenly become just a labyrinth through which she wandered, bewildered, dazed by the pain of one thought: "If she doesn't come back," and she found herself changing it to, "If *I* shouldn't come back!" The doctor was busy with another patient when she went in, and she had to wait.

She felt tired; her head began to ache. A holiday! she thought; and those other women in the hospital all laughing and brave. Or—were they so brave, really? Was it all just an outward show? Mrs. Point with ten to

look after now; Toots with four and planning gaily for another; Mrs. Potter, going away to leave that darling baby, after already losing one! No complaining; no looking for sympathy; no morbid self-pity. Good sports, all of them,—women, too, like herself.

She found herself wondering vaguely what sort of men Mr. Potter and Mr. Point might be. Probably like her own Pete: hard-working, patient, looking for just a little sympathy and tenderness—a woman's—after the day's work, and getting it. They would, from such women. Good sports! And her Pete—coming home tired, looking for just a little sympathy and tenderness—his woman's—but not asking for it, and not getting it.

With true compunction she realized how unjustly she had reproached Pete for "having it easy because he was a man." Was it so easy for him, working all day, coming home to help her all he could, and listen to her complaints? Of course, she pleaded with her conscience, she hadn't always been so cranky with Pete; she hadn't always murmured about what trouble Dilly was; it was just lately. And now—her lungs. "If she doesn't come back!"—"If *I* shouldn't come back!"

Then, suddenly, she knew that she did not want a holiday off by herself; she wanted to stay right with Pete and Dilly, and be a good sport like those other women. She wanted to go home—right now—and just hold on to Pete and Dilly forever and ever. She didn't want to see the doctor. If he said it was her lungs—"If *I* shouldn't come back!"

"Come in, Mrs. Baldwin."

The other patient, a stooped, old lady, left the office door open behind her as she went out, and Amy entered. Then—she was blubbering, just like any scared youngster, and telling the doctor about her lungs, and how her sister died, and Mrs. Potter, and Mrs. Potter's baby, and Dilly—a whole tangled string of confu-

sion and fright and tears. Not like a good sport at all.

Had she been coughing? Had she any pain? On and on—questions that seemed to her so stupid, so far from the problem,—the old man meanwhile wheeling the white table over towards the light. She felt against her breast the little badge of the Sacred Heart.

It was half-past five when she reached home. Pete had brought Dilly home and was trying to slice potatoes into the frying pan and play "Peek!" with the irrepressible boss of the house who, between "peeks," insisted on trying to eat the corner of his oilcloth tray cover, and yelled defiance at his helpless parent when he essayed to deprive him of that most delightful fare.

Amy, buttoning up her cover-all, came to the rescue, and, despite the yells of the recalcitrant infant, removed the cloth, and wiped his hands and face.

"You men are so useless around the house," she said. Her voice sounded as if she had a cold in her head. She did not look directly at Pete. "Here, give me that knife, and go and sit down out of the way till *I* get the supper."

Pete gazed at her, his mouth open, his whole face comic with doubt.

"I—thought—you'd be tired," he ventured.

"Well, I'm not!" she lied. "I suppose you're not, either. But whether you are or not, go and sit down out of the way!"

It was too much for Pete. He just shook his head and did as he was told.

"Did you put in for my pass?" she asked a minute later.

"No. I—I didn't. I—thought I'd wait till you'd see the doctor. I can put in for it any time."

Silence reigned for a minute. Then: "I was up to the hospital to see Toots."

"Yeah? How is she?"

"Fine! Planning for another baby already! Three other women in the

room with her. They carry on something fierce, for sick people. All laughing."

She hid her moist eyes from Pete's scrutiny by turning and searching for something—she had no idea herself what it was—in the cabinet. 'Brave women—all of them! Good sports!

"You needn't bother getting a pass, Pete," as she turned back to the stove.

"Aw, gee! Why not? I don't mind you going. Honest, I don't! I thought you *wanted*—What—?" He went over and put his arms around her. "Aw, gee! Amy, pet, did you see the doctor? What's wrong?"

She pushed him away and laughed. A good sport; a brave deceiver.

"You go and sit down out of the way! That's the third time I've told you."

"Aw, gee! I know. But—Amy! You're just about crying. Tell me."

"Silly thing!" she quavered. "I'm just so—so—glad—it isn't my lungs! That's all!"

"But, gosh! Why don't you want the pass, then?" he insisted.

"I g-guess a woman can change her mind if she wants to," she said, her mouth still puckering childishly. "I guess I can take my holidays when and where I like, big silly! I'm going to take mine next Winter. Two weeks in the maternity ward. And, honest, Pete, it's—it's—going to be more fun—" and again she smiled faintly through her tears.

A FAMOUS Roman orator in making the funeral oration over the remains of his mother, protested that although he had lived with her sixty-seven years, he had never been reconciled to her. The audience seemed struck with surprise at such words from one who had always been famed for his attachment to his mother. "No," continued the orator, "for in all that time there never happened the least jar between us that needed reconciliation."

An Old House of Stone.

BY A. PAGE.

I CAME to know my old house early in the morning of life, in fact, I was born within the kindly shelter of its walls. Moreover, I have lived therein most happily all these years since that eventful one; and I do most sincerely pray that when I shall be once more a child, and the twilight shall have come, that I shall fall asleep beneath the comforting security of its broad roof-tree.

I came to know my old house, as I was just saying, early in the morning of life; and, childlike, I took its strength and ancientness and comforting shelter, all as a matter of fact. As I grew older my exploration advanced. I looked over the walls, and saw to my astonishment that all people did not choose to live in an old stone house, that many, many little houses built of wood and designed by modern architects dotted the landscape. Now my astonishment, when I came to analyze it, could be reduced to this: how could any one be contented to live in a house designed by man, when there was room and welcome awaiting them in an old stone house whose architect and builder any impartial investigator might come to recognize as being none other than God's own Son.

Now this astonishment, let me say in all sincerity, has never ceased. Rather has it increased as the years slip by. There she stands, her walls grown weather-worn and somewhat battered by hard usage; her chambers not designed indeed to cater to the earthly in man, but with a living room and hearth whereon the fire has never gone out—nor will go out—for it is the undying flame of God's Divine Spirit.

I am aware of course, at least in part, of what others say of the old stone house. Only God could know *all* that has been and is said of her! Some do not like the uncompromising attitude

of her caretakers. But what can they do? She really is the oldest house in the district, and she really was designed and builded by the Christ of God. Her caretakers can claim no less; they can assert no more!

Some claim her stone walls and the iron fencing shutting off her grounds from the highroads do not allow the children of men sufficient freedom for play. But that is because they have never lived within her hospitable embrace, nor wandered through her corridors and halls and courtyards, nor seen the magnificent view from her towers (from her towers one can all but see Heaven on a clear day!). Besides, stone walls give security from passing wind and storm, and iron fences keep children from wandering into danger. And after all, it is not the caretakers but the Owner who set the boundaries of His estate, and the limits thereof are simply those of Truth; and without the bounds of Truth there is no true freedom. It is truth that sets us free; it is ignorance and error that enslave the human mind.

I know, too, some do not like the beautiful decorations in the Living Room, and other some dislike the severity and plainness of the upstairs chambers. But they forget the Living Room is where the Host dwells, and they forget, too, the Host slept, as a Child, on straw and boards, and slept in death on a board without the straw.

Again, and this is most natural, many who live in the little wooden houses, or in the open fields, do not, I know, like me and those who live with me in the great stone house; and because they do not like us, they do not like our House. Now to be honest, I do not so very much blame these many for not liking me,—I do not like myself on all occasions. We of the stone house, we ourselves, have our likes and dislikes; we do not always love ourselves. But it is not us we would ask these many to

love, it is our House; and this, not because it is ours, but because it is truly His—God's Own Chosen House for all mankind.

Finally, I feel confident that the greatest reason why the old house of stone is not loved by all, is because it is not known by all,—I mean known as it really is. One can not love or hate reasonably what one does not know truly. And the old house of stone is the object of hatred and dislike in the minds of millions, because it is regarded by them only through the sightless eyes of ignorance, or the colored glasses of prejudice, or through the eyes of others who, knowingly or unknowingly, slander her beauty and the Creator thereof.

O ye who are tired of little houses, that are not homes—O ye who seek for rest and security, and the peace that is born thereof,—O ye who have not found what ye sought for elsewhere, and may perchance read these lines, come ye to an old House of Stone! Its door is always open, its gates always unlatched; one condition only has its Owner set for entrance: His guests must come in with humble, childlike Faith, into his courtyard and to His Hearth and Heart. Come ye, then, to an old House of Stone, for it is your Father's Mansion.

The Pope's Rings.

The Holy Father has three official rings. The first is called the Papal Ring. It is usually plain, with a cameo ornament. The second, the Pontifical Ring, is used when the Pope officiates at grand ceremonies. And there is the Fisherman's Ring, which gets its name from a figure of St. Peter, who is represented as throwing his net into the sea. Around and above the figure of the Apostle there is engraved the name of the reigning Pope. The Fisherman's Ring weighs about an ounce and a half, and is the official seal of the Pontiff to whom it belongs.

A Parental Responsibility.

AT this time of the year Catholic parents have seriously in mind the school in which their boys and girls will be educated for the next four years. They want them to get the best education their means will allow. They are concerned that they be successful in life. They have seen them finish in the grade school and in the high school with honor; and they know that the next four years will fit them, as far as school can, for active life in the world. And Catholic parents have very definite ideas of success in life. They have lived in the world, have met men and women of all complexions of mind; they have known men to whom the world looked as leaders whom they would account failures; and men and women for whom the world had no applause, who in their minds were eminent successes in life. They have made their own valuation of things in life; and, tested by experience, these valuations seem true.

But what appraisalment will their boys and girls make, after four years of college, of the things which their parents hold highest and most sacred in life? Let them not be handicapped at the start. Give them a fair beginning; if they fail, the blame will be on themselves. It is not fair, however, to the young students to send them to a school whose teachers have a philosophy of life radically different from that which parents hold, and expect the children to come out after four years cherishing the old ideals of religion and morality which have guided their parents successfully in life. These professors are serious men, certainly not consciously set to destroy ideals of religion and morality. But they have been trained in another school; they have grown up and worked and achieved their places in the world with a very different outlook on life.

We recall a professor of sociology in a secular university who, at the opening of his course said to his students: "I know there are many in this class who believe in God and in a spiritual soul. That is your own concern, and I do not say a word against it. But if you want to understand my course, you will have to leave these opinions outside. I approach the subject with no such convictions." Imagine a young man or woman just out of high school, with no course in philosophy, sitting in a class in which this professor discusses crime, the family, marriage and divorce, from a point of view that leaves out God and a spiritual soul! He is not mature enough to check the very fundamental errors that the professor takes as truths. He begins by admiring the general culture of his teacher, the distinction and fluency of his speech, and ends by accepting his views on religion and morality.

If he graduates after four years with his faith weakened or lost, with the ancient ideals of his parents considered as ancient only, rather than ideals, are not the parents who put him in school at a disadvantage, responsible for the fact that he enters active life devoid of those things that make for Catholic living? Will not God hold them responsible who, after they had planted the seeds of Catholic faith and morals in his heart as a boy, and after the Sisters of the parochial school and the Catholic high school had nourished them, place him in an atmosphere where these flowers may be blighted or entirely uprooted? These are the days when parents must make decisions which may make or mar the future of their children—decisions weighted with responsibility.

No friendship is worth the name which does not elevate and does not help to nobility of conduct and to strength of character.—*Hugh Black.*

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. J. K. Mullen, a Catholic business man, died at Denver, Colorado, a short time ago. As a business man he was the founder of the largest milling corporation on earth. The world repaid him freely for his sagacity, and he piously turned back more than a generous portion of it—over two million dollars—to the aged and the orphan and to the beautifying of God's house. His life was indeed a success in a big way, but he never did anything more beautifully significant of the faith that was in him than the little last-minute action recorded by *The Register*.

The last letter dictated by Mr. Mullen is typical of the scrupulous honesty that marked the man. An employee, using the name of the firm, shipped some potatoes for personal use and left the railroad under the impression that they were wheat. The rate is higher on potatoes. The railroad did not question the shipment. But Mr. Mullen found out what had happened, and his last business act was to prepare a letter to the president of the Union Pacific system, with a check to make up the difference. Mrs. John Dower had a copy made of the letter to give to her son, Frank Tettemer, as a family heirloom that it is hoped will be a rule of life for the Mullen progeny.

The portrayal of the Catholic priesthood continues to be a favorite theme with the novelists; and how fine some of this portrayal is! Who that has read "Marotz" can forget the characterization of Don Ercole? One thing only was lacking in his case—the thing in the author's estimation:

He had never neglected any call of duty, except the call to be something higher than he was. Years ago there had come cholera to the *paese*, and it never even occurred to him to run away, or to stint his people of attendance. There had more than once been small-pox and other infectious diseases, and

he had "assisted" those *moribundi* exactly the same as if there had been no risk to himself at all. Sometimes a summons would come to a dying parishioner far up in the mountain, late at night, in bad weather, just as he was getting ready for bed, or after he had gone there; and he had set off without delay, just as promptly as if the call had been to the *palazzo*, or any other house close at hand. He had given no scandal, and led always a decorous, moral life, giving prudent and decent counsel when asked, and occasionally without waiting to be asked. Stingy and grasping as he was, he had never overreached any one; and, though he had seldom given alms, he had seldom refused,—for, indeed, he had seldom been asked. One thing had been lacking. But had he suspected it—did he suspect it even now? He had *done* respectably enough. As Marotz said, what was amiss was not what he had done or failed of doing, but what he had been and failed of being.

The American sailor boy may be a bit unruly on shore, but he has many compensating qualities. For one thing he is just far enough away from the artificialities of land life to be a man among men. Ordinarily he has an open heart, and the wide ocean has tended to give him an open mind also. The very give and take of his form of life has made him a fair judge of the "real thing" when he sees it. We don't know of any group of Americans before whom we would rather submit a case for a straightforward, unabashed judgment than our own rough but honest sailor boys. Not long ago a group from the American Scouting Fleet were given an audience with the Pope. What happened on that occasion has come to us from the lips of one of the crew of the U. S. S. "Florida," as reported by the *New World*, of Chicago. The account is as breezy as the sea stretches and as refreshing in its youthful enthusiasm.

We have seen the Pope—and received his blessing. A medium-sized, kindly old gentleman, who, this year, reaches his fifty years

of priesthood. He addressed some 600 of us in Latin in a speech that completely won all those of other faiths in the party. He was pleased to see so many sailors in the house of St. Peter, the fisherman and sailor. He loves the sea, he said, for it is the means of visiting other nations and getting acquainted, creating the brotherhood of man, perpetuating world peace. He rose to bestow his blessing, and told us to carry his blessing back to America to our families. He passed to the doorway when the 600 men gave three mighty cheers. It didn't seem quite the place to yell, but we don't get such a chance very often. He seemed a bit frightened; even the Swiss Guards looked perturbed, but the sailors blasted out full lung power, and the third cheer was deafening. The Holy Father paused on the threshold and faced the gang, took a step forward and favored us with a happy smile, waved his hand and passed into the next room. I don't know what he thinks of Americans, but he's aces with the Scouting Fleet. The following Monday 900 more repeated the visit. Many people have experienced the great honor of an audience with the Holy Father, very few have been permitted to holler their heads off in his presence—but sailors are like that. I know he liked it.

One of our New York papers carries the following advertisement: "No Uncertain Waiting at Pier. For \$1 we phone you as any ship leaves quarantine. Docks 1 to 11-2 hours after." Of course one reason why this particular advertiser gets customers at \$1 *per* is the natural nervousness which makes waiting a torture for the average American. Perhaps the chief customer of this particular form of ship service, however, is the modern man of commerce. Business has pounded into him a realization of the value of time. Taxi bills and telegram charges and cable tolls run high in his life, but he continues to use them, for they save what he has learned to appreciate as a most valuable asset in business—time.

The saints have been teaching us

this identical lesson in a spiritual way. The record of their lives is nothing less than an exemplification of how we can turn the minutes that we ordinarily waste into eternal treasures. If we have hitherto failed to make proper spiritual progress, it is perhaps because we have not learned in the all-important business of life what men have learned in the running of factories and stores—the lesson of the value of time.

Mr. Donald G. Attwater, writing in the *Central-Blatt and Social Justice*, makes some very pointed observations on modern Catholic conditions. He regrets with warm indignation the break-up and disappearance of old Catholic home life where the parents and children gathered together for evening prayer, or where the children knelt to their fathers for a blessing before going to bed. "Yet," he asks, "has the Church withdrawn her recommendations of these things?" Modern progress, with its wild speed has drawn the family out of the home, and has destroyed most of those wise and holy practices that make men and women who remember them, look back upon their home training with gratitude and affection. To quote his words:

Nor is this the end of the home tragedy: there is the increasing economic uncertainty which prevents any one keeping or taking root anywhere; the increasing shortage of women who can and will run a house decently, manage servants (when they can get 'em), sew, cook—and the resulting shocking fall in our standard of what is good food and good clothing; and there is the increasing shortage of men who want any of these things or can appreciate the unholiness of the way in which we live. What has Catholic influence done to modify all this? If anything, it has been apparently useless. There is no notable difference, as a rule, in the "home standard" of Catholic families from that of others. Clergy and publicists conduct a guerilla warfare against divorce, conception-control, night

clubs, obscene books—but they are only symptoms of the disease, which is flat naturalism, sensationalism and rebellion against the ordinance of home and family; just as we tinker with unemployment, over-crowding, factory-inspection, welfare work, and leave the root-evils of industrialism and insubordinate capitalism untouched.

Should leprosy be classed with incurable diseases? The Sisters who care for lepers at Makogai, in the Fiji Islands, report seventeen cures this year—pronounced such by a medical board. Ameliorations are more numerous. The Sisters and their unfortunate charges, by the way, are most grateful for any assistance rendered them. We are assured that our readers have a remembrance in the daily prayers of “Will,” a victim as prayerful as he is patient, and of poor little Filomena, who wants everybody in the world to be well,—because she is so far from being so herself, we suppose. One can not help setting store on prayers like these. “More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of,” to quote Tennyson again.

One of the finest tributes to the hospital services of our Catholic Sisterhoods comes from the very enemies who, a few years ago, were determined to destroy every vestige of anything Catholic. Over fifty-three French cities, whose hospitals were completely laicized before the war, have already taken steps for the return of Sister service. And now a dispatch from Paris tells us that *L’Œuvre*, well known as a radical and anti-religious publication, has published the appeal of a prominent physician for the re-establishment of the nuns in as many hospitals as possible. The fact that the writer bases his appeal entirely upon mercenary grounds does not prevent an indirect allusion to the sympathetic and skilful service which so universally marks our Catholic

hospitals. “If these women wish to merit a reward in another world, to which purpose they offer a care for the sick with disinterestedness, good sense dictates acceptance of them.” All vacancies in hospital personnel, he proposes should be filled by religious “who cost little and who offer guaranties of unquestionable competence and morality.” One of the burning questions in this country right now is the high cost of sickness. Our Social Service experts, who are seeking a solution to that situation, might read with profit from the pages of French hospital experience.

The Protestant Episcopal church has entered actively into combat with the growing divorce menace of recent years. The preliminary investigations conducted by a joint commission from the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies have already unearthed some valuable data about the “why” of modern marriage failures. Says Herbert D. Rugg, reporting the Commission’s activities for the New York *Herald*:

The number of divorces in which both parties are active members of any Church, the joint commission on the whole problem of divorce found, was exceedingly small. A questionnaire sent to 800 clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church and a similar number of ministers of the Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Congregational Churches, brought responses which showed that 80 per cent of the clergymen in all these communications were unable to recall any divorce at all in which both parties were regular church attendants.

. . . . A fundamental reason why church membership is allowed to drop, the commission on the vocation of the ministry has reported, lies in “changes in home life.” It enumerates (a) the disappearance of the family pew; (b) the dominance of worldly interests not centering in the home; (c) the decline of family worship.

As an antidote to the conditions presented, the Department of Christian So-

cial Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church proposes a series of "Family Relations Institutes" in the various dioceses for the purpose of instructing young men and women on the duties and responsibilities of the marriage state. These lectures will cover such subjects as mental hygiene, spiritual living, household economies, etc.

There can be no doubt about the value of the contents of such "Institutes," but they can only be helps after all. All the mental preparation in the world will not save the marriages of the future from shipwreck unless the parties thereto have been brought up to habits of spiritual thinking and spiritual living. The Episcopal Church authorities have undoubtedly given the spiritual element its proper place in this plan for the stabilization of the marriage relation. If the Commission's investigation has shown that the marriage tie is comparatively sacred where both parties are actively religious, then the logic of that investigation would also suggest that the best general insurance against the divorce evil would be an earnest and active cultivation of the spiritual in the lives of the people.

The recent efforts being made to clear out medical fakers from the State of Illinois should be done thoroughly this time. Periodically *exposés* have been made of those fakers who prey particularly upon the poor and the ignorant of our big city populations. Good health is one treasure for which people will freely sacrifice their hard-earned savings. Indeed it is so much a subject of concern that hopes and fears can be easily associated with the slightest symptoms one way or the other. The charlatan, being in most cases somewhat of a practical psychologist, plays upon those hopes and fears for the benefit of his own pocketbook. The fact that he is so clever in his deception of customers argues for his clever-

ness in avoiding the law also. The record of his prosperity in the State of Illinois is evidence of that fact. Now that public opinion has been aroused and individual offenders apprehended, justice should be swift and sure and severe. Only in this way can the pocket-books and the health of our poor and less educated classes be protected against the frauds of these rascals.

The *Catholic Herald*, of Sacramento, California, presents simply and sanely the reason back of those great sacrifices which have made the Catholic educational system possible. We offer the following quotation for the consideration of parents whose children will be of school age in September.

To the Catholic the most important thing in life is his religion, because it prepares him for eternity; and that is far more important than preparing him solely for a few short years of business activity. The Catholic takes the position that a child should learn as much of a secular education as he is capable of absorbing, but that at the same time he should be trained in spiritual matters as well. We believe in the arts and sciences, in literature and mathematics, in chemistry and physics, in all that comprises a secular education; but at the same time we would add to that training the knowledge of God, of His laws, and of our duty to Him.

The Holy Father, always the advocate of peace among nations, has instructed the Delegate at Peking to urge the Nanking Government to pursue a policy of peace, while the Papal Nuncio at Berlin has been advised to make a similar request, through German channels, to the Government of Russia. How eminently fitting it is that the Supreme Pontiff, having the interests of all peoples at heart, should be independent of all nations in the exercise of his office of Supreme Pastor, becomes at once very clear from instances such as these.



The Caterpillar's Coat.

BY CORA MAY PREBLE.

FUNNY little fellow—
Caterpillar dear,
Wrapped in fuzzy blanket—
Oh, I think it's queer!
Don't you know it's Summer?
Furs around your throat—
Funny little fellow,
Shed your Winter coat!

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

IT was a deft little hand that guided the silver-wheeled chair over Sandy's well-kept garden walks, as Teddy's mother, watching from her window, could see. Lady Bird's long years at Sainte Cecile's, where the old scholars often brought their ailing little ones, had made her an experienced caretaker and companion for them. There had been Armand, whose "goitre the Archangel's spring had failed to cure." Lady Bird had been trusted to push his little wicker wagon over the blooming ways of Sainte Cecile's, she giving up to this tender task many a half holiday. And it had been Lady Bird's eager urging that had given little Angela courage to "try" her helpless legs for the first feeble walk—until upheld by Lady Bird's arms, she gained strength to use them freely.

So it was a Lady Bird, quite experienced in the ways of Sainte Cecile's with little boys and girls, that had Teddy in charge to-day. They made the rounds of the garden, where, under Sandy's watchful care, all the Summer flowers

were opening into bloom. Flowers had bloomed unnoticed by Teddy all his listless young life, but the bees buzzing about them to-day gave them new meaning; and when Lady Bird picked a clover blossom from the lawn and showed him the tiny drop of honey it held, his dull eyes sparkled with interest.

"Oh, I wish I could see how they put it away in the hollow tree and how the bears come after it," he said eagerly. "You tell me so many things I never knew before, Lady Bird, about ugly caterpillars changing into butterflies, and bees finding honey in the flowers, and little blue eggs turning into birds. Mamma reads me stories out of books, but they are not true. All your stories are real and true, for I can see the bees and the honey, and the caterpillars and the butterflies myself."

Somewhere under the thin, soft waves of Teddy's black hair, his brain was beginning to quicken into thought, a process of which both he and his pretty little teacher were quite unconscious. Lady Bird had drawn the silver-wheeled chair under the shadow of a new-leaved oak where a stone bench invited rest.

"I like to hear and see things *myself*," repeated Teddy, and Lady Bird answered according to the simple wisdom of Sainte Cecile's:

"Oh, but there are real and true things you can't see or hear, Teddy."

"What?" asked the small skeptic.

It was such a vast question from the Sainte Cecile viewpoint that for a moment Lady Bird hesitated.

"Oh, don't you know, Teddy? We can not see God, or Our Blessed Mother, or St. Joseph, or the angels."

"Who are they all? I never heard of

them," said Teddy, staring at the soft-voiced speaker.

"You never heard of God, Teddy?" she gasped.

"Sometimes," corrected Teddy reflectively. "Annette says, 'My God!' when she gets very mad with me. But I don't know what she means."

"Oh, Teddy!" exclaimed Lady Bird in dire dismay. "Didn't your mother ever tell you about God, your Father in Heaven, about Our Lord, who came down on earth, a darling little Babe, about His Blessed Mother?"

"No," said Teddy. "Mamma never told me anything about them. I guess she doesn't know."

"She doesn't *know*?" Again Lady Bird was quite overcome. It was as startling to her as if poor little Teddy knew nothing of the sun shining in the blue sky above him giving all things life and light. Of such spiritual darkness and ignorance as this, she had never known or dreamed, save in the stories of pagan lands that seemed too remote for aught but the missionary efforts to which she had always contributed pocket money liberally. Here was as veritable a little pagan as St. Francis Xavier had ever faced, looking up at her now; here was missionary work that required no pocket money, right to her hand, here was a little soul to be saved within her childish reach. And Teddy's mind, quickened by the natural wonders of bee and bird and butterfly that he had found so real and true, woke into eager question:

"Tell me about God," he asked; "tell me about the place you call Heaven. Annette used to tell me stories about fairies and giants that gave me bad dreams at night, so Mamma made her stop. She said no one must tell me stories any more. But you will only tell me things that are real and true, Lady Bird, I know."

"Oh, Teddy, yes. All that I will tell you about God and Heaven is real and

true. And I'll begin right now," said Lady Bird, roused by the eager, trusting look in the black eyes uplifted to her face.

And there among the bees and the birds and the butterflies that had established Teddy's faith in her real and true teachings, Lady Bird's missionary work began.

It was carried on in the simple method of Sainte Cecile's with the very little ones. Lady Bird knew the First Catechism—French and English,—that had been explained exhaustively word for word by dear Mère Angelique, who was the first teacher of her early years and skilled in sowing the seed of faith in opening minds. *Peu à peu* (little by little) had been Mère Angelique's method when, after a ten minutes' lesson in holy truths, she sent her pupils scampering off to the orchard to gather apples for the noonday *compote*. *Peu à peu* was Lady Bird's missionary method now.

Teddy learned about the good God, who had made him as well as the birds, the bees, the butterflies,—all the wondrous things of earth and sea and sky. He learned of the good Jesus who had come to earth a little Babe; who had lived among men teaching them to be good, so they could come to His own beautiful home in Heaven; he learned of His Blessed Mother Mary, to whom all little children were dear, of the white-winged angels that guarded them from harm, and watched over them while they slept.

"Little by little," Teddy was learning beautiful lessons of which mamma, well satisfied that Lady Bird should give her time and attention to her darling boy, did not know or dream. For Teddy was demanding that time and attention more and more.

The hour that the doctor had ordered should be spent in the open was no longer a terror to him; indeed, it often lengthened in these bright Summer days to the whole afternoon, when the

silver-wheeled chair would be parked under the oaks or by the silent fountain, or even guided carefully down the winding path to the beach, while Annette, feeling that her charge was safe in Lady Bird's care, had time for the gossip in which her heart rejoiced.

"It's another child the little devil is since that blessed Miss Lorette came to Stony Crest!" she confided to Gretchen as, in the cool shade of the spring house, she watched Teddy's chariot parked on the beach below, while Lady Bird gathered pretty shells for his inspection. "She has the wonderful way with him. What it is I don't know; and his mother don't either. She thinks it's the fresh air and the sunshine that is putting the life into him. 'Keep him out,' she says to me. Well, I'm keeping him out as she bids me. But it's the pretty little Lady Bird, as he calls her, that is doing the work, though that she can't see."

And Annette was right. Mamma could not see; her eyes were blinded by jealous love; her one thought, as she watched the two children, was how she could drop the poison into Aunt Rachel's ear that would turn her against her granddaughter, whose coming had darkened all her hopes for her boy.

For Lady Bird was gaining favor at Stony Crest every day. Aunt Rachel's stern, cold heart was softening to her as Teddy's mother could tell. She must kill the growing love before it was too late. But how—how she could banish Lady Bird from Grandmother's heart and home, Cousin Helen could not see. Perhaps Teddy, learning the sweet lessons of Sainte Cecile's, might have enlightened her, but Teddy had a certain childish logic of his own. Since Mamma had forbidden Annette's exciting stories of giants and dwarfs, she might also forbid the real and true stories Lady Bird was telling him now—the wonderful stories of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, even the sad, terrible story of Calvary.

And if Mamma forbade these thrilling stories, Lady Bird, like Annette, would tell him no more. And Lady Bird's real and true stories had become the delight of poor little Teddy's darkened life; so he would say nothing to Mamma about them, even though they came back to him in childish dreams.

But not the "bad dreams," of Irish giants and dwarfs—the good angels watching over his slumbers took care of that,—but just happy dreams that made him smile in his sleep: of the little Babe cradled in the manger of Bethlehem, of the Wise Men following the Star to bring their gifts to His feet; of the swift flight in the night from the wicked King Herod. Mamma must hear nothing of these dreams, or Lady Bird's real and true stories would be discontinued forever. So of the light growing brighter and brighter in Teddy's life, Mamma did not hear or guess. She was satisfied that her unhappy little boy had found a playmate to his taste for those Summer days, even though she felt it was only a passing fancy with him.

For with Lady Bird watching over him so tenderly, the boys had ceased to tease him. In such gay guardianship, Teddy was no longer "mamma's baby"; his silver-wheeled chair often drew a merry crowd, who found his new "cousin" most attractive. Parked under the oaks or on the beach, Teddy was the wistful but happy witness of fun, from which he had been shut in until now, and the big boys began to look upon his interest in their games with boyish sympathy.

"Here, Ted," Dick Ellington would say, "take hold of the ball; pitch it good and hard. You can do it if you try. Gee, that was a good throw, right into Jack's hand! Now catch when he tosses it back to you."

"Oh, he did, he did!" Lady Bird would chirp gleefully when the weak little hand clutched the returning ball, and Teddy, for a bright moment, would

feel he was a ball-player, too. And the girls were nicer still, now that Madame Greville had closed for the Summer. The wide-reaching grounds, the sloping terrace, the shading oaks, the silvery beach of Stony Crest afforded space and freedom for holiday outings unknown before Lady Bird's coming; and Teddy found the gay, girlish chatter around him very pleasant indeed.

But no outing or company, however gay or pleasant, kept Lady Bird from her daily visit to Grandmamma's room, where even Tabby had learned to look for her coming, and to give up the foot-stool with a friendly purr when Lady Bird appeared, her hands full of the fresh flowers that Sandy cut for her every morning. The big silver vase was never empty now, the gloomy room was filled with a fragrance unknown before, for Miss Wilson had always regarded flowers as giving additional trouble altogether unnecessary to a professional nurse. But the old Madam had learned to look for the flowers even as she looked for Lady Bird's morning kiss, that often seemed to fall upon her withered cheek unnoticed, but whose sweetness, like the breath of the flowers, lingered with her all the lonely day.

"Will my poor Grandmamma ever get well?" Lady Bird asked Miss Wilson.

"Really, that is more than I can say, child," was the noncommittal answer.

"Oh, I wish she could!" said Lady Bird. "I am praying for it all the time." In spite of Miss Wilson's reserve, Lady Bird was always friendly and confidential with that lady, and never repelled by her curt replies; she seemed the last frail link between the old life and the new.

"Praying doesn't cure paralysis, child," Miss Wilson answered drily.

"Oh, it might," said Lady Bird hopefully. "Sister Ambrosine at Sainte Cecile's had been in bed for three years, and she was cured by a novena."

"By a novena?" repeated Miss Wil-

son, startled into professional interest. Her brief glimpse of Sainte Cecile's had convinced her there might be some intelligence in its methods: some Old World treatment of which she had never heard.

"You say prayers for nine days," explained Lady Bird.

"Prayers for nine days," interrupted Miss Wilson in deep disgust. "And you think that cured the poor woman?"

"Oh, I know it," said Lady Bird simply. "Because she came down to the chapel with the other Sisters the day the novena ended, and we all had a feast on the lawn because she was well, after being in bed for three years. Perhaps if they made a novena for my Grandmother at Sainte Cecile's, she would get well too."

"Perhaps," said Miss Wilson drily. There was something about Lady Bird's innocent confidence that she could not altogether despise, scoff at them in her thoughts as she might.

For the first time in all her cold, hard life, a young heart seemed to have turned to her with affectionate trust she could not repel. Perhaps the light was shining upon Miss Wilson's darkness too.

(To be continued.)

Mother's Education.

BY BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

IT was nearing Christmas time, and Mrs. Davis had a great deal on her mind. There were so many presents to buy for all the many Davis relatives as well as those on her own side of the family that, as she herself said, she was "almost distracted."

There were seven children in the Davis family, and first cousins were as numerous as Rabbit's friends-and-relations in Winnie-the-Pooh. It is no wonder, then, that Mrs. Davis drew a sigh of relief one night as she said, "Well *there*, every single package is tied and addressed. To-morrow morning I shall

take the car and drive down to the post-office and mail them." The others drew a sigh of relief too, for they felt mother's temper would be much improved when all the packages were safely off.

Alas, for their rosy expectations! When the children came home from school next day, they found Mother sitting in the midst of a perfect sea of packages with the strings cut on some of them, the wrappings torn off others, and poor mother in a more distracted state than ever.

"What in the world has happened to all your lovely packages, mother?" asked Louise, dropping her book bag in astonishment.

Mrs. Davis flourished a pair of scissors and began to laugh.

"I suppose I may as well laugh as cry," she replied. Then she continued solemnly: "Sit down there in a circle, all of you, and listen to my tale of woe. I learned several things this morning that I never knew before, and I am going to see to it that you know them before you are an hour older."

The children obediently seated themselves in an attentive circle.

"Well," said their mother, "to begin with, you remember all those Red Cross seals that your father brought home? It seemed a shame to waste them, so I put one on the front of each package. Then I put a Do-Not-Open-Until-Christmas label on the back of each one."

"But I don't see," began Louise—

"You will," went on her mother; "do not interrupt. The clerk took all my packages and said, 'Madam, do you wish to pay letter postage on all these?'"

"'Certainly not,' said I.

"'Then you will have to take them home and wrap them over,' he said. 'You must not put anything but regular postage stamps on the front of a package, and you must not put any seals across the string. A stamp on the string seals the package, and makes it first-class mail.'"

"I knew that," said Dick. "I learned that in school."

"You did!" exclaimed his mother. "May I ask why you never told me anything as important to know as that?"

"I thought it was one of those things they make us learn that everybody knows."

"Well, it wasn't, young man, as I now know to my sorrow. What else can you young people contribute to your mother's education? One at a time, please," as a chorus of information followed her question.

"All parcels must bear return address.—Write out the name of the State in full.—Never address a letter *Local* or *City*.—Stamps must be on the outside of the envelope."

"What do you mean by that, Louise?" asked her mother. "Where else could you put them?"

"Oh, you know those fancy tinsel cards that are sold in the ten-cent stores at Christmastime. Our teacher said that people often put a stamp on the card, and then put the whole thing inside a thin onion-skin envelope to keep the tinsel from rubbing off."

"They go to the Dead-Letter Office," added Dick. "Miss Adams told us that you mustn't put a letter inside a package either, or you would have to pay letter postage on the whole package."

"First-class mail may be forwarded, but additional postage must be placed on other kinds," contributed Nancy; "and our teacher says to be sure to tell the postman or the postmaster when you are moving, so that they will know your new address."

"Well," said Mrs. Davis, when the children could think of no more rules, "I think I shall have to go to school again myself, unless I can train you children to pass on to me all the new things you are learning. As it is, I'll give you each a sugar cookie for your information, and then I'll tie the parcels up *right*."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Songs of Glen Na Mona," written and published by Brian O'Higgins (Stormanstown, Glasnevin, Dublin), is a small volume of poems that sing of the hearthside, the hills of Ireland, the heroes of ancient battles, and of Mary, the Queen of Irish hearts. There is faith, love, sincerity in these songs, the tear in the eye, and the "lilt of Irish laughter." The poet loves Ireland and the beautiful homely things of Irish life; he loves them so much that he is happiest when he is singing about them. 75c.

—Daily reading of "The Sacramentary, Historical and Liturgical Notes on the Roman Missal," would be an excellent preparation for saying Mass. This volume (iv, parts 7 and 8) contains the feasts of the saints from March 4 to August 14. What an interesting and scholarly mine of information is here: the early lists of feasts, the progress of liturgy, the change of feasts from local to universal use, and the historical data concerning the saints whose feasts are celebrated. There is abundant material for meditation, for sermons or instructions on the Mass, and at times even sufficient matter for spiritual reading. Priests who want to understand the Mass more thoroughly and to approach the altar daily with increasing interest would find this book a source of joy. Father Schuster's work was translated from the Italian by Arthur Levelis-Marke. Benziger. \$5.25.

—"Who Is then This Man?" translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart, is a life of Our Lord, by Mélanie Marnas. Approaching the subject with faith, a thorough knowledge of ancient Palestine and a critical judgment of traditional lore, she presents a faithful picture of the days of Christ by placing the facts in their proper background as regards time and place. We are carried back to the days of the Master, whose power causes increasing wonder; we follow Him from place to place; we mingle with the crowds; we meet men and women, living and human; we see the roads and mountains and

valleys and villages—Palestine—more clearly; we witness the sorrowing tragedy and joyful triumph; we are under the spell of an appealing historical drama. Certainly "Who Is then This Man?" has added to the study of the life and times of Our Lord. E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.

—The Secretary of the Motion Picture Producers of America, Mr. Carl E. Milliken, has sent out an extraordinary open letter to Mr. Roger Babson, in answer to a printed statement of this statistician that the movie is "the basic cause of the crime waves of to-day." Mr. Milliken has taken great care to re-state Mr. Babson's opinion, and to consult the chief authority cited by the latter; he also accompanies his thirty-page letter with a score or so of charts on the manifold influences making for human behavior as we have it to-day in American life. The conclusions which one would seem to be led to draw from this apparently exact and honest study are that Mr. Babson was perhaps hasty and one-sided in his judgment; that a dozen and more causes, among which the great offender may be an indifferent public opinion, due to "the Prohibition situation," militate against normal and praiseworthy ways of life in current American society.

—"Cornelia Connelly" is the simple title of a booklet that sketches the very interesting life story of the Foundress of The Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Within its covers is condensed the chief events of a life which is rich enough both in romance and religion to satisfy the most exacting palate. A non-Catholic by birth, marriage to an Episcopal clergyman, a family, a double conversion, a career of teaching, entrance into the Sisterhood to make possible her husband's ordination, defection of the husband, pleadings and plots to tear her from her vows,—all this and more holds the interest of the reader at the same time that he is being treated to an intimate insight into the deeply religious life of a favorite child of God. The booklet is a

delightful little taste of a more elaborate work, "The Life of Cornelia Connelly," by a member of the Society, with a Preface by his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet. It comes to us from the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, The Old Palace, Mayfield, Sussex, England.

—The story of the California missions has furnished material for poetry and romance that have delighted the American reader. The ancient mission buildings are objects of yearly pilgrimage for thousands of tourists, and the California mission play re-enacts the scenes of the old mission days to the great delight of those who are privileged to witness it. The story of the founding of these missions, the heroic lives of the early Franciscans, Jesuits, Augustinians and Dominicans, who evangelized the country, the sad tragedy of the heroic martyrs who gave their lives for the faith of Christ in this New World are authentically written in the scholarly volumes of Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., "The Missions and Missionaries of California."

A new edition of the first volume, enlarged and brought up to date, has recently been published by the Mission Santa Barbara. The volume is excellently documented, equipped with maps and numerous illustrations and a complete alphabetical index. It is almost a necessity for any one who would familiarize himself with the story of California and its missions, and a treasure for one who loves well-written history and the delightful romantic adventures of the early New World explorers. It should find a place in every college library.

—The intensively active part which men played in the establishment of God's Church has naturally pushed woman into the background of the Gospel narratives. The casual reader is even apt to pass her over entirely in view of the dramatic incidents which attach to the men actors in this dramatic period of the world's history. To one who reads carefully and sympathetically, however, new values begin to attach to these hitherto minor characters. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., of London, in a handy little book, "The Women of the Gospel," by A. Christitch, has

thrown a sympathetic spotlight upon this beautiful material which has been comparatively neglected in our studies of the holy Gospel.

The opening words of the preliminary pages have an interest which the reader will appreciate: "Careful perusal of the New Testament brings to our notice a number of women who came in direct contact with the Saviour, and it is a remarkable fact, perhaps never sufficiently dwelt upon, that not one of these women who had the inestimable grace of holding converse with their God and Creator, passed from His presence without an Act of Faith, contrite and complete. Again, throughout the pages of the four Gospels there is no record of a woman's rejecting the words of Christ, nor are we told of any woman taking part in the moral and physical tortures inflicted upon Him during His Passion."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Timothy Murphy, S. J.

Sister Mary Cecilia, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Mary Regina, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Sienna, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister Mary of the Presentation, Sisters of Charity.

Mrs. Nora M. Donovan, Mrs. Julia Collins, Mrs. John O'Brien, Mrs. Margaret Lawham, Mrs. William Maguire, Mr. Bernard Rudenauer, Mrs. B. Brennan, Mrs. T. J. McCawley, and Mr. James Heelan.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

Sisters of Charity in China: Wm. Kennedy, \$2. Sister Louise in North China: Helen Brown, \$5; Mrs. E. C. Klawn, \$1; Mr. R. J. Dowdall, \$1; Mrs. E. M. D., \$10; Mr. Wm. E. H., \$25; Mr. George Mulrone, \$10; Anna Feltman, \$100.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Refuge of Sinners.

BY S. C. N.

MOTHER! oh, help me! Leave me not alone!
So little am I, and so much afraid!
For, spectre-like, in sickening shape and shade,
Come back all ancient evils I have known.
Begotten by the guilt that was my own
Return old fears, more fearfully arrayed;
And in the dreadful dark, my soul, dismayed,
Sees lurking Doubt to threat'ning Doom has
grown.

Refuge of sinners! Mary! Morning Star!
Gleam thou true guide, as desperate I grope
Through this deep agony—the soul's black
night.

Show me that dawn comes surely, tho' yet far!
Shine brightly till the azure hue of Hope
Shall usher in Love's day of cloudless light!

Mrs. Eaton.

BY MRS. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

MRS. EATON was the ideal Sister of Charity. She was known in the poorest slums of Dublin as an angel of mercy. She used to visit places where no lady was ever seen. Several times the policeman on duty would stop her and tell her it was dangerous to venture further. Sister Mary Eustace would only smile. The roughest rowdy became softened in her presence. She would sometimes relate that as she was coming along, she would notice two men stop in their fighting,

to start off again as soon as her back was turned. In those poor places, she would meet souls full of faith as great as hers and return rejoicing.

Mrs. Eaton was a convert. She belonged to a good English family, and in her youth she had every advantage of gentle bringing up and education. She mixed with the best society of her day, and travelled in France, Italy and Greece. She had known Newman after his conversion and met the leaders of intellectual life in her time.

When she became a Catholic, she wished to join a contemplative Order. The hidden life had great attraction for her; but the priest who instructed her had the conviction that an active Order suited her better. Following his advice she went to Dublin and called at the novitiate of the Irish Sisters of Charity. Mother Rectress recognized a true vocation. Sister Mary Eustace's life was to prove the wise insight of her Superior. She had great intellectual power and great physical strength. She loved her new surroundings, and was not the first of the English who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

To her work among the poor was added the care of young girls. She had a sodality of working girls, which grew after a few years to be a great institution. These girls followed her instructions with a whole-hearted enthusiasm, and every year a certain number told her of their wish to become nuns; and she found convents for

all who had real vocations. It was impossible to deceive Sister Mary Eustace; she read into their hearts. Any girl who merely played with the idea of becoming a nun without really meaning it was soon told that she had no vocation.

A real vocation appealed to Sister Mary Eustace, and whatever the difficulties to be faced, they must be overcome; and she did overcome them: whether it was a father's opposition, or poverty, or any other obstacle. No girl with a longing to be a nun applied in vain to Sister Mary Eustace.

As the years went on, she had nuns all over the world. An Irish bishop, who came home after a long trip, told her bluntly he was tired of hearing her name. Whether in Australia or America, or Italy, or France he never went into a convent but a nun pounced on him with the inquiry: "You come from Ireland. Do tell us about Mrs. Eaton."

Her influence on her girls was so great that she was most cautious never to suggest their doing anything she did not think it wise for them to do: they would have done anything to please her. One day one of her Children of Mary, who was not very strong and who lived at a distance, was speaking with her parish priest. He knew there was no train early on Sunday morning to Harold's Cross, so he told her not to attempt to walk on a wet day. "God does not expect us to do impossible things," he said. The girl replied: "But Mrs. Eaton does." Her words were of course repeated at the convent and caused one of those hearty laughs nuns have the secret of.

Mrs. Eaton did not wish all her girls to become nuns. She was always delighted to hear of an engagement, when it was a suitable one, and took as much interest in the young man as in the girl. She watched over their future, advising, guiding, encouraging, and as the years went on, she looked after their children.

By the time she had been thirty years a nun, she had a large family.

She took a keen interest also in a different class of girls, the poorest of the poor. She had evening classes for them, taught them their religion and also to read and write. They listened to her like lambs; but if Mrs. Eaton was absent and another nun was sent to take charge of her class, the newcomer had an impossible task. But no matter how unruly these girls were, her presence brought a sudden calm. Out of these wild, uncared-for girls, she made good wives and mothers.

Mrs. Eaton was the only nun, or indeed the only woman, who conquered the morbid shyness of Dr. Walsh, the Archbishop of Dublin. He was an only child and had spent most of his life in a seminary, as pupil and then teacher. When he became Archbishop, he dreaded ladies, whether nuns or ladies of the world. But there was something about Mrs. Eaton so warm-hearted, so genial, so frank, that he forgot to be shy. He was interested in her work, and came to the Hospice for the dying, to hear how she was getting on and to help her as only an archbishop could help.

In those early years, Mrs. Eaton had become acquainted with William O'Brien, and with his mother, who was nursed by the nuns in her last illness, while her son was in Kilmainham jail. The affection that was formed at the bedside of the mother grew after her death and lasted during Mrs. Eaton's lifetime.

The Archbishop of Dublin was at the time very friendly with the Irish leaders, and Mrs. Eaton rejoiced in all that was going on in her adopted country. When I met her, after my marriage in 1890, we became at once like sisters, and her affection was among the great joys of my new life. We never went to Dublin without meeting her. When the dark days came, that divided the country and brought suspicion, where all had been peace, she

remained as true as when the sun was shining. A talk with her at any time lifted one up above petty trouble, and made one realize what really matters.

She was a lady of great literary taste, and knew the most intellectual men and women of the day. They all enjoyed coming to her and found comfort in the parlor of the Hospice, where one felt very near Heaven. She seemed so settled in Dublin for life, that she had chosen where her grave was to be in the little convent graveyard. But nuns are like soldiers, and we were stunned to hear that she had been sent to a convent in the wildest spot in Mayo. We visited her there, and she declared she was charmed with the change. She was hard at work, and making plans of all kinds for the girls, and the boys, too. But the change in her life was too sudden; her health broke down. She suffered from acute rheumatism. The doctor ordered a change; so she was sent to St. Patrick's Hospital in Cork, which was joyful news to us. Cork offered more scope to her manifold activities than the Western wilderness.

The first time we met her in Cork she confessed how painful the parting from all she loved in Dublin had been,—she said good-bye to no one. Her surroundings in Cork were congenial; she found several of the nuns who had been at the Hospice with her. She threw herself into her work with her usual ardor. She visited the poor, and instructed converts. The latter had been a great and much-loved branch of her work in Dublin. She was put in charge of the Catholic soldiers and their families, which at first was a little puzzling.

It was peace time, and the soldiers who came to her for instruction were usually anxious to marry Irish girls. The married women in the barracks were somewhat accustomed to look on the nun who came to see them as an

official, who was only doing her duty, but were keener to think of the advantages to be gained. At Christmas, when there were treats for their children, woe to Mrs. Eaton if she gave one child a better toy than another. There was one awful day when all the toys had been distributed and there was one boy unprovided for. Mrs. Eaton ran to one of the Sisters to tell of her difficulty and this nun was the happy possessor of a teddy bear. Mrs. Eaton brought it in triumph to the boy, but was terrified when the sight of the toy made the little fellow scream madly. His mother muttered angrily: "He has four teddy bears at home!"

When the war broke out, converts came in earnest. They came to hear about God; there was no other thought in their minds. Mrs. Eaton had soldiers and sailors and officers too. Sometimes a man would tell her he had heard about her from a comrade, who died on the battlefield, and made him promise to go and see the Sister who made death so easy. Her time was almost completely given up to her converts. She would put off the visits of her dearest friends, to attend to her men. One never knew when orders would come for departure, and the time for instruction was so short. Men are not like women, they are shy of one another. She could have prepared two or three girls together, but each man had to be instructed separately, and sometimes her voice failed. She had suffered from her throat in the past; but through sheer will-power carried out her task. She was so well known in Cork for her work among soldiers that letters addressed to "the nun who turned the men," reached her.

Sometimes sickness forced her to go to bed. The Sisters would say, jokingly, that if when she was at her worst, the message came: a convert wants you, she would have struggled to her feet!

She took a special interest in each in-

dividual, and in his family. Wives, mothers, sisters, all came to her for comfort in the dark days. How many tragic secrets she knew. How she suffered with the sufferers! Her gift of sympathy was so great!

Her soldiers at the Front expected to hear from her. Sometimes she would smile and say her converts thought she had nothing to do but to write letters. She could not write one letter to several of them, as she did to her nuns at a distance or to the blind at Merrion.

In 1917, Mrs. Eaton's golden jubilee was celebrated. It was a modest celebration, owing to the war, which made the usual rejoicings impossible. But letters and congratulations poured in from all parts of the world. Her daughters in religion werè, many of them, Rev. Mothers and heads of their Orders. They brought their loving tribute to their spiritual mother. It was a pleasant break in anxious days.

We all wondered how Sister Mary Eustace stood the strain. When holidays came she would refuse to go, and would take up the duties of one or two Sisters, saying there was nothing like a change of work to refresh one. She loved to take the place of the sacristan: that was a labor of love. And it did seem as if the more work she did, the stronger she was. She seemed to have found the secret of perpetual youth.

Peace came at last, and then all of a sudden, one noticed that Sister Mary Eustace was losing ground. Age was beginning to tell. She had to give up her long walks to the sick through the streets of Cork. But she could look after the patients in the wards. She had always given the sick in the hospital all her free time; now she devoted herself to them. They loved to hear her read aloud. She had a beautiful voice, and it was an ever-new joy to listen to what she read. She had a great sense of humor. She enjoyed a good story book as much as the patients. Some-

times I was lucky enough to hit on a book like "Anne of the Green Gables," by Miss Montgomery, that was greatly enjoyed. THE AVE MARIA was a favorite with reader and patients. It was one of the minor troubles of war days that the post from America was so irregular and many copies were lost.

When patients were dying, Mrs. Eaton was sent for and she remained by the side of the sufferer. Sometimes the night was spent by her, in consoling. Death lost its terrors under her gentle inspiration. All the sufferers in the wards asked was that Mrs. Eaton should hold their hands, or pray at their side, when the end came. And gladly she rushed to their call.

But a day came when the worker was struck down. She had been growing deaf, and found it impossible to catch what several people were saying. One alone she could follow. Then her sight failed. Reading had to be given up. The patients told her cheerfully that they much preferred to hear what she told them out of her own head, than what she read out of a book. With her indomitable courage she accepted blindness cheerfully: "I never prayed so fervently as I do since I lost my sight," she told me one day. "When one can see, one has so many distractions. Now in the chapel I am alone with Our Lord."

At last the body refused to obey the strong will. All work had to be given up. Nothing remained but to bear pain, and nobly she did it. She would tell beautiful things on the secret of suffering. Would her words had been taken down at the time! All I remember dimly is how she pointed out how dear suffering must be to God. His Son suffered so much."

It was piteous to watch how she suffered; nothing could relieve the fearful pain. All the Sisters nursed her devotedly. A young Mother Rectress, Mother Agatha, did all that could be done to make Sister Mary Eustace's

time of trial more bearable. A devoted lay Sister, Sister Canute, looked after her day and night as a devoted mother. And Sister Mary Eustace suffered on. All her brightness had deserted her. Her spirit was desolate. She had prayed to our dear Lord to be allowed to suffer alone with Him in His agony. Was it in answer to her prayer that she was allowed to suffer, without any relief of our love being able to reach her? We could only pray by her side. At last the end came. There was no agony, no death struggle. She passed away as a tired child goes to sleep.

On the 21st of November, 1867, she had been professed. She had a special devotion to the Feast of the Presentation. In 1922, our Lady's Feast ended for her in Heaven.

After her long labor and weary pain, Sister Mary Eustace entered the kingdom of eternal joy. She had shown the way to so many souls. What joyful meetings there will be in Heaven!

Nanny-the-Lamb.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN mountain districts Spring is apt to be a wet season. This year, a sudden thaw released the snows, and the bogs with their sweet-smelling sphagnum mosses were soon abrim with water. And then the rain began—swiftly pouring, ceaseless rain.

Farmers shook their heads and bemoaned the death-roll among the lambs; women-folk kept indoors as much as they could, for the roads were a-wash. Children could not get to school, and after a while, the old folks, peering from dripping doorways, began to search their memories and to murmur tales of floods. The little stream in which Nanny paddled in the Summer was now a roaring torrent, and David had to make a wide cast round over the

rocks to get to the farm. He found Mr. Williams in a state of great excitement.

"The bridge has gone in the big river," he cried, pointing down into the green vale which opened out below them.

Rodgers ran to look, heedless of the screaming wind and the rain which pasted his hair to his brow. He could just see the ugly grey buildings of the Electric Power Company high on the hill, over which the grey clouds were sweeping. The river boiled out, angry and mud-colored just below, and the floor of the valley was one sheet of water, slowly extending, even as he gazed.

"There's twelve hundred sheep on the mountain," said Williams, who had followed him.

"They're as safe there as anywhere if the dam don't give way, isn't it?" returned Rodgers. "Isn't it?" he repeated urgently as the farmer did not immediately reply.

The dam had been built below the reservoir which supplied water to a town some miles off; the thought that it might give way filled Williams with alarm. The volume of water thus released would pour onto his own land, and his ewes would be trapped between the bog and the river.

He considered, glancing anxiously about. The power station's group of hideous concrete buildings was perched below the brow of the hill to the east. The watercourses there were deep and scientifically held in check by sluices. The moorland above was safe enough. Indeed, the section of land controlled by the Power Company showed a dark, firm triangle above the valley where the tumbling waters spread thinly everywhere, coloring the ground a dull yellow. The village was safe enough, perched on the spur of the hill and hidden from sight by a pine-wood, but Williams' own land was menaced by the little familiar stream, which was swol-

len into a muttering torrent that already whirled a dead lamb or two in its impetuous course to the flooded meadows far below.

"Take the dogs," said the farmer hoarsely. "Bring the sheep down, David—we'll drive them across to the moor yonder."

He waved his arm towards the dark ridge to the east, above the power station which showed an inky brow through the prevailing greyness of the rain.

David turned his head, shaking off the water impatiently.

"I've locked Nanny in the house," he said, tendering a key to the farmer. "Maybe Mrs. Williams will take her some dinner?"

"Yes, yes," cried the other impatiently, snatching at the key, between two blasts of whistling, which brought the thin, eager, black sheep-dogs bounding from the out-buildings.

"It'll take me the best part of the day," said Rodgers. "The sheep will be sheltering under the crags. You'd best come too, Farmer."

"He'll not then," screamed Mrs. Williams from the doorway. "I'll not be left. Call in for Eddy Griffiths, at Coed-Dhu."

Rodgers nodded and marched off without more ado. He had a hard job before him, and when he reached Griffiths' dwelling it was to find it locked and deserted. There was nothing for it but to go on alone. He had heard on the previous evening that Mona Roberts was in the neighborhood on a visit to her aunty, and he longed to see her again, but there would be no time to-day. He loved her still, and did not blame her for her desertion, yet he had no hope of persuading her to change her mind. Only it seemed as though he must see her; he did not want to speak to her, only to watch her toss that glowing head of hers—only to hear the sound of her voice. But it was no use thinking of that now.

There were the sheep to be collected and brought across the marsh. It was difficult to work the dogs when clouds and mist were continually sweeping across the landscape, shutting them out of his sight. But Dave had been a shepherd before he was a quarryman; he had the shepherd's instinct, and after two or three hours' strenuous work, directing the dogs by prolonged whistles, he was rewarded by the anxious bleating of the flock, echoing even louder than the roaring of many streams in spate. Alas, an anxious calculation of their numbers, showed that nearly half were missing! The young dog had turned too soon, only driving down the sheep on the lower slopes; the others had doubtless climbed higher to the shelter of the rocks.

He would have to leave these to the custody of wise old Jess, and go forward up the mountain himself.

"It's just a bad cold, Miss Roberts," said Nurse Parry. "And no wonder in this weather! Keep your aunt warm in bed and—"

But Mona suddenly clutched at her arm.

"Where's the reservoir?" she whispered. "They are saying the dam is bound to go. Isn't it right above Mr. Williams Ty Garth?"

"Yes," said Nurse. "But the Williams have come down to the village; I met them as I came through."

"It's David, I'm thinking of," said Mona bluntly. "David Rodgers, I mean—and the girl—"

"They told me David was away after the sheep," said Margery. "And I suppose poor little Nanny is out in this downpour with him—she never will leave him. I have to go on to —" she named the next village; "and I'll bring some anti-phlogiston on my way back and make a nice plaster to soothe Mrs. Owen's chest."

"Thank you, Nurse."

Mona spoke absently.

When Nurse Parry returned in the afternoon and was struggling out of her soaking mackintosh in the porch, she heard the voice of the invalid raised to a pitch which proclaimed that her illness had in no way impaired her vocal powers.

"Nurse! I say, Nurse! That girl has not been next or nigh me for two hours—slipped out just after you left, she did."

She coughed ostentatiously.

As Nurse pushed open the house door, she heard herself hailed from the street.

"Nurse! for God's sake—the dam has broke! Where's Nanny?"

She whirled round to meet David Rodgers' anguished gaze. The two dogs panted on either side of him, behind him a solid phalanx of woolly bodies filled the lane. The sheep panted too, their glassy, frightened eyes fixed on their shepherd.

"Where did you leave her?"

Before he could reply, Nurse had darted out into the rain, oblivious of her mackintosh. It took but an instant to send a neighbor to look after Mrs. Jones and to hear David's reply.

"She must be with the Williams'," panted Nurse, leaping onto her bicycle.

"You'd have seen her," gasped Rodgers, running beside her wheel.

Logic suggested to Nurse that it was no use hurrying. If Nanny had not been brought to safety, her fate was sealed, and yet she pedalled as though for her life, her breath whistling through lips that were white and dry.

David had forgotten the sheep—he thought only of Nanny-the-Lamb.

The village was reached at last and the refugees discovered. Alas, in their selfish haste, when the water began to deepen round the farm premises, they had fled, carrying their children and whatever goods they could, and completely forgetting poor Nanny-the-Lamb

locked into the cottage a few hundred yards away.

David seemed utterly stunned by the news, and Mrs. Williams tardily filled the air with hysterical lamentations. The neighbors came pouring into the street to add noisy comments to the general hub-bub, and to stare upward at the hillside half obscured by trailing vapors. It seemed a seething mass of water.

"Where's Mona Roberts?" asked Nurse, shouting to make herself heard.

It transpired that some one had seen Mona running up the mountain by the little stony sheep-track which David had descended that morning.

"The water is not spreading much," cried Nurse, shaking David by the arm. "It's all in the Nant and streaming down into the bog. Maybe Mona went to save Nanny. They might be safe, clinging to the rocks somewhere. Men—can't you gather a rescue party? Take a rope."

A sudden stillness fell, and then one voice sounded uncertainly.

"It's too big a risk—up there among the waters in the dark."

"Yes, yes, nothing can be done till the morning."

As David turned away, a small form came pattering after him.

"I'll come," gasped Nurse. She had snatched up somebody's fine new washing line and coiled it neatly up as she ran, but when they presently reached the sheep track, David halted.

"I couldn't get you across the bog, Nurse—I know every step of the way,—and then I'll climb up to the right. It's a stone house, and maybe it's still standing. I'll not forget, though."

He shot out his great wet hand and wrung her small one in a painful grip.

"If 'twas daylight, I'd do it easy," he declared. "The waters won't be very deep, only awful strong."

"Then get up to the rocks and wait till light," urged Margery. "I'll get a

search party and send it up as soon as it is dawn."

"Oh, tell the lads they needn't trouble," cried Rodgers scornfully. "We'll be dead or safe by then. The waters will be falling—they always drop in twelve hours. Tell the farmer to look to his sheep. They'll likely be down by the forge—sheep will always draw towards a light at night."

He strode away, and Nurse Parry stood quite still listening to the sucking sound of his heavy tread in the peaty ground. If only it was light! Oh, if the rain would only stop and the moon rise. But there was no moon and the rain poured down.

"O God, make it light!" prayed Margery brokenly, and instantly an idea flashed into her mind.

It would be a hard, dangerous climb certainly, but Nurse would risk that. It was easier to face than the thought of Nanny, frightened and alone in the dark.

David could never tell how he had reached his shattered home. The apple-tree was a shattered wreck, the chimney had fallen, but the little house still stood, dimly showing among the dashing spray.

"Nanny, Nanny *back!*" called Rodgers, shouting above the tumult, and an eager woman's voice replied:

"I have her safe for you here, David. We're in the bedroom—I have her safe in my arms."

It seemed a long time before the young man reached the little building which shuddered under the repeated blows of the stream. He climbed up by the battered trunk of the crab-apple, and peered into the tiny room. It was impossible to see anything, but he touched Mona's icy hand clinging to the sill.

"The floor is all a-wash," she said. "But I have held her head up all night. I—I—think she has fainted."

Rodgers, clinging to the tree, managed to receive the inert form on his left arm.

"Don't leave her," besought Mona. "Maybe I can manage to climb down to you when the cramp has gone out of my arm."

But David had laid his cheek to Nanny's icy lips and knew the truth. He laid her down in the shelter of the rock and came back to extricate Mona.

"Don't cry for Nanny," he said, feeling her sobbing in his clasp.

"She climbed back into the house after I coaxed her out," said Mona. "She thought 'twas play. The water was deep in the kitchen, but she wasn't in it a moment—I got her up the stairs. She never called out. O Dave, I promised myself I'd never leave her again!"

"Something must have struck her," he returned, gently lifting the childish form. "Hold my arm, Mona."

He stepped into the water, but it was too deep, and they struggled back with difficulty to the brink they had just left. Where had he crossed—not in that whirling current certainly. He bade Mona wait while he tried first one place, then another, coming back to her at last in despair.

"I can't find the place," he said. "We'll have to wait here till morning."

"But the water is still rising," screamed Mona. "Maybe the whole reservoir is giving way. Can't we climb higher?"

"No, the rock is like a wall. We're trapped, my poor lass."

Mona's reply was a shrill scream.

"O David, look!—look there! Is it the Last Judgment? The light, the light!"

A sudden glare had broken on the darkness, growing every moment in intensity and lighting up the storm-swept sky in an awe-inspiring way. Now the effulgence spread over the hills; rocks showed inky black, and devious ridges of unflooded land could be seen among the waters.

David had gasped with a terror akin to Mona's for a moment, then he made an exclamation of thanksgiving.

"Praise God! 'Tis the Power Station. Look—the Power Station all lit up. Come, my heart, we can cross the stream yonder by the fallen tree."

Nurse Parry stood at the door of the Power Station mechanically wringing the water from her drenched uniform. She had almost given up hope when an unexpected sound broke on her ear—the bleating of innumerable flocks.

It almost seemed as if the floor of the grey valley had come alive and were surging upwards towards the light, but the strong electric beams soon showed gleaming phosphorescent eye-balls and drenched fleeces. The abandoned flocks, stirred from their frozen terror by the bright light above, had struggled upward from the flooded vales; there they came, crowding together, their voices making a strange harmony like bells. And there in the van, came the drenched figures of Shepherd David, Mona, and Nanny-the-Lamb.

Nurse Parry's prompt action in struggling to the Power Station and inducing them to light up, had saved Shepherd David, and Mona, his bride-to-be. It had saved nearly a thousand sheep; but it had not saved Nanny-the-Lamb. And Nurse Parry wept bitterly as she closed the blue eyes that had acquired an expression of unearthly wisdom.

"It's best for Nanny, poor innocent; and thanks to Mona, she didn't suffer and wasn't afraid," said the electrician gently.

"I know," said Nurse Parry. But she never could be sensible about such things, and perhaps for that very reason, folks loved her the more.

MANY of the dead would have remained in Purgatory till the Day of Judgment if they had not been helped by the prayers and good works of the living.—*Venerable Bede.*

The Virgin's Shrine.

BY EDITH TATUM.

WITHIN a woodland glade
I found her shrine.
The spot was bare, nor grew
A wreathing vine,
Nor aught of beauty round
The barren place
To match the loveliness
Of her sweet face.
I knelt and offered her
Garlands of prayer,
With little flowers of praise,
And left them there.

Folklore and the Saints.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

NO one who is at all interested in the study of English folklore can fail to be struck by the extent to which the devotion of our Catholic forefathers has left its mark on the phraseology of daily life—a mark which long centuries of Protestantism have not been able to efface.

It may not be known to all that St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, has given his name to the *petrel*, or stormy petrel, as it is more frequently called, a small sea-bird which runs along the surface of the waters, especially in tempestuous weather when the tiny shell-fish on which it feeds are brought to the surface. It seems almost to walk upon the waves as St. Peter did when "he came down out of the ship," and walked on the sea to go to Our Lord.

Again, also connected with St. Peter, we have the haddock, a fish which bears, behind each of the pectoral fins, a black spot like the mark of a human thumb. Legend ascribes these spots to the finger and thumb of St. Peter, who, according to an ancient tradition, took the "tribute money" out of the mouth of the haddock which has had these marks ever

since. Moreover, "St. Peter's thumb-mark" is the only way by which some people can distinguish a haddock from a whiting on a fish-monger's stall. In the Ages of Faith, the feast of St. Peter's Chains—Lammas Day—used to be solemnly observed; and many towns were surrounded by common lands known at the period as Lammas lands, on which the freemen had the right of pasturage for their cattle during certain months in the year, beginning on Lammas Day.

St. Lawrence has given his name to the shooting stars which appear every year in the month of August; though why they should have been called his "tears" it is hard to say, seeing how joyfully he faced his cruel martyrdom. The name, however, still lingers, for many people will speak of St. Lawrence's tears when the meteors appear.

St. Katherine's Wheel in fireworks, represents the rotating spiked wheel on which the Saint was tortured at her martyrdom; yet it is to be questioned whether the origin of the name is often remembered to-day.

It would be next to impossible to enumerate the number of places which bear the names of saints. We have Peterborough, Boston (St. Botolph's town). St. Edmundsbury, where once in the glorious abbey dedicated to the royal East Anglian King, his famous shrine was visited by an almost countless throng of devout pilgrims. Pulham Mary, Pulham Martha, named after the sisters of Lazarus; St. Margarets, St. Albans, Ottery St. Mary, St. Mary Church, etc. Menevia has for many centuries been known as St. Davids. But the list might be prolonged well-nigh indefinitely.

It need scarcely be said that the old pronunciation of Magdalen was Maudlin, and it is so spelt in Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well" (v, iii, 68). We always speak of Maudlin College, Oxford, and Maudlin College, Cam-

bridge. It must also be noted that in Christian art, as well as in the old Mystery Plays, St. Mary Magdalen was always represented overwhelmed with grief as we see her depicted at the foot of the Cross, in the world's greatest masterpieces. For this reason the word *maudlin* was doubtless used to signify an intense sorrow. It is only with time and a lost faith that the word has degenerated into its present meaning, and one wholly alien to its origin.

Perhaps still fewer persons are aware that the word *pantaloon* also owes its origin to a saint. St. Pantaleone, one of the early Christian martyrs, was the Patron Saint of Venice; hence his name became very general among the Venetians—so general, in fact, that it was applied to them by other Italians, much in the same way as we speak of "John Bull," meaning an Englishman, or that other senseless habit of calling every Irishman "Pat." Now the Venetians were considered rather dull-witted by their compatriots; and thus it came to pass that in Italian comedy the butt of the clown's jokes was called Pantaleone or Pantaloon to indicate a typical Venetian, and this again led to the word being given to the loose trousers which the Pantaloon wore.

It is said, and not without justification, that the common name of a donkey varies in different parts of England "according to the name of the popular local saint." Certainly if such a statement at first appears ridiculous, not to say incredible, it is not beyond belief that the custom arose in connection with the Palm Sunday procession as it was carried out in the Mystery Plays already referred to.

Surely it is not an impossible explanation that the animal used should have been called after the favorite saint of the district, because naturally it would have some name. It is therefore both curious and interesting to note that in Northumberland and Durham an ass is

always spoken of as *cuddy*. Cuddy is short for Cuthbert, and we all know that St. Cuthbert is the great saint of those parts. He was the illustrious "Apostle of the Lowlands," whose body lies in Durham Cathedral, and whose name has been given to so many churches in the north of England. The widespread devotion to him still survives in numerous monuments and crosses raised in his honor, and in such terms as "St. Cuthbert's patrimony," "St. Cuthbert's ducks," which some think are the eider ducks, and "St. Cuthbert's down." He was first buried in the monastery of Lindisfarne where he died shortly after midnight, and at exactly the same hour that night as his beloved friend, St. Herbert, the hermit.

St. Cuthbert, on account of his many miracles and their remarkable character, was often called the "Wonder-worker of England." His relics were afterwards translated to Durham where they remained first in a chapel formed of boughs, then in a wooden and finally in a stone church, built on the present site of Durham Cathedral, and finished in 998 or 999. His name is, too, forever to be associated with the noted Lindisfarne or Cuthbert Gospels, now in the British Museum, written in the Eighth Century by Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne. Though the work of an Anglo-Saxon hand, it is a noble work of old-Irish caligraphy and illumination, Lindisfarne being an Irish foundation. It has a most romantic history, having been lost in the Irish Channel when the monks fled with the body of St. Cuthbert before the fury of a Danish invasion. After three days it was found on the seashore at Whithern, unhurt save for some stains of brine. Henceforward it was known as "The book of St. Cuthbert which fell into the sea." (*Liber S. Cuthberti qui demersus in mare.*)

But to return to the donkey. In other localities we find such names as "neddy," "dicky," "jackass," and "moke"

(The last meaning Michael). "Neddy" seems more prevalent in East Anglia, and it is not absolutely unreasonable to suppose that it may be a contraction of Edmund seeing how greatly the Martyr, Saint, and King was venerated there before the so-called Reformation. "Dicky" was probably used where the gentle St. Richard of Chichester was best known, and "Jackass" would stand for John, St. John the Baptist being much honored in England during the Middle Ages, as the customs of Midsummer Eve sufficiently prove.

Erysipelas is often called "St. Antony's Fire," not alone in this country; for in 1089, we read that "there was an outbreak of erysipelas in France, and there is a tradition that those who implored the intercession of St. Antony Hermit recovered from the disease. Even after hundreds of years of Protestantism the Catholic name still held place. Witness the scene in Nicholas Nickleby where Miss Knag's last servant has gone to the hospital with "St. Antony's Fire" in her face, and "to judge from all appearances, and the difficulty of making the water warm, the last servant could not have been much accustomed to any other fire!"

Another disease, chorea, has the popular name of St. Vitus' Dance. St. Vitus, known as Guido in Spain, and Guy in England, suffered martyrdom as a boy during an early period in the Church's history. Devotion to him seems to have been widespread. There was a chapel dedicated to him at Ulm in Würtemberg which was much frequented by pilgrims afflicted with chorea, and they had recourse to St. Vitus, because he was believed to have special power over all kinds of nervous and hysterical affections.

Klaus is the Teutonic name of Nicholas, and St. Nicholas is the Patron Saint of children. It was on his feast (December 6) that the "boy bishop" used to be chosen, his term of office

lasting till the Feast of the Holy Innocents (Childermass).

Even the signs of inns show traces of the universal devotion to the saints; for in those days it would have been natural to choose the emblem of the patron saint of the parish; for example, the Cross Keys for St. Peter; the Lamb and flag for St. John the Baptist; St. George and the Dragon, etc.

Sheriffs "are pricked" on the morrow of St. Martin. Lawyers reckon by Hilary Term, Easter Term, Trinity, and Michaelmas Term.

In Botany we have St. Barnaby's thistle, St. Barnaby's daisies, St. John's wort, which blooms at midsummer, the Veronica, herb ben-net. Some writers say that the herb called Valerian, belongs to St. George. Nux vomica, or something resembling it, is called St. Ignatius' bean in some places; in others the fruit of the Carob tree is called St. John's Bread. St. Denis has a dye of a particular shade of red, and very many flowers and plants are named in connection with Our Lord's Immaculate Mother. These have been so frequently described that it would be superfluous to mention them here. But it may not be so generally known that the light gossamer webs, which are to be seen on the hedges in the latter part of August and the beginning of September, are reputed to be the fragments of Our Lady's mantle which fell from her at her Assumption. The pretty little red beetle is called her bird, Lady-bird, and in Scandinavia, the beautiful constellation Orion, is named "Our Lady's Spindle"; whilst here in England, for long the stars which form "the Milky Way" were called in Catholic times "The Walsingham Way," indicating, it was supposed, the Pilgrims' road to that noted shrine.

Our greatest festivals remind us of Mr. Augustine Birrell's famous remark: "It is the Mass that matters," for the Mass, the great "Mystery of Faith,"

still remains in spite of Puritan bigotry, when every effort was made by the fanatics to do away with the word Christmas. All in vain, because though its holy associations were termed Popish superstitions, the word could not be expunged from our language. We also reckon quarter days by the festivals of the Church: Christmas, Candlemas, Lady Day, Lammas, Michaelmas, Martinmas, Hallow-Mass. Recalling all this, who dare say that the English people are so much more enlightened, so much more advanced in this Twentieth Century, than in the good old times when the holy days were really *holy* in the truest sense, preceded by fasting and kept free from servile work, so that the obligation of assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice having been fulfilled, the people could make holiday, or rest or take part in the plays which again brought before them the Bible Story by means of scenes enacted under the supervision of the clergy, and notably of the Friars, as at Coventry and elsewhere.

Joe's Novena.

BY P. M. STERLING,

JOE read the telegram again—"Come at once. Whistle lodged in baby's throat. Dangerous."

There would be no train for two hours. His own car was in the garage with a broken steering gear and other internal troubles. The mechanic had told him it would be hours before he could have it. But they had promised him another one, and in ten minutes it would be at the hotel. He wired Helen that he would drive all night and reach home early in the morning.

Once in the car he raced away and counted off the miles with prayers as with beads on a rosary.

"Oh, Sacred Heart—my little boy—please! Sacred Heart of my Jesus,

please, oh, please, save my little boy!"

The night was cold, but he did not feel its chill. Hour after hour he drove and only prayed and thought. His little son, his baby, choking on a whistle! Surely the doctors could extract it. Oh, they must, they must! And Helen—alone with him in her terror,—Helen, who was always so afraid when danger touched their little boy.

"At St. Francis Hospital," the note on the door read when he reached his house in the early dawn. In a few moments he was beside his wife, at the bedside of a flushed little figure. He knew the danger then: the whistle was in such a position that the doctors were powerless to reach it. The child could breathe only with great difficulty. His little choking attempts tore at Joe's heart.

"They're afraid even to operate," Helen told him. "Oh, Joe, they must find a way to get it out!"

But great doctors came in and stood around his bed and shook their heads and whispered. The little form was carried twice to the X-ray room, and each time the doctors returned more grave looking.

The baby knew his mother and father and tried to talk to them, but could only gurgle and choke. And the ones who loved him most were helpless. He could take no nourishment, and as he already had a bad cold, his labored breathing was doubly dangerous.

"Stay with him, Helen. I'm going down to the chapel. It is only God who can save him now."

Helen pressed his hand and whispered, "Oh, pray hard, Joe. I could not stand it if—"

Joe hurried away and found the chapel. He wanted to start a novena to the Blessed Virgin. He wished Helen was a Catholic so that she could make the novena with him. God and His Mother would surely listen to as sweet a little mother like Helen. Although the

doctors came and went and gave no hope, Joe felt a peace and an assurance that began to have an effect upon Helen.

"Did you pray to God's Mother, Joe?" she asked.

He told her of his novena, and she smiled back at him with tears in her eyes. On the third day the child lay in a feverish stupor.

"We must operate," said one doctor.

"We can't now," answered another; "he is too weak. We must build up his strength first."

And that was so hard to do when the child could swallow nothing.

Joe prayed in the chapel. He prayed at the baby's bedside, and he prayed half the night when he could not sleep. And Helen—he knew that with her every breath was a prayer, until on the sixth day, when they knew that pneumonia had set in, her entreating look died, and she only sat and stared, unseeing, unfeeling, at the little wasted form.

Kneeling on his hard bench in the chapel that morning, Joe, haggard and worn, felt a wave of doubt too. He fought desperately to bow his spirit to the will of God and to accept His decree.

"Queen of Sorrows," he prayed,—
"O Mary, think of your Son suffering!"

The pneumonia attack was a severe one, and the physicians marvelled that the child lived, as hour after hour he fought its ravages. The little mother seemed to have lost all feeling. She neither hoped nor fought; she scarcely looked even at Joe. There was nothing she could do but sit and watch the baby slip away. The hours passed.

"He can not live until morning," they told Joe on the eighth night. But Joe only went quietly to the chapel and knelt in the light of the sanctuary lamp at Mary's altar. He wished he might kneel there all night, but he went back to wait with Helen and to say his

Rosary over and over as the night dragged along.

"No change," the nurse would whisper. "He is holding his own—that is all. Oh, if only they could have operated at first!"

"You're not going off to the chapel and leaving me, are you, Joe?" Helen asked. "He—he might go while you're there."

"I must, Helen; my novena ends to-day. The Blessed Virgin is good; she will hear me, I know. She will watch with you while I am gone. You pray too, Helen. God loves your prayers."

"No, He doesn't," Helen answered shortly and a little harshly; "He doesn't care. He will take my darling and never think of us again."

"Don't Helen," Joe pleaded, as he kissed her and left her.

"O Lord, I am not worthy," sang the choir, and Joe knelt at the Communion rail. When his Lord had come to him, he whispered, "Thy will be done." A great peace settled upon him which he longed to share with Helen. "God's will be done,"—at last he could say it. He could be strong when he went back to that little room.

And when he came to the little room, his wife was there, and two of the great doctors. He stopped abruptly and bowed his head. But Helen came to him and in her trembling he read joy, not sorrow.

"Joe," she whispered, "a few moments ago he coughed a little. I thought he was dying, but he lifted his weak little hand and took this from his mouth; and now—now he can live, they say."

Joe took the little tin whistle, pushed the doctors aside and knelt beside his boy. The little one opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

Helen came and knelt too; and when they were alone she said softly: "We all belong to Mary now, Joe. I love her so for saving my little boy."

The Faith in Rural Ireland.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

IT may seem like taking coal to Newcastle to write about the Church in a Catholic country. Still, in a year which marks an epoch of great moment in the history of the Church in these islands a few sidelights on Catholic life, as it is lived in rural Ireland, will be interesting.

I have lived for a considerable time in a number of Irish rural districts, some of them sixty miles apart, and while one may live in a city for years and yet know nothing of any aspect of its existence, country life at once initiates you into all its social activities. You will not say "Good Morning!" to the passing stranger in Bond Street, or Fifth Avenue, or even in Dublin. You may wish to get an introduction to some citizen and the opportunity may never come, whereas in rural Ireland, if time at all permits—and sometimes, perhaps if it doesn't permit—you bid "Good Day" to the passer-by and delay a little for some words about the weather.

A short period of residence in any part of the Irish countryside, provided one goes about among the people, will be sufficient to show how intimately the life of the people is interwoven with the Faith. To see the Catholic Faith in all its simplicity and beauty one should visit the house of the sick. Perhaps the invalid in the bed is dying of consumption. I visited such a house recently. The patient—a cousin of the writer's—was a girl in her twenties. The fresh bloom of youth—a beauty which paradoxically enough is sometimes enhanced by the fell malady—had all its radiance and promise, yet in the dark shadows about the eyes and in the frail, pale fingers Death was very near. She was such another as Dalton Williams pictured in his "Dying Girl."

When I saw her first declining
Her lips were moved in prayer

And the setting sun was shining
On her crimped golden hair.

I shall not soon forget the resignation, the happiness, even the gaiety and joy of Youth face to face with Death.

"Here," she said, opening an attaché case which was on the chair by her bed, "is the habit I am going to wear. Isn't it lovely?" She held out the Marian colors—blue and white.

"I shall remember you all to Mary when I meet her," she added with a joyous excitement. "I know that I have only about three weeks more to live."

That day month I followed her coffin to the graveside.

I will now travel fifty miles further to the house of an old woman I have known for many years. And this old woman is typical of the old women of rural Ireland. Crosses she has met—many. Before the heaviest she will accept your sympathy, saying it is the holy will of God. She shares her jug of milk with the less fortunate; gives the beggar alms for God's sake, and if there is a neighbor sick she is in unwearying attendance. An uncompromising generosity and unselfishness mark her actions, while a cheery smile and a reminder that God is good keeps the sun of hope shining at all times. She is a living symbol of the simplicity and beauty of the Faith.

Let us turn to the ploughman in the fields. His horses are fully harnessed and chained to the plough. The green, untilled field lies before him. He reaches for a bottle which is lying by the fence. It contains holy water. He moistens his fingers and makes the Sign of the Cross on his forehead: "Now in the name o' God we'll start." And he bids his horses away.

The Ireland that has held the Faith through sword and fire, can be seen to-day in all its fullness and splendor in the agricultural and pastoral countryside; and that fullness and splendor is manifest in a humility and peace. One

feels that nothing can uproot it; that it is as much a part of the country as her calm mountains and her deep, peaceful rivers.

In many parts of the country, the old salutations are still in use, if only in their English translation. When a person enters a house his "God save all here," is responded to by "God save you kindly." You are laboring in the fields and the voice of a passer-by on the road hails you and asks God to bless your work. What a contrast to the cold and meaningless "Good Day," and "Good Morning."

Long before Coventry Patmore wrote his "At Parting," the Irish people's farewell was "May God be with you!" What friend could wish you more? Thus the Faith colors all the words and labors of their day, and it is the consolation which the Faith alone can bring that accounts for the calm and resignation between friends when Death intervenes.

In some parts of Ireland the churchyard "patterns" show how the people revere their dead when the countryside gathers in prayer in the rural churchyard. No where else on earth is St. Paul's definition of life more fully understood and appreciated than in Ireland: "Life on earth is a warfare"—a warfare that is carried on cheerfully.

The Chimes of the Convent Clare.

BY BLANCHIE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

IT was silent in the pleasant little village in the valley. A white moon carved black shadows on the walls and roofs, and poked her long white fingers into the tall grain stacks in the farmyards. The shepherd dogs stirred and growled when a sudden apple or a too-ripe pear, fell from the laden trees.

Not a soul in all the village but slept a dreamless sleep. They were working-folk who dwelt there, honest, industrious men and women. But suddenly—

crystal-clear came the chimes of the Convent Clare!

The people leaped from their beds to listen and cross themselves in fear, for the convent bells had been silent for many and many a year. The convent itself was in ruins. Only the wind swept bleakly through the halls where censers had swung and grass grew tall between the flagstones.

The chimes rang again and with a questioning tone. They seemed to be asking for something—some one. Out of the doors came the people flocking and shivering with fright. What could it be? It was not a dream. All had heard it. At last the boldest of them said: "Who will come along with me? We must go and see who is ringing the bells which have been mute so long. Who knows but some person in distress is asking us for aid?"

"No human hand could ring those bells," another man replied. "There's ghostly work out yonder, and I for one will not follow."

"For shame!" cried one of the women. "If there's need we ought to go."

"Yes, yes, let us go," shouted a dozen voices, and across the fields with uncertain steps the villagers went trooping.

As they neared the place where the convent stood, a little child cried "Look!" He pointed up to the bell-tower and they all stopped in their tracks. They crossed themselves again in awe and some dropped to their knees, for there in the shadowy bell-tower a figure stood haloed in light.

"Our Blessed Lady!" the little child whispered,—*"Our Blessed Lady is ringing the bells."*

"The child is right," said an old man. "Our Lady has called us here. Let us go into the convent and see what she wants us to do."

Even as they gazed the vision faded; the bells had ceased to peal. Slowly, and with reverent awe, the people went into

the convent. At first they could find nothing at all, for the place was full of shadows until a little child whispered: "There is some one lying here."

At the foot of an ancient statue of the holy Mother of God in the old, abandoned chapel where the nuns had been wont to worship, lay the quiet, huddled figure of a lad who looked to be near death.

"Why, it is naught but a boy," a woman cried, as she knelt beside his form. "Look you how pale he is, and his brow is hot with fever. Our Blessed Lady has called us here that we might minister to him."

"A miracle! A miracle!" the murmur went around, and again the people crossed themselves and knelt to whisper a prayer.

They wrapped the boy in a heavy cloak and carried him back to the village where for many a day he lay in a friendly house tossing in wild delirium.

Many were the conjectures as to whence the lad had come. His clothing was of fine texture but ragged. His hands were long and slender, the hands of a patrician; fine skin and silky hair betrayed his noble birth. Around his neck was a thin gold chain with a tiny jeweled cross. But there was nothing to tell whence he had come or why he was thus travelling.

As the days wore on, the fever left him, and although he was weak and white, he could sit up and smile a little. But he could not tell his name. His memory seemed to have left him, and he was quite content just to sit in the sunshine and drink the good warm broth that the kindly village folk brought him, or just to close his eyes and dream.

One day there was great excitement all about the village. Some strangers had stopped at the inn and told a tale of the King's son who had been missing for many weeks. News trickled slowly into this little hamlet, for few people ever stopped at the inn; so it was not

strange that no one had heard the news before. Of course, everyone at once felt sure that their pale young guest was the Prince.

A messenger was sent at once on the long, horseback journey to the great walled city where the royal palace stood. The people waited anxiously to hear what the news might be. Then one day folk on the highway came flying into the town.

"The King! The King himself is coming!" The news flew through the village, and the good folk flocked from far and near.

Into the dull and peaceful hamlet came the glittering cavalcade—outriders, heralds, postilions, and the King's own great state coach which stopped near the humble cottage that sheltered the unknown guest.

When the King stepped out of his carriage and stood at the tiny gate, the lad sat on a bench in the garden playing with a little white kitten.

"Father!" The boy's vague, dreamy eyes grew bright and clear again. "Father! What are you doing here? And where—oh, where am I?"

He looked about, bewildered at the crowd of country folk. The sight of his father had cleared his mind, and now he was quite himself again. But try as he would, he could not think what mischance had brought him there.

The King with joy embraced his son and told how long they had sought him; how he had disappeared one day while out for a ride with some companions. He had laughingly galloped away from the rest and his horse had come back riderless. Since then they had sought him far and wide; but to no avail, until the dusty messenger had come and wakened hope anew.

When the King heard all the story of how the boy was saved he made a solemn vow to rebuild the convent Clare in honor of Our Lady who had rung the chimes that night.

Since then the village has prospered. The people were well rewarded for their courage and their kindness in behalf of the young lost prince; and on any quiet evening, when the vesper-time draws near, you may hear across the valley the chimes of the Convent Clare.

Good King Wenceslaus.

BY C. CHICHESTER.

ELABORATE preparations are being made by the Czecho-Slovakians to commemorate this year the thousandth anniversary of St. Wenceslaus, and numerous pilgrimages to Prague to see the relics are being planned. President Masaryk has accepted an invitation from a deputation of the Orel—the athletic organization of the Czecho-Slovak Republic—to assist at their national demonstration in connection with the St. Wenceslaus millenary celebration in July, and is showing great interest in the arrangements for welcoming to Prague foreign guests, chief among whom will be the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Prague has produced many saints—one of the best known ones being "Good King Wenceslaus," whose feast the Church keeps on September 28. The ancient chronicler, Cosmas of Prague, thus describes Libussa, one of the ancestors of St. Wenceslaus, and daughter of Krok, the earliest sovereign of Bohemia: "A wonderful woman amongst women, chaste in body, righteous in her morals, and second to none as judge over the people; affable to all, and even amiable, the pride and glory of the female sex, doing wise and manly deeds."

It is interesting to read how, in spite of many difficulties, she was destined by Providence to be the foundress of a race which gave a great saint to the Church. The great merits of Libussa do not appear to have reconciled the Bohemians

to the rule of a woman. When Libussa had been sitting in judgment on a dispute between two nobles, the one to whom the princess's decision was unfavorable, insulted her by exclaiming that it was a shame for a country to be ruled by a woman. Libussa then declared that she would no longer rule so ferocious a people. She bade them disperse and reassemble on the following day, when she would accept as husband whomsoever they might select. The Bohemians, however, declared that they would leave the choice to her, and accept as the ruler the man whom she would choose. Libussa then said, pointing to the distant hills, "Behind these hills is a small river called Belina, and on its banks a farm named Stadie. Near that farm is a field, and in that field your future ruler is ploughing with two oxen marked with various spots. His name is Premysl, and his descendants will rule over you forever. Take my horse and follow him; he will lead you to the spot."

Guided by Libussa's horse, the Bohemian envoys immediately set forth and found the peasant Premysl ploughing his field, and saluted him as their ruler. Premysl mounted the horse, and followed by the Bohemian envoys, proceeded to the Bysehrad, where he was immediately betrothed to Libussa. The chroniclers tell us that when he arrived at the Bysehrad he still wore the dress of the Bohemian peasant, and that his rough shoes were preserved in the Bysehrad Castle as late as the Twelfth Century. Premysl became the founder of a line that ruled in Bohemia up to 1396.

St. Wenceslaus was the eleventh in succession from Premysl and Libussa, born in 907, he was about thirteen years of age on the death of his father, Vratislav. His mother, Drahomire, who then became Regent, was unfortunately a pagan, and endeavored to abolish Christianity, introduced into Bohemia by

Prince Borivoj I., its first Christian ruler. Drahomire cruelly persecuted the Christians, but Wenceslaus, on attaining his majority in 925, exiled his mother and brother, who was also antagonistic to the Christians. Under Wenceslaus's pious rule justice and religion flourished, and we are told he practised all virtues, and many churches were erected at Prague, amongst others, one dedicated to St. Vitus. Wenceslaus was induced to build it by the gift of an arm of St. Vitus, a precious relic that he received from the German King, Henry I.

Some years later, Wenceslaus, having out of the kindness of his heart recalled his mother and brother from exile, was murdered by this treacherous younger brother at Bunzlau in 935, and in 939 his remains were conveyed to the Cathedral of St. Vitus. There they lie in the chapel dedicated to the saint in the most sacred part of the cathedral, closed by an old gate barred with iron and a lion's head holding a bronze ring to which, it is said, St. Wenceslaus clung when he fell under the blows of his assassins. This gate, it is said, was brought from Boreslav. The lower part of the walls of this chapel are covered with Bohemian precious stones inlaid into gilt plaster. The original altar containing the tomb of St. Wenceslaus was very profusely decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones, which were used by the Emperor Sigismund for his wars. The back part of the tomb encloses under glass the armor and helmet of St. Wenceslaus.

The jubilee posters now issued at Prague represent him as a white-clad knight of youthful aspect: the Millenary Committee headed by Bishop Antonin Podlaha, leading authority on St. Wenceslaus, is having medals struck which show him as a mere lad, for he was born in 907, and slain in 929. His effigy on the gold coins of the Republic is that of a man in the full vigor of manhood.

The saintly king's memory has ex-

tended as far as England, as is shown by the following verses of ancient date, which are still sung in English convent schools, and the children of Prague are learning to sing a Czech version of it to the English tune:

Good King Wenceslaus looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow laid round about
Deep and crisp and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering Christmas fuel.

"Hither page and stand by me,
If thou knowst it telling
Yonder peasant who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By St. Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude winds' wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the Winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted,
Heat was in the very sod,
Which the saint had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourself find blessing.

Although there is no written record of the above incident, the frescoes and paintings in the Fourteenth Century Wenceslaus chapel in the Cathedral of St. Vitus, display two scenes on which this story may well be based.

The Monk's Revenge.

A FRANCISCAN lay-brother went out one day as usual to ask for alms. He came by chance to the abode of a noble English Protestant, who had come to take up his quarters in a beautiful country-house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but no sooner had the Englishman seen him with his bag on his back than, full of rage, he commanded him to be gone out of his sight. The friar did not understand the broken French which the other spoke, and so he continued to beg with great humility and patience. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman belabored the poor mendicant so furiously with a stick that he returned to his monastery, bearing upon him the signs of the reception he had met with.

Some time after this event, the Englishman went to the monastery to take sketches of the surrounding country. The religious conducted him to the garden, and paid him every attention, pointing out the vantage grounds which other artists had chosen, and answering courteously all his questions.

"But tell me," said the Englishman when he had finished sketching, "how can you treat me so well, after the way I treated you? Do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you very well," answered the friar; "but my religion commands me to return good for evil."

This sublime principle made such an impression on the heart of the Protestant that he at once called for the superior of the monastery, related what had happened, and begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the monastery, and asked that the monk who had been treated so badly by him, should go to his house every Saturday where he would obtain abundant alms.

The Pity of It.

THE Catholic and secular press have discussed at length the revelations made by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt regarding her Springfield speech urging the Methodist ministers to preach politics from their pulpits. She says that she made the address only under protest; only after she had received two telegrams from the Republican headquarters urging her to deliver it. To Mrs. Willebrandt it was not a pleasant thing to do: she had many Catholic friends; she had no personal bias against the Catholic Church; and yet at the urging of "Headquarters" she did what her own judgment told her was not the proper thing. In her revelations she finds, it seems, some balm for her mind in the statement that Mr. James Francis Burke, a Catholic, edited her speech. Mr. Burke denies this, but in language that is not at all forthright. We suppose that the protests of Mrs. Willebrandt were made to general headquarters before Mr. Burke edited her speech. She could hardly have had qualms after a Catholic lawyer had passed on her address. Or could Mrs. Willebrandt have believed in spite of the approval of the Catholic lawyer, if he did give approval, that it was not the right thing to do to ask ministers to go back to their pulpits and preach politics? Yet, she *did* ask them to do that. But, it seems, this is the way of politics. There is no question of principle with the genuine politician, but only of expediency; not issues are important, but votes.

Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, summing up the situation in the *Commonweal*, writes: "The first lesson to be drawn from her revelations is that of politics . . . principle counts for nothing, expediency for everything. Along with this goes the revelation that the so-called 'issues' which so excite the voter

quadrennially that he is ready to die for them, or, at any rate, to fight for them, are bunk—carefully calculated bunk. The great men who have the direction of the popular mind, destitute themselves of convictions which would make them fight or die for these 'issues,' reckon mathematically the precise degree to which an issue may affect the local vote—and play it up or down, or omit it altogether, accordingly. More, they reckon in the same mathematical manner—that of a physician with a stethoscope—on the heart beats not only of a State or city, but of a religious denomination, or a racial bloc, or anything else,—on anything possessed of the essential commodity, which is votes."

There was a day, we like to believe, when the Government was in the hands of statesmen, though we know there was never a time when there were not politicians. But men there were who represented a set of political principles, and made their appeal to the people on the strength of these principles. The speeches made in the Senate and House were strong personal declarations of convictions for which men were willing to fight; convictions that looked to the best interests of the country above the clamors of party organizations. But with the complete dominance of party organization, the personal independence that marked the statesman seems to have disappeared. "Issues" are formulæ or texts for campaign speakers whose arguments have but one end; not to turn the issues into practical legislation for the good of the people, but to get the people's vote, and assure a party victory. A revelation such as is made by Mrs. Willebrandt shows how little the politician cares for the popular mind; how far he is from representing the popular will by virtue of which he holds office; how completely the statesman seems to have been pushed out of the picture in the interest of the party politician. Oh, the pity of it!

Notes and Remarks.

The remarkable versatility with which the Church capitalizes her difficulties has often been commented on in public print. One of the strangest modern examples of that adaptability is to be found in Montreal, Canada, in the form of a Congregation of deaf-mute nuns. Naturally the chief work of the Congregation is to minister to those in the world who have been similarly afflicted. In addition to that noble work, the foundation serves as a haven for pious deaf and dumb girls who would find it difficult to enter religious Orders unfamiliar with the sign or the lip language. This unique Religious Congregation was founded by the Sisters of Charity of Providence, and is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Montreal.

There can not be too much care and solicitude in these days of license, for the youth just coming into manhood. The spirit of independence in the young, which in our day has largely broken-down authority in the home, tends to create a disposition to regard lightly, if not with indifference, the sacred obligations of morality and religion. The Catholic high school and college can do and does much for those who come under its influence; but there is need also of impressing on that other large body of young men who do not attend Catholic schools, the seriousness of their responsibility to God in the conduct of their lives. Bishop McDevitt has taken an important step toward ministering to this need in his inaugurating a retreat for boys of his diocese. There were seventy-three boys this year, gathered from fifteen towns and cities, who spent the week-end in retreat at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. It is to be hoped that the movement will spread through the country. There is no doubt that it will create a more

serious Catholic spirit in our boys, and by forewarning them, forearm them against the particular dangers that threaten them at this period of their lives. The Jesuit Fathers in Louisiana have conducted week-end retreats for boys, and with remarkably good results, during the past year.

Aeroplane history hasn't been all a record of stunt flying and pleasure cruising and business building. Some fine pages might be written of the hurts that have been healed and the lives that have been saved through the hum of its big motor. The mighty wings of this modern mechanical bird have run many a winning race with death, carrying the saving medicine or the anxious relative to the lingering sick bed. And now Father McAlmeel, a missionary from far-off Alaska, tells us of aviators running what we might call the first flying ambulance service of our day. These aviators, he says, cover an average range of 700 miles about the Catholic hospital at Fairbanks. In a few hours they can bring the sick and the wounded to the hospital doors across obstacles which in the old days would have required journeys of thirty or forty days. What a God-send these aeroplanes must be in a country where medical service, outside the centres of population, has hitherto been of the most primitive type.

There are so many ways in which our slim Catholic funds must be spent that it borders on cruelty to call attention to new avenues of expenditure. We do so, however, in view of the recent cityward trend of population, and with the hope that some of our wealthier Catholics may perhaps be moved with generous impulses towards the suffering children of our crowded cities. It is said that our ten largest cities hold a seventh of the entire population of the United States. The congestion resulting from

this grouping may not bear especially hard upon grown-ups, but it plays havoc with the little ones, particularly in the tenement districts. Various charitable organizations have attempted to remedy this situation through the medium of Summer camps, and a proportionate number of our Catholic children have benefited physically therefrom. Such children, however, have not always received necessary spiritual attention during the time spent in these foundations and in some cases have even been exposed to proselytizing influences. The need for Catholic camps has been so thoroughly realized in the Archdiocese of New York that fourteen of them and ten fresh-air homes, have already been established. During the Summer just past, 10,000 children were given the opportunity to breathe the air of country and mountain retreats under the salutary and kindly direction of religious-minded men and women of their own faith. Any of our prosperous Catholics who have charitable inclinations need not scratch their heads very long about worthy work to which their surplus wealth may be put. The other nine centres of population are not nearly so well provided with Summer camps as is the Archdiocese of New York—and even it finds itself woefully under-equipped.

The amount of fakery going on in the name of Spiritism can be easily imagined from the increasing number of signs now being displayed in dilapidated house windows offering the services of the particular type of medium living therein. In spite of numerous *exposés* which have discredited one after another of the arch-mediums of the profession, customers still persist in rushing the doors of the advertised wonder-worker. The city of Paris has always had its share of these mediums, but it is suffering now from an influx of Indian fakirs who, in the name of their particular religion, mystify their spectators by the

most mysterious performances. Unfortunately, for the wonder-workers, however, another Harry Houdini has arisen in the name of Heuze, a Paris newspaper man, who apparently enjoys exposing the tricks of the wise men of the East. The Paris Bureau of the Brooklyn *Tablet* tells us:

Matters came to such a pass that whenever the fakirs started to perform at the *Cirque d'Hiver*, the audience began to howl for Heuze, and Mr. Heuze never disappointed them. So far he has never failed to expose any trick that they invented.

At various times he has walked through a bed of burning coal. He has laid himself down on a plank studded with long and sharp nails. He has stuck pins and needles through his cheeks and nose, swallowed swords, frogs, scorpions, executed a nymph-like dance balanced on the sharp edge of a razor, and apparently experienced not the least physical discomfort from his amazing tricks.

The feelings of the fakirs at seeing their miracle-working thus lightly treated, may be imagined. So bitterly do they hate Heuze that he was forced to have a bodyguard to protect him from sudden and violent injury.

At a spiritualist séance held in Pola Negri's palatial chateau, Heuze grabbed hold of the spirit manifestation; and in the struggle that ensued the journalist was badly beaten. He succeeded, however, in turning on the light and tearing the white cloak from a man who had been posing as the ghost of a former owner of the chateau.

Mr. Heuze has rendered a great service to Paris, in suppressing these fakirs. For matters have come to such a pass that they hesitate long before claiming supernatural powers, for fear that Mr. Heuze will make them look so ridiculous that they too will be forced to leave Paris.

The absurdity of some misconceptions about the Church apparently does not diminish their circulation. It would seem, for instance, that the world should long ago have been impressed by the spectacle of the many highly intelligent

persons who have come into the Church after a careful and searching examination of her claims. In spite of a constant succession of such testimonials, however, the absurd opinion still persists that the Church's doctrines can not stand the scrutiny of scholars. It would be well for Catholics to give what publicity they can to the records of notable converts which are published from time to time in our Catholic press. A few weeks ago Catholic papers carried an interesting story of a hundred Episcopalian ministers who have become priests within recent years. Following that item the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference submits the following list of notable English writers who have become converts to the Catholic Church:

Compton Mackenzie, Shane Leslie, Wilfred Meynell, Mary Angela Dickens (Charles Dickens' granddaughter), Max Pemberton, Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, Charles Kingsley's daughter), Mrs. Blanche Warre Cornish (Thackeray's niece), and her daughter, Mrs. Reginald Balfour, the late Cecil Chesterton, G. K. Chesterton, Ernest Oldmeadow, "Guy Thorne" (author of "When It Was Dark," etc.), John William Conybeare, Clotilde Graces ("Richard Dehan"), Anita Bartle, Laurence Alma-Tadema, Ethelreda Wilmot-Buxton, C. M. Antony, Monsignor A. S. Barnes, Dom Michael Barrett, Dudley Baxter, "John Ayscough" (Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew), Baroness d'Anethan (Rider Haggard's sister), Joseph Clayton, Hon. Maurice Baring, Sir Bertram Windle, George Grossmith, A. G. Doughty, Edward Harrison Barker, Mrs. Stephen Gwynne, John E. de Hirsch-Davies, Constance Countess de la Warr, Lady Alfred Douglas (Olive Constance), John E. Crawford Flitch, Leslie Moore, Mrs. Robert Goff, C. C. Martindale, S. J.; Father H. Browne, S. J.; Dom Bede Camm, Madame Cecilia, Dom H. Chapman, Isabel Clarke, Brigadier-General Crowe, Enid Dinnis, Frederick Landseer Griggs, Theodore Maynard (the poet), Mrs. Couison Kernaghan, Mary Alice Vials, Rothay Reynolds, Robert Coningsby Clarke, Prof.

John Swynnerton Phillimore, Bernard Holland, Christopher St. John, Helen Parry Eden, Norman Wise Sibley, Richard Johnston Walker, Sir Charles Paston-Cooper, Percy Cross Standing, Mrs. Arthur W. Hutton, and Capt. Henry Curteis.

Out in Peaceful Valley in Colorado a strange thing has happened, so strange that it "made" the front pages of the newspapers a short time ago. A group of self-styled "truth-seekers" have been fasting almost to the point of starvation, that they may see, with glazed, hollow eyes, the naked light of the truth. Evidently they are desperately in earnest, determined to force the heavens open. But it is only the old story over again, with nothing new about it except the irony of Peaceful Valley, where the story is laid. An empty stomach has nothing to do with truth, unless it be the stomach of a humble man. Fanatical self-will can not force light out of the clouds. Asceticism is not so much a thing of the body as of the mind. A bended knee, that has been calloused with patient waiting, is perhaps a more accurate symbol of the true searcher after truth than is a starving stomach. It is not, as Sigrid Undset has so strikingly shown in her story of Kristin Lavransdatter, for us to pull or twist God to our own purposes. Fasting alone is not enough. Truth comes slowly, almost of its own accord, only to a chastened spirit.

The Salvation Army has by profession camped on the trail of misery and sin. It has specialized in salvaging the human derelicts of life. If there is any one class of people who, next to the priest in the confessional, should recognize the trails that lead to destruction, it is the experienced leaders in that organization. One such leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace Winchell, told his listeners recently that the slum districts of our great cities are losing their lure as

show places of iniquity in competition with the offerings which come from the pens of so many of our so-called intellectuals. He said: "The slumming of to-day is not in the vile shambles of the poor and ignorant. It is in the gutterous minds and pens of the so-called *intelligentia*. These highbrows in their rough-house scramble—hurling big words and high-sounding phraseology at each other—are undertaking to rob men of their precious possessions of faith and truth and eternal hope. Blind leaders of the blind they are."

It is in the exploration of the output of those minds that so many of our curious young people pick up the poison that later in life spells disease and death to their souls. Parents and teachers have a definite obligation to guard their charges against the very attractiveness that makes the output of these killers so deadly.

The spiritual fertility of the Chinese missions has been proverbial in the Church. Innumerable obstacles handicap the workers in that field, but once the word of God finds its way into the souls of these gentle people, it takes sure root there, and finds a rich sustenance in their naturally religious nature. People of the Western World are occasionally astonished at the reports of what has already been done in this pagan mission field. A news item from Peking, China, gives us this almost unbelievable picture of Chinese conversions:

The old territory of the Vicariate Apostolic of Peking, China, in 1901 counted 38,359 Catholics. The same area to-day, now ruled by five bishops, counts 466,939 Catholics, an increase of 428,580, or an average of forty converts a day during a period of twenty-eight years.

Perhaps seldom in the history of the Church has such a rapid increase taken place. The phenomenon is witnessed of a single one of these five Vicariates, the mother Vicariate of Peking, with a Catholic population larger

than that of the Archdiocese of Westminster, London, and with 75 per cent of its Catholics converts. The present Vicariate of Peking counts 285,961, while the Archdiocese of Westminster counts 260,000.

Those who are always looking for miracles as testimony of the divinity of the Church, should remember that it is in the power of every Christian to be a miracle-worker, by practising his religion faithfully and following closely in the footsteps of Christ. Many miracles of conversion are thus wrought, often when and where least looked for. And they are miracles of the highest order.

What is most needed in our time for the spread of the Faith is the example of a practical Christian life. Miracles are not required, as they were by the first Christians, though "these signs," as Our Lord promised, shall always "follow them that believe."

To profess the Faith steadfastly in an age of infidelity, and faithfully to practise Christian virtue where iniquity abounds, is to perform miracles.

It would be more than interesting to know the authority for the statement that every time we bow at the Name of Our Saviour a past sin is washed away. The habit of doing so is easily acquired, and it may be practised without being observed. Of its merits there can be no doubt. St. Paul says that "in the name of Jesus every knee should bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth;" and from Holy Scripture we know that "there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved."

The rhetorician who says that the greatest truths are invariably expressed in short sentences, might have cited the saying: "A venial sin is the gravest evil there can be except a mortal sin." But who shall dare to call any sin a light sin?



"Out There."

BY MINNETTE LAKE WARREN.

OUT there beyond those silent hills,
The racing winds ride free,
And, prodigal, a mad stream spills
Its treasures in the sea.
There friends were staunch and life was fair—
Oh, heart of me, out there, out there!
Out there, where thundering breakers storm
A rugged, rock-bound shore;
Out there to hear, safe-sheltered, warm,
Those clarion notes once more.
Though far, so far, I now must fare,
The soul of me is there—out there!

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—"FOR ANNETTE."

AND while Lady Bird stood doubting and debating, Cousin Helen entered the room. "I have been talking to Madame Greville over the telephone," she said; "she is willing to have you bring Teddy to the *fête* to-morrow if you will give him due attention. She can not agree to your leaving him to other care. If you will promise to keep with him as Annette would, he can go."

"And not dance or play games, or—do anything," said Lady Bird dolefully.

"Annette does not dance or play when she takes care of Teddy," was the cold response. "I am sorry you have let him hear about the affair at all as he has set his heart upon going, and if disappointed, will probably cry himself—*sick*. I will say nothing more about it to-night. If you agree to do as Madame Greville asks, that fancy costume will be quite unnecessary and out of place for

you. A simple white dress will be much more suitable, and this Cinderella costume can be returned to the store.

"If you are willing to take Teddy to the *fête*, let me know in the morning." And Cousin Helen turned away like some pitiless Fate, leaving the sweet light brought from Sainte Cecile's darkened by sudden storm. Not only the words, but something cold and unfriendly in Cousin Helen's tone and look, roused Lady Bird into revolt, for much of Daddy's proud spirit lived in his little daughter. Oh, it was unkind, unfair for Teddy's mother to ask her to give her whole gay evening to a fretful little boy, to keep at his side, as Annette would, to send away the beautiful Cinderella dress and crystal slippers. And Lady Bird's tender heart seemed to harden into strange defiance as she shook out the glistening rainbow folds of Cinderella's gown and hung it in her closet, put away the crystal slippers, to have and hold as her own; and resolved that Teddy must stay home, and she would go in all Cinderella's glory to Madame Greville's *fête champêtre*. She announced this decision to Annette when she came in as usual to arrange her room for the night.

"And you are right, Miss," was the sympathetic answer. "It would be the sin and shame for you to be playing the nurse maid to that spoiled spindly-legged boy. Let him cry himself sick, as his mother says; he can't be much worse for it. You've done enough for him already, teaching him about holy things he had never heard of in this heathen house where there was never a glim of God's light and truth before you came. May you never lose that light and truth, as I have, Miss!" and Annette suddenly sank upon the couch

she was arranging and began to cry.

"O Annette!" said Lady Bird in dismay, "what is the matter?"

"Don't mind me, Miss," was the weeping answer. "It's the thought of your blessed talks with Teddy that I've been hearing, and—and the sight of your white beads (Annette cast a tearful glance at the pearl rosary on the dressing table) that stirs me heartstrings. Father Matt gave me beads like them the day I made my First Communion."

"Your First Communion!" exclaimed Lady Bird in amazement. "Why, Annette! You never told me you were a Catholic!"

"No, I didn't, Miss; I daren't. It would cost me my name and my place if the Madams—old or young—knew. For 'No Irish or Catholic need apply' was what the advertisements all said. So, though I was only a year out of the Old Country, I changed my name from Mary Ann Moriarty to Annette More, twisted my tongue out of its Irish speech, and said I was a Protestant. God forgive me for that same! But it was sixty dollars a month for the place here, and I wanted the money; though it was selling my soul, I well knew."

"O Annette!" gasped Lady Bird, too dismayed for further words.

Denying the Faith,—selling her soul! The open confession appalled Lady Bird. Teddy in his childish ignorance had seemed bad enough; but here—*here* was missionary work beyond her powers. For a moment she was engulfed in darkness, then the guiding light of Saint Cecile's, somewhat dimmed by Cousin Helen's visit, flickered up in the gloom.

"Oh, but you can be sorry, Annette! You can go to confession and be good again, and come back into the Church. You can tell Cousin Helen the truth and—"

"It would be my ruination, Miss," interrupted Annette. "She'd give out that I was a liar and a deceiver; and there would be no one to say a good word for

me. Where would I get a decent place with Stony Crest giving me the black name?"

"Oh, poor Annette!" said Lady Bird gently, and the light to which Sister Mary Thérèse sent naughty little girls seemed to grow bright in its guidance now. "The good God would help you, I am sure. He always helps us to do what is right. Even when it seems very hard," added Lady Bird, recalling how fiercely she and Aglae had quarrelled in Sainte Cecile's playroom, and only ten minutes under the Sanctuary Lamp had helped them to "make up."

"It's easy for you to talk, Miss," said Annette bitterly; "you that have a grand home like this, and everything in plenty, and fine clothes fit for a queen. But it would be taking the bread out of my mouth—all my chance to get another home—if Teddy's mother knew that I had lied to her; for she hates the name of 'Catholic,' Miss, and she has no love for you. And I'm thinking she will have less when you go against her will and wish to-morrow," added Annette with a harsh laugh, as she rose to leave the room without another glance at the white rosary.

The tears had gone from her eyes, and they were hard and dry, for the softened moment had passed, and poor Annette was in the darkness again—a darkness that in the light of Sainte Cecile's, which had flashed up in all its brightness upon Lady Bird, seemed terrible indeed.

Annette had denied her Faith, forsaken her Church and her God, sold her soul, as she confessed, for sixty dollars a month, and repentance seemed impossible. It would "blacken her name." Cousin Helen would denounce her as "a liar and a deceiver;" it would cost her "her place and home and living;" it would "take the bread out of her mouth," if she acknowledged herself a Catholic now.

Oh, here was missionary work, indeed,

that Lady Bird felt was beyond her, for poor Annette was no early Christian of the Catacombs, no martyr willing to suffer and die, no strong-souled saint aflame with God's love and light! She was only a poor girl astray in darkened ways from which she could see no escape. What *could* Lady Bird do to help—to save her?

Mère Angelique, Mother Madelon, might be able to stretch out helping hands, but they were beyond Annette's reach. Sister Mary Thérèse, who was a saint, would counsel stern sacrifice, for which Annette was too weak. What would Père Jean say? Père Jean, who was so old and wise, who, before his well-earned rest at Sainte Cecile's, had been the shepherd of a far-flung fold. "Where the black sheep were many," as he told his little flock at the convent, "and the white lambs like you, *mes enfants*, were very few. And since God is so good to you, His little lambs, keeping you safe and warm and sheltered where no wolves can reach you, in this blessed fold, you must pray for the poor black sheep who stray in the darkness without."

And then Père Jean would tell stories of "black sheep" whom prayer had saved; of the great saint who had wandered into evil ways, whose mother's prayers, continued for thirty years, had brought back to God; of the hardened criminal, who, after years of sin, had died a saintly death on the scaffold; of the despairing girl who had lingered with the self-sent bullet in her heart, while the prayers of the nursing Sister, kneeling by her bed, had stirred and saved her soul. "So pray, *mes enfants*, pray, pray." And Père Jean's counsel had always been heeded at Sainte Cecile's. There was no sin, no sorrow, no evil—too little or too great—for its tender prayer.

Sister Marie Thérèse would tell her little girls: "We will say the Rosary to-night, my children, for poor old Anto-

nia Berron, who has broken her leg and can not work." Or again, "We will ask our Blessed Mother's help for Valerie Marchand that she may be saved from blindness. Five *Paters* and *Aves* to-day, my children, that Pierre Bouchard may return to his Church as his good mother begs." But it was in the novenas above all that Sainte Cecile's put prayerful trust for help in direst need. There were the great novenas, when the high altar blazed with lights, the organ pealed, and Père Jean, in shining vestment, intoned the nine days' prayer; there were the lesser novenas conducted by Mother Madelon or Sister Marie Thérèse, when the votive lights gleamed many colored before some good saint's shrine; there were the single novenas breathed under the Sanctuary lamp by some little petitioner for her especial need. But always (as old Mère Angelique taught in vigorous French) with prayer there must be "penitence," some little sacrifice, some self-denial.

When the great novena was made for Sister Ambrosine's cure, all the girls had gone without "sweets" for nine days. When Père Jean was at death's door with pneumonia, the novena for his recovery had been amplified by a sacrifice of all desserts, though cherries were ripe, and Sister Rosalie's deep *pâtisseries* just in season. Clearly thought Lady Bird, as she reflected on Annette, a novena was in order now. And the sacrifice? Ah, it gleamed through the half-open door of her closet where the shining robe of Cinderella swung above the crystal slippers all ready for Madame Greville's *fête*.

Oh, no, no, no—Lady Bird could not sacrifice that! She could say rosaries, litanies without count; she could give up sweets, desserts—all the tempting dainties served to her so lavishly,—but not Cinderella's splendor at Madame Greville's *fête*. And yet, yet never was prayer, novena, sacrifice, so needed as for poor Annette—Annette, who was a

wandering sheep indeed; Annette, who had given up her faith, her Church, her God; Annette who, by her own confession, had sold her soul for sixty dollars a month; Annette, whom Cousin Helen would brand before the world as a liar and deceiver, if she dared acknowledge her sin and repent. And there was no one to help her, save her, pray for her, but Lady Bird.

But—but to sacrifice all the joy and triumph for to-morrow—to give up all her time and care and pleasure to a poor little sick, fretful boy,—oh—she *could* not do that! There was no rest for Lady Bird to-night. In vain the white beads of the rosary, that for sleepy little girls are often something of a lullaby, slipped through her fingers; the light of Sainte Cecile's had blazed into a beacon, showing her the upward path she must follow *coûte que coûte*. And, rising from her tear-wet pillow, Lady Bird knelt up in the darkness and began her novena for Annette.

Grandmamma was in no good humor next morning, when Lady Bird tripped into her room with her daily offering of flowers. There had been another letter from Sainte Cecile's, the third in a week. "The nuns are trying to keep their strangle hold of the child," she said angrily to Miss Wilson, "but I will put a stop to it. I will show them they can not keep her against my will. I have written to Madame Greville that she is to be her pupil next year, as her educational methods are most agreeable to me. They will obliterate all the Romish nonsense of this Sainte Cecile's. It will be much more effective than openly antagonizing the child as I felt inclined to do at first."

Miss Wilson did not answer, for Lady Bird had come into the room with her dew-wet roses and her morning kiss on the withered cheek.

"You are going to the *fête* at Madame Greville's to-night," said the old Madam.

"Oh, yes, with Teddy, Grandmamma.

Cousin Helen says I can push him there in his chair."

"Nonsense," said Grandmamma irritably. "It is no place for Teddy, and his mother knows it."

"But I have promised to take him, Grandma—"

"Oh, well, just as you please, child," said the old Madam wearily, for Teddy was not a subject of especial interest to her. "Did your Cousin Helen order you a dress as I asked her; has it been sent home?"

"Oh, yes, but—but—" there was a quaver in the words that Grandma did not hear, "Cousin Helen says it is not suitable, so she is sending it back. I have a pretty white dress I can wear."

"I suppose she knows best," was the answer. "I am out of her world and yours—child."

"Oh, no, no, not out of mine!" said Lady Bird, catching the hopelessness of the tone. "You will never be out of my world, Grandma. I love you too much."

And Lady Bird, after the little French fashion of Sainte Cecile's, lifted Grandmamma's wrinkled hand to her lips—the hand that had just dropped the morning letter into the wastebasket.

"There, there—run away, child. I am not feeling well to-day, and want rest and peace. I am sorry you are taking that spoiled Teddy with you to Madame Greville's. Why you are bothering with him, I do not know."

And Grandmamma leaned back in her cushions, and closed her eyes wearily, which Lady Bird knew was a signal for her to depart.

"Oh, poor Grandmamma!" she thought pityingly. "There are many, many things she does not know."

(To be continued.)

AN American humorist, Josh Billings, used to say: "If you want to be comfortable in this world, keep a good conscience and an old pair of shoes."

Sunlight.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

LEAH SCOGGIN sat in her sewing-room doing hand-work on an elaborate dress of golden silk and white lace. Mrs. Washburn wanted the dress to wear to-night at a Hallowe'en masquerade where she was going as Queen somebody or other. Puffs and flounces and ruffles and bows, and then all the lace; it had been an enormous amount of work, but it would bring a good price. So Leah rethreaded her needle, and started her fingers' swift motions afresh. A stitch to a second, they must make. It was slow work at that. Now and then she raised her eyes to the window where an intense blue sky held out fluffy white clouds coaxingly. The soft white lace she worked on was beautiful, too, she told herself, and the yellow silk the color of sunlight. But though she told herself these things, she knew what she was missing.

Sunlight was not beautiful only for itself, but for the way it had of bringing out color, of conjuring up shadows, of giving a feeling of eternal blessedness. To put down her work and walk out in it a few minutes was a respite, but it was not enough. To enjoy sunlight, to be one with it, this rich October weather, she must have a whole stretch of time, to just poke along and play, gathering the prettiest leaves, the last bit of yellow or brown bloom. There was just the right kind of a breeze blowing for a holiday, but a little too much for the delicate work she was doing, else she would have gone into the porch to sew. The precious sunlit days would be gone in a flash now, too. November in Illinois was apt to be a gray month. She must make the most of the hours of beauty left.

She thought of the many thousands of people working indoors, some of them in darkened places, with not even the

clouds visible from a window. Of course, in many places there were indoor compensations. Ah, that reminded her! In the excitement and rush of this festive dress she had forgotten. Her new radio—sunlight of sound. She put the dress down and crossed into the living-room, and turned on the radio. Instantly soft music flowed through the rooms, now swift, now gently slow, as if in time with the breeze which played out-of-doors. As it went on it seemed to become alive with color, with warmth, as if the sunlight were indeed a thing of sound coming into the rooms to her since she could not come out. The wealth of sound ceased, leaving a silence filled with music. Now a woman's voice came clearly in song. Why, she was not even alone here with her sewing! This woman was singing directly to her, the voice coming over the waves of sunlight. Once a man told some interesting things, and again some funny things, and she laughed. Her fingers flew now, and before she knew it the dress was done to the last stitch.

She turned the radio off, pressed the dress, and folded it into a box. She would take it to Mrs. Washburn. The walk would give her an appetite for supper. When she was ready to go into the street, dusk had come. Dusk, too, was beautiful, but with a mood different from that of sunlight.

She stepped out into the shadowy evening. There, in the darkling sky, shone the evening star, as if all the sunlight of the day had gathered into that one bright spot, to glow for her.

Mrs. Washburn came into the hall to take the dress, and Leah went upstairs with her to see her try it on, and to make any changes that might be required. Mrs. Washburn was a big, blond woman. Leah always felt like a small, dark shadow beside her.

"You do have a touch, dearie," said Mrs. Washburn, putting on the queenly garment. "It is too beautiful to be true.

It looks like—something enchanted!" Leah laughed softly. She could have told her that it was enchanted, with the sunlight of sound.

"Now we're driving to Chicago tomorrow, going by way of La Salle, for the effect of the scenery in Fall. It will be a picture; and you can surely lay off for a day and go with us, can't you?"

Leah hesitated. She wanted to go; it would be a treat. Yet—she had a tryst with these last few hours of Autumn beauty. She had planned a hike along a country road, "where little wild dirt roads run free, without a sign of masonry," as she expressed it in her thought. Who could tell whether there would be many more such hours as to-day had shown?

"We'll not start till one o'clock; that will give you a whole forenoon to work in. Now come on, and don't be foolish."

"Yes, I would simply love it. And it is sweet of you to think of me," she replied.

The whole forenoon would be hers, but not to do much work in. Her housework? Yes. But there were leaves to be raked; she would take a basket to put the perfect, rich-colored ones in. The bees would come out of their hive and make the motions of being busy, too. In the forenoon the shadows would be as pronounced upon the white sunlight as silhouettes upon white paper. Strange how shadows grew so sharp in Autumn, making a startling contrast with the silver background.

She reached home, and prepared her supper, stepping to the lightsome tune of "Mowing the Barley," which came over the radio. She turned off the music for her supper time and the clearing up of the dishes. She wanted to start it after she sat down to rest on the porch, where she could see that bright, bright star that twinkled and wriggled and fidgeted, for all the world as if it were trying to speak to her. Such a restless star it seemed to be, as if it were kept

in out of the sunlight, sewing tiny stitches into a gorgeous dress. She turned on the radio and went out.

"Abide with me," softly came the beautiful old song, sung by a quartette. For a moment Leah was shaken with emotion, the emotion of too much happiness. Was that why the little star blinked and shook and would not be quiet in the sky? Because it was too happy? Yes, it was almost too much for the human heart to hold, and hold quietly, this sunlight of sound by day and starlight of sound by night.

Wee, Wee Janet.

BY DAISY BROWN.

Wee, wee Janet was singing a song in a shady corner in her lovely flower garden, when a robin, led by the sweet voice of the little four-year-old girl, flew down, and rested on a white trellis nearby.

As Janet spied him, she said:

"How happy you must be, Rollicking Robin, to fly so far and see so much. I wish I might go with you, but, no, I must stay right at home!"

"Sit on my wings, wee, wee Janet, and let us fly wherever you wish," said Rollicking Robin.

So they flew up, up, up, from the lovely be-flowered garden. But, as they sailed on and on, Janet's happy home and her gay blossoms looked like tiny, dark specks. Where were father, mother, Dick, and dear grandpa? Wee, wee Janet became frightened.

"Oh, Rollicking Robin, please take me back, take me back, and let me sing again in my own garden," she cried.

When Rollicking Robin alighted once more on the white trellis, he said: "Now, you see, the wide world holds little happiness. Your own home corner is best!"

And wee, wee Janet sang her sweetest song to her own little garden.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The London *Times Literary Supplement* announces that Mr. J. Lewis May's "Life of Cardinal Newman" will be published by Geoffrey Bles this month.

—The poem entitled "Mexico, 1926," recently inserted in the Congressional Record by request of Senator Coleman L. Blease, of South Carolina, as an antidote to an anti-Catholic harangue by one of Senator Blease's colleagues, was written by Father Patrick O'Connor, editor of *The Far East*, official organ of the Society of St. Columban. The poem originally appeared in THE AVE MARIA.

—A very excellent book for November is "The Month of the Holy Souls," by Sister M. Emmanuel, O. S. B. This contains a reflection on the Holy Souls, or on some aspect of Purgatory for every day of the month, a suggestion of some pious work to be done for their benefit, an indulgenced prayer and an example illustrating how God answers prayers made for those who are in bonds. Published by the B. Herder Book Co. \$1.75.

—It is a rare preacher who can instruct little children and hold their interest. They are willing and pliable, but they falter at the big words and the abstract that so easily slip into the instructions of many teachers. A real service has been done by the Rev. Karl Dorner in writing "The Children's Hour," a series of short sermons for Children's Masses. The instructions are delightfully simple and so interspersed with stories that most children would find real pleasure in hearing them. They are adapted into English by the Rev. Andrew Schopp. Published by the B. Herder Book Company. \$1.

—P. J. Kenedy & Sons now publish the second series of "Prayers for All Times," a translation by Maud Monahan from the original of Pierre Charles, S. J. Like the first series this volume is made up of a number of meditations making practical application of various Scriptural texts to our daily surroundings. It fulfils its purpose of reveal-

ing God's presence in life's multiple pathways and of giving us an appreciative realization of His daily care of us.

—To one who would take a quick and inexpensive sight-seeing trip to the famous shrine of Our Lady in France, we recommend the reading of "Lourdes" by Aileen Mary Clegg. This little book of 140 pages brings the shrine, its surroundings, and its practices to the reader's eyes exactly as they are to-day without at any time sacrificing that spirit of devotion which is so much a part of the place. Published by B. Herder.

—"Thus Shall You Pray," by Elred Laur, O. Cist., adapted by Isabel Garahan, B. A., is a series of chapters on the Lord's Prayer formerly delivered as a Lenten Course. Father Laur takes up every word of the "Our Father" and makes spiritual reflections upon it. There are numerous, almost too many, sub-divisions of the chapters, which give the effect of sketchiness; but there is a good deal of solid and helpful reflection in the volume. Published by the B. Herder Book Co. \$2.

—The desire which the fervent priest feels of preaching frequently upon the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin is apt to suffer from a fear of the monotony which comes of repetition. The Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R., has met the exigency of that situation by his "Outline Sermons on the Holy Eucharist and Blessed Virgin." The busy pastor will find a sufficiency of good material suggested in the outlines to more than meet his sermon needs on these two important subjects. Published by B. Herder Book Co. \$2.25.

—The histories of certain religious organizations are easily written from the interest viewpoint because of the romantic nature of the work performed. Such is the case with "The White Fathers and Their Missions," as edited by J. Bouniol, W. F. The book in addition to being a history of the society and an exposition of missionary theory, presents also an accurate picture of the remarkable record of

conversions effected among the natives of Africa by this comparatively recent society in the Church. Published by Sands & Co., 15 King Street, Covent Garden, London. \$2.25.

—Boys will enjoy reading "At the Gate of the Stronghold," by H. S. Spalding, S. J. Two city sons of a New York detective, take their vacation in that paradise of adventure that all boys dream about—the Western Bad Lands. There, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, they meet with various adventures, and one of the boys puts into practice some of the detective instincts which he has inherited from his father. The result is a discovery which, after various ups and downs, leads to the recovery of a valuable ranch long lost from the family possessions. Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

—M. H. Gill and Company publish "The Pocket Missal," compiled by Father Aloysius, O. S. F. C., containing over five hundred pages. It gives the Ordinary of the Mass and the Proper Masses for all Sundays and Holydays of Obligation throughout the year as well as for the chief Feasts of devotion. It is intended principally for students of the secondary schools and for busy professional or workingmen to aid them in following the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass intelligently. One big objection to the book, we think, is the exceptionally small type. It sells for about fifty cents.

—The imparting of religious teaching so that it will become a living and dominating influence in the child's life, rather than a set of memorized formulæ that are brought out only when there are examinations, is a problem that interests pastors and teachers generally. The importance of the subject demands a searching for the method that will bring the most effective results. Dr. Rudolph D. Bandas, in a recent book, "Catechetical Methods" (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc.), has done a service to teachers of religion. He reviews the history of catechizing, outlines and discusses the various subject-matter that enters into it, and gives an analysis of six modern methods. In his conclusion he recommends these methods as psychologically true, proceeding "from the known to the unknown,

from the concrete to the abstract, from visual impressions to mental pictures, and from facts to definitions." The book has an extensive bibliography and a good index. The price is \$2.50.

—Treatises on Moral Theology are comparatively few in English. We welcome, therefore, the first volume of a complete course, "Moral Theology," by the Rev. John A. McHugh, O. P., and Charles J. Callan, O. P. (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., \$5). The course is based upon St. Thomas and the more modern theologians. The authors are not concerned with controversies but rather try to give the fundamental reasons that govern and explain their teaching. This is done in an interesting way with frequent examples that amount to *casus conscientia*. The volume, while giving abundant treatment of all questions that will particularly interest the confessor, furnishes a deal that can be used in sermons and conferences. It is not at all expected that this volume should supplant the classic texts of Moral, but it will be a book of ready reference to confessors and preachers or teachers. The first volume deals with the End of Man and the Means to that End; Habits; Laws; Conscience, and the Infused Virtues. It is well printed and has a very serviceable topical index.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Cornelius F. Donovan, Archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. George P. Mulvaney, C. S. V.

Rev. Mother M. Theresa, Sisters of St. Ursula; Sister Mary Norbertine, Sisters of the Holy Names; Sister M. Alberta, Sisters of Mercy, and Sister Mary of St. Ferdinand, Sisters of Charity of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. James Connolly, Mrs. Martha Costello, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Williams, Mr. Albert Winterhalder, Miss Eliza McGuire, Miss Elizabeth Frencham, Mrs. A. B. McCormack, Miss Elizabeth McGuire, Mr. Patrick Flynn, Mr. George B. Walter, Mrs. Katherine Goddard Manning.

May they rest in peace!



MADONNA AND CHILD.
(Benedetto Carpaccio.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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In Excelsis.

BY C. J. LASKOWSKI, C. S. C.

WHEN Mary wandered down the market street,

So plain was she that Jewry could not see
Within her breast her commerce with the
Three

Immortal Ones. And yet it was but meet
That Juda vainly searched in one so sweet
For telltale impress of high deity
When Mary walked, in low humility,
The earth that thrilled beneath her virgin feet.

For lo! to-day, the glory of her race,
She walks the star-flagged courts of Paradise.

A regent of the skies, this humble bride
Of Joseph graces heaven's loftiest place
Alongside Christ, while angel salves rise
To praise humility, heaven's only pride.

Richard Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of
the London District.*

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

I.

WHEN celebrating in 1929 the Centenary of their Emancipation, the English Catholics of our day who are reaping in gladness what their ancestors sowed in tears, gratefully remember the leaders whose prayers and sufferings prepared their deliverance.

After the martyrs, priests and laymen, men and women, whose blood was poured out as the price of their fidelity, they honor the less known victims of

the penal laws, of every rank and age, whose loyalty to the faith was tested by years of poverty, exile and isolation.

Among the missionaries, who, when no longer done to death as traitors, ministered, among a thousand difficulties, to a depressed people stands out the venerable figure of Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debra, vicar apostolic of the London district, whose mission is thus admirably described by his biographer; it was his part to lead "his people across the dreary desert that lay between the Red Sea of martyrdom and the promised land of toleration."

Unknown to the world at large, Challoner was a living force to the Catholics of his day, and the full extent of his influence can not be justly estimated. It is a fact that generations were trained by his books of devotion, guided by his gentle wisdom and uplifted by his supernatural spirit. In his humble London lodging, he led, said one who knew him well, the "life of an angel," closely united to God, yet keenly alive to the needs of his flock. When a controversy with Protestants became necessary, his deep fund of knowledge and ready pen served the cause, but the abnegation that he considered as essential to spiritual life, made him shun any self revelation as a temptation.

Bishop Challoner was born at Lewes, in 1691; his father, a Dissenter, died when the boy was very young, his mother became a Catholic and was for

* "The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," by Edwin Burton, D. D., in two volumes. 1903.

many years housekeeper to the Holmans of Warkworth. The widowed mistress of Warkworth, Lady Anastasia Holman, was a daughter of the martyred Lord Stafford; her chaplain, John Gother, was "one of the spiritual forces of the day." No wonder that young Challoner, steeped in traditions that responded to his own aspirations, early developed a vocation to the priesthood. In 1705, he was, thanks to Lady Anastasia's generosity, admitted to the College founded at Douay, more than a century back, by Cardinal Allen.

Many glorious confessors and martyrs had been trained at Douay; the seminary was filled with heroic memories, and when news came that a Douay missionary had won a martyr's crown, fresh flowers adorned the place he had once occupied and a *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel. To the end of his long life, Challoner was a loving son of Douay, the habits of prayer acquired there were never laid aside.

In 1706, after completing his theological studies, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Tournai. The President of the College at that time was Dr. Robert Witham, who, during many years governed it wisely and well. Challoner's valuable services as professor of philosophy and of theology, his solid and extensive knowledge and his personal holiness soon won Witham's entire confidence. He made him Vice-President of the College and looked upon him as his future successor, but other aspirations filled the young priest's mind; in spite of his affection for Douay and its President, all his wishes tended to work on the English mission, and in 1730, Dr. Witham reluctantly consented to his departure.

The Douay diary, when mentioning the facts, quotes the President's noble tribute to one from whom he so unwillingly parted: "Richard Challoner . . . a man well versed in every kind of knowledge, endowed with remarkable

piety, and inflamed with the love of God and his neighbor." The agent of the English clergy in Rome, when reporting to Propaganda the departure of three priests for the English mission, notes Challoner as "one of the brightest men that was ever bred at Douay College."

The bloody persecution had ceased, when, in 1730—he was then 39 years of age—Richard Challoner started work in London; but socially and politically the position of the Catholics was terribly depressing. They were disliked, suspected, impoverished and harassed by the Penal Laws, to which William III. had added new articles. The prejudices against them were such that they were liable to be pursued and calumniated by any local fanatic; and, in 1745, the unfortunate attempt of Charles Edward Stuart, that ended in the disaster of Culloden, increased the hostility of their opponents.

Many apostasies took place among well-known Catholic families during the dreary years when, humanly speaking, there seemed no hope of relief. Gages, Gascoignes, Shelleys, and others, fell away and thus entailed other losses—the presence of a great Catholic house being a tower of strength to the scattered Catholics of country districts.

On arriving in London, Dr. Challoner elected to live in lodgings, and to this he remained faithful till his death. He paid his Catholic landlady, Mrs. Hanna, a fixed sum for his board, the arrangement suited his spirit of detachment and humility, and it gave him more money to spend on the poor. His rule of life never varied, it was simple and austere: he rose at six, made an hour's meditation, celebrated Mass, and divided his day between prayer and work. In the afternoon, he visited his flock, dressed as a layman; his visits were short, but his cheerfulness, kindly ways and gentle spirit made them delightful. He considered himself as bound in a special manner to serve the poor, the

sick, the prisoners; and was always ready to respond to their call. His literary work was made to give place to those who sought his assistance for instruction or consolation. He never spoke of himself, self-effacement being part of his rule of life.

Challoner's literary output is considerable and fills an important place in his career as a missionary. He believed in the power of the press, and used it to serve the Church. In him the English Catholics had a leader, who could not only give verbal counsel, but whose wide and solid knowledge of theology and skill in controversy could, when necessary, successfully fight their battles, sustain their courage and deepen their faith.

In 1734, Bishop Giffard, vicar-apostolic of the London district, died at an advanced age; he had been consecrated publicly at Whitehall during the brief reign of James II. His successor was his coadjutor, Bishop Petre, a devout man of a retiring disposition, with indifferant health. More than once he asked to be relieved from responsibilities for which he believed himself unfit, but Propaganda refused to allow him to leave his post. He now consented to keep it if Dr. Challoner was named his coadjutor, with future succession; he insisted upon the point all the more because Dr. Witham had lately died, and Dr. Challoner was looked upon as his suitable successor at Douay.

Finally, Bishop Petre's request was granted; in his letter to Rome, he not only praised Challoner's humility, gentleness, zeal, and distinction as a preacher and a spiritual writer, he also, in words that have a prophetic ring, foresaw the important part that he was to play in the future: "I am persuaded," he wrote, "that he who in zeal for souls and in learning, will prove himself equal to and perhaps greater than all that have gone before him, will be regarded as a shining light in the Church,

a leader beyond all cavil, and an example to all who labor in our vineyard."

II.

A last obstacle to be removed was Challoner's extreme reluctance to accept the responsibilities pressed upon him; he put forward every possible reason that might be urged against his nomination, insisting chiefly that he was born in heresy. The necessary dispensation was easily obtained, and on January the 29, 1741, he was consecrated Bishop of Debra, in the hidden convent of Hammersmith, known to outsiders merely as a school for girls of good family.

The new Bishop's life continued on the same lines: close union with God was its dominant feature; prayer was his solace and his joy, and we are told that he delighted in reciting his Office. Gentle and reserved in his ways, he seems now and then in his sermons to have betrayed the ardent love of God that filled his heart; and on certain occasions, he spoke of things to come in a spirit of prophecy, as if beyond the depressing present he saw brighter prospects that, humanly speaking, could not be imagined at the time. His charity was boundless, and his notebooks show that the money put at his disposal by wealthier Catholics was promptly distributed among the poor; his personal habits and austere mode of life remained unchanged. Spiritual values are those that count; no wonder that their leader so capable, yet so humble, was venerated as a saint by the faithful of his time.

His position as coadjutor entailed some new duties; Bishop Petre's health prevented him from visiting the scattered Catholics of the London Vicariate, that comprised ten counties. Means of transit were scanty and slow, but Bishop Challoner set to work in his usual methodical way. In two years, without being long away from London, where his presence was needed, he visited all

the Catholic centres of the Vicariate. The few notes that inform us of his movements are brief and intentionally obscure, lest they should fall into hostile hands. He began his visits in 1741 by London itself, where there were, at that time, about 20,000 Catholics; it would have been unsafe to attract attention by holding large meetings, so the Bishop confirmed, at different places, twenty separate groups of candidates. They always met in out-of-the-way streets, often in garrets that were carefully locked and guarded during the ceremony.

When in his country visits he found a notable Catholic family, around which were gathered many dependents, the Bishop's task must have been more encouraging. Lord Montague's house at Cowdray, that of the Carlyles at East Grinstead, of the Eystons at Hendred, of the Throcmortons at Buckland, and others, were indeed strongholds of the faith; but the apostasy or extinction of other great families generally resulted in the ruin of the mission that depended on their moral and material support. Thus it happened that many congregations were slowly shrinking under the weight of oppression.

We gather nothing of the Bishop's impressions from his notebook; it tells us that in the first half of his first visitation, he confirmed 800 persons, and, knowing as we do, what were his gentleness, kindness, trust in God and personal holiness, we may safely believe that he radiated hope and courage wherever he passed; but his was a reticent nature that avoided any self-revelation as a snare. The extraordinary veneration with which he was regarded sufficiently proves the depth and extent of his influence. As long as his strength held out, Bishop Challoner continued his visitations of the Vicariate, carefully mapping out his journeys, and generally mentioning the name of the priests in charge and the number of Catholics in each mission.

In 1745, he was called upon to assist the Catholics of London to whom the failure of the Jacobite rising brought many trials; they, we are told, filled the prisons, and Challoner proved himself "a universal refuge." The storm, though severe, did not last long, but from that time the devotion of the English Catholics to the Stuarts gradually faded. Charles Edward, on whom so many hopes had rested, was a moral wreck; his brother had become a priest, and Bishop Challoner, in 1778, explicitly recognized George III. as the rightful King of England. Only a brief account of the Bishop's writings can be attempted in this sketch: their importance can hardly be exaggerated, during a period of such depression and isolation, but they trained to spiritual life many generations of Catholics. The writer united, in a rare degree, a deep knowledge of theology to a keen, practical sense of what his people needed; his books filled up a wide gap and responded to a want, hence their enormous success.

His first writings were chiefly pamphlets dealing with controversy; they were often answers to attacks against the Church, started by Protestant ministers. They were carefully written, clear and logical, one of the best known treated of the non-existence of Anglican Orders; another, that had a wide circulation, of "the grounds of the old religion."

Among his more important works were an English translation of the "Imitation of Christ" and the celebrated "Garden of the Soul," of which nine editions were published in the author's lifetime, and many more after his death. The book combined instruction and devotion; its influence was so deep and so general that the title, "Garden of the Soul Catholic," was used to describe a thorough, solid, extremely conscientious Catholic, undemonstrative in his ways, but scrupulously faithful to his religious practice.

In 1741, the Bishop published the first volume of what may be considered as his most important work, "Memoirs of Missionary Priests." The story of certain martyrs had been told in Latin, Italian or French; but Challoner was the first to attempt a general history in English of the Elizabethan and Stuart martyrs. He did his work with such care and judgment that, although many new documents have now come to light, only trifling errors can be detected in his two volumes. The field that he was the first to explore, was full of spiritual beauty, but he worked under difficulties, with none of the advantages enjoyed by our contemporaries, to whom the public archives are open. He tells the tragic story soberly, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

From the first, the book became a standard work among the English Catholics; it was read aloud in their households and many times reprinted. Had Challoner written only this book he would deserve the lasting gratitude of his people, to whom he handed down a tale of heroism that, without him, must necessarily have been incomplete, as many traditions and testimonies still fresh would, with the passing years, have been forgotten.

In 1745, he published "Britannia Sancta," with the object of preserving the memory of the old English saints whose shrines had been destroyed at the Reformation. During the persecution that followed, the hunted priests had to use portable Missals, with only the Masses for Sundays. Dr. Challoner made use of all the sources of information within his reach; and after writing the history of the English saints, he obtained from the Holy See that they should be restored to their former place in the English supplement of the Missal and Breviary. Another important work was his new English edition of the Bible; a task for which his deep knowledge of the Scriptures qualified him. It

was a difficult and delicate undertaking that he carried out with the utmost care; this translation went through six editions during the Bishop's lifetime, and after his death it continued to be in great demand in England and America. In 1754, this indefatigable worker published two volumes of "Meditations" for every day in the year." Among the meditations, he introduced points of doctrine and also the cycle of the feasts of the Church, thus bringing the isolated Catholics of England in touch with the spiritual life of the Universal Church. In these "Meditations," the Bishop unconsciously reveals something of his inner life. Absorbed as it was in God and God's service, his practice was in perfect harmony with the ideals that he held up for his reader's imitation. The influence of St. Francis of Sales may be traced throughout the book, which was reprinted many times and translated into French and Italian.

More than once, severe attacks of illness obliged Challoner to rest for a time. But in spite of failing health and advancing years, he continued with the same quiet energy to take up his work when it was possible; and, in 1765, he translated a French book on "Union with God." Two years later, he published an "Abstract of the History of the Bible and the New Testament." It was his last book, after which he only wrote Pastoral letters to his flock. The affairs of the London Vicariate, and many others that claimed his attention from distant quarters, took up much of his time, while old age naturally hampered his activities.

(To be continued.)

Mother Olive Tree.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

'Twas He, oh, tree, who gave you life,
Your fruit and oil and shade; and I
Have heard it was beneath your boughs
He found the strength to die.

The Test.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IT is sometimes asserted that only those betake themselves to religion whom this world has failed. A certain type of critic is fond of pointing to the large proportion of poor and illiterate folk in the Church as evidence that the Faith is but a sort of "consolation prize" for such as have missed more substantial rewards. It is common to hear this kind of person allege as the reason for young men and women embracing a religious life, that they have been disappointed in love. When I hear that kind of talk I think of Martin Thurlow.

They were the specious days of Queen Elizabeth in which Martin lived. You must picture him in ruff and slit jerkin, holding his comely head, with its brown curls, in a proud fashion and looking you straight in the face after the manner of youths born to rule. That was because his father's house was an ancient one, having broad Devon acres of rich red soil, and also because he knew himself liberally endowed in body and mind. He was of an age when these things give buoyancy to a man's carriage and are marked in his speech.

It was not surprising that he should have become captive to the laughing face of pretty Margot Yule. The two, one would have said, were meant for each other. Her debonnair figure was a match for his firm yet supple young manhood. A certain graveness in his bearing found a pleasing foil in her gaiety. While his brown locks had in them a touch of the sun, showing auburn in some lights, her hair was dark as the shadows lurking in the woods of Coombe Lydford. Moreover, they were neighbors. Thurlow Grange's tall chimneys stretched themselves to look over the tree tops at the red-bricked mansion which sheltered Margot. Man

and maid living thus in sight of each other crept inevitably into each other's thoughts. It would have been strange if it had not been so. When they met at the coursing or on the polished floor of merry dancing parties, you could not but have noted that they grew self-conscious. Yet of open speech between them concerning that which was in their minds was none; only now and again veiled hints of what might be.

"When I am master here I will have those trees cut down," Martin might say, pointing to a clump hiding the small brook in Thurlow Park. "They are but poor straggling things."

"Nay," she would reply, "that would be a pity. The mead would look bare without them."

"Say you so?" Martin would ask deferentially. "Then I will spare them. The Park shall be ordered to your pleasing, seeing that—" at which he would break off laughing, and a silence would fall between them, each thinking their own thoughts.

But there was a barrier, imperceptible at first, which time strengthened. The Thurlows by tradition were of the Old Religion, and though Sir John, Martin's father, escaped the charge of recusancy by an occasional appearance at the parish church served by the new Protestant minister, he was known to harbor a secret love of the former ways, and to look but coldly on the changes that had been made. Squire Yule, on the other hand, was something of a Puritan declaiming much against "Popery" and favoring the preachers who did the same. The young people gave little heed to this, going their own ways; for what were such differences among their elders where love was concerned? But as time sped and the Queen urged fresh measures for the suppression of all that rebelled against her Establishment, feeling, even in that quiet valley, grew more acute, and the relations

between the two families strained. Margot overheard talk in her home which made Martin's folk look like desperate conspirators only waiting the day when, at some word from Rome, the Catholics would rise, and there would be blood-shed. At first she resented such suspicions, but gradually they poisoned her mind.

"Is it true?" she asked the youth one day, "that the Pope hath made it lawful for Catholics to assassinate the Queen?"

"And if he hath," was the reply, "doth it follow that they would do so?"

The answer did not give her much comfort, seeming, as it did, to confirm the dark hints she had heard her father whisper. Thus, when Martin became more outspoken in his admiration and the match was publicly talked of among the gossips, Squire Yule took occasion to tutor his daughter in the gentle art of saying "Nay!" When the lover approached him, speaking frankly of what was in his mind, the old man practised that art himself as one expert in it. His tone admitted of no hope. It was soon obvious that Margot had bowed to the paternal will. The would-be wooer noted that she avoided him.

It was hard to be rejected thus for a Faith which meant little to him. The hot blood in him could not see why these things should matter so. The unwilling martyr for the Church of his fathers felt doubly wronged, inasmuch as he had lost the prize he coveted and was falsely accused of sympathies he had never professed. Life now became a very different thing to what it had been. When he rode forth it was no longer with the hope of meeting her; the future, when he dreamed of it, seemed empty. A brightness had vanished from the day; the passing of romance had left the world stale, flat and unprofitable.

At first he thought of going away to London, of sailing overseas to some of those new lands of which there was now

so much talk, even of wedding some lowly wench to scandalize his friends, and take his revenge on a world that treated him so badly. But these thoughts gave him small comfort. Wandering lonely along woodland paths he had once paced with Margot, or riding slowly about the estate, he was conscious of a void within himself which his ordinary interests were powerless to fill. He became moody and reserved; his life appeared to him a useless thing destined to be frittered away in idle pursuits. A long series of unmeaning years stretched before him. Cooped up in this Devonshire valley, he would see nothing of the world. Fortunately he had no vicious tastes, else had it gone hard with his character in those days. He contemplated no licentious adventures. The worst enemy his conscience had to encounter was the temptation to despair.

Sir John was troubled about his son, yet knew not what to do to mend matters. He might have shown himself more active in the youth's affairs had it not been that he was ailing. An accident in the hunting field, resulting in a broken leg badly set, gave rise to serious symptoms. He was one of those hale and hearty men who, when they break up, do so rapidly. In a very short time he was in a critical condition. Finding himself at death's door, he had recourse to that Church his sympathy with which he had long disguised. There was, he knew, a priest in hiding at Buckfast, and thither he sent, bidding the good man come to his aid.

Father Layton was one of those zealous apostles sent out from Douay, for the encouragement of English Catholics. An old man of courtly manner and great learning, he lacked nothing of the courage one associates with youth. Travelling incognito and by little-used paths, he crossed Dartmoor at night, arriving at Thurlow Park in the early morning before sunrise. He was none too soon; before the day was out Sir

John, having made his confession and after receiving Communion, passed away. A few hours later the priest had departed for some unknown destination. Such was the secrecy observed in those days that even those from whom he parted did not know whither he sped.

His father's death, the sudden emergence of a representative of the persecuted Church, the solemnity of the last rites, and a few words of fatherly counsel uttered by the visitor, combined to leave an ineffaceable impression on the lad's mind. The humble and sweet disposition of the fugitive priest, and the quiet dignity of all he did brought into Martin's life a sense of healing power. It was as though some incoming tide of spiritual well-being was filling that void of which previously he had been so conscious. An ideal he had never before glimpsed now rose above his horizon. A love as much higher than his love for Margot as the heavens are higher than the earth dawned on him.

His new responsibilities as the heir gave him much to do, but through all that busy time ran an undercurrent of inquiry. "Shall I, now that I am master here, boldly avow the Faith in which my father died?" Once or twice he came on Margot and learned that, though he could now contemplate his loss calmly, the old affection still lived. She would always be the one woman in the world for him. But that new passion was gathering force and taking shape. Months passed in anxious self-questioning, but at last his course was clear. By dint of diligent inquiry, he managed to unearth Father Layton. That unworldly diplomatist, versed in all the ways of troubled consciences, soon put him at his ease, and one more Englishman found himself reconciled to the Church.

The decision once made and acted upon, there were no half measures. Like one of modern days, Martin "found

himself in the lost battle." He made no secret of his Faith, and his home became the resort of many a hunted servant of God. He was happy now as he never had been before. Life had a meaning and a purpose: it was a glorious adventure. There was only one cloud, one shadow on his new-found joy, one little doubt that spoiled the peace of his conscience. Why should it have been necessary, he asked himself, that he should have had to lose his earthly consolation before finding the heavenly? Could he have chosen the road of faith and courage if Margot had remained by his side? Was it only because he could not have her that he had chosen to have God? Would the bliss of a human love, had it been granted him, have blinded him to that higher blessedness he now knew? Going about his estate, these questions would sometimes trouble him. He would like to have made his choice without the assistance of those circumstances which made it seem inevitable. He did not want his religion to be a last resource, a second alternative.

Remote though that part of the country was, the doings of its gentry were not a matter of indifference to the authorities. The news that the new heir of Thurlow Park was aiding Papist emissaries was soon noised abroad, Squire Yule not failing to take his part in disseminating the fact. The result was a foregone conclusion. One bleak November evening the house was surrounded by a band of rough fellows, who, closing in, overran the place, pushing in where they would, searching every cupboard and overturning the furniture without regard to the destruction they were effecting of valuable goods. At last a shout announced that a priest had been found in an outhouse. Whereupon both the priest and his host were bound and flung into an empty room to await the dawn.

No indignity was spared the prisoners. Handcuffed, unwashed, and bearing the tokens of a sleepless night, they were escorted along the country roads on the way to Lydford. As they passed the Squire's mansion a girl's figure flitted between the bushes, and, a little further on the way, Martin heard quick footsteps behind and, turning, saw Margot running. When she came up with him, the men guarding him endeavored to keep her at a distance, but she would not be denied.

"Let me but speak with him a short space," she pleaded.

"I am in but a sorry plight to greet a lady," Martin said, smiling, and moving his bound wrists to indicate that he could not salute her.

"I would I might free thee," she panted, running by his side.

"Then you come not to mock me?" asked the prisoner. "I thought that now I must lose all favor in thy eyes, if ever I possessed any."

"Never did I love thee as I do now," was the reply. "Thy danger hath strangely endeared thee. I see thee as I never saw thee before. Thou wert but a boy in those days we shared together; now thou art a man, and a brave one. Ah, if thou wouldst but renounce that for which thou art held, how readily would I come to thee!"

Martin gazed at her wistfully: "Would I were free to come to thee," he said. "But, if I did as thou saidst, I should be no man, least of all a brave one."

"They will hang thee," she cried. And then, despite the guard about him, she clung to his arm, saying pitifully: "My dear, my dear, why wilt thou go to thy death? Dost thou not love me?"

"Truly I love thee," was the answer, "but I love God more."

This seemed to daunt her, and she fell back a little. Then again she ran forward.

"I can not see thee go thus," she

cried. "Say but the word, and I will go with thee whither thou wilt, but not as a Papist."

"Trouble not about me," he said, turning to look over his shoulder at her. "I was never of merrier heart. I am happier than if it were my wedding-day; my only grief is for thee, that the Truth should be hidden from thee."

At that she stood still, and the little procession passed on. When it turned a corner in the road which hid it from her sight, she was still standing there in the drizzle of that November morning.

"Truly, her coming was a great mercy," said Martin to his fellow-prisoner, the priest at his side. "I thought maybe I had chosen this road because I might not win her. But now I know that, though she confessed her love freely, my purpose does not weaken. It is the test I would have desired, the rest is easy."

And the priest, looking at that brave young face, answered, "Amen!"

The Little Flower Calendar.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, CULLED FROM
HER WRITINGS.*

OCTOBER 1.—St. Remigius, Bishop.

I am not going to be idle in heaven; I am going to work there still for the Church and for souls. I have asked this of God, and I am sure that He will grant it. If I quit the field of battle it is not with the selfish purpose of taking a rest.

OCTOBER 2.—The Guardian Angels.

O my guardian angel, take me under thy wing; with thy bright light guide my steps, sweet friend! Show me the way, help me, I beg thee, just for to-day.

"Glorious guardian of my soul,

Shining in thy light supernal

As the ardent flames that roll

Near the throne of the Eternal."

(From the translation into verse by the Carmelites of Santa Clara.)

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Bishop A. MacD.

OCTOBER 3.—St. Candida, Martyr.

I wish to teach souls the way of spiritual childhood, the way of confidence and complete self-surrender. I want to tell them this is the only thing to do: throw bouquets of little sacrifices to Jesus, win Him with caresses! That is the way I have won Him, and that is why I shall be welcomed at His court.

OCTOBER 4.—St. Francis of Assisi.

After my death I shall let fall a shower of roses. God will let me have my own way in heaven because I have never had my own way on earth.

OCTOBER 5.—Saints Placidus and Comp., Martyrs.

I often think of all the good I shall want to do after my death: I shall be able to run from one end of the earth to the other in an instant, to comfort those who weep, turn poor, sinful souls to God, get little ones christened, help missionaries, priests, and the whole Church.

OCTOBER 6.—St. Bruno, Confessor.

O my God, I can not conceive of a greater dower of love, abysmal in height and depth, than that which Thou hast been pleased to grant me without any merit of mine.

OCTOBER 7.—Our Lady of the Rosary.
St. Mark I. Pope.

Sometimes I find myself saying to the Blessed Virgin, without thinking of what I am doing: "Do you know, my dear Mother, that I am more fortunate than you. I have you for Mother, and you haven't a Blessed Virgin to love as I have!"

OCTOBER 8.—St. Brigid, Widow.

For me it will not be enough to give to every one that asks; I am going to forestall their wishes, and show myself greatly obliged and highly honored in doing them a service. You may say it is hard to do this; you should say rather that it seems hard, for the yoke of the Lord is sweet and light; as soon as ever one takes it up one feels the sweetness of it.

OCTOBER 9.—Sts. Denis and Comp., MM.

That which the good God gives pleases me always, even when it doesn't look as good or as lovely as what He gives to others.

OCTOBER 10.—St. Francis Borgia, C.

How good God is to have lifted up my soul and given me wings! No longer shall I fear the hunter with his wiles and snares, for in vain is the net spread before the eyes of those that can fly.

OCTOBER 11.—St. Germanus, Bishop.

Life has never been bitter to me, for I have known how to turn every bitter thing into sweetness and joy.

OCTOBER 12.—St. Maximillian, Bishop, Martyr.

Oh, but it is sweet to throw oneself into the arms of the good God, without fear of what the future may bring, and without desire of aught beyond what is needful for the day!

OCTOBER 13.—St. Edward, C. St. Theophilus, Martyr.

Prayer and self-denial are my only weapons; with these I win always. Far more pointedly than words they touch the heart.

OCTOBER 14.—St. Callistus I., P. M.

If, even at the last hour of his life, the greatest sinner in the world makes an act of sorrow for his sins, which is an act of love, he will at once obtain mercy and pardon, God will not remember the many graces he has abused, nor the sins he has committed, but will take account only of that last act of love and sorrow.

Between the stirrup and the ground
He mercy sought and mercy found.

OCTOBER 15.—St. Teresa, V.

It is because I have a heart capable of suffering a great deal that I wish to bear for Jesus every species of suffering.

OCTOBER 16.—St. Gerard Majella, C.

As I do not seek myself in anything I live the happiest life you can imagine.

OCTOBER 17.—St. Margaret Mary. St. Hedwige, Widow.

I have the boldness to believe that I shall be a great saint. I do not count on my merits because I have none; but I hope in Him who is virtue and holiness itself. He is good and great enough to be satisfied with my feeble efforts. He will lift me up, and clothe me with His own merits, and make me a saint.

OCTOBER 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist.

To throw bouquets to Jesus is my way to win the souls of sinners! It always wins out. I always disarm Jesus with my flowers. The petals touch Him; they tell Him my heart is His forevermore. Ah, He knows the meaning of my leaf-lorn rose, and runs into my arms.

OCTOBER 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, C.

Thou knowest, O my God, that I have never wished for aught else than to love Thee only; that has been my one ambition. The love of Thee, has been my portion from the earliest childhood. It has grown with my growth, and now is an abyss of which I can not sound the depths.

OCTOBER 20.—St. John of Cantius, C.

A soul in the state of grace has nothing to fear from demons. They are cowards, and if even a child looks at them they will run away.

OCTOBER 21.—St. Hilarion, Ab. Sts.

Ursula and Comp., MM. St. Celine.

A voice that speaks in my soul gives me comfort. It tells me: "So long as you are in your prison house of clay you can not fulfill your mission. Later on, after you leave this world, you will achieve your conquest of souls."

OCTOBER 22.—St. Mary Salome, V.

My soul has passed through many trials. When I was a child I bore my sorrows sadly. Now the bitter things of life bring me peace and joy.

OCTOBER 23.—St. Peter Pascal.

I desire, O my well-Beloved, to renew the offering of myself times without

number at every heart-beat till the day break and the shadows flee away.

OCTOBER 24.—St. Raphael, Archangel.

What matter if darkness over the future hover
A prayer for the morrow, O Lord I will not
say;

Keep my heart pure, and with Thy shadow
cover,

Just for to-day!

OCTOBER 25.—Sts. Chrysantus and Darius, Martyrs.

I believe that the victims of divine Love will not be judged, but God will rather hasten to repay with the torrent of His never ending delights the love of Himself that He will see burning in their hearts.

OCTOBER 26.—St. Evaristus, P. M. St. Rusticus, Bishop.

So long as our actions, however trivial, are touched with the fire of love, the Holy Trinity clothes them with a wonderful light and beauty. Seeing us in His own mirror Jesus finds everything that we do lovely always. But if we go outside the sphere in which love reigns nothing will have comeliness or worth.

OCTOBER 27.—St. Ives.

How is it that the good God makes use of me rather than of another to do His work? So His Kingdom is established in the hearts of men, it matters little of what instrument He avails Himself. For the rest, He has no need of me.

OCTOBER 28.—Christ the King. Sts. Simon and Jude, Ap.

Love is my sword. Like Joan of Arc, with this I chase the stranger from the land. I will have Jesus proclaimed King of souls.

OCTOBER 29.—St. Narcissus, Bishop.

One time Our Lord said to the mother of the sons of Zebedee: "To stand at my right hand and at my left is for those to whom my Father has reserved it." I fancy the choice places, denied to great saints and martyrs, will be given to the little ones. Has not David foretold

this where he says that "the little Benjamin will preside over the assembly of the saints."

OCTOBER 30.—St. Serapion, Bishop. St. Alphonsus Rodriques.

The work that I have been unable to do in many years Jesus has accomplished in an instant. I can say with the Apostles: "Lord, we have labored all night, and have taken nothing." Kinder to me even than He was to the disciples, Jesus Himself takes the net, casts it, and brings it in full of fishes. He makes of me a fisher of men.

OCTOBER 31.—Vigil of All Saints. St. Lucille, V. M.

To remain little and lowly you must realize your own nothingness, look to God for everything, and never worry over your failings. You must not take credit for the virtues that you practise, but must on the contrary, recognize the fact that the good God has put this treasure in the hands of His little one to make use of it at need.

Friendship.

BY ETHEL KING.

THIS friendship is a metal Time can beat
And mould and fashion for most precious use.
A thin-blown, blood-red glass, it may produce
Delight for years, nor crack from cold or heat.
It is a fabric, silken-soft, to cheat

Bare, stupid walls; a book whose tales un-
loose

Our dreams and hopes, and so proclaim a
truce

To fear as we read on of bravest feat.

True friendship is like all these things, yet
more—

Oh, it is more than goods possessed by man
Or ornaments that grace his homestead, for

It is a very house itself where can
Be found a constant hearth, safe from the
roar

And storms of life, rock-built on God's own
plan.

My Little Irish Granny.

BY SALLIE MCGRORY.

HOLIDAYING on Stradbroke Island, off the Queensland coast, sends my thoughts back along a stretch of forty years to an old home in the Donegal Mountains. As I watch from the big island of Stradbroke the sun set behind Bird Isle, I can see the same old Sol dip into Lough Esk behind Island O'Donnell. Then, I watched the sunset with granny—dear old granny. The tie between mother and child is a strong one, strong as steel; between granny and grandchild the tie is strong too, but silken.

For a month I, a wee girleen of ten, went from our town-house to granny's place before we all left for Australia. We were father, mother, Dermott, Shane, Brian and myself, Nabla. It was the first time I saw granny; and what a tiny, weenie, pretty little lady she was, with starlike eyes, and crowned with a cap white as snow. It's well I remember the washing of the caps. She had a round dozen of them which she washed herself; and not on the day of the big wash. Oh, no! big things like sheets and blankets and aprons and towels were washed in big wooden tubs. Many a time auntie had me to tramp, tramp, tramp around in the big tub while the beautiful white suds splashed up and foamed and billowed to my knees; not much need of hand rubbing; my tramping was very effective.

To return to the caps. Granny washed the precious darlings from one little basin to another, while she had me to grate a potato or two for starch. You soak the grated pulp in water, and after a time the starch is deposited, snowy white, at the bottom of the vessel. The ironing and goffering of the caps were watched with great interest by us young folks, and a beautiful sight the caps looked with the lace goffered in waves like the sea. Granny tried each

on me, amidst peals of laughter at the quaint figure I cut in the granny caps.

Granny spoiled me well; so father and mother said—made me important. Well, granny considered everyone important, even the wee baby of the house, and I was doubly, trebly of importance, for was I not going to Australia; and was there even a hope that we would meet again? Poor granny, the good-bye look was ever in her eye as she looked at me.

I love to picture her as she sat spinning while I sat on a little "creepie" stool at her knee—the gentle whirring of the wheel like no other sound on the earth or up in the sky!

I was allowed to roam freely around the hills with my cousins, and we fished many a time with a bent pin in the little river that purled and gurgled through the townland on its way to Lough Esk. Hazel shrubs grew in plenty along the river bank; the nuts were ripe at the time of my visit and grew in great abundance.

Granny had a store of old legends; and how her eye kindled with pride as she told of Hugh Roe O'Donnell or Columbkille. O dear! the tales of Columbkille she told us: of his exile and of his love and longing for Ireland; often she sang for us his Lament:

My foot is in my little boat,
But my sad heart ever bleeds.
There is a grey eye that ever turns to Erin,—
To Erin, where the song of the birds is so sweet,
Where the monks sing like the birds,
Where the young are so noble
And the women so fair to wed.

Then she made us live in the times of Hugh Roe. How our fists clenched as we saw Hugh borne swiftly away out of Lough Swilly, while McSwiney, his foster-father, wrung his hands and raged on the shore, and offered the scoundrels any money, anything, everything if they would only put young Hugh back. But no; the ship sails on, and Hugh is a prisoner in Dublin Castle for five years, and he only fifteen when he

was taken. Then we feel the overwhelming joy when Hugh escapes. The cold of the night when Hugh hides in the mountains freezes us too, and we see him sheltering under a rock while the hailstones fall round him so that he looks like a snow-man, when his friends discover him. We join in his joyous welcome home and in the triumph of the warfare he and Hugh O'Neill carry on for seven years against the might of England. We follow Hugh Roe into Spain, and when he dies of a broken heart—a young man of thirty—our hearts are crushed too, and we weep unashamed.

Granny told us tales too of the mighty Cuchullin and his wonderful "gaebulg." I don't remember much of his adventures, though she told us many, but the "gaebulg" seems to have been a fearful and wonderful instrument of war. It had to be floated down a stream and then caught between the big toe and the next one, then thrown with all a man's force; and if it entered the body of an opponent, it spread itself out and opened out into thirty barbs inside the body. And that's the way Cuchullin killed a great man, Ferda. I wonder was the thing called "gaebulg" from the noise it would make as it whistled through the air? "Gaebulg" is a grand word that one can roll round in one's mouth with a great deal of pleasure.

Granny told us also of "Spragee," who never had his toes out of the ashes, meaning that he never travelled far. This tale was a favorite one of Granny's; it was very long too, and I wish I could hear it again and the shouts of laughter that always accompanied it. We lived three miles from the chapel, and Granny had a prayer in verse to say as soon as the chapel was in sight. The graveyard was round the chapel, and one turned aside before or after Mass to pray by the side of one's own, who had gone home.

Oh, the long, long day in the bog, and my first sight of the queer turf-spades!

How the men toiled,—a dozen of them were helping uncle that day. The gathering was called a *mehaul*. I was allowed to wander, but not too far as a treacherous bog hole might swallow me. There was a round little lough near, called Lough Potha. I wandered round it, and found a white flower, tinged with pale green inside, shaped like a cup and nearly as large. I've seen no flower since like it, but I've read of the white bog lily; probably my flower was a bog lily.

I was a bother to the big folk that day, and they took a big delight in teasing me, so I had a quiet, happy day away from them, looking at the purple mountains clothed in heather, and watching the piled up white clouds. It was while watching a pile take the shape of Julius Cæsar's head—but the nose even more forbidding and Roman than his—and then change into a big, white ship, that I fell asleep, and slept on till Aunt Rosha waked me to go home. Across the mountains we went in the cart, Granny's smiling face and white cap at last appearing over the half-door.

Everything about the farm was new to me, the town-child. Granny and all were sorry that I couldn't see the sheep shorn. One day uncle brought the sheep home off the mountains. There were about twenty of them, and they mostly had a lamb each, and one sheep had twins; they called her "Kiera-na-coupla." The lambs were pure white, except one black one. Uncle used to hum a little snatch of song as he looked at them:

Only Polly, next-door, smiled on Jack.

Guess she was a judge o' sheep, and loved 'em black.

The sheep were put in the far-meadow, and I had to shepherd them one day and see that they didn't stray to such and such a place where they were not to be. A proud little head I carried home at sunset, for uncle praised me well, and said, what a grand little girl Nabla was. I'm afraid Nabla was

always very unsaintlike insofar that she liked praise, and more praise.

The dreaded day was drawing near when farewell must be said to dear ones; the shadow of the day, grey and mist-like at first, was growing blacker. Granny said I must see "Boxty" made. The principal ingredient of "Boxty" is potato-starch. Making boxty-bread is a lengthy process, and seldom is it made. Granny, herself, nearly forgot the process, and my memory is very hazy on the subject of the making of it; but well I remember that it was the sweetest bread I ever tasted.

One evening, Granny with her knitting, and myself were sitting at the end of the lane and looking towards the lough as the shadows were lengthening and the sun setting in pink and purple. Granny didn't need to look at her needles as they chased one another in and out of the sock she was knitting; a little look now and then, as she turned the heel or formed the toe, was all her knitting demanded. We both were steeped in the beauty of all around us, and in our love and nearness to each other, when suddenly the curlews began their penetrating scream; first one scream, then two or three, then there seemed to be hundreds. The birds were on the shore of the lough, and the screams broke the quietness into little pieces. Granny said the curlew's wail made her lonely always. She said it made her think it was Mother Erin herself wailing over the exiles—the grand boys and girls who must leave year by year for Australia or America. Then she told me of the fairies, and how they live in their kingdom of laughter and delight; but, "Nabla," she said, "they'll cry the night you leave." God bless her! And I wonder did they?

At last *the day* dawned. The night before I cried quietly to myself, as I folded my doll's dress, that I had sewn ever so neatly, and put it inside my pillow-case for granny to find when I

was gone. She'd know without words that it was left for her, and I'm sure she treasured it and showed it to the other old ladies; and my heart swelled with pride as I pictured them passing the little dress from one to the other—and the comments on the beautiful sewing of Nabla's, and she only ten! My love of praise again.

Granny had me to set a hen for her just before I went to bed and she promised to let me know in her first letter to Australia how many chickens were in the clutch. She packed a little box for me. First a wee bit of turf was put in. Oh! the long sharp ears of ten; I heard the whispered prayer: "May the fire of God's love be ever in Nabla's heart, and may her children and her children's children warm their hearts and hands at it!" Then some *dulse* was packed. Next some oat-cake. I always hated oat-bread, but she must have her way; then a *mescan* of butter. I told her she was like Abraham in the schoolbook picture where he gives Hagar and Ishmael a bottle of water and a packet of food before sending them into the desert. "Now stop talking Nabla," she says, "and tell me which of my tea sets you like best. I liked both sets equally well, so she gave me a cup and saucer of each. They're Beleck. One cup imitates (as far as a cup can and still preserve the cup shape) a cob of Indian corn, not yellow-colored, but the shape of the grains in the pearly Beleck ware. The saucer was like the husk of the corn. The other cup is like a Shamrock and formed of three shells arranged shamrock fashion, saucer the same and a spray of Shamrock painted on cup and saucer. A damask tablecloth with towel was also packed,—these of her own spinning. They're still as good as new.

That misty morning long ago! It's still seen through a mist of tears. Granny kissed me and held me as if she would never let me go. Ah! these partings—they break the heart!

She gave me a set of verses folded round a big, white half crown. I read them in the train, and have them still by me. Here they are:

GRANNY'S LAMENT.

Hear the curlews, hear the curlews, my wee Nabla,

Fills my soul to overflowing with the sound;
Hear the lonely, piercing wail—'tis the anguish
of the Gael—

Adown the years the cry does aye resound.

'Tis the *coeine*, heart-rending, borne across
the ocean

Wrung from the tortured soul of Columbkille.
Dear Lord, sustain him now, press Thy hand
upon his brow

He looks his last on Erie—vale and hill.

'Tis the wail a stricken people send to heaven,
When Red Hugh was borne swiftly o'er the
foam,

Our boy chief, so loved, so fair, with heaven's
sunlight in his hair,

The silver strands were there ere he won
home.

On the morrow, Nabla dear, my own wee Nabla,
You will leave us at the call of Austral lands.
And the curlews from the lake, at their
screams my heart will break,

Ochone! you'll leave us lone—my empty
hands!

Granny died about two years after we came to Australia (may the heavens be her bed!).

Many letters she wrote to us, but she didn't tell how many chickens were in the clutch or if any broke the shells. I love to think that thirteen downy chicks came forth from their shells and cheep-cheeped at Granny's feet as she fed them.

Forty years ago! Why, there are little downy chicks there now, most probably the great-great-grandchildren (if one may call them so) of the wee ones granny fed. They're in dreamy Donegal, while I watch the sunset on beautiful Stradbroke Island.

'CONTINUAL dropping,' as the proverb has it, 'wears away the stone.' The dew of devotion to Mary dropping silently every moment works wonders in the soul.—*Graces of Mary.*

A Great Composer.

BY E. LEAHY.

THE ancient city of Palestrina lay white and dazzling in the blinding glare of the Summer sun. The old town, built by the Romans in far-off days on a bold spur of the Apennines, this afternoon was still and silent as if under an enchanter's spell. Its narrow streets, upon which the sun's rays beat so fiercely, were silent and deserted, save where, here and there, a stray dog lay curled up asleep. The windows of every house were closely shuttered to exclude the burning javelins of the sun. The blank house fronts, the stillness, the absence of any sound or sign of life might well cause the stranger to think that he had strayed into some enchanted city.

In a particularly narrow, tortuous street of the old town was situated the workshop of Messer Carniolo, the leading tailor in Palestrina. It was hot everywhere that July afternoon, but, surely, the hottest place of all was the workshop where the worthy master sat, surrounded by three or four apprentices. Master Carniolo was short and fat, and the hot weather affected him in a superlative degree. Insensibly the slumbrous effect of the close atmosphere asserted itself. By degrees, his heavy eyelids closed, the needle fell from his listless fingers, and he fell into a doze. Awakening suddenly, with a start, he looked round. His apprentices, following their master's example, were all dozing, their needles idle in their inert fingers. Rousing himself with an effort, Messer Carniolo jumped up, or rather rose, as quickly as his portly figure permitted. "Come, my fellows," he said, "lay aside your work; I give you a holiday; 'tis too hot this afternoon for work."

The effect of these words was magical. All sleepiness vanished in a few moments, work was laid aside, and the

workshop was empty save for the master and one young fellow. The latter was about twenty-four years of age, and there was a sullen expression on his handsome features as he lingered, evidently wishing to address Carniolo.

"Come, Paolo," said the master, clapping him gaily on the shoulder, "let us forth into the woods." Paolo was the master's favorite apprentice, as all the world knew, and the cleverest into the bargain. The young fellow's brow grew darker; Carniolo's cheery words evoked no response.

"What now," exclaimed the master, "what are you sulking about? Has Lauretta fallen out with you again?" There was no answer. "Come, come, my fine fellow," said the old man, "let us go out of this," and he opened the door. At the threshold he was met by a lovely girl of eighteen whose large dark eyes seemed dancing with mischief. Carniolo's face beamed.

"Lauretta *mia*," he said tenderly. The girl stooped and kissed her father's hand, and then glancing at the young man standing by, shrugged her shoulders, and tripped away without a word. Paolo's face grew crimson; a heavy sigh escaped him. Carniolo laughed outright.

"Nay, never look so glum, that is not the way to win a young girl's favor." Paolo seemed struggling with some strong emotion. At last words came to his relief.

"Master, I can stand it no longer; I must leave your house."

"Come now, what madness is this?" asked Carniolo.

"No madness, but I will not remain with Giovanni any longer."

The master whistled loudly. "So, so, you're jealous of Giovanni?"

"Master, you have promised to give me Lauretta," said the young fellow excitedly; "you are satisfied with me, with my work, my character; have you not said so?"

The master nodded in silent amazement at this outburst.

"Lauretta, herself, was satisfied—all was right until you took Giovanni into the house. A good-for-nothing scamp, an idler who doesn't know how to set a stitch, who couldn't make a coat to save his life; does nothing but sing from morning till night, and turns the heads of all the girls."

"Mind what you're saying," said the master sternly. "Why are you jealous of Giovanni?"

"He is handsomer than I am," was the sulky answer; "and then he is forever singing and strumming on his old guitar."

Carniolo laughed long and loudly. His laugh seemed to irritate Paolo.

"Master," he cried, "why are you so infatuated with that idle, good-for-nothing scamp?"

The master's face grew grave and he raised his hand for silence.

"Paolo, you are wrong, Giovanni is not a scamp; he is a good fellow, a bit idle and too fond of singing, but, for all that, a good fellow. He is the son of a good, worthy man whom you do not remember. He was my best friend and helped me in many difficulties. Misfortune came upon him and he died of grief. On his deathbed he asked me to be a father to his son. I promised; and, as you see, I have kept and will keep my word."

"Yes, you are helping him to become a vagabond, encouraging him with his screeching and strumming."

"Holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Carniolo devoutly. "I'll speak to the boy this very day. But, Paolo, I know the way of womankind well. They dislike sour faces. You must be gay; and listen, they like presents of flowers and soft, flattering speeches, and such like. Lauretta is like her mother. I know. Go along now; mind Lauretta, and let poor Giovanni alone."

The cloud cleared off Paolo's brow,

and, as a short time after he was seen carefully making a nosegay of roses, it may be presumed he had taken the master's advice to heart.

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While this scene was passing in Carniolo's house, a travelling carriage, packed with luggage, was standing before a small villa charmingly situated in the woods on the outskirts of Palestina. Here in this picturesque abode, buried deep in the leafy solitude, Goudinel, the famous Sixteenth Century composer, was accustomed to pass the Summer. Satiated with fame, and weary of the strife and rivalry of the artist world, he delighted in the peaceful retirement of the forest depths.

It chanced one evening that Goudinel, as he strolled through the woodland paths, was startled by a sudden burst of enchanting melody. Some unseen singer was pouring out his whole soul in ravishing song. The lovely voice rang through the forest glades, thrilling the listener with its seraphic purity and sweetness. The musician's soul was moved to its depths. Goudinel hurried forward in the direction of the entrancing sounds. What sweet spirit had winged its flight from Heaven's choirs thus to ravish mortal ears? He found the youth of whom we have just heard so much, Giovanni, Master Carniolo's idle, music-loving apprentice. In the conversation which ensued Giovanni revealed to his delighted listener the absorbing love of music which filled his heart. The master who had drunk so deeply at music's magic fountains conceived an ardent liking for the youth, who, too, was such an ardent worshipper at the same shrine. During all the Summer months, he gave Giovanni lessons every day, leading his apt pupil further into the mysteries of his sublime art.

But at last the moment had come for Goudinel to return to the great world. His heart was sad as he bade farewell

to his protégé, who stood pale, tearful, listening to his parting words.

"Listen, Giovanni, you must not cry or whinge like a spoiled child. You are a man now and must learn to take a part in life's warfare. Next Summer, I shall return for you; and then it shall be my task to introduce you to the great world of art."

"But, my dear master, if I should never see you again, what will become of me, lonely as I am? Oh, you will come,—promise not to abandon me."

"Yes!" said Goudinel softly; "trust me, I shall come."

In a few minutes more the carriage had rolled away out of sight, leaving poor Giovanni to bear the burden of his regrets and his loneliness. The days passed sadly for the poor apprentice after Goudinel's departure. His fits of abstraction increased; every day he worked less, spending more and more time singing and playing. Carniolo lost patience and rated him soundly; but hardest of all to bear was Paolo's unconcealed contempt. Paolo had regained favor with the capricious Lauretta, and in his elation he lost no occasion of flouting his luckless companion. During all this time of misery Giovanni's only resource was his beloved violin. But at last the time came when he could endure it no longer. He had borne bravely Paolo's contumely, his master's scolding, everything, sustained by the remembrance of Goudinel's promise; but above and beyond all, sustained by the secret hope he cherished of one day winning Lauretta's love. The public betrothal of Lauretta with Paolo shattered this hope forever. From that moment the old life became unendurable. His resolution once taken was quickly carried out. One morning at early dawn, he rose, and taking his beloved instrument, stole quietly out of Carniolo's house. Long before any of the inmates were stirring, Giovanni was far from Palestrina.

For three long years our music-loving youth wandered through Italy. At last, in the year 1555, we find him turning his face to Rome, where, just at that time, many famous musicians and composers had assembled. Giovanni's cherished wish was to meet some of these Immortals, and, perhaps, amongst them, the fondly remembered Goudinel. Who could tell? Night had fallen when Giovanni, tired and hungry, entered Rome, carrying his beloved violin, the dear companion of all his wanderings. He made his way to the nearest inn, where, in consideration of his singing and playing to the customers, the landlord consented to give him supper and a lodging for the night. Poor Giovanni had barely time to enjoy his frugal meal and rest his weary limbs when he was called upon to fulfil his obligation. In spite of his fatigue and his sad heart, he held his audience enthralled.

"You have a fine tenor voice," said a little man amongst the audience in a patronizing manner,—*"a very fine tenor; and I know something of music. Is it not so?"* he inquired of the landlord in a pompous voice.

"That I'll swear," answered the landlord. "Who could be with the great Maestro Luigi and not know all about music?"

Giovanni's eyes sparkled. "Do you really know the great Maestro?"

"Do I know him?" echoed the dwarf proudly. "I am his second self; he could not compose if I were not present."

"You tell me that you are acquainted with Maestro Luigi?"

"I should think so," interposed the landlord, "seeing that he is the Maestro's servant, Pietro."

All present laughed loudly. Giovanni feigned not to hear, but turning to the dwarf again, addressed him.

"Signor," he said politely, "as you are acquainted with Maestro Luigi, perhaps you could obtain for me the honor of an introduction."

The little man's vanity was gratified. "Certainly, I like you, and I'll gladly do that for you. This very night you shall see him."

"What! this very night?" exclaimed Giovanni, delighted, yet incredulous.

"Eh!" shouted the landlord, "you want to drive my musician mad, just to entice him away to the 'White Pilgrim.' He dare not go with you. He must sing here for two hours longer."

The dwarf paid no heed to the angry inn-keeper, Giovanni's cap was still on the table, nearly filled with the money showered into it by the audience. Taking some pieces of silver from it, Pietro flung them to the landlord, saying: "There, that settles the matter. Now, stop your row, and let us go in peace." He then took Giovanni by the arm.

His heart beating wildly—the youth followed his new friend through the streets of Rome. The thought of meeting the great Maestro was bewildering. Presently they halted before a mean-looking house in a narrow thoroughfare. They entered. It was another inn, that known under the sign of "The White Pilgrim." There, in a room, a number of men were seated round a table, drinking wine and talking loudly and all at one time. What was Giovanni's astonishment to learn from his guide that these men bore names long known and revered by him as those of the great masters of his cherished art—Maestro Luigi, Niccolo, Carolo and others. It was a moment of disillusion for Giovanni. Not such had he pictured the high priests of his goddess: these coarse men, shouting, drinking, smoking. He was saddened, disappointed, and turned to slip away. Just at that moment another guest entered the room. He was greeted with loud acclamations, but unheeding, he strode to the table and striking it violently to command attention, announced in a loud voice.

"I have just heard that all our church music has been rejected as utterly un-

worthy and unsuited to the service of God."

At this announcement silence fell on the assembly. All their boisterous mirth ceased, and one by one, the merry-makers departed. Giovanni, surprised and perplexed, sought shelter for the night elsewhere. Before many days had passed the young man's wonderful voice and his genius for music began to be talked of in Rome. At last the reports reached the ears of the Holy Father, Pope Marcellus. Deeply interested, he caused Giovanni to be brought before him. Encouraged by his fatherly kindness the youth told his story. When he had finished, the Pope bestowed upon him his blessing, assuring him that from henceforward he would be his patron and friend. Hearing from Giovanni that he had already composed a Mass for six voices, the kindly Pontiff requested that he might have the score, in order that the Papal choir-master could pronounce on its merits. The delighted youth drew from his pocket a neatly written roll of music, and presented it to His Holiness.

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Giovanni's Mass, now known to the world as the "Mass of Pope Marcellus," was declared a masterpiece. Like wildfire the news spread through Rome that a magnificent Mass by an unknown composer would be sung on the following Sunday in St. Peter's. On the appointed day an enormous crowd filled the church. The artist-world was excited. All longed to hear this new work reported a masterpiece of harmony. Giovanni himself conducted, and none who saw his radiant, transfigured countenance could doubt that the genius of music, pure and undefiled, was enshrined within the frail form.

The Mass realized the greatest expectations. The simple, majestic, solemn harmonies lifted to God the souls of those who listened. All felt that this indeed was music worthy to be joined

with prayer. When all was over, a delightful surprise awaited Giovanni. As he stood in the centre of an admiring, applauding crowd, he was suddenly clasped in the embrace of his first and dearly loved teacher, Goudinel, who shed tears of joy over his pupil.

Giovanni, Messer Carniolo's idle, music-loving apprentice, is known to these latter days as that marvellous composer of Church music, Palestrina, so called from his birth-place, the old Roman City in the Apennines.

Ireland's Mummy Church.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

MANY noteworthy churches has the Catholic Faith brought into existence in the centuries of her fight for humanity, and Spain and Ireland own a number of them—churches which are remarkable in themselves. There is one in Dublin that has not its equal in the Old or the New World.

St. Michen's, which was founded by the Danes, is a very interesting edifice. Yet that which draws to it so many visitors from overseas is the extraordinary nature of the preservation of its interior and the numerous dead in the vaults. Crusaders and priests, interred hundreds of years ago, remain as if buried only yesterday. Nothing tarnishes, nothing decays in St. Michen's. Neither moth nor rust can corrupt here. All the metal work—vessels, railings, and tablets, etc., do not tarnish but retain their pristine brightness; while the woodwork is as sound and strong as when the Christian Danes builded it in, some ten centuries ago.

St. Michen's is a marvel church. You are taken down a long unlit stone passage running under the church, the vaults opening into it on each side. There are no openings to the outer air, no windows, no air shafts, no ventilation. Yet you find that the atmosphere

is fresh and pleasant, with, too, a refreshing tang in it; and nowhere is there any sign of decay or mortality, notwithstanding the passage of so many centuries. All is fresh and wholesome.

You see by lantern light many, many coffins behind the gratings of the vaults, and many of them, as you discern by their shapes, were placed here long before Columbus landed on San Salvador. Yet, no rust corrodes their metal work, and the velvet coverings look as if put there just yesterday morning. Nothing but a very thin and very, very dry dust goes to verify, or, again, to disprove the surmise.

The most wonderful result of this time-defying condition of St. Michen's is to be seen in the last vault. Here lies three sarcophagi, the lids of which have been lifted off. Each of them contains a body which is in a most remarkably fine state of preservation. These remains of two men and a woman are intact. And time and the conditions within this church have done no more than merely turn the whiteness of their bodies to a brown hue, and their hands in appearance to polished leather.

There are no records now extant to prove who they are. Other indications—the limbs of the two knights are crossed thus showing they have been Crusaders—go to build up the belief that the warriors belong to the forces of the second last Crusade. Their still supple hands wielded the lance and battle-axe or mace, to free the Holy Land from the Saracens more than three hundred years before Europeans took possession of America.

The explanation is that St. Michen's is built over a desiccated bog which, in earlier times, had engulfed part of a dense forest of oaks, and the fumes arising from the wood have had and still have a preservative effect. It does all that the alchemy of the ancient Egyptians effected for their dead.

St. Michen's is not to be paralleled.

"The Spirit of Catholicism."

BY L. R. W.

WITH the steady flood of books that pour from the Catholic and the secular presses, it becomes exceedingly difficult to select any one book and to say unhesitatingly, "This work is readable and to be recommended from cover to cover." What the reviewer is often obliged to do is to approve with reservation, or to approve but a chapter or two of a book. But it seems to us that "The Spirit of Catholicism,"* by Karl Adam, is distinctly a work that lovers of great books may read and enjoy and re-read and study and treasure.

The chapters of this book are lectures given by Dr. Adam in the school of Catholic Theology at the University of Tübingen, in 1923, and there has been a new edition each year. The popularity of this serious and really profound religious work is proof enough that thought on the great religious topics is by no means neglected in Germany. It remains to be seen whether a work so exacting of thought and so devoid of thrills will, even when translated, appeal to Americans; but we hope and believe that so remarkably Catholic and so reverent a study will not go unread.

Dr. Adam is both discerning and open-minded. He is sure that for all Christ's coming and standing at the head of the Church, the revelation of God is mediated by men, and more or less refracted by them. This, he says, is inescapable. "The men through whom God's revelation is mediated on earth are by the law of their being conditioned by the limitations of their age and . . . their individuality. Their particular temperament, mentality and character are bound to color, and do color, the manner in which they dispense the truth and grace of Christ." The same influ-

ences will be at work in the hearers, too,—in the learning Church as well as in the teaching Church.

The author of these words is well aware of the world in which men live and of the historical and human obstacles in the way of the best functioning of Christ's love among men. What we mean, he says, by declaring that souls are saved only through the Church is this: there are "extraordinary ways of salvation," and the grace of Christ can visit particular men without the mediation of the Church, yet the body of Christ takes in all who are in any way saved by Christ; and those saved in an indirect way certainly belong to the "invisible, supernatural soul" of the Church, and could not be saved in opposition to her. Those who are lost "will to stand" outside the one Church of Christ.

What we like most of all in Karl Adam's great work is the centrality of Christ in it;—whether Dr. Adam speaks of Mary or the Church, of bishops or popes or people, Christ is always central and first and last. The Church is "the new supernatural reality brought by Christ into the world and arrayed in the garment of the transitory." The basic idea of the Church is "the incarnation of Christ in the faithful." Dogmas are nothing else than the formulation and description of the reality and life that came to us through Christ; the main object of Christian educative work and morality is to make of man a second Christ; worship is "a refreshing touching of the hem of His garment, a liberating handling of His sacred Wounds."

We have cited the thinking and the wording of "The Spirit of Catholicism" to show what kind of book it is, a book for those who love great books on a great subject. The reading is at times a little difficult, but we should be sorry to see any one, who is interested both in Christ and in modern life, miss this book.

* Translated from the fourth German edition, by Dom Justin McCann. New York: Macmillan. \$2.

Notes and Remarks.

For the benefit of one who was embarrassed to explain the word Mass to a non-Catholic friend we may state that in the early ages of the Church the catechumens were dismissed (*missa*) just before the Offertory—before the Holy Sacrifice really began. This is why, according to perhaps the best authorities, Mass is missed only by those who arrive after the Offertory. In course of time, the word Mass was applied to the Sacrifice itself. Ordinarily, "*Ite, Missa est*—Depart, Mass is finished,"—is said or sung just before the Last Gospel.

Very sincere persons are ever asking this question: Why do all Catholic editors oppose Prohibition? We may answer in part by remarking that some thoughtful Catholics who once were for Prohibition do not now support it, that at least some Catholic editors who at one time advocated a rigid dry law now oppose it, and that not nearly all Catholic individuals are even yet against it. Still, we think this remains a question, and that a thorough answer to it would throw light on present American points of view. Certainly, we do not believe there has been, or is likely to be, any authoritative pronouncement from Rome or any episcopal city, binding or even urging Catholics to take a particular side of this troublesome American question. But an influential cause of the rather general Catholic disavowal of Prohibition is the persistent view of Catholics that it is not wrong to use God's gifts in a temperate and rational way; and in the light of dry atrocities and hypocrisy, this argument has become so plain that many persons, Catholic and non-Catholic, now regard Volsteadism as a form of intemperance. Besides, the Catholic is tending, considerably more than the rural and country-town non-Catholic, to a liberal and non-puritanic way of liv-

ing; and perhaps, too, he has an innate distrust of Prohibition as a sort of last leg of a falling Protestantism.

Then there is the fact that Prohibition is bound to be ineffective, and the Catholic view that reform is individual and from within. This fact and this argument were expressed just twenty years ago by Cardinal Gibbons, a great American. He said temperately to a confirmation class: "Prohibitionists all over the country are making an effort to suppress the use of intoxicating liquors, and while I hope they will succeed, I don't think they will. Reform must come from within and not from without. You can not legislate for virtue." And in answer to our original question we think we may ask another that is strictly to the point: Why is it that so many magazines and newspapers of consequence, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, oppose Prohibition?

Noted educators from two Eastern schools have lately deplored the persistent American problem of getting men to teach our boys. Often there are not more than two or three men out of a hundred teachers in the elementary grades. The inevitable effect, it is thought by educators and psychologists, is to feminize boys to some extent. It is an additional fact, regarded by some good parents as regrettable, that boarding schools for both boys and girls under college standing are disappearing. A correspondent of *America* complains that at least in one case a small boy has had to go as far as five hundred miles to reach a boarding school conducted by Brothers, and that even that school is no longer open to small children. It is also true that even for young men and women there are every year fewer schools that offer boarding; and the result is a loss of contact among students and between student and teacher; the school is not a home, but more a place to which boys and girls go, as to a fac-

tory or a department store, for a few hours a week. This looks to us definitely like a misfortune. But it is entirely reasonable, in nearly all instances, that younger boys and girls should live at home while attending school; and we do not see a chance to provide the boys with men teachers, except in so far as more teaching Brothers may possibly be got to undertake the work. Laymen are of course, teaching in a few Catholic high schools, but they must usually be college graduates, and they naturally ask a high salary; and where well-prepared men can be secured to direct athletics and to lead scouts, the boy receives a kind of compensation for being so much trained by women teachers.

Dean Merrill, of the college of Agriculture, University of California, makes the exceedingly interesting claim that we have not a single food plant or a domestic animal of any importance that was not serving human life at the very dawn of recorded history. Indeed, he says, we have lost plants, but gained none. It is true that we have improved nearly every kind of plant and animal, but the fact that all of them were long ago subdued to human uses suggests that "primeval man" is mentally much nearer to us than we are in the habit of believing. And, says Mr. Merrill, in every instance the great civilizations have grown up around some basic food plant or some animal which the people domesticated. North America, for example, north of Mexico, and all of Africa and Australia, have originated no fundamental food stuff or beast of burden; and these great areas have had no great native civilizations.

An Episcopal minister, Dr. Delany, Church of St. Mary the Virgin (an excellent name and position), says that merging is a bad business for Protestantism. He thinks it indicates a kind of last attempt to stand, and is really an

admission of failure. "The churches" have already merged, in many instances, in the small town; they have built community churches, aimed at a colorless oneness that is hardly understood and is at best a weakening compromise; and whether or not it is because of the merging, the life has gone out of these small-town Protestant churches. So Dr. Delany thinks that if Protestant groups are to live at all, it will not be as one, but each of them as a kind of small "Catholic" church,—with individual, religious schools and with dogma!

It needs no great effort of memory to recall the names of men, who, flushed by sudden wealth or success, have forgotten the faith in which they were born. It indicates, of course, a shallowness, or lack of intelligent belief. The man who has a reason for the faith that is in him, who for a moment has caught the glory of the supernatural, is hardly swept away by money or the plaudits of the world. A story is told of Sir William Joynson-Hicks, British Home Secretary to the late Government, who, when visiting the Anglican cathedral in Liverpool, was told that the architect of the cathedral was a Roman Catholic.

"And is he still a Roman Catholic?" asked the secretary. He was told that he was.

"Marvellous!"

The architect is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who, at the age of 22, was the successful competitor for the cathedral design.

Mr. David Orebaugh in an article in the *Forum*, which he calls "A Frank Protestant View," has made some lengthy observations on the Vatican-Italy agreement. He presumes to speak for Catholics, and finds that they are in a quandary to know which of these fealties—loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff, as head of Christ's Church, or loyalty to the civil Government of the United States—they

shall abjure. There is no doubt in the minds of Catholics that this quandary is merely a "Frank Protestant view." They find no difficulty in reconciling spiritual loyalty to Christ's Vicar with civil loyalty to the head of the American Government; and they are not disturbed that this new or renewed position of the Roman Pontiff as a sovereign is going to change in any fundamental way the status of the Church or that of its loyal subjects. He has learned to have faith in the 'wisdom' of the successor of St. Peter, who, in the words of Cardinal Newman,

. . . is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He, for eighteen hundred years, has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and the Doctor of His Church.

When it was breathed in Washington this early Summer that an ear kept close to the earth could perhaps catch faint overtones of a third party in the making, a great, pained cry was raised. To speak or think in terms of this very embryonic third party was to be at once a heretic. For the legend runs that there are two old parties and that they are sacrosanct. "Ah! but we must have party politics." Well, maybe so; though the inevitability of the 'must' is not so easily legible. And the question arises whether or not we have a two-party system. At any rate, the good of the people is of more importance than a sacred theory of ancient parties. From this point of view, it is not at all clear that a new and liberal party would not

have matter for a really constructive and American program. For instance, it might in time raise up its voice—a daring thing—against the five-and-ten, for intelligence and freedom (a hazardous thing), against mere emotion, for clean politics, and in defence of small owners. But money, to be sure, and the dead weight of old customs are heavy against it.

It is not generally known among Catholics that Joel Chandler Harris, famous for his Uncle Remus stories, became a convert on his deathbed. To those, however, who know something of the love which Mr. Harris had for children, it comes as no surprise that he should have finally heard the call of the Master who said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." One of the finest tributes ever paid any man is the following quotation from the dedication of one of his works which has been placed upon the block of granite which marks his grave in an Atlanta cemetery:

I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children—some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them. And while I am trying hard to speak the right word, I seem to hear a voice lifted above the rest saying: "You have made some of us happy." And so I feel my heart fluttering and my lips trembling, and I have to bow silently, and turn away and hurry into the obscurity which fits me best.

In the latter part of August, the people of North Carolina paid public tribute to this mellow-souled teller of tales by erecting a tablet to his memory in the churchyard of Calvary Episcopal Church at Fletcher, near Ashville. On that occasion many figures of prominence attended, and messages of greeting and commendation were sent by President Hoover, Thomas Edison, Governor Roosevelt, Henry Ford, Governor Byrd, Governor Hardman of Georgia,

Governor Gardner of North Carolina, Senators Harris and George of Georgia, Clarke Howell, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, William Ashley, commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, etc.

The story of the entrance of the author of "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" into the Church is a touching one and an edifying tribute also to the power of good example. Father O. N. Jackson, who attended him in his last days, says of that eventful period:

Shortly before his death he said to me: "I have put off this important matter too long, but procrastination has been the bugbear of my life; and I feel that the Lord will make allowance for this weakness, for I have believed the teachings of the Catholic Church for many years. In fact, some years ago I had fully made up my mind to become a Catholic, but some event prevented my doing so."

Another time he said: "The example of my wife and children has taught me more about the Church than anything else." I asked him once whether fear of unintelligent comment had any thing to do with his delay in coming into the Church. He replied, "No; I should say shyness had more to do with it."

If any group of men should be able to get along sympathetically and charitably it should be the various denominations who claim to walk in the footsteps of the Prince of Peace. Unfortunately, however, the most poisonous of all hatreds is that which feeds on the differences of these religious sects. A recent news item from Salem, Massachusetts, carried gruesome evidence of the lengths to which this particular type of hatred will sometimes go. The newspaper report runs:

When this city, whose population is fifty per cent Catholic, awoke yesterday morning, the day of the great Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary set aside to honor the memory of those who fled to America to seek religious liberty, it found memorials raised to its Cath-

olic dead desecrated, their graves violated by vandals. Crosses broken and strewn across the grass told a sorrowful story of religious intolerance where the colonists they honored, once decreed liberty of conscience.

While the particular culprits remain unknown, the conditions surrounding the vandalism are such that the city papers have no hesitancy in laying the destruction to religious bigotry. Surely Satan himself would have to stretch even his vigorous and vicious imagination to conceive of a meaner and more contemptible expression of hatred than this.

It is a long stretch from the camp fire and the tepee to the community room of a Sisters' convent, but the road has at last been travelled. Four years ago, according to a recent news item, the first Indian postulant of the feminine sex applied for admission at St. Joseph's Franciscan Convent in Milwaukee. Since then others have followed, and the vocations, so long in coming, now seem to be definitely assured for the future. That is an encouraging sign. The Indian has never entirely understood the white man. Although he has been most generous in leaving his savage beliefs to worship the God of his conquerors, he will undoubtedly follow in much greater numbers and with much more enthusiasm when he finds the distinguishing "black robes" of the messengers of God covering the copper-skinned bodies of his own blood brothers and sisters.

The remarkable French thinker and convert, M. Jacques Maritain, whose book, "Three Reformers," we lately reviewed, says that modern life and thought produce some extraordinary part-truths and lonely virtues, but that its picture of human life is not integrated or complete: the cameos are really excellent, but the rounded whole, the mosaic, is seldom if ever done.



The Child Mary.

BY EDITH TATUM.

SHE wandered through Judean hills,
A little, lovely Maid;
She saw the sunrise tint the sky,
And its last glow displayed.

She listened to the songs of birds
And knew their nesting place;
She watched the soft winds sway the grass,
And felt it kiss her face.

These, with the lowly things of earth—
Plants where her small feet trod,
And little flowers that she plucked,—
Taught her deep love for God.

Lady Bird.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIII.—“SACRIFICE.”

TEDDY'S mother had caught the despairing cry, and fled like a wild woman in search of her boy, the idolized boy that she felt was lost to her forever; the boy, who, in her weak, foolish indulgence of his every whim, she had sent to his death, trusting him to the girl who, she felt, would have no thought of him, who would leave him in his helplessness and save herself, as in her strong youth and health she could. “Oh! I must have been mad—mad—mad, to let him go!” she panted as she sped on stumbling blindly over the fallen trees, the tangled undergrowth, the broken branches that blocked the road and told of the fierce sweep of the storm.

“Faith and you were, you were!” cried Annette, fearless in her open reproach as she hurried on at the desperate mother's side. “It was no

place for the boy, as you well knew. But you've been the fool from first to last over the poor little craythur,” Annette continued, frankly bitter in her excitement, “and small loss he will be to any one else. But the girl ye sent to her death to please him—the small, pretty little girl! Ochone, ochone, me heart is breaking at the thought of her! Mother of God!” Annette burst forth in wild dismay as, the short distance passed, they stumbled into the Greville gateway, “did any one ever see the likes of this?”

For the wreckage of the *fête champêtre* was scattered far and near. The canvas of the marquee was rent into ribbons around its fallen framework—tattered flags, garlands, jewelled lights, débris of all kinds strewn everywhere; sobbing children, excited neighbors gathered around in wild confusion. Miss Le Baron, striving vainly to command the situation, while Madame Greville, surrounded by agitated teachers, was in hysterics on the porch.

“In line—in line, children!” called Miss Le Baron, her trained voice somewhat shaken. “In line while I call the roll, and see that you are all safe. I have the school list here, Maude Ellington, Janet Norton, Emmeline Wade, Frances Faulkner, Elinor Mills.” Hand after hand went up as the roll call went on. “All safe—all safe.”

“Oh, no, not all!” For the mother's ear had caught a faint, familiar wail, and with a wild cry she sprang forward and flung aside a tangle of cordage and canvas. Teddy was there fainting, frightened, but unhurt, Teddy clasped in Lady Bird's protecting arms,—a Lady Bird that lay voiceless, senseless, hearing naught of the voices clamoring around her, her white robe and cheek

and brow bathed in blood; a Lady Bird that, according to the teaching of Sainte Cecile's had made her sacrifice indeed.

Down on her knees amid the wreckage, clasping her boy in trembling arms, conscious in a rapture of relief that he lived, breathed, Teddy's mother heard, like one in a dream, the voices around her.

"Oh, is she dead, doctor? Is she dead?"

"No, not yet, but badly hurt."

"I called to her to run," came Dick Ellington's broken tone, "but she would not leave the boy. She couldn't get his chair out; it broke down. And she caught him up in her arms and tried to make away with him, when the durned thing came down on her. Is he hurt?"

"Not much, from the way he is yelling now."

"Gee, but she was a little sport to stand by the boy like that. He would have been a gone kid if she hadn't," was Jack Norton's rough comment.

"But she was always good to the poor little nut. Why she let his folks shove him off on her to-day, I don't know! But that durned mother of his never thinks of any one but her cry-baby of a boy. I ought to have pulled her out somehow, but I had two sisters on my hands, and the tent was whirling when I got them out. Gee, it's tough luck on that pretty little peach of a girl," added Dick in a shaken voice,—*"and all for a little half-baked kid that ought to have been kept at home—out of this mess!"*

It was the cry that went up from high and low at Stony Crest as Lady Bird was borne by strong, kindly hands over the storm-racked way to her stately home,—a little pale, bleeding, unconscious victim on whom the hastily summoned doctors could not yet pronounce sentence of life or death.

The old Madam, after her first wild, startled cry, seemed stricken dumb. Miss Wilson, for a few moments feared a second seizure that would be fatal; but when she proceeded to minister to her

patient, Lady Bird's grandmother motioned her away.

"The child!" she found voice to whisper. "Look to the child; help her, save her for me. Trust her to no one else. Do not think of me. What do the doctors say?"

"That it is concussion of the brain," was the grave answer. "How serious, they do not know. The iron brace fell heavily on her as she tried to shield the boy. He is not hurt at all, only nervous after the shock."

"The boy—my God! What do I care for the boy. Look to the girl,—my beautiful little girl. Keep the doctors all night. Let them telegraph for a specialist."

"Be calm, dear Madam. You will endanger your own health, your own life."

"My health, my life! What is life to me now! Oh, my little girl, my little girl! She was breaking the ice of years; she had wakened my cold, hard heart. She was teaching me to love—to love! Oh, she must not, shall not die!—I can not give her up!"

"Again, I beg you to be calm, Madam," pleaded Miss Wilson anxiously. "The doctors have done all they can for the present. Doctor Vance, in whom you have confidence, will remain within telephone call. And I—I have had much hospital experience in such cases—will stay at the child's side and watch her as you wish. She is young and strong—with all youth's power of recuperation. Let us hope for the best."

And Miss Wilson took up her watch by Lady Bird's side, pale, stern, composed outwardly as became her calling, but with such a weight on her heart as she had never felt before, her hand trembling most unprofessionally as she laid it upon her patient's pulse. Lady Bird lay before her white, still, beautiful as a marble angel, all trace of her accident gone, lost in an exquisite peace. The blood-stained robes removed, her rich curls cut into soft, clinging ten-

drills, her lips parted in a happy smile.

Where was she wandering, thought Miss Wilson as the pulse in the round, childish wrist fluttered beneath her anxious touch. Was this the end of all the brightness, the beauty, the light this sweet child had cast around her, the love that, like some Spring sunbeam, could melt the ice of frost-bound hearts?

Was this still sleep to end, as Miss Wilson had learned to think and believe, in nothingness? Were all the hopes, the faith, the trust that Lady Bird's childish confidences had voiced to her, fables, dreams, to vanish in the darkness of the grave? Would this crowning self-sacrifice to save another life end—all? So Miss Wilson pondered in heart-stirred wonder—her hand on Lady Bird's fluttering pulse, her gaze on Lady Bird's happy smile.

There was a stir in the hall at the door—Annette was pushing forward the great wheeled chair, the old Madam sitting stern, pale, erect amid its supporting cushions.

"I can not sleep," she said briefly to Miss Wilson. "I must sit here and watch with you."

"O Mother of God!" broke in Annette, as, with a choked sob, she flung herself down on her knees beside the couch. "She has gone,—my sweet blessed darlint has gone!"

"No—no," rebuked Miss Wilson sternly. "Be quiet, girl, leave her in peace. She has not gone—yet."

"Then—then,"—Annette started up from her knees desperately, "I must do what she would want, what she would ask—I must go for the priest."

"The priest," repeated Miss Wilson coldly. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I am saying what I know—what I know," was the sobbing answer. "It is what she would ask if she could speak. The priest, who will bless her, pray for her, anoint her with the holy oil—cure her, if the good God so wills. It is what she would ask if she could

speak, for—Heaven forgive me the lies I have told here!—I know, I know. I am a Catholic myself. Oh, in God's name, let me go for the priest."

Miss Wilson was silent as the memory of Lady Bird's "dreams and fables" re-echoed in thought and heart.

It was the old Madam who spoke. From her rigid lips came the words: "Liar that you have been to us, I believe your word now. Go and get the priest."

And Annette sped out like a winged thing into the night.

We watched her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and slow,

As in her breast the wave of life

Kept ebbing to and fro.

So all Stony Crest seemed watching and waiting to-night. The story of Lady Bird's sacrifice was on every tongue. Black Tom and Sandy discussed it in the stables, in no measured terms; Preston and Willis more cautiously; kitchen and laundry buzzed with mingled indignation and lament, for Lady Bird had won golden opinions from all.

"I seen it, chillun, I seen it," old Mammy Megs' cracked voice rose shrilly above all the rest. "I seen the hawks hunting down the white dove,—Marse Rob's little white dove they was driving from the nest. I seen it all!"

Helen Wharton, bending over her sleepless boy, was swept by such a storm of feeling as she had never known before. The idol of her worship was safe, saved at a cost that appalled even her selfish mother heart.

The child whom she had hated, who in her mad jealousy she would have been glad to see dead, had given her life to save her boy! She was dying that Teddy might live—dying in all her youth and promise and beauty that her own puny boy might keep his feeble grasp of life,—Lady Bird was dying that Teddy might live! And she—Helen Wharton—in her weak, foolish indulgence of her boy's peevish whim,

had sent her to her death. From all around, above, below her, there echoed the chorus of accusation: she had sent Lady Bird to her death. But louder than all it came from Teddy's trembling lips; Teddy sleepless, nervous, quickened by the day's tragedy into seemingly new thought, new life.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, will Lady Bird die as Annette says? Will she die because she saved me—because she caught me in her arms, and let the tent fall on her? Oh, Mamma, I don't want Lady Bird to die! She will go to Heaven, I know, because she is so good; but I want her to stay with me. Ask God to let her stay with me. Oh, good Jesus, take me like You took little Armand who was sick and could not walk—take me with Lady Bird to Heaven."

"Teddy, Teddy," cried his mother desperately, "hush, hush! When—how did you learn to *talk*, to pray like that?"

"Oh, Lady Bird told me—told me all about God and Heaven—dear Lady Bird who is dying for me Annette says. Oh, I want to die too—I want to die too."

Slowly the darkened hours wore on. Guided by the repentant Annette, the old, white-haired priest came and went after bending with fatherly tenderness over the unconscious little form, anointing it with solemn rite which he briefly explained to the mute lookers-on. Miss Wilson heard with strange sensation of "ministration" unknown to her training.

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord will raise him up." Even the old Madam, listening with stern, set lips, could find no fault with such kindly service as this—to the child of her wakened love.

Down in the great book-lined library, where the stern pictures of the Whartons, looked down with unseeing eyes, Teddy's father kept restless watch. What the night might bring to him and his, he did not know. That it would change Aunt Rachel's outlook, he was

sure; that it had changed his wife's, he already knew. He had left her sobbing over her sleeping boy in an agony of grief, remorse which no words of his could assuage. "I sent her to her death," she kept repeating. "Even Teddy says she is dying for him. Oh, I would gladly die in her place."

"A ripping, little beauty, if she did stand in our way!" Mr. Wharton, who was somewhat stirred to-night, lit his third cigar. "And worth a dozen of poor little Ted—if I do say it myself." And as Preston was evidently dozing after an exciting evening, Mr. Norris Wharton rose to answer the door knocker that had resounded insistently for the third time. It was the Doctor, of course, returning according to promise.

But the tall, soldierly form that faced him was not the Doctor. Speech and sense seemed for a moment to desert Mr. Wharton.

"Bob!" he gasped, at last—"Bob Wharton, or his ghost?"

"No ghost, but flesh and blood, Norris. Surely my letters to my child told that I was alive, and returning to her—returning to my—mother—to my child."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Lindbergh Club.

BY B. J. T.

"ONE o' cat, first bat!" It was a sure sign of Spring when the gang first began to play baseball out in Martin's Field. The April sun had dried the muddy ground enough, so that even those whose mothers were very particular about tracking up the kitchen floor could safely hunt up favorite clubs and catching mitts and sally forth with a clear conscience.

Martin's Field lay just outside the city limits but within easy distance of St. Mary's school, from which the two teams, the White Sox and the Tigers were recruited. Jimmie Burns was

captain of the Tigers, and Beany Benson of the White Sox.

The two teams lined up and began a noisy battle. In the third inning, Red Nelson, who was acting as umpire, suddenly shouted "Look!" and following his pointing finger, the boys saw a great silver plane circling far above their heads.

"Gee, I wish I could fly!" said Spike Garvey, rubbing his neck ruefully.

"Aw, what's the use?" replied Beany Benson. "Our mothers would never even let us get into a plane.

"Fellows," said Jimmie Burns, solemnly, "let's *make* some planes. Let's have a club and—"

"Sure—a club—a club!" shouted all the others, dancing up and down.

"Let's call it the Lindbergh Club," shrieked Gerry Colvin above the din of the other voices.

"Good! good! The Lindbergh Club!" And amid monstrous din and astonishing hopping and arm-waving, the Lindbergh Club was established.

"I'll be president," announced Beany as soon as he could make himself heard.

"You *will* not!" contradicted Gerry. "Jimmie will be president because he thought of it. How many want Jimmie?"

"I" came back all but one voice. Beany owned that one.

The next day, when the new club met after school, Jimmie pulled out of his pocket a somewhat soiled, but still legible, newspaper clipping.

"Listen, fellows! I cut this out of last night's paper, and, I say, let's all join the A. M. L. A."

"What's the A. M. L. A?" came a chorus of voices.

"It's the Airplane Model League of America, and who do you think started it? Why, Commander Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin and a lot of those fellows; and they want all of us American boys to get interested in aviation and make model airplanes and everything!"

"Hooray! What do we have to do?"

"Well, we have to write to the head-

quarters in Detroit. We can get Sister St. Francis, or one of the other teachers, to help us; and they will send us membership cards and buttons."

"How shall we make our plane? Will they tell us how?"

"Yes," said Jimmie, "they will supply all the materials at cost, and tell us how to put the parts together."

"I wonder how much it will cost," remarked Gerry. "We'll have to hustle around and earn some money."

"My father will give me all I want," boasted Beany.

"Well, my dad said I'd have to earn it," said Jimmie. "I guess he's right too. You know Lindy wouldn't take all that money that he could have taken just as well as not; and my dad says he's the finest type of American."

"Sure!" echoed the others. "Let's get down to business and earn some."

So began the Lindbergh Club; and aviation that Spring was a close rival of baseball. Cellars and attics were turned into workshops. Instead of baseballs flying over Martin's Field, planes of every type and color took the air on every pleasant day. The fathers were as interested as the boys, and spent many a pleasant hour with their sons.

Everyone at school seemed pleased and interested too. All the teachers helped with the writing of letters and the reading of difficult directions for making the planes. When interest was at its height, the principal of the school suggested a field day, and offered a prize of a ten-dollar gold piece for the plane which should give the best performance in the air.

Weeks of earnest work followed, and when the exciting day actually arrived, and Jimmie Burns' model, "The Silver King" (done with radiator paint), won the prize, not a member of the gang was jealous. Even Beany joined in the congratulations, and everyone was glad that the prize had been won by the President of the Lindbergh Club.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An interesting as well as a unique addition to the literature of the Emancipation Centenary year is "The British Church from the Days of Cardinal Allen," by Rev. Father Paul, O. S. F. C., published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. The book is a remarkable collection of historic prints bearing on the history of the Catholic Church for the last four hundred years. The author has also supplied a large number of short notes and biographies of the persons represented. The price is 15s.

—An unusual volume, which will appeal, perhaps, to a rather limited circle of readers, is "Undying Faces," by Ernest Benkard. It is the result of many years of research in the museums and private collections of Europe, giving in 112 plates the death masks of famous world-characters. Included in the list are the masks of Beethoven, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Isaac Newton, Swift and Thackeray. The sculptor, George Kolb, writes a note on the technical process of taking a mask. Published by W. W. Norton and Company, Inc.

—Young readers will find an interesting story which is at the same time an instructive lesson on an important phase of American history—the founding of the state of Pennsylvania—in "The Boy Who Dared," by Mary Hazelton Wade. (Appleton and Company. \$1.75) It relates the struggles of William Penn, who, born to a high rank in England, became a Quaker, withstood bravely the persecutions of enemies in England, and organized an expedition to America where he determined that all men should worship God freely. It is a life full of adventure that should please young boys and girls with ideals.

—In these days when young minds are intrigued on every hand with the interest of superficiality, it is a bit difficult to offer them too bluntly the more solid food, of serious thought. A properly judicious approach must be made in order to stimulate as well as satisfy the growing taste for good reading. "In-

troductory Studies in Newman," as edited by Sister Mary Antonia, B. V. M., Ph. D., has taken that method of acquainting the reader with this master-writer of Catholic literature. Beginning with sufficient biographical material to stimulate interest, the book follows up with a fine choice of easily read selections from the Cardinal's works. The notes at the end of the book and questions at the end of each selection help considerably towards a proper analysis and understanding of the chosen pieces. Publisher, Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.56.

—The argument in "The Aim of Human Existence," by Eugenio Rignano (Chicago Open Court), is that the supreme moral basis is always an affective postulate, and never rational; that no school of thought has taken a satisfactory postulate, "the evangelical morality," for instance, being one of "absolute altruism," destructive of the individual; that the "harmony of life," as moral postulate, covers everything, takes care of the individual with his inner conflicts, the family, the nation, and international affairs. The postulate of harmony reads: "Behold thy life in the greatest possible harmony with the life of others."

Still, may we not suppose that since Rignano's basis of ethics is an "affective" postulate, every one may take the postulate he likes or is affected toward or, if that could be, take none at all? At any rate, his little work of less than fifty pages, which appeared also in the *Monist* for this year, is perhaps the briefest and clearest expression of the harmony theory of ethics. It deserves study.

—If there is any one exercise in the life of the good religious that is apt to become mechanized it is Particular Examen. The daily repetition of the same prayer-forms and the daily contemplation of the same general faults and virtues at the same clock hour can easily make a vague and routine affair out of what should be a most profitable exer-

cise. The stimulus of interest is necessary in such an exercise to keep it up to the active and progressive ideals which prompted its origin, and Reverend James McElhone, C. S. C., has provided that stimulus in his latest book "Particular Examen." Father McElhone opens up to the reader in a refreshing way the logic back of the Examen procedure. Along with that exposition he translates to the reader the basic virtues and the basic faults of the spiritual life as they ordinarily present themselves in the everyday activities of the religious soul. There is a real thrill in marking off one's spiritual advancement when one has definite material to work on and definite standards with which to measure progress. "Particular Examen" will furnish that thrill of accomplishment to the young religious and to the old religious also who take this book as a guide in the making of what is one of the most important daily exercises of the spiritual life. Publisher, B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.75.

—It is difficult for one who has not studied it from the inside, to understand the working—often with the wheels greased with the most flagrant graft—of the machinery of a city government. It is so complicated a system that it seems almost impossible to get at the source of the trouble. We are nation-minded rather than city-minded, and are accustomed to think of all government as run by one of the two great national parties. But in the city there are a multitude of parties, organizations within organizations, forming coalitions now with one group and now with another, as the union promises to aid particular interests and plans.

Professor Charles Edward Merriam, of Chicago University, has made a thorough and interesting study of the city of Chicago in a volume "Chicago" (Macmillan, \$3.50). A Professor of Political Science, he comes to the work prepared to study scientifically the workings of this great and growing metropolis. But he is not merely the professor expounding theories. He has had practical experience as an alderman for a number of years, and was a candidate for mayor, running a close race with the younger Carter Harrison. He

gives us in this volume a cross section of the great city, showing us how the graft and corruption are not a growth upon the city, but rather an outgrowth of its complicated life. It is an attitude of the public—a confused attitude—toward the enforcement of divers types of laws which is responsible for the growth of crime. "There is no mistaking the determination to deal with ordinary crimes against persons and property," writes the Professor. "But in dealing with vice, gambling, Sunday laws, and liquor laws, tax and trust laws, the community clearly sets up a double standard of morality." He says that in the abstract, every city is against gambling, and would vote against the repeal of gambling laws, but in the concrete the citizens are not deeply interested in enforcement of the law. Yet, he believes, the present situation is anything but permanent. "Chicago outlived the terrible scourge of the great fire; and it will outlive the pestilence of grafters and racketeers." It is not a volume by a would-be reformer. It is an objective study which, while recognizing and analyzing a condition that is disgraceful, sees deeper a process of honest men and women working toward ideals that will in time—may it be soon!—bring the city government to a level that will provide protection and community happiness to its millions.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—1HEB., xiii, 3.

Louis Ernest Cardinal Dubois.

Brother Onesimus, C. S. C.

Mrs. Ellen Grace, Mrs. Patrick E. O'Hara, Mr. George Kridler, Mrs. Charles Keating, Mr. Joseph R. Fahy, Mrs. T. J. Furphy, Mrs. Theresa Rohan, Mrs. T. Harrington, Mrs. David S. Moran, Mr. Patrick R. Buckley, Mr. William F. Egan, Mr. Edward Kelly, Mr. George O'Donnell, Mrs. L. D. Hartigan, Patrick Newman, William Akers, Vincent Fiore, Mrs. Henrietta Flenning, Mrs. Julia Gabriel, Mr. Frank Lauge, Peter and John Quigley, John Christopher Curran, Mrs. T. Costello, Mr. Michael Galvin, and Mary A. Meehan.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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To Our Lady.

BY MARY E. G. SADLER.

How sweet, how sweet, thou art, my
Mother,

No lily of the field
Can vie with thee in fairness,
Nor can its petals yield
A fragrance half so sweet as thine,
Thou Mother of Our Lord divine!

How sweet, how sweet, thou art, my Mother,
The grace that from thee flows
Is like the dew of morning
That bathes the opening rose!
O Mystic Rose, thine hour draws near,
Soon, soon all men shall hold thee dear!

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

POLL GRANDA.

WATERFORD, "The Inviolable City," is a delightful center from which to visit the beauty spots of southeast Ireland, and is in itself worthy much more than a passing glance, its historic associations going back to the early invasions of the Danes, who founded the city as one of their strongholds. Present-day Waterford boasts such fine, up-to-date buildings as the Carnegie Library with its stock of fifty thousand books, its interesting Museum, and many modern hotels where tourists can find comfort and friendliness. But other buildings that look calmly down upon the changing life of the city to-day were ancient when Father Geoffrey Keating landed

there upon his return from study on the Continent in 1610.

At that time Father Keating was known by only his immediate circle of friends and by the British authorities in Ireland, the latter an acquaintance he neither sought nor prized when it came to his knowledge. Later he was to be known throughout the diocese of Lismore as an eloquent preacher, and still later, throughout the country as a "sweet poet and a ripe scholar." To-day, time has given the perspective which reveals Geoffrey Keating standing alone among Gaelic writers: he has neither precursor nor successor. The only great historian, indeed the only great writer of Gaelic prose between the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, his work has been a signpost, as it were, for Modern Irish in its evolution from the Fifteenth Century to the modern idiom. His poetry and history marked the decay of the old forms, and at the same time laid the foundations of the new. To quote Dr. Atkinson, his literary works are "veritably Irish, uncontaminated by English phrases, and written by a master of the language while it was yet a power."

Much of Keating's life is shrouded in mystery. He was born about the year 1570, in the vicinity of the ancient city of Clonmel,—Cluain Meala, in Gaelic, meaning Plain of Honey, so called because of the beauty of its scenery and the richness of its soil. The exact date and place are alike unrecorded. Amid the entrancing beauties of this Plain of Honey, the youthful Keating grew to

manhood during one of the most unsettled periods of Irish history.

Clonmel is about thirty miles from Waterford, the road winding through a lovely panorama of river, wood, lake and mountain, through that famed valley near Slievenamon, as beautiful a picture as man's eye could rest upon, with Slievenamon on the north, the Commeraghs on the south, and the Galtees on the west, forming the magnificent frame. Carrick-on-Suir challenges the attention of the wanderer, with its Fourteenth Century castle, built by the Ormonds and said to have been the birthplace of Anne Boleyn; and Jerpoint Abbey, founded by the King of Ossory in 1180, at Thomastown, about twenty miles from Waterford, is interesting as one of the most picturesque of the ancient Irish abbeys.

Clonmel, dating from the Second Century, or earlier, is magnificently situated on the River Suir, and still retains some of the old battlements which successfully resisted the assaults of the Cromwellian forces. It was here that eccentric character, the author of "*Tristram Shandy*" and "*The Sentimental Journey*," Lawrence Sterne, was born; here also, Richard Dowling, the novelist, and—somewhere out beyond the ancient West Gate—Geoffrey Keating, poet and historian. It seems probable that Keating may have attended a lay school in Clonmel or vicinity in his earlier years. These lay schools were the survival of the ancient bardic colleges, and their chief courses were Irish grammar, prosody and literature; and Geoffrey Keating, in his later years, became known as a master of the classical Irish metres. His poems stand at the end of the Irish classical tradition, not because they contain in themselves any evidence of decadence, but because of the decline of the old bardic schools and the consequent breaking away from the old rules. They also prepared the way for the new development.

Later Keating entered a classical school in Cahir, a few miles west of Clonmel and almost at the foot of the Galtee Mountains. While here, the young Keating doubtless made many a journey up the slopes of these picturesque mountains—journeys destined to serve him well in his later years—to the marvellous Mitchelstown Caves, comparable only to the famous Mammoth Cave, Kentucky; to Cashel of the Kings, where he probably made the friendships which were so valuable to him in the years to come. But the hand of time and the more ruthless hand of man have obliterated all traces of the name of Geoffrey Keating in these spots so closely associated with his youth.

After leaving the school in Cahir, this lovely countryside knew him not for many years, though his name figures in the records of such great Continental universities as Salamanca and Bordeaux. And then, in 1610, Geoffrey Keating was again among his own people. His name is found in the Government papers of the period, an attention not to be sought at that time when there was a price on the head of every priest. In the State Papers of 1615 we read that "there is in the diocese of Lismore, Father Geoffrey Keating, a preacher and a Jesuit, resorting to all parts of the diocese." To be called a Jesuit at that time meant to be marked with the special hatred of the Government. As a matter of fact, Father Keating belonged to the secular clergy, and at this time was curate in the little town of Knockgraffon, about halfway between Clonmel and Cashel. The fame of his eloquence spread to these larger towns, and full often must the poet-priest have traversed this "yew-shadowed, swan-haunted plain," peopling it with the giant forms of those who had lived when Cashel was the center of a kingdom, in the days when the proud Mac-

Carthys ruled, when Brian bore the proudest title Munster could bestow, "King of Cashel," or even still farther back into the past when the pagan King Corc and his grandson, Aengus, made royal welcome for Patrick, and when the people flocked from far and wide to hear the tale of the Triune God which this stranger told.

The Cashel upon which Keating looked is the same Cashel upon which we gaze in wonder to-day, the noblest remains of the Mediæval civilization of Ireland. Upon a grassy eminence one sees what seems to be a single structure of gray stone until upon nearer approach, the high walls and turrets of the castle resolve themselves into three buildings built wall to wall,—Cormac's Chapel, built by one of the MacCarthys probably in the Ninth or Tenth Century; the Cathedral, built in 1167 by Donald O'Brien, the Church Builder, and the Castle, which belongs to the period of Cashel's ecclesiastical, not royal, splendor. They are not ancient as things are counted ancient in Ireland, dating back only to the Norman Invasion.

The height upon which these buildings are crowded is commonly called "The Rock," and, in all probability, was once a rock, but now it is so deeply overgrown with grass that it appears like a grassy eminence rather than a rock. And away from the high walls and turrets stretches a green countryside, as only an Irish countryside can be green, away to the silvery thread of the Suir, away to the distant Galtees. Cattle and sheep dot the plain once peopled by an ancient society of many grades, from slave to King. And huddled at the foot of the kingly eminence is a ragged little gray town of little gray houses where the cattle and sheep of Munster's Golden Vein are brought to market,—a striking contrast between past and present. In Keating's day, Cashel was an important social

and business center, and the cathedral on The Rock was still used as a place of worship, though no longer a shrine of Catholic devotion. The hunted priest would receive short shrift in the beautiful cathedral taken over by the followers of the "Virgin Queen."

But the hunted priest found a warm welcome from Protestant friends, who invited him to pursue his work of collecting and editing the ancient manuscript records of Irish history within the safe asylum of their libraries. And down from the remote fastnesses of the Glen of Aherlow came the priest under the very eyes of Carewe, and continued his work unmolested. For, while many of his friends might have conformed to save their cherished ancestral acres, in Keating's day they had not yet been Anglicized; and they appreciated the patriotic work of the fugitive. They were still Gaelic, and loved the land of the Gael with that passion that has been characteristic of all true Gaels.

The mountains of Ireland are not high as we reckon mountains, but they give the illusion of height, often rising almost perpendicularly from their base. Wild and inaccessible they are, cut across with deep, jagged ravines through which plunge rushing mountain torrents, unexpectedly lovely valleys, green and inviting, jewel-like lakes, turquois and sapphire, set amid grim rocks or gloomy woods—as varied as the face of Nature herself are the Irish mountains. And it was to the most remote corner of the Glen of Aherlow in the Galtees that the hunted priest fled to a cave called "Poll Gránda—the Ugly Hole,"—which became the scene of Geoffrey Keating's epochal labors for Ireland.

A deep tangled thicket, with scarcely a break in the matted bushes and briars, in a dark, lonely wood, formed the exterior of Keating's retreat. Crawling through this tangled web of briars, one comes at length to a narrow en-

trance which leads into the spacious cave which formed the historian's study for many years, surely as strange and secluded a study as poet or historian ever occupied. The proscribed priest, during his residence here, was guarded by stalwart mountaineers, men of Tipperary, than whom he could have found none more loyal nor more courageous. The manuscripts of the surrounding country were doubtless brought to him by members of his bodyguard or by tried and true friends. After many months' labor, his supply of material became exhausted, and it was then he ventured into Cashel, then to Cork and other counties of Munster, and finally into Leinster, Ulster and Connaught. After ten years he was back in his study at Poll Gránda, examining, sifting, and recording the vast amount of material he had collected. The work was completed about the year 1632. At any rate, the year 1633 finds him back at his duties as parish priest of Cappoquin.

To-day Cappoquin is probably best known as the station for Mt. Mellary Abbey on the slopes of Knockmeledown Mountains. It is beautifully situated on the Blackwater, the Rhine of Ireland, and gently rising from the river are lovely wooded slopes. A beautiful walk parallels the river, but the only memorial of its scholarly pastor is to be found in the little silver chalice preserved in the local parish church, which bears the inscription in Latin, "Father Geoffrey Keating, Doctor of Sacred Theology, had me made February 23, 1634." For any further memorial of Keating, we must go to Tubrid, possibly the place of his birth and positively the scene of later clerical labors. Tubrid lies between Cahir and Ballyporeen, and an almost illegible Latin inscription over the doorway of a ruined church identifies Geoffrey Keating with this parish: "Pray for the souls of Father Eugene

Duhy, Vicar of Tubrid, and Geoffrey Keating, D. D., founders of this chapel, and also for all others, priests and laymen, whose bodies lie interred in this chapel, A. D. 1644." Besides this inscription is a crude stanza, Keating's only epitaph:

In Tubrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these, and more than in one man could
be,
Concentred were in famous Jeffry.

But the most interesting of all the places linked with the name of Keating is the ancient city of Lismore. About five miles from Cappoquin it is beautifully situated on the precipitous south bank of the Blackwater, whose picturesque valley, abounding in the richest of natural beauties, it overlooks. Indeed, nothing is wanting to lend romance and charm to the scene, even gray, old castle walls, round which cling like ivy memories of a glorious past, rise majestically over the river, recalling the castle-bordered Rhine. At one time Lismore was the most flourishing city in Ireland, a bishop's See as early as the Seventh Century and boasting twenty churches, of which not a single vestige remains. The existing Protestant cathedral was built on the site of the Old Stone Cathedral, in 1663, by the Earl of Cork. In it are preserved some very ancient inscribed stones, written in the oldest form of the Celtic alphabet. The castle was erected in 1185 on the site of an abbey of still earlier date. It is now the Irish residence of the Earl of Devonshire.

The school of Lismore, founded A. D. 636, was second only to Clonmacnoise among the great monastic schools of Ireland. In this school was educated St. Cathaldus, one of its greatest scholars, who was later made bishop of the classical city of Tarentum. His festival, not generally noted in Ireland, but celebrated in his adopted country, comes on

March 8. Among other distinguished students of Lismore, Alfred the Great of England, is named. Relics of the artistic skill of the students and professors of Lismore are preserved in the Lismore Crozier, one of the most beautiful specimens of Celtic art yet discovered, and the Book of Lismore among the most ancient of Irish manuscripts. And a worthy descendant of the giant intellects and holy religious, who were the pride of Lismore in earlier and happier days, was Geoffrey Keating, hunted priest, gentle poet, and learned historian of the diocese of Lismore, recluse of Poll Gránda.

(To be continued.)

Wilfrid.

BY EDITH MAY POWER.

THE Autumn evening was very still and calm. Outside not a breath of air stirred the trees in the park, nor ruffled the calm surface of the pond sleeping in the cool moonlight, which silvered all the angles of the old house. Within the dimly-lighted hall only the tick of the clock in the corner and the occasional fall of an ember broke the stillness, till a door opened, letting out a flood of light and a murmur of voices, and two ladies appeared on the threshold.

"I'm sure you are tired after your long journey, my dear Eileen," said the elder of the two, a tall, fair woman with delicate features and soft, brown eyes. "I hope you will sleep well."

"Oh, that I am sure to do," said the younger lady, a mere girl, as she followed her hostess across the hall. "I am rather tired, though I slept on the boat and again in the train from Holyhead, but in the morning I shall be all right. I have so much to do to-morrow."

"Well, there is plenty for you to see, at any rate," remarked the master of

the house, who had followed them from the drawing-room. "To begin with, there are the boys. They have been talking of you all day, and were terribly disappointed at not seeing you this evening."

"You will have quite enough of them to-morrow," said his wife, as, with candlesticks in hand, they went up the broad, carved, oak staircase, which was one of the glories of Eyre Hall. "Their rooms are not far from yours, but I specially warned them to be very quiet, in case you might like to sleep late. I do hope they will not disturb you."

"Oh," said Eileen, "I always wake early. Perhaps we shall even be able to make acquaintance before breakfast."

"Well, my dear, meanwhile you had better make acquaintance with your bed. I hope you will be quite comfortable," said Mrs. Eyre as they reached Eileen's room, kissing her as she spoke.

"It is a good friend and very welcome," laughed Eileen. Then turning to her host, "Good-night! Cousin Herbert," she said.

"Good-night! and pleasant dreams for your first night under our roof," he answered with a smile.

But tired as Eileen was, and with good reason, for she had been travelling since the morning of the preceding day, it was some time before she thought of taking her well-earned rest. There was her room to explore in all its dainty details, each one bearing witness as much to the affectionate care as to the good taste of the mistress of the house. Then, when she had investigated all its charms, she could not resist the temptation of drawing back the pretty cretonne curtains and raising the blind. "I have not the patience to wait till to-morrow," she said, to excuse herself for her childishness. "I must know whether the view is anything like the one we had from the windows of the dear old convent. If only there is moonlight!"

There was a glorious full moon sailing triumphantly in an almost cloudless sky, and Eileen could not restrain an exclamation of delight at the scene before her. Not that the smooth English landscape in any way resembled the wild west of Ireland scenery she had been accustomed to from childhood; but though it did not at all remind her of the dear home she had left forever, two days before, its calm beauty captivated her, and softened the homesick longing with which, during her tiring journey, she had looked back to the well-loved features of the old place.

Under her windows spread the lawn, silvery-white except where the three great cedars at its further edge threw over it the black, lace-like tracery of their branches. Between the sombre masses gleamed the steely pool, and beyond rose the hillside, wooded to the summit, where Scotch pines rose against the luminous sky.

"Oh, it is glorious!" said Eileen. "I am sure I shall be happy here. And now to bed; I want to be up early in the morning."

Half an hour later she lay between the cool, white sheets in her daintily draped bed, not quite asleep yet, but falling gradually into the delightful state of semi-unconsciousness which often precedes sleep. Then suddenly an unexpected noise aroused her, and she sat up in bed, brushing back the masses of dark hair from her forehead. No, she was not mistaken. There was a child crying.

Her cousin had told her that the room where her two sons slept was not far from Eileen's own; but then surely they did not sleep alone! Still the crying continued, long, deep sobbing, inexpressibly sad,—the crying of a child entirely abandoned and unhappy.

Eileen was passionately fond of children: the sound cut her to the quick. Impulsive and warm-hearted, she did

not hesitate long. Springing out of bed she hastily put on her white dressing-gown, slipped her bare feet into her noiseless slippers and opened her door gently. The lamp which, an hour before, had lit up the corridor was out; but the moonlight, falling through a large stained-glass window at the end nearest her room, gave enough light to distinguish clearly every object. Eileen shivered a little as she realized the absolute stillness of the great, rambling, old house. But the sobs, which had stopped for a moment, began again quite close to her, and she forgot all her terrors.

"Poor child," she said, "he is alone, perhaps, and he is afraid." She stepped lightly over the corridor to the room opposite her own, whence the sounds seemed to come. The door was ajar, and after an instant's hesitation, unable to resist any longer the appeal made to her heart by the piteous sobs, Eileen pushed it open and entered the room. Then only did she think of the effect she might make on the mind of a child—she, a perfect stranger all in white, appearing thus suddenly in the middle of the night. But it was too late to turn back. The child, sitting on a little bed near the window, must have seen her, for his sobs had ceased. She took a step forward.

"Do not be afraid, little cousin," she said gently. "I heard you crying, and I came to try to console you." She stopped suddenly. The child had turned his head, putting himself thus in the full flood of moonlight which poured in through the uncurtained window, and was looking at her. Without knowing why, Eileen felt a little shiver run through her. He was a pretty boy, however, with large, melancholy, blue eyes and fair hair, which seemed almost white in the moonlight.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked. "Are you ill? Shall I call a nurse?"

He did not answer, and she took another step forward, at the same time casting a rather surprised glance round the room, for it had a strangely bare and unhabited look. The sofa and arm-chairs were covered in brown holland, the curtains folded on the chest of drawers, the carpets rolled together in a corner. There was not the slightest trace of recent occupation.

"Why are you crying?" asked Eileen. "Can I not comfort you?" Then he answered her. "I am crying," he said, in a grave, unchildlike voice, "because, through my careless mischief, others are suffering. But if you will, you can repair my fault. Tell my father that the deed he has lost is in the old hiding-place above the hearth. Will you do that?"

"Yes, yes," said Eileen hastily, convinced that the boy was dreaming; "and you will not cry any more?"

"Never again, never again!" he said, in a voice thrilling with joy, while his blue eyes shone in the moonlight. "Now I shall never cry again."

Turning round he drew the covering over him, and at the same moment a cloud passed over the moon, plunging the room into darkness. Eileen, feeling vaguely awed and nervous without knowing why, and shivering in her light garments, crept gently to the door and hastily regained her own room. A few moments later she was calmly enjoying the sleep of youth and fatigue.

In spite of her resolutions she awoke late the next morning; for before she was half dressed she had heard the voices of her little cousins on the terrace below her window. She made haste to join them outside, and was greeted rapturously by the two sturdy youngsters—Mervyn, a fair-haired little fellow of eight, with big blue eyes in which she vainly sought for any trace of the tears of the preceding night, and Rupert, a handsome boy of six, with

black hair and grey eyes like Eileen's own. They both seemed to find the new cousin a great acquisition, and hurried her off to visit all their favorite haunts and to make the acquaintance of all their pets. They finished up with their gardens, and here she achieved the conquest of their hearts by declaring their raspberries as good, if not better than any she had ever tasted. Finally the breakfast-bell summoned them back to the house, whither they proceeded gaily, Eileen adorned with a bunch of sweet peas from Mervyn's own garden, a boy hanging on to either side and chattering all the way.

"It is because you have come that we are going to have breakfast downstairs," said Rupert. "Generally we have it at eight o'clock in the schoolroom."

"But we are always down for lunch at one," Mervyn hastened to add, with a view to consoling her for the prospective loss of their society at breakfast.

"Me too," said Rupert. "Now I come too. Before, when Wilfrid was here, I used not to go down,—even for lunch."

"Who is Wilfrid?" asked Eileen. Though Herbert Eyre was her only near relative living, she had seen him the day before for the first time. She knew very little of the family of which she was about to form part, beyond the fact that its head was the son of her father's elder brother. Her father had died when she was a baby, and her mother had soon followed him, leaving her with no other relative than a grandmother, who, for some reason unknown to Eileen, had never approved of her daughter's marriage, and an aunt who was a nun. Eileen had received her education in the convent where her aunt lived, which had also become her home since her grandmother's death, some years after her mother's. Herbert Eyre had written himself to invite his young cousin, when she reached the age of

eighteen, to make her home with him. Though Eileen had set out with some trepidation, to make the acquaintance of these entirely unknown kinsmen, the warm welcome she had received the night before, and the homelike atmosphere of the place had gone a long way towards reassuring her already. But she had everything to learn concerning her newly-found relatives and their home.

"Wilfrid," answered Mervyn, in a serious tone, which reminded her of the voice of the night before—"Wilfrid is our eldest brother. He is not here any more; he is in Heaven."

"In heaven!" exclaimed Eileen. "Is he dead?"

"Yes; he has been gone nearly a year now. I will show you his portrait if you like. You have never seen it, have you?"

"No, of course not. Why Cousin Eileen had never seen us either," said Rupert. "Had you now? Nor our room, nor anything?"

"Yes, I have seen Mervyn's room," said Eileen. "Last night. Do you not remember?"

"Last night?" said Mervyn, astonished. "Oh, I must have been asleep then! What a pity! But isn't it a nice room? Don't you like it?"

The breakfast-bell happily saved Eileen the trouble of pronouncing an opinion of which Mervyn might not have approved. She was thinking of the scene of the night before. It had suddenly come very vividly back to her mind, half-forgotten as it had been in the fresh morning air and the excitement of sight-seeing amid the boys' cheerful chatter.

"That was it," she said to herself; "the child was asleep, though his eyes were open and he was talking in his sleep." She was glad to have some explanation of the little scene; it had begun to puzzle her—the bare, empty room, the bitter sobs. There seemed

something uncanny about the whole thing.

At breakfast Eileen found herself between the two boys, all three as bright and sunny and joyous as the glorious Autumn morning they were enjoying. But Herbert Eyre looked grave as he examined his letters, and there was a shadow on his wife's fair face. However, after a few moments, he turned with a smile to Eileen.

"Well," he said, "you have lost no time, it seems. But you must not let these boys tyrannize over you though, nor tire you out."

"Oh, no, Papa!" cried Mervyn. "We only showed her the stables and the tool-house, and the orchard and our gardens and the lake—"

"And there was no time to show her our schoolroom," interrupted Rupert, in a melancholy tone.

"What a misfortune!" laughed his father; "such a muddle as you have it in perpetually. You have no idea, Eileen, what they are really like, those two young men who look so meek and quiet. They are never out of mischief for more than an hour together, and as to noise—"

"Why, we used to make ever so much more last year!" cried Mervyn.

His father's face grew grave again. "Yes, there were three of you then," he said sadly.

Eileen stole a pitying glance towards Mrs. Eyre, whose eyes had filled with tears. She did not like to ask any questions, but doubtless her expressive face betrayed sufficiently what her feelings were. After breakfast, when the boys had gone upstairs, Herbert turned to her and said: "You know, Eileen, that we had the grief to lose a child—our eldest son, Wilfrid; he would be nine years old now had he lived. He died quite suddenly last November. It was a dreadful blow to us, as you may imagine—all the more keenly felt because of its unexpectedness and the sad circum-

stances which accompanied it. In fact, the results of the latter are still causing us grave trouble and anxiety. It is an unhappy story altogether, but as the matter is to be settled for good or for evil one of these days it is better you should know all about it. You are *one* of us, you know now, Eileen."

"Indeed, Cousin Herbert, you have made me feel that already," the girl answered gratefully, "and you must let me share your troubles as well as your joys."

"This is a serious trouble," he answered gravely, "for it involves the whole future of one who is very dear to me, to say nothing of other interests. But I will tell you presently the story from the beginning."

(Conclusion next week.)

Richard Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of the London District.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

V.

THREE years before his death, Bishop Challoner witnessed the first Catholic Relief Bill; it brought a ray of light into the dreary and, humanly speaking, hopeless atmosphere of depression in which the English Catholics were able barely to maintain their positions; advance seemed impossible, to be left alone appeared all they could hope for. Challoner, in his reports, notes that the small Catholic congregations are shrinking and that "the Faith could not, without difficulty, keep possession of the few and scattered strongholds which yet remained."

In 1778, the position of the Catholics seemed unchanged, but better days were at hand. The Government of that day had to face the prospect of two wars on the Continent, besides the War of Independence in America; recruits for the army were needed, and by law,

Catholics were debarred from military service. A comparatively small incident was the starting point of negotiations that were to bring about, with wonderful rapidity, the first Catholic Relief Act. The Government, informed that in the Highlands recruits in large numbers were expected to join, sent Sir John Dalrymple to inquire into the matter. He interviewed Bishop Hay, the natural leader and spokesman of the Catholics of Scotland, among whom were many would-be recruits. The Bishop stated in writing the concessions that the Government must make if the Catholics consented to serve. The matter was carried before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, a renowned lawyer, who was entirely in favor of the Act of Relief; and, on inquiry, it was found that in the Government and the Opposition the same views prevailed.

Bishop Challoner hesitated at first, and long oppression had discouraged many of the laymen; but on reflection, the Bishop's attitude changed. He was a friend of Bishop Hay, and after consulting both him and Bishop Talbot, he drew up an address that the three signed. It was sent to the committee of Catholic laymen, who were to present a petition to the King; it demanded free toleration for Catholics as the basis on which negotiations might be carried on. These proceeded more rapidly than was expected; the address of the Catholic peers was graciously received by George III.; the Relief Bill was carried through both Houses, and on June 3, 1778, it received the royal assent. It was limited in its scope, but it gave back to the Catholics their essential rights; they might inherit and purchase land, and bishops and priests were no longer at the mercy of any paid informer. There was much to obtain before they could resume their normal life in the land, but the principle was admitted; and, with her enemies battering at her gates,

England endeavored to conciliate those whom she had treated as outcasts for two centuries.

Consulted by his colleagues, Challoner had carefully examined the oath of allegiance required of the Catholics. On September 10, 1778, he wrote to express his conviction that in the wording of the oath there was nothing to prevent his people from taking it. As a young priest at Douay, he had sung *Te Deums* to celebrate the landing of James III. in Scotland and the birth of his son; circumstances had changed since, and he now loyally acknowledged George III. as King of England, and advised his flock to render him "honor, subjection and obedience." With few exceptions, the surviving Jacobites did the same. The fact that Charles Edward had no legitimate issue and that his brother was a priest, no doubt helped them to adhere more easily to the new state of things.

Dr. Challoner's pastoral letter on the subject of the Relief Bill, dated June 4, 1778, was adopted, as it stood, by the vicars apostolic of the Northern and Midland districts. Bishop Walmesley issued a pastoral on the same lines for the Western district, in addition to the prayers for the King, ordered by all the bishops, he desired that the name of the King should be inserted in the Canon of the Mass.

The comparative ease and rapidity with which the Relief Act had passed seemed to prove that among cultivated people prejudices against the Catholics had slightly diminished, and that men like the Lord Chief Justice had realized the cruelty of penal laws that made outcasts of a body of peaceable citizens, merely for their religion. Among the Dissenters and the lower orders, however, the fact that the detested Papists had obtained some redress created much discontent; John Wesley, then at the height of his popularity, used it to ex-

cite public opinion against the Catholics; and a newly founded league, the "Protestant Association," had for its object to expose the daily increasing danger to which the country was exposed from the growth of "Popery." All the old slanders were revived; and if educated and reasonable men despised them, they appealed to the passions of the mob, where many undesirable individuals readily welcomed opportunities for robbery and pillage.

In 1779, there were riots in several large towns in Scotland; but the storm that broke over the English Catholics was the work of Lord George Gordon, a young fanatic, who was put at the head of the Protestant Association. On June 1, 1780, he held a meeting at St. George's Fields, and led his followers to Westminster with the object of obtaining the repeal of the Relief Act passed two years before. Lord George was absolutely unable to control the forces that he had put in motion; he acted like a madman. The peers who arrived at the houses of Parliament were attacked and maltreated, the Protestants as much as the Catholics. Several Protestant bishops were dragged from their coaches, and Lord Mansfield, the notable defender of the Relief Act, narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. The Government was inactive, the magistrates afraid to move; even the chapels of two foreign embassies were wrecked by the mob. On several points, fires broke out, and the city was at the mercy of an army of frenzied fanatics, till after a week the soldiers were called out, and the riots were quelled.

Challoner, although he lodged near the Sardinian chapel, which the rioters burned, refused to leave; but at last one of his chaplains, knowing that he was more exposed than any one—the mob having sworn to burn his house—prevailed upon him to retire to Finchley where one of his great friends, Mr.

Mawhood, lived. Another friend, Lady Stourton, sent her coach to take him thither. The riots had by that time created a reign of terror; the great prison of Newgate having been burned, three hundred criminals were let loose upon London, and some days were still to elapse before order was restored. At Finchley, Dr. Challoner spent his time in prayer; he refused to be removed to another house: "I will remain with my old friend," he said, "as I am confident no harm will happen to this house." These words were said when the disturbance was at its height. It was not the only time the aged Bishop's utterances had a prophetic ring.

Bishop Challoner, there is no doubt, was greatly shaken by the riots, he was then nearly ninety years old, and the ruin of so many of his children—humble folk, weavers, druggists, laborers,—whose houses had been burned, went to his heart. He grieved too over the few little chapels where he had often preached, especially, we are told, over the old Ship Tavern, now burned to the ground, where he generally gathered his flock.

On June 13, his coadjutor, Bishop Talbot, came to Finchley, and together the two bishops talked over the heavy losses that their people had endured, and decided how best to relieve them. A week later, on June 19, his kind hosts took Bishop Challoner back to his lodging in Gloucester Street, where one of his chaplains, Mr. Lindow, had already returned. For the next few weeks he heard nothing but tales of distress; many Catholics were destitute, having lost their homes and possessions, others had suffered grievous bodily harm, and some seem to have been completely unhinged by terror—three are said to have died of fright. Compensation was promised and eventually given, but could not reasonably be expected immediately; and some victims of the riots

were in pressing need of assistance. When Parliament met again, and the Catholics became convinced that the Relief Act would not be repealed, they gradually recovered confidence.

The two devoted priests, who watched over Bishop Challoner's old age, noticed that his strength was gradually sinking. On December 30, he heard the confessions of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mawhood; ten days later, on January 10, during dinner, he was struck with paralysis. Pointing to his pocket, in which was money that had been given him for the poor, he said with difficulty "charity," and spoke no more, though he remained fully conscious. A doctor was sent for; his two chaplains never left his side, but his strength ebbed away rapidly, and in the night of January 12, 1781, he gently breathed his last.

By his will, Bishop Challoner named as his executors, the Bishops James and Thomas Talbot. He made some provision for Masses to be said for his soul, desired that his funeral should be "as little expensive as possible," and pathetically expressed his regret that his "narrow circumstances" prevented him from leaving a legacy to Douay, his Alma Mater. To his old landlady he left his poor furniture, to her maid, two guineas, and to the nuns of Hammersmith four silver candlesticks. To Bishop Talbot, his successor, he left by a private letter, the church funds, church plate and relics, that it would have been unwise to mention in a will admitted to probate.

Among Challoner's close friends was a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Briant Barrett, of Milton, in Berkshire. He possessed a house chapel underneath which was a vault, and he petitioned that the Bishop, who had often said Mass in the chapel, should be buried in the vault. His request was granted, and, in the register, the kindly Anglican clergyman, who presided at the funeral, added to the dead Bishop's name and title this

homage: "A very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities."

When announcing Challoner's death to his flock, Bishop Talbot spoke of him as "having led the life of an angel," and Dr. Milner, preaching at Winchester on the following Sunday, thus expressed the opinion of clergy and laymen: "When on every occasion I represent Bishop Challoner as a saint, I say no more of him now after his death than all who knew him have said of him during his life."

He had, after years of depression, during which his wise leadership kept the Catholic Church alive, witnessed the turn of the current in its favor. The first Relief Act was completed by a second in 1791 that enlarged the concessions made by the first, and, since then, the last vestiges of the Penal Laws have been swept away. One day, when the horizon was darkest and no chance of relief could be reasonably expected, Bishop Challoner spoke to his disheartened friends of a "new people" that would one day arise. By this "new people," to-day in the full enjoyment of religious freedom, the venerable leader of their oppressed ancestors is not forgotten. "His name will be in everlasting remembrance, as long as the history of the Catholic Church in England remains to be read by man."

(The End)

ST. LOUIS, King of France, who carried his baptismal innocence to the grave, had a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Every Saturday, the day of the week consecrated to Mary, he assembled a multitude of poor in his palace, served them with his own hands and distributed to them abundant alms in honor of the Queen of Heaven. He had desired to die on a Saturday to crown, as it were, the homage which every week he had faithfully rendered to her, and his wish was gratified.

The Old Man's Answer.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

ONE evening in the olden time through trailing vine and myrtle,

A wayfarer whose pilgrimage on earth was near its close

Crept slowly up the mountain path and saw at last the city

Where the spires of San Lorenzo above the sunset rose.

This was his evening pilgrimage since first he could remember,

Since life was in its morning, and 'twas now the evening end,

To kneel within the temple where the lone red lamp was burning,

To talk unto his Saviour as he would unto a friend.

This evening as he journeyed thence, a man of pride, a sceptic,

A merchant from the city, greeted him with knowing nod,

And said: "My tired friend, and why this weary daily journey?"

In quiet tones the old man spoke, "I come to visit God."

And tauntingly the other asked: "This Deity you worship,

Do tell me since you pray to Him what kind of god is He,—

A little or a great god?" So glibly spoke the scoffer,

And looked into the pilgrim's face with eyes of cynic glee.

"A little or a great God?" The old man meekly answered:

"Ah, friend! thy mocking only shows how very vain thou art.

But, oh, He is a great God—the 'Heavens can not contain Him!'

And oh, He is a little God,—He dwells within my heart!"

As the Church keeps the fragrance of the incense, so our hearts should keep the fragrance of the Holy Mass all the day long.

The Well-to-do Fitzpatricks.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IN its prime, Lincoln Street had been genteel, but it had never been fashionable; and old age had dulled and defaced the paint on its little frame houses, damaged a cornice here and a doorstep there, stolen boards from fences, and taught gates to sag and sidewalks to crack. Dandelions and clover grew where grass had once been sparingly planted, and discouraged hedges grew listlessly after fashions no gardener ever knew. In the largest and oldest house on the street, one where plainly a big effort was made to keep up appearances, Mrs. Fitzpatrick sat close to a low grate fire, alternately warming her frail old fingers over the coals and knitting swiftly on a thick, gray sweater. Once, she rose and laid a strip of carpet close to the front door to stop the gaping crevice between it and the floor; and again, to make certain that every window was shut as tightly as possible.

The clock had just struck half-past four when the bell rang; and after hastily adding more coal to the fire, Mrs. Fitzpatrick opened the door to find Mrs. Barrett standing on the step.

Mrs. Barrett was a neighbor whose lot, for many a day, had been very hard. Ordinarily, she was shabbily dressed, and her face told a long story of anxiety and of hardship; but this afternoon, to Mrs. Fitzpatrick's surprise, she wore a new winter coat, and smiled broadly and proudly.

Instinctively, Mrs. Fitzpatrick smiled with her. "Why, Mrs. Barrett, how fine you are!" she exclaimed admiringly.

Mrs. Barrett's smile became ever broader and more proud.

"Isn't it beautiful? And it's so soft and warm! I came to tell you all about it," she said, with childlike eagerness; and as soon as they were seated side by side before the fire, she explained, with

the air of one confiding a profound secret, "I'm not going to tell any one else—or *almost* no one; but you are a good friend of ours, and you never repeat things; and you know as well as I do how much trouble we have: Mr. Barrett sick for months, and not one penny coming in, with three growing children to feed and clothe." Mrs. Fitzpatrick nodded sympathetically.

"It's wonderful that you can manage at all," she said.

"It isn't easy, or—or comfortable, especially in Winter," Mrs. Barrett admitted, her smile vanishing for the moment. "Many a time I want a second piece of bread or another potato, but don't dare to take it, for I know the children need it more than I do; and I've darned and patched until their clothes and mine, and even Mr. Patrick's things, are—well, they look like patchwork quilts."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Fitzpatrick murmured, understanding only too well; for had she not done the same ever since her husband lost his position—a calamity for a man of seventy. No employer wanted him, none ever would again; and she knew it.

"You must not tell any one except Mr. Fitzpatrick," Mrs. Barrett continued, after a moment, beginning to smile again. "I—Mr. Barrett and I—never did anything of the kind before, and I hope we'll never need to again; but it's so cold, and my coat was thin and very shabby, and the children needed clothes for school; so I put my pride in my pocket and went to the headquarters of St. Elizabeth's Relief Society, and spoke to Mrs. O'Keefe. I hated awfully to go; I almost turned back twice after I started; you can imagine how *you* would feel. But after I got there I didn't mind in the least. Mrs. O'Keefe took it all as a matter of course, and she was very kind. She—I can't explain quite clearly, but somehow she made me feel that, as likely as

not, she will need help herself one of these days, and won't mind coming to me for it.

"She gave me this coat—isn't it stylish and pretty? And two pairs of heavy woollen stockings, and shoes—not quite new, but good; and a dress for little Mary, and two blouses for Joe; and a cap for him and one for Willie, and—oh, so many things I could hardly carry them! I wore my coat home, the old one was not worth bringing away; and even then it was all that I could do to carry my bundle."

She laughed for sheer happiness, glancing proudly at her coat.

"It's beautiful! You are—" Mrs. Fitzpatrick began, but in her eagerness Mrs. Barrett unconsciously interrupted her.

"And what fun we did have when I got home! I'm sure that Mr. Barrett had not laughed for a month; but when I spread everything out on his bed for him to see, and all the children danced about him, so much excited that they didn't know what to do with themselves, why, he laughed aloud. And the next minute he was crying a little. He was so happy he didn't know which to do."

"The boys wore their caps all day, even in the house, because they couldn't bear to take them off; and Mary still looks at her new dress every few minutes, although it was the day before yesterday that she got it. She's going to wear it to Mass on Sunday; and even if it's down to zero I *know* she won't fasten her coat."

"Of course, she won't!" Mrs. Fitzpatrick agreed, being one of those dear old people who vividly remember their own childhood.

Lowering her voice, Mrs. Barrett added confidentially:

"Possibly, she would not want me to speak of it; but when I left the Relief Society's rooms, Mrs. Pendegrast was waiting to see Mrs. O'Keefe; and now she is wearing a nice new coat and hat.

Poor thing! You know she has a hard time to make ends meet; most of us do in Lincoln Street."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick sighed unconsciously, but at once she spoke, brightly and heartily, of the children's delight and Mr. Barrett's happiness over the new clothes. "This will do Mr. Barrett more good than all the doctor's medicines," she said kindly. "I'm sure he is better already. And even before this happened he had begun to look a little stronger."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Barrett asked anxiously. "I look at him so many times a day that I can't tell. But even I can see that he's been brighter for the last two or three days."

After she was gone, Mrs. Fitzpatrick went back to her place by the grate. Forgetting the sweater, although she had been determined to finish it that day, she sat with idle hands and stared into the fire, and her thoughtful eyes grew brighter and brighter as the early Winter twilight fell and deepened. It was about half-past five o'clock when her husband came in, shivering from cold, and with face and ungloved hands so reddened that it was heartbreaking to see him.

"My, my, Mother! It's bitter cold this evening; and this is only the first of December! I don't see how I'll get through the Winter in this thin suit and fall-weight overcoat; and I can't possibly afford to buy new ones."

He had said this once or twice before, in the course of the preceding week, and each time his wife's face had saddened, for she had had no hope or comfort to offer; but now she smiled up at him, and pushing her chair from the fire, made room for him close to it.

"Come, Matt, you'll be warm after a minute or two. See what a big, extravagant fire I have." And instantly, she added, in excuse, "Mrs. Barrett was here only a little while ago."

"I wish that she would come every day!" Mr. Fitzpatrick exclaimed, as

irritably as a very sweet-tempered man knows how to speak.

"I want to tell you what Mrs. Barrett said," his wife continued, as soon as he had thawed sufficiently to listen with attention. "It made me—she made me think that perhaps—"

Mrs. Fitzpatrick spoke so eagerly that her husband stopped rubbing his hands, and looked inquiringly at her.

"What have you got into your little head now, Mother?" he asked, smiling. That she was given to rosy daydreams was one of his old jokes at her expense.

"Now, Matt, you need not laugh. This is really practical and sensible," Mrs. Fitzpatrick defended herself; and at once she told him about Mrs. Barrett's application to St. Elizabeth's Relief Society, the kindness which she had met there, and all the useful clothing which had been given to her. She told him, too, that Mrs. Pendergast had also gone there for help. "And—and Matt," she concluded, slowly, hesitatingly, but with her face shining, "and Matt, I have been thinking ever since Mrs. Barrett left, why couldn't *we*—we've tried to hold our heads high, but wouldn't it be—"

There was a long pause before her husband answered her; but as he pondered the matter his own face grew brighter.

"Well," he began, at length,—"well, there's no hope that I can see of my getting anything to do before warm weather, and I do need heavier clothing; and, what's more important, *you* do, too. You ought to have a woollen dress, and thick gloves of some sort."

He spoke hesitatingly, and in a rather embarrassed fashion, but was smiling more broadly than he had done for many a day; and after a moment, he added, "When we were able, we gave five dollars every year to the Relief Society; and now—why should we hesitate now? The fund is meant for—for those who need it."

"Shall we ask for an overcoat for

you, or for a suit? You need both, but we must not be too grasping," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said eagerly.

"I hardly know; but—an overcoat, I believe; it would show more. I could feel like a gentleman again on the street," Mr. Fitzpatrick decided.

Softly and tenderly his wife laughed at him.

"And they say it's the women who are vain!" she teased; then, as happily as a girl might have done, she planned for herself: "I'll ask for a jersey dress—black, of course; but if there's a little color in the trimming I shan't mind. Perhaps they can give me even more than that—gloves or shoes, for example. They gave Mrs. Barrett things for every one in her family, and there are five of them."

"We'll go early to-morrow morning; early, so that we won't meet other people there. It's not going to be quite easy to ask. I never thought we could come to this; but it's worse to be cold. Anything would be easier than to see you shiver in that thin dress you wear all the time," Mr. Fitzpatrick said positively.

"We don't know a soul who is connected with the Relief Society, and no one will know us," Mrs. Fitzpatrick was quick to add comfortingly. Her husband little dreamed how miserably cold she had been for two or three weeks, nor for months how deeply ashamed of her shabbiness. She looked up at him now, smiling so happily that he laughed aloud.

"I am glad, too," he admitted. "A year ago I should have thought it a disgrace, but now I am thankful that there's a way to get what we need."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick leaned forward and pushed farther back what was left of the big lump of coal, that it might not burn too fast; and after that, for a long time, neither she nor Mr. Fitzpatrick spoke or moved, except when once she broke the silence to say, less whole-

heartedly than she had spoken before:

"We'll go very early in the morning, and be the first there; then, there'll be no danger of meeting other people."

Her husband murmured something that sounded like acquiescence; and silence fell between them again.

Six o'clock struck, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had done nothing towards preparing their supper. The fire had died down, and the room was becoming cold. It was dark except for the faint flicker from the coals and a ray that shot across the room from a light in the street. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, it was, who spoke at last, slowly and haltingly. Her voice was no longer excited and eager, nor her face smiling.

"Matt, do you know, it occurs to me that if we get nice new things from the Relief Society, Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Pendegrast and, perhaps, other people will suspect—they will be almost certain—where they came from, just now when the distribution is being made; and—of course, there would be nothing to be ashamed of. Mrs. Barrett did not mind telling me all about the clothes she was given; she came on purpose to tell me. And they haven't always been poor any more than we. But, Matt, with us, there's—there is Joe. He's doing so well, and everyone takes it for granted that he helps us, and we've never told them differently; but if we ask for help, you see—you see, don't you, Matt, that—?"

"Yes, I see. I have been thinking that, too. Again and again one friend and another says to me: 'Matt, you don't need to worry if you never find another position, with that fine boy of yours doing so well.'"

"Everyone thinks that Joe is the finest fellow in the world," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, pride ringing in each word.

After a silence Mr. Fitzpatrick spoke again:

"He's a fine boy, and we're proud of him. We don't want any one to suspect

—to think—that maybe he's a little selfish. I'd rather be cold any day; I'd almost rather even that you, Mother—"

"So would I," his wife was quick to interrupt. "At first I did not think of Joe at all in connection with the matter." And after a little thought, she continued: "Mrs. Barrett knows how long you have been idle, and how poor the chance is that you'll find another position very soon; but she did not think of suggesting that *we* should go to the Relief Society for anything."

"No, no, she wouldn't! Of course, she wouldn't! And she must not think that we would dream of such a thing," Mr. Fitzpatrick answered excitedly; and a moment later he went on, with long pauses between his sentences: "We're proud of Joe. And that gray sweater that you have been knitting—it must be almost finished by this time—it will be *fine* under my coat. I'll be as warm as need be."

"I'll finish it this evening, if I can. I'll make mittens for you, too. Besides, you can keep your hands in your pockets," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said cheerfully.

"But—but *you*, Mother," her husband faltered anxiously.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick laughed. "I'll manage somehow. Don't worry about me. I'll look again through the trunks in the attic the first day that is not quite so cold. Perhaps I can find woollen material for a dress, or at least a blouse; and I have two or three shawls, you know. They're snug and comfortable: I can wear one from morning until night indoors."

"At any rate, if we do shiver a little, no one will know," Mr. Fitzpatrick began, and again she eagerly interrupted him:

"No one,—and Joe is young; he does not think. And we are proud of him, and he stands well with everyone."

She smiled proudly as she started toward the cold kitchen; and Mr. Fitzpatrick smiled as he watched her go.

Our Lady of Medous.

BY DE LA FONTAINE.

TOWARDS the middle of the Sixteenth Century there came to live at Bagnères, in the country of the Pyrenees, a poor young widow, called Domeuge Aurore, and her baby daughter, Andrette.

The widow rented a tiny cottage in the squalid quarter of the town, and her clothes, as well as those of her child, were of the plainest and coarsest description; nevertheless, she soon won the admiration of her neighbors by her extreme goodness and piety; and as she was tall and slender, and had a lovely, fair complexion, they compared her among themselves to a beautiful lily. Gradually, her baptismal name of Domeuge became supplanted by that of Liloye (Lily), and it was as such that she became known to the people of Bagnères when the following events brought her into prominence.

Liloye was nearly forty years old when, in the Winter of 1587, she began to lead a more penitential life, seldom going out, except to church, and wearing on those occasions a long thick veil which hid her still comely features. Her cottage lay in the outskirts of the town, not far from a wood called Medous, and almost daily mother and daughter might be seen walking barefoot over the stony tracks to a rustic chapel in which a little wooden statue of Our Lady stood. In this humble oratory, Liloye and Andrette spent long hours on their knees in fervent prayer; and in answer to the curious questions of their neighbors invariably made reply that prayer and penance were greatly needed, for that the Bagnèrais, since the introduction of the wool industry into their city, were being corrupted by the sudden access of wealth.

The Winter of 1587 was an exceptionally long and cold one: the river

Adour was frozen hard, and, as late as the month of March, the inhabitants of Bagnères were confined to their houses during a three-days' fall of snow. There was plenty of wood in their outhouses, however, and the rich burghers heaped up their great log fires, and continued their life of pleasure and feasting. Bagnères might almost have been compared to Babylon of old, and, as to Babylon, a warning was sent.

At a meeting of the councillors governing the town, a tall, ascetic-looking woman entered unannounced, and in prophetic tones warned them that, unless the city turned from its evil courses, some great calamity would shortly befall it. That woman was Liloye. She came, she said at Our Lady's bidding; but her words were received with derision; and when she bore the same message to the clergy of the place, it was greeted likewise with incredulity. Both priests and magistrates dismissed her as a crazy woman, and her second warning, delivered a few weeks later, met with the same ill-success. Bagnères continued its evil ways, and the blow fell: in the month of August, 1588, some Oriental carpets brought the plague into the city and thousands died.

Those who were able to afford it fled to distant villages; in many cases carrying the fatal germ along with them, but the greater number remained. Of these, five persons out of every six, perished miserably; grass grew rank in the streets; an awful silence reigned. Liloye and Andrette earned the gratitude of their fellow-citizens by nursing the sick, consoling the dying, burying the dead; and when the plague at last abated and people returned to their deserted homes, the Bagnèrais recalled Liloye's prediction, and believed that it had been inspired.

Some there were, however, who remained incredulous. One of these, Simone du Mont, wife of a wealthy citizen, jeered at Liloye openly in the street.

"You prétend," she said, "that the plague was a punishment sent from Heaven; then, how comes it that by a timely flight, we rich were able to escape?"

Liloye made some meek reply. But, a few days later, she returned from Medous with a very different answer.

"Go," had commanded the Blessed Virgin, "to that haughty woman, Simone, and bid her prepare for death. Tell her that the plague will shortly revisit Bagnères, that the rich shall be its principal victims, and that, as a retribution for her incredulity, she herself shall be the first to die."

All of which was fulfilled to the letter. For a year had barely elapsed after the Bagnèrais' return when the plague reappeared in their city, the first to die of it, as Our Lady had foretold, being the unbelieving Simone. Her fellow-citizens buried her outside the walls, at a cross-road, under a large heap of stones; and her death, so soon following the Blessed Virgin's threat, made a most salutary impression. Thoroughly convinced by this terrifying example that the scourge afflicting the city had come from above, the Consuls governing the town, consulted Liloye, who suggested a solemn procession to Medous. Scarcely had her proposal been agreed to by the authorities than the plague ceased!

The plague of 1589 wrought far less havoc than the preceding one and the Bagnèrais, grateful for its unexpected cessation, organized their procession with the utmost splendor. The whole city, with the exception of the sick and the lame, went out to Medous, and in the front ranks walked the two women whose praise was now on everyone's lips. The pious widow was now as greatly esteemed as she had hitherto been derided, and the Consuls of the town, recognizing the importance of her services to Bagnères, offered to make her an annual allowance.

But this Liloye modestly declined. In-

stead, she begged them to send both herself and Andrette to some quiet convent where they might serve God with greater perfection than they could in the world; and to this the magistrates consented. It was discovered, however, that all the religious houses, south of the Loire, had been destroyed during the late civil war; and it became necessary to look for one in Spain. Finally, the Abbess of a Benedictine monastery at Balbona agreed to accept the two holy women, and that in spite of the Rule which forbade her convent to admit any postulant of humble condition.

It is said that not a few of the nuns at Balbona were displeased at this infringement of their Rules, but that when Liloye and Andrette, accompanied by an escort, knocked at the garden gate, the convent bells, set in motion by angel hands, rang out a joyous peal—a startling occurrence, which convinced the malcontents of the newcomers' eminent sanctity. By common consent the whole community arose and hastened to the outer gate, where they greeted Liloye and her daughter with every token of cordiality and respect.

The severe lessons taught by two successive plagues were not to be easily forgotten, but lest the Bagnèrais should do so, an annual procession to Medous was decided upon. In course of time the place became famous, and when a larger edifice had replaced the chapel in the woods, Monsieur de Gramont, governor of the province, asked some Capuchin friars to take charge of it. These monks remained at Medous until the year 1793, when the French revolution broke out, and they fled for their lives into Spain. The fine chapel was destroyed; some of its altars and sacred vessels, however, were saved from destruction by the neighboring parishes; and the little wooden statue, before which Liloye had so often prayed, is still preserved in the village church of Asté.

Told of an Old Tar.

An incident in the life of the late Brother Polycarp, C. S. C., illustrating the power of prayer and the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, deserves to be recorded. After acquiring a good elementary education at his home, in Ireland, he ran away to sea, and in course of time joined the American navy. Being an exceptionally experienced seaman, he was assigned to the flagship of Admiral Farragut in our Civil War.

On one occasion, during a violent storm, he was sent aloft to take in sail, and in a sudden lurch of the vessel, lost his hold, and fell to the deck, alighting on both feet like a bird, near where the Admiral was walking. He stopped, and in astonishment, asked: "White, where were you?" The answer was: "At the mizzen-top." After an interval of silence, the Admiral replied: "I have been at sea all my life, but never witnessed anything like this before."

Brother Polycarp's sisters—two or three of whom had entered religious communities—never ceased to pray for and recommend him to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, for whom, as a child, he had a tender devotion. She once appeared to him, describing a place, far distant, where after special trials he would end his stormy life in a great calm. "A snug harbor," he called it.

That place was at once recognized when he accidentally stopped at Notre Dame on his way to San Francisco.

Like the Wandering Jew he had been all over the world, and had many strange adventures. Noticing the guards observing attentively a travelling showman and his dancing bear, he once ventured into the Mosque of Omar, and narrowly escaped being stoned to death by the infuriated Mohammedans whom he had disturbed in their devotions. "That Christian dog has legs like the wings of the Prophet," they afterwards declared.

A Cardinal's Christian-National Message.

BY L. R. W.

WHEN Cardinal Bourne gave the inaugural address at the National Catholic Congress, held at Westminster last month, it was, by a great misfortune, reported in the secular and Catholic press as a mere hurried and patched-up reply to the sex congress then meeting in London. It was a reply, indeed, and this was needed; but it was very much more. The Cardinal spoke for Catholic-English things, for the Catholic way of thinking, of seeing life, and for the Catholic way of moral living. His statement on the overworking of the sex appeal in literature, on the stage and in fashions had a present application and much importance; but his speech was on the whole trend of thinking and doing, not just to-day, or these last few years, but for three or four hundred years past, and for at least the next generation or two. And though he spoke directly to the English, his ideas are strictly applicable to American and, we suppose, to all Western life.

He spoke on "the great factors of Catholic teaching" which made the Christian character of the English people, which prevailed for a thousand years, and is only now, after being maimed for nearly four hundred years, practically disappearing from the nation. He spoke as an Englishman, as we know an Englishman would, and indeed should; and he pleaded for a full chance for Catholic and any other Christian life, for a full recognition and sanction of such life, that the nation itself might be the better stocked and the longer lived.

Well, the Cardinal summed up the problems that England, as integrally a Christian nation, must face in these two: the preservation of the Christian character of the mind of the country,

and the safeguarding of the Christian morality of its people. Were his people, he asked, to remain definitely Christian in their outlook on life and in the conduct of their lives?

And really he was not so very hopeful, not so very surely hopeful. The best that the public schools have even attempted to do in these times has been to get children to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and to listen to Bible reading; but no comment has been given, and such "instruction" does not make the child a Christian "in any definite sense at all." For to be a Christian, said the Cardinal, is to "believe that Jesus Christ is truly God as well as truly man, that He came into and lived in this world to teach men to know God and to know themselves, and to fulfil their duty to God and to their fellow-creatures." These things are not to be taught merely as theory, as a possible explanation, i. e., as an hypothesis, but as doctrines to be accepted by all Christians and to be worked out in their lives. And now, where precisely are these to be taught? "Not certainly in very many homes, wherein they are wholly forgotten. Not in the churches or chapels, for vast multitudes never enter their doors. Where then, but in the schools? . . . But such definite teaching as I have set forth above is by law forbidden in the publicly provided elementary schools of this country."

The public-school teachers themselves, and the people in general, have gone through a long and progressive negationism in outlook and in moral practice. In the Sixteenth Century many of the English gave up their ages-old allegiance to the Apostolic See; but they kept to their belief in Revelation and in God and the Divinity of Christ; they prayed and they led lives that we are certainly to call Christian. This faith, which though curtailed, was effective and precious, has become more and more fragmentary, till the people are at

last left pretty much without anything Christian or religious.

As a part remedy for this negated religious attitude, the Cardinal made a strong plea to the national Government to grant a State scholarship to every child whose parents, whether Catholic or Church of England or Nonconformist, wanted to give their child a religious training but were too poor to do it. This may seem to American educators, so neutral on religious training, as an extreme suggestion. But Cardinal Bourne was not making it on behalf of his own or all churches, but on behalf of the English people,—for the sanity in mental outlook and moral character that Christian training has given to the English in the past and that is needed to-day and for the future. "I make my plea," he said, "not for our own schools solely—or, may I say it, even principally—but for all the schools of the country," that thereby the Christian character of England may not gradually perish, but be kept and grow strong until it comes to the "full acceptance of the whole revelation of Jesus Christ Our Lord."

This view of the non-Catholic Christian churches as unmistakably a bulwark for the moral and national life, and as 'the best we can do till we can do better,' is certainly reminiscent of a like plea made, and repeatedly made, by Newman in his day. Cardinal Bourne's analysis of the present moral situation, an analysis taken from things as they are and containing his disgust at a sex appeal claiming justification because it gratifies the passions, followed. We have not space to detail it here, but we wish to say that he insisted that the effective stand on family security and conjugal purity must be positive: must preach parenthood, and especially motherhood, as sacred, as a gift, a privilege, as a high vocation, and not as an ungenerous second-best way of life. (The whole appears in the *London Tablet*.)

Notes and Remarks.

Now that censorship has been loosened and safe travel made possible, we can expect to hear at first hand some of the tales of true heroism which we know existed in suffering Mexico. No persecution of the Church can arise anywhere or in any form without bringing to the foreground martyrs as heroic in suffering as any that ever testified to their Faith in the Church's history. There is nothing extraordinary in that situation. The common Catholic soon learns to suffer for his religion in his everyday life. The blood of martyrs flows in his veins, and the Faith that gave heroes to God burns in his soul. However thin that blood may have run, and however dim that Faith may have become through centuries of comparatively easy living, martyr material is there; the challenge of persecution will ordinarily work miracles of heroism in such souls sufficient to stir the admiration of even the most unbelieving. The almost instinctive ease with which Catholics adjust themselves to the exigencies of persecution is well illustrated by the way in which a five-year-old Mexican boy brought the Holy Eucharist to the helpless prisoners of a penal institution. In an article, entitled "An Archbishop in Hiding," Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., tells the story as it came from the lips of the Most Rev. Francis Orozco y Jimenez, Archbishop of Guadalajara:

In Guadalajara about eighty-five ladies and men of the quality were rounded up, suspected of being in sympathy with the revolutionists. They were condemned to the horrible *Islas Marias*, the Devil's Island of Mexico. They were closely guarded. The problem was how to receive the Sacraments. The Sacrament of Penance was arranged by having them all make an act of contrition at a given moment, and a priest in disguise within twenty yards of the enclosure gave them a common absolution. But the Eucharist was a different matter.

Here is how it was arranged. One of the

ladies had a five-year-old son, named Angelito, who was very lively and very intelligent, and was allowed to visit her. He was asked if he knew what the Blessed Sacrament was. "Jesus Cristo," he said. Would he bring Jesus Cristo to them all? He would. Suppose the soldiers attempted to take Him away. "I would die first," he answered proudly.

So a priest outside to whom he explained the matter, fixed a large reliquary full of consecrated Hosts inside his shirt. Angelito thus set forth, fooled a bit as usual at the entrance with the soldiers guarding the prisoners, and then went dancing and shouting around the enclosure from one to another. As he went he gave each one Communion.

A correspondent of one of the large dailies asks whether the national lobbying habit of some of the churches does not clearly miss the purpose for which a church presumably exists, and whether it does not at least show that such churches "admit their weakness as exponents of reason." He believes that now and all through history, the club and the police idea has been the poorest church builder. He proceeds:

Since the dawn of civilization two methods have been used to change or to influence behavior. The one was by force, by command, backed by the executive power of the State, by the police or army. The other was by persuasion, by reasoning, by argument, by creating public opinion—by preaching. The greatest teachers of religion—Christ, Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius—believed in the power of the spoken word and condemned all violence.

Some of our Catholic papers recently carried the passing but rather significant remarks of a modern journalist. "I remember," he said, "when the only cable news we carried from Rome was the death of the Pope or the assassination of an Italian prince. Now it is a dull day when we don't carry something from the Vatican City. To-day I got a surprise when I saw on my desk a story

on Ember Days in swell 'cablese' (the condensed form in which news is cabled). It gave me such a surprise that I got a flimsied carbon for a souvenir. Here it is. Read it." He then presented the contents of an interesting cable upon the meaning and historical significance of the Ember Days. This recent newspaper activity, which so startled our friend of the press, is heartily to be commended. The activities of the Church are so varied and so interesting, and so colored with the historic significance of centuries, that they should furnish most valuable material for that particularly popular type of newspaper article known as the Feature Story. If this commendable work of explaining Church activities and practices to the world in general is as welcome to all newspaper men as it appears to be to the one quoted, we may soon look for a more tolerant and more appreciative attitude from the man on the street.

The American people are probably the most fair-minded people in the world. They have their bigotries, to be sure, but they have them honestly, and they make their amends quite as openly and generously as they make their mistakes. They have their ideals also, and they follow them lustily, quite as lustily and often as blindly as they follow their prejudices. Skilful propagandists know these characteristics. They make use of them in building up prejudices and in clothing these prejudices with the mantle of various virtues, that of patriotism being the favorite disguise. We Catholics particularly have been made to suffer from the activities of these self-appointed leaders. We have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that the great mass of Americans resent unfairness of any kind, and they will visit their resentment upon any of those "holier than thou" leaders who show the least mark of the Pharisee. Our newspapers have made

a complete job recently of tearing the masks from two of the holiest of these leaders, and the American people, as a whole, have had many a good laugh at their discomfiture. And that's the end of the influence of these two Napoleons. Two other solicitous gentlemen have taken pains to warn all good Americans against this Catholic threat to our national stability. One of them, Mr. Marshall of the *Al Smith* challenge, we know. The other is Mr. David A. Orebaugh, author of "America and the Pope—A Frank Protestant View," who contends in the *Forum Magazine* that Americans are in doubt as to their status as citizens. The *Extension Magazine* makes a common reply to both of these gentlemen in a way which, we believe, will appeal to the fairness of the American mind. We favor giving this challenge all the publicity possible. It reads:

To Mr. Orebaugh, of Chicago, and Mr. Marshall, of New York, we say: A plague on your "academic" discussions! We have been "academically" discussed long enough now, and "psycho-analyzed" until we are nauseated. Let there be an end to that sort of nonsense. We are tired of your nagging; tired of your patronizing airs; tired of your nasty slurs and vile insinuations; tired of your innuendoes and aspersions; tired of having our loyalty as citizens impugned and our allegiance to the Government of the United States questioned. We are weary of your supercilious assumption of superiority; weary of your boast that because you are Protestants you are better citizens than we are; weary of your brazen effrontery; and we resent your dastardly attempts to put the stamp of inferiority upon us simply because we belong to a Church whose organization you do not approve.

It continues with this advice to the critics and accusers:

If Mr. Orebaugh and Mr. Marshall are sincere and have the courage of their convictions, they will, without undue delay, act upon at least some of our suggestions. If they

fail to do so, they stand accused either of chicanery or of pusillanimity.

If your contentions are justified; if you are in good faith, and your solicitude for a better understanding between Catholics and Protestants is not merely a sham, you will accept our challenge to have all these questions officially and authoritatively settled once and for all time. You are lawyers! Formulate your charges, draw up your bill of particulars; present your indictments to the proper courts.

Call the attention of the President of the United States to the fact that there reside within the limits of this nation twenty million men and women (about seven million of whom are of voting age) who, in your opinion, on account of the fact that they owe spiritual allegiance to the Pope, are not fit to be citizens of the United States, and therefore not worthy to hold office. Demand a declaration from him! We prefer that you do this rather than being put to the painful necessity of doing it ourselves.

And do not rest there! Carry the subject to the Congress of the United States. If you believe what you pretend, you are justified in demanding that the national legislature reinstate the political disabilities against Catholics which your Protestant forbears had put into force and effect more than a century ago.

And while you are in Washington, may we suggest that you file a protest with the War and Navy Departments against the enlistment of Catholic young men in the Army and Navy of the United States. Don't wait until the next war; do it now!

But that isn't all that you can do. Here's a suggestion that ought to appeal to you. There are more than a hundred Catholic Bishops in the United States, whose fealty to the Pope is unquestioned. Why not file charges against them simultaneously in the courts of the forty-eight States? If that is too large an order, what is there to prevent you, Mr. Orebaugh and Mr. Marshall, from challenging the Catholic Archbishops resident in your respective cities, at the polls, at the same time filing charges against them in the

courts? Or any parish priest will serve the purpose as well.

Or you may do this: Both in Chicago and in New York there are scores of prominent Catholic laymen, some of them presidents of banks, of railroads, of corporations, of great industrial enterprises. Select a few who, in your judgment, are the most noteworthy, and launch your formal charges against them. And do not stop until you have reached the Supreme Court of the United States.

There is much to console the relatives of many of those who die outside the Fold, in the Scriptural declaration, so often quoted by a recent spiritual writer: "Behold the eyes of the Lord are upon them that fear Him and upon them that hope in His mercy, to deliver their souls from death" (Psalms). And let us not forget those words of Christ Himself: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold."

A moment of time at the approach of death is enough for a miracle of conversion to the Faith.

Religion is the one article that always has a ready market. It has no season, but is in demand at all seasons; it has no age or color line. Gas, which sells so well, is not on the map with it; and we can not think of anything that does sell so surely, unless it be food for the body. Any religious doctrine will succeed with some of the people some of the time. This fact is evidence of the insatiable hunger that people have, a hunger that, if it is to be taken care of, needs a very real religion with a sane and broad human-divine program. The human hunger for doing right and for keeping in touch with God is so urgent that almost anything that is labelled 'religion' will sell. For instance, some one lately began a 'new religion' in New York, and announced that his followers must forgo sacraments, priest, prayer and even God. Yet we may be pretty

sure that he will prosper, not because he has a large part of the truth, but because he is trafficking in something that, under one form or another, the people must have.

It takes the presence of death at times to sober the judgment of some men who in life have talked flippantly about God and His revealed truth. Recently an old political journalist of Paris, Ernest Vaughan, gave public testimony of the corrected vision which came to him during his last days. While one naturally regrets the belated nature of a death-bed acknowledgment, nevertheless, in this case its sincerity and humility are most edifying. The letter, it is interesting to know, was written to M. Gustave Herve, publisher of the journal *La Victoire*, who was himself for twenty years the champion of anti-clericalism. Mr. Herve has also come back to the faith of his youth, and since his conversion has been pleading daily for the Christian and moral rebirth of the people. M. Vaughan wrote as follows:

My dear Friend:—I shall soon be leaving you. Before I go, I feel obliged to make a declaration to you before my sons.

You know that since my childhood and throughout my life I have sneered at religion—the one in which I was born as well as that in which you were born.

All my republican generation sneered as I did.

Now at the moment of my departure, fearlessly and, moreover, I can say without reproach, I declare that in company with all republican adherents, I have erred egregiously, and we have wrought inestimable harm to the country.

To-day, I am certain, absolutely certain, that it is impossible to base a civilized society on materialism and atheism.

The religious explanation of mysteries which surround us are not clear to our poor human reason, but the material and mechanical

explanation of freethinkers and atheists is even less clear and is certainly less consoling.

I wish to tell you that I am in full accord with you. If I had discovered these truths sooner, I would have propagated them as you have without fear of what any one might say, without fear of ridicule, without fear of sarcasm.

I authorize you to publish what I have told you for the edification of young republican generations. My conscience is free!

Another quaint saying of the old-time American humorist, Josh Billings, is worth recalling: "If you would know how much the world will miss you when you are dead, put one of your thumbs (either will do) into a tub of water, then pull it out and look for the hole."

Next to the service of expressing a good thought like this, is the service of repeating it. The quaintness will cause it to be remembered when the same thought, in the solemn words of monitors, like the author of the "Imitation," is forgotten.

Three more Franciscan missionaries, one of them a Bishop, have been martyred in China. The present martyrs are Belgians, but three Americans and one Irish missionary have also been killed this year; and a total of over twenty priests have been killed in China in the last half a dozen years. Of course, it is not possible just now to name them "martyrs" in the strict sense of that word, but they certainly were murdered; and it is highly probable that at least some of them were martyrs for the Faith.

Calling for remembrance in the Month of the Rosary, when so many *Ave Marias* are being recited, is the saying of a spiritual master that at every devout repetition of the Holy Name a sin is blotted out. A penny will not go far in these times, but these coins of God's Realm can buy Heaven.



Us Men.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

MY Dad and I's on business terms.

We always 'scuss affairs,
And talk things out just like in firms.
Now if things need repairs,

Or if I want another gun,
A kite, or knife, or sled,
Or if for something I have done
I get sent up to bed—

It's all the same. We thrash it out
Just like they do in firms.
We settle things up fair and square,
For we're on business terms.

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

I.—MICHAEL MAKES A MAGIC ARROW.

JOAN sat in a heap on the floor of Daddy's study, putting the final artistic touch to her doll's attire,—the final touch, consisting of a piece of orange peel sewn with black thread on to the doll's white sunbonnet. Her concentration was deep; Daddy's concentration was also deep.

But all this depth of silence was broken suddenly by the entrance of Joan's mother.

"There now!" cried Mother. "I knew how it would be!"

"What's the trouble?" Daddy asked drowsily. Daddy never was half asleep, but he always made his voice pretend he was, and sometimes Mother found that very provoking.

"It's just as I said it would be," repeated Mother with a great sigh of despair. "I spoke to Annie about that half-cooked meal last night—I spoke to

her gently, mind you, I almost caressed her; and I certainly apologized,—but I knew how it would be!"

"What's the trouble anyway, dear?" Daddy asked again in his drowsy voice.

"Why, Daddy, she's going of course," said Joan, patting the orange peel of her doll's adornment.

Mother looked gratefully at her comprehending daughter. "Perfectly right, darling. She's not only going, she's gone."

"And that means no dinner to-day for us, miss," Joan murmured to her doll.

"Which means of course," went on Mother, "that I'll have to slave away in that kitchen for a couple of weeks before I succeed in capturing the next beauty."

Daddy's pen was ready to go on with its writing.

"Oh, don't bother about cooking much," he murmured.

"No, Mother dear, we don't want anything to eat," said Joan loyally. She jumped up and gave her mother a hug. "We'd much rather you played the piano. Just lock the kitchen door, and throw away the key until the next beauty does arrive."

Mother said, "You darling!" But immediately she turned to Daddy with a fresh grievance. "See how grown-up and understanding Joan is. Ten years old. It's too bad! But I have to speak out my mind to somebody, and as you're always so buried alive in your work, I speak it out to her,—only I'm making her much too old. I talk to her as—well, as woman to woman."

"As child to child, you mean," said Daddy with a small wink for ten-year-old Joan.

"Oh, Mother, wouldn't it be lovely if you *were* a child," cried Joan. "I often wish I'd known you as a little girl. We'd

have a lovely time playing together if you were a child again."

"If you had known me in those days, Joan, you might not have liked me at all. But now I must get on with my work, and as it's such a lovely morning you had better run and find Michael, and then both of you go and play with those new children who have moved in next door—Brown or Smith or something the name is."

"Oh, it's Brown, Mother," cried Joan, quite excited now; "it couldn't be anything else. Have you seen them? They're all brown."

Mother gave a passing frown of perplexity. "Why, that's true, they *are* brown. They have a funny look,—a sort of a brownish look. Perhaps you get that way when your name's Brown."

"And there seem to be an awful lot of them, Mother, and they look as if they're all twins."

"See here," observed Daddy, "how do you two think I'm going to make the family fortunes with all this woman-to-woman chatter going on? One kiss each and begone."

Outside on the veranda Joan came upon Michael, very pleased with himself and the bow and arrow he had made.

"Say, Joan, want to see how well I can shoot? This arrow's the best I've done yet. I made it last night in the moonlight. Watch! I'll aim at the cypress, and I bet you I'll strike that dark bit of the bark, just where the tip of the lilac bush bends over."

"Bet you you won't."

"I won't? All right. Want to see?"

Michael jumped to his feet and poised himself. The cypress was about fifty yards down the garden. He stood in professional breathlessness, and Joan in sisterly derision. The arrow was ready to fly.

Out shot Joan's hand.

"Oh, don't, don't!"

"Stand back!" roared Michael.

"Don't, Michael,—it's alive! *That's one of the Browns from next door.*"

By the time Michael had taken in this unexpected piece of information, Joan was running across the lawn in the direction of the cypress tree; and by the time he had followed her she was already opening the conversation with the child from next door. She never found any difficulty in making the acquaintance of new neighbors, yet this time almost as soon as she began to speak, her self-possession ebbed away. For, to say the least, the child from next door had an odd, unusual appearance.

He had climbed half way up the tree, and was standing carelessly on the frailest bit of a twig, and both his hands were behind him. His face was tanned from the sun, and his clothing was all brown and fitted so neatly that it gave the impression of having grown on him, even to his peaked cap with the acorn at the tip of it for a bell.

Joan overcame her hesitation and began again. "Hullo, little boy! I live next door to you, and this is Michael. He's my brother; he's eleven and I'm ten. He was just going to shoot you with his bow and arrow when I stopped him." Here she paused, thinking that the little Brown from next door might very likely want to thank her for saving his life,—but the boy said nothing, only puckered his face up into the most expressive and friendly of smiles. He had an odd, older look than either of them, but from his height Joan guessed his age as being around eight.

After waiting in vain for him to say something she thought she'd try once more. So she said, politely: "Have you had your adenoids and tonsils out? I have." Among the little girls she met this was quite a successful mode of beginning an acquaintance.

The boy from next door was amused at the question and laughed, or rather he chuckled.

"No," he said, "we don't have any trouble that way." When he said "we" he nodded his head towards the big shingle house into which he and his family had so lately moved. Michael and Joan glanced in the direction of the house; and there peeping out of every window they saw a crowd of little brown faces.

Joan was awed. "Well! You seem to be a very large family!" She was wondering however they kept a maid. In her own family, with four children, it was hard enough.

"About a hundred or so," said the neighbor.

"A hundred!" cried Michael.

"Or so!" murmured Joan; and then she frowned and fixed penetrating eyes on the child from next door. "Is your name Brown?" Her tone said: Please play no hanky-panky with *me*!"

The boy chuckled again. "Well, we *said* it was Brown—we said it was Brown to the people who own the house,—but really it's Brownie."

Joan's eyes and mouth became as round as moons. "Oh! then you're Brownies!"

The boy nodded and grinned. "By rights, you know, we shouldn't be here at all. We should be away there—"

"Away where?"

"Away beyond,—over the gate I mean. But the fact is we were just dying with curiosity to know about people like you, and we thought it would be fun to come and take a house and pretend we were ordinary people. I was the one who started the family on to think of moving. It's because I'm so sick of being brown,—always the same dull, old color. And if you want to know a secret I'll tell you one. I'm going to collect all the pink that's in the world and take it home with me. We've no pink in our country, and I just love pink. If we were only Pinkies instead of Brownies!"

"Look! There are all your brothers and sisters peeping out again."

The Brownie glanced up at the house with its crowd of little heads at the windows. "They're afraid to come out. Yesterday two ladies came to see my mother, and we weren't sure what we ought to do, so we all ran for safety into the back rooms and hid under the trees until the ladies left off knocking at the front door and went away."

Joan was all ears. "Under what trees?"

"The ones we've planted in the rooms upstairs. The trees we sleep in."

"Oh, how we'd love to see the inside of your house."

The Brownie was quite agreeable to that. "Then come on and see." He jumped down from the twig, landing on his feet.

"I think it's time you knew my name," ventured Joan politely, as she and Michael followed him towards the shingle house. "It's Joan—Rosemary Joan."

"Rosemary Joan," cried the Brownie drawing a big breath, "what a lovely name! It sounds just like Raspberry Jam,—and that's pink, too."

It was their garden, but he seemed more at home in it than they were, for he took them along a pathway they had never noticed before. It was very narrow and in places so densely overgrown with bushes that it was not easy to make headway, especially as Michael was still armed with his bow and arrow. But the Brownie squirmed and twisted himself along as if he were a fat, brown worm.

"Hey, what place is this?" Michael asked, sucking a scratch on his hand. They had come out into an unfamiliar garden.

"This is our garden, next door to yours. Perhaps it looks a bit different now because of the changes we've had to make. You see, to get here at all we

had to make a connection. That gate over there leads into the Strange Land Time Wronged,—that's the name of our country."

Michael was beginning to be rather tired of all the Brownie's talk.

"Bet you I pierce the latch on that gate." He took aim and the arrow flew from the bow,—but it did not strike the latch; instead it rose leisurely over the top of the gate and then sailed onward.

Michael stared after it. "Well, if that isn't the rummiest thing!" He made up his mind quickly. "I'm going after it. It's the best arrow I ever made." He ran, climbed the gate and hurried after the sailing arrow.

At this the Brownie started jumping up and down, partly in amusement, partly in annoyance.

"Now look what he's done! He's gone into the Land Time Wronged, and he'll have a fine job getting back. The only thing for us to do is to go after him. Come along, Raspberry Jam." He took Joan's hand, and like Michael they climbed the gate and set their feet within the boundary of the Strange Land that Time had Wronged.

At once Joan sent up a cry of trouble. "Oh, oh! what's the matter with the ground?"

The Brownie encouraged her. "You'll get used to it. Hold my hand tight until you do."

"It wobbles like a blanc-mange," gasped Joan clinging to the Brownie's fingers.

"It's muddled, that's all,—like everything else here. It's old Time's doings."

"Oh, dear! Oh, my! Help me, Brownie!" Joan floundered over the sticky, spongy ground, only raising her eyes once and catching a glimpse of Michael some distance in front of them, and of the arrow still sailing ahead. "Tell me about it,—oh, dear! oh, my!—why did Time wrong this land?"

"Oh, because he's a cross-tempered old chap. But I daresay if some one

came along and grabbed you by the forelock, Raspberry Jam, you'd feel pretty furious. Anybody would. That's what happened to Time. People were always threatening to do it and one fine day someone did do it. So now there's no distinct time here; it's all muddled, past and present,—all jumbled together. That's how Time has revenged himself. We have the right days of the week, though." The Brownie said this proudly.

"Oh-oh-oh! I wish this road would keep still."

"Part of it is going backwards and part of it is going forwards; and so you have to walk as if one foot was coming and the other foot was going. You have to pretend quite a lot here."

"How do you do, Miss Honeybunch," tinkled a silvery voice so unexpectedly that Joan jumped, and consequently fell in a heap on the heaving ground, and went whirling to and fro in a semicircle. "Good after-morning, how do you do? Quite well, thank you, and how are *you*? You have not had the pleasure of meeting me before as far as I remember."

"N-n-no," stammered Joan, while the Brownie hauled her up to her feet.

She stared at the strange lady who had stepped out from the hedge. How tall she was! And what long hair,—silvery like her voice, which was a beautiful young silver and not the grey of age. Her gown too was silvery grey and flowed down to her feet. A beautiful woman, Joan could see, in a strange way.

"Good after-tea, I said," went on the willowy stranger. "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Grown-up Grisel,—the one with five baby cousins."

"Oh, we're in a hurry, Grown-up Grisel," put in the Brownie, though not unkindly. "We're following Michael, the boy with the bow and arrow."

"And I'm following my bent," said Grown-up Grisel, "which is a very good thing to follow." She took Joan's hand. "Come and talk to me, little Miss

Honeybunch, and help me with my problem. You see, I'm Grown-up Grisel with five baby cousins, and I love them so much I'd like dozens and dozens—"

"Oh, Grisel, Grisel!" interrupted the Brownie, "we'll meet you later. You're not in your own street, Grisel. Turn to the West. We've got to hurry."

"Till we meet again, then," said Grown-up Grisel in her silvery voice, and she made a sweeping curtsy to Joan who returned it somewhat awkwardly. "When next we meet the pleasure will be yours,—but the five baby cousins will still be mine." She continued to curtsy as they moved on, and the Brownie shook his head to make the acorn on his cap tap a merry farewell.

"What a peculiar person," murmured Joan, "but very *nice*."

"There are lots of peculiar people here and they're all nice,—but then all nice people are a bit peculiar. We turn off this way." The Brownie guided her unsteady footsteps into a side street.

Here they found Michael standing at the entrance of a large white house, with the sun beating down on it and two children playing on its shady veranda.

"My arrow flew in here," he said. "I wonder if those kids saw it."

"Ask them," said the Brownie. "You know them well enough."

"I don't know them. Never saw them before."

The Brownie gave a bound of joy. "Well, that's a good joke. You didn't notice the name of this street, I suppose? It's called The Lane of Long Ago,—and *these* are your mother and her little sister, your Aunt Jill,—Betty and Jill. If we go further down this Lane you'll see things that happened hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Get your arrow and let's go."

But having heard who the children were they did not want to go. Joan was staring so hard at her mother as a little

girl that she barely gave herself time to blink,—and, as for moving on, it was not to be thought of! How many, many times (and only that morning), she had longed to know what her mother had been like as a child; and now suddenly that wild, impossible wish was being fulfilled.

Michael pushed open the gate and Joan followed him, breathless with elation and yet fearful at the strangeness of what was happening. They tiptoed to the very foot of the veranda. The little girls, Betty and Jill, were far too absorbed in their own doings, however, to notice their visitors.

Joan crept up the steps (though her heart was bounding to rush forward and meet her mother), and gazed in fascination. What soft, fair hair her mother had, and what large brown eyes, and what a nice little face,—and how quaint was her dress, and how pretty too, was Aunt Jill! These thoughts whirled through her mind. Yet aloud she could only manage to whisper: "Hullo, Mother!—hullo, little girl!" But the little girl, her mother, said nothing.

"They're playing a game," explained the Brownie in a low tone, "and she didn't hear you: they're playing Ladies."

Very demure ladies they made, these two old-fashioned little girls. The tinier of the two, Jill, was the hostess, and her part of the game was just to sit on a chair and wait for the arrival of her guest.

Betty was the guest. She came carrying (as only a very devoted mother could) her doll with the real hair, in one arm, and in the other arm, hugging her sunshade after the manner of the moment. With such precious burdens in her arms it was a difficult business to pay her visit in the correct mode. For etiquette demanded, according to the little girls, that she hitch herself up on a chair facing her solemn hostess, and so closely as to have her knees wedged

tightly against those of the lady of the house. This was an important point. To achieve this position required not only practice but patience. Eventually, however, it was gained, and the thrill of the visit began.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mary Ann?" said Betty, in a well-bred whisper.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mary Ellen?" answered Jill in the same well-bred tone.

Then the knees slipped! Down climbed Betty to rearrange her chair, and by the time she was settled once more to her satisfaction it was time to say good-bye.

"I'll have to be going," Betty whispered solemnly.

"All right," whispered Jill, equally solemn.

"Oh, don't go, don't go!" cried Joan, afraid of her little mother vanishing.

The intrusion of her loud voice so startled Betty and Jill that they nearly jumped, as it was, they turned their heads and stared in alarm at the newcomers,—both so much bigger than themselves, for they were away down among the baby ages of four and five.

Joan held out her hand to her mother and said hesitantly: "Hullo, little girl! Can I play with you?"

"She's very shy," said the Brownie. He yawned and settled himself on the steps for a snooze, for it was very hot.

Very shy Joan's mother was, without a doubt. She put her finger in her mouth and drooped her head. Suddenly over Joan there came a feeling of being very grown-up and modern in the presence of these two old-fashioned children, so she sat down on one of their chairs, lifted her mother on to her lap and cuddled her Aunt Jill to her side.

"Oh, mother, isn't it funny," she whispered, "you're smaller than I am now, and you can sit on my lap! You never thought you'd have big children like Michael and me, did you?"

Betty shook her head and glanced up shyly at big Joan. She was a slight

child, with straight fair hair falling softly on to her shoulders and a little smile lurking in the corners of her mouth,—but so shy that Joan could not get her to speak, try as she would.

"I don't believe she knows I'm her little girl," thought Joan perplexed. She was just about to explain the situation to Betty from beginning to end when a tall woman, who moved like a soldier, came marching out of the house.

"Come for your nap," rattled the woman,—*"right about turn. March!"*

"Oh, nurse, we're playing house," expostulated Betty, speaking for the first time, as she was hauled off Joan's lap. "We're playing that this nice big girl is my mother and I've got to sit on her lap—"

"Left-right, left-right!" ordered the dragoon woman, marshalling Betty and Jill to the door that led into the house.

"Oh, wait, wait," cried Betty, looking back over her shoulder at Joan. "Come to my birthday party, big girl; it's on Wednesday. Please come and bring the big boy too. You'll know when it's Wednesday because Wednesday's the green day."

"Right about turn," thundered the dragoon, shutting the door behind her charges.

The Brownie opened one eye. "It's hot and I'd much rather sleep," he mumbled, "but I suppose we ought to go and find Michael; he's gone again! And after that I ought to start my pink collection. Come along, Raspberry Jam."

Then Joan walked down the steps of her little mother's house as if she were in a dream.

(To be continued.)

Brother Sun.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

THE finger of the dial halts,
And points no more; my day is done.
For warmth, and glory of your light,
I thank you, Brother Sun.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Paulist Press has just issued a new edition of the Baltimore Catechism (No. 1 and 2) with a number of prayers for Confession, Holy Communion and the Holy Mass.

—"The Sacraments and the Commandments," by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., is a volume of brief sermons and discourses which will make good spiritual reading, or give abundant material for sermons to the busy priest at the early Masses. Published by The Herder Book Co. \$2.25.

—The Paulist Fathers (401 W. 59th St., New York) advertise an enlarged and re-written edition of the famous mission book by Father Conway, "The Question Box." This is one of the most important and popular apologetic books ever written by an American, and in many ways it compares well with Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers." The new edition sells at \$1, cloth bound, and 50c paper bound.

—A second and enlarged edition of "St. Thomas, the Apostle, in India," by F. A. D'Cruz, K. S. G., has just been published by Hoe & Co., at the "Premier Press" of Madras. The new edition brings up to date the wealth of supplementary material that has been gathered in the research of the past seven years favorable to the Apostolate of St. Thomas in India. The book is a scholarly contribution to the history of the Church in India, and should do much to give the great Apostle his proper place in the affections of the Christians of that country.

—It is indeed a pleasure to record the lustiness of the new Catholic University of Peking which, in the two short years of its existence, has already outgrown its original housing facilities. An impressive Bulletin, just published, acquaints the reader with some of the activities going on in this new educational centre. It is particularly interesting to know that the first building to go up in the recent expansion project has been designed by Dom Adelbert Gresnight, O. S. B., so as to adapt the traditional Chinese architectural

forms to the needs of modern school architecture. The progress of this young University has been so steady and so healthy that a continuance of the same growth is the best wish that we can offer to the very able faculty that presides over its destiny.

—Readers of "Myths after Lincoln," by Mr. Lloyd Lewis, just published by Harcourt Brace and Co., will heartily welcome it for what it contains that is new, and be grateful to the author for his painstaking researches. He has provided a long list of sources, besides an adequate index. It is not too much to say—and quite enough—that this book deserves to rank with a very excellent one by Carl Sandburg. Future biographers of the great President can not afford to ignore either of these works. Mr. Lewis has rendered a distinctly important service, which we are hoping will be generally appreciated.

—It is difficult to find good text-books for College classes in Religion. They are either too elementary, or are so befogged with philosophical and theological terminology as to be wholly uninteresting to the student. "God the Redeemer," by Charles G. Herzog, S. J., is the third volume of a series of religious text-books that bear the general title "The Truth of Christianity Series." This volume treats of (1) Christ as Redeemer: His humanity, His Person, His merits and the worship that is due Him; (2) The Glories of Mary and Devotion to the saints; (3) The nature and workings of grace. The treatment is expository, with test questions at the end of each chapter. We think, however, that the price (\$3.00) for a book of 217 pages of matter is unusually high. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—We cordially welcome a new Catholic magazine *Sponsa Regis*, a monthly review devoted to the Catholic Sisterhoods. The review "will carry articles on all questions of religious life, ascetical and mystical, historical, liturgical, educational; on Catholic Action, on the best religious and spiritual books appearing to-day, on current events and activities in the

religious life." This review will supply a special need in the Church in this country, and, no doubt, be eagerly read by the large Sisterhoods of this country and England. It is edited by the Benedictines of Collegeville, Minn., which is assurance of its being ably edited. We bespeak a large circulation for this youngest of Catholic magazines.

—The study of the working of the child mind and the appreciation of its processes of assimilation proceed apace. Continually we see evidence of improvement in method in that very difficult field of education. The Supervisory Staff of the Summit Experimental School of Cincinnati, has taken a forward step in this movement through its contribution of The Alpha Individual Number Primer and The Alpha Individual Arithmetics. Taking the beginner along the first halting journey through Numberland, these books, with a minimum of teacher help, lead the child onward by easy and pleasant and safe stages into the realm of real accomplishment. The method used is psychologically sound, and it furnishes sufficient incentive, so that every child will tend to set its own pace and make its own progress, thereby releasing the teacher for directive and corrective purposes. We recommend the examination of these books by instructors who have found difficulty in the mass method of teaching arithmetic. Publisher, Ginn and Company. Prices: The Alpha Individual Number Primer, 40c; The Alpha Individual Arithmetics—Books One and Two, 36c each.

—Scarcely a month passes without producing a new hymn-book purporting to carry out all the Roman injunctions concerning music for divine service. In many of these books a laudable effort is made to conform to all things liturgical; in others we find many of the old favorites of our Sunday School days, which had been discarded for a time, now restored in a new setting. Either new music has been written for the words, or an old melody that does not run counter to the *Motu Proprio*, is pressed into use. Some of the tunes are in danger of being overworked. The various authors and compilers make use of

the same tune for different well-known hymns.

Father Pierron's attractive work, "The Ave Maria Hymnal" (Bruce Publishing Co.), has much to recommend it to choir masters, and it will prove especially interesting to those in charge of the music for the "Children's Mass." There is a wide selection of material—Latin and English—suitable not only for Mass and Benediction but also for Novenas and Triduums. The poetical works of Father Faber, Father Matthew Russell, S. J., and others equally well known in literature, have been drawn upon to furnish new hymns. The Reverend compiler has written the music for a score of these, and he is a composer of no mean ability. The *Imprimatur* of Archbishop Messmer is a further guarantee, if one were needed, that "The Ave Maria Hymnal" is liturgical and musical.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Michael Foley, Diocese of Rockford.

Sister M. Sulpice, Sister M. Casimir, Sister M. Linus and Sister M. Lucina, Sisters of Saint Joseph; Sister Mary of the Divine Heart, Sisters of Charity of B. V. M.

Miss Kate R. Burke, Mrs. Clara Williamson, Mr. Fred S. Raby, Mrs. Liza Doyle, Mr. Joseph Le Clair, Mr. William Stadfelt, Mr. John O'Brien, Mr. Edward Burke, Mrs. J. Horohoe, Mrs. Mary Snyder, Mrs. J. A. Roe, Miss Katie O'Brien, Mrs. Charles O'Donnell, Miss Fannie Ursula Shea, Miss Ellen T. Byrnes, Bridget Burns, Mr. Patrick T. Byrnes, and Miss Katherine Leonard.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

Lepers in the Fiji Islands: S. T. E., \$5; Mrs. Brechenser, \$10. Sisters of Charity in China: M. A., \$1; Marguerite Patterson, \$2. Sisters in North China: Nell Barrett, \$5; Miss E. Brogan, \$5; C. S., \$5; P. A. Lamb, \$10. Saint Teresa Leper Home, Dutch Guiana: Mrs. W. P. D., \$2; J. A. W., \$1.



ALL SAINTS.
(Hans Memling.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Death.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

ALL to the dust
Go of their nature, little to their lust:
The oak shall rot, the granite crumble, the
sword rust.

This personal frame,
These swift limbs, this proud head, this heart
of flame
Be naught—save for a little while a graven
name.

How can it be?
To others it may happen, not to me.
Alas the impossible is sure—dread mystery!

Empirical
That knowledge. Wiser intuitions tell
Another story than the graveyard's mournful
bell.

Though death may cry
Triumph: this soul, this body which is I
Must come together again; and death shall die.

A Link with the Past.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

ICELAND belongs geographically to the Western Hemisphere; culturally and historically it belongs to Europe. In size it is practically of the same extent as Ireland, and is not unlike the latter as regards early culture. Anciently known as Thule, Iceland is said to have been discovered by Irish monks. The writer has long been of the number of students of

history who believe that many Brendanian traditions have reference to Iceland and the Faröe Islands. This possibly will be denounced by many Celtic enthusiasts as heresy from an historical viewpoint. Be this as it may, the opinion is expressed without reserve despite the learned exponents of Brendaniana.

Ari Frode (Ari, "the learned") states that when the Norsemen first began to visit the Island they found Christian men there whom they called *papas*, but the latter soon migrated, because they did not wish to dwell among the heathen Norse. They left Irish bells and books.

De Roo (citing Gaffarel's "Decouverte") says that, during his first voyages, St. Brendan met with Irish monks, or hermits, on almost every island where he touched. It seems beyond doubt that monks and bishops from Ireland were the first to announce the teachings of Christ to the barbarous tribes of the North for many centuries. The presence of Irish Christians, both clerics and laymen is vouched for in the significant nomenclature. The Norse pirates (Vikings) called these Christians *papas*, and to their settlements they gave the name "papey," "papil," or some similar appellation. The *papas* were apparently Irish priests who had retained the language and customs of their native land, and for this reason the Norsemen called them by the same name—a name which the Irish seem to have borrowed from the latinized *papas* as a manner of address. Christian

laymen were similarly designated because they were of the same nationality and religion, and, like the priests, wore garments of a white color.

In the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, six Benedictine and five Augustinian monasteries were founded, all of them centers of learning and culture. Two Benedictine monasteries in North Iceland, founded in 1122 and 1155, were the earliest. Stephenson ("Denmark and Sweden," with "Iceland and Finland," pp. 161-162) says: "The Icelandic monks wrote in Icelandic, and not in Latin, as all their brethren on the Continent did. The Icelandic clergy were national and many chieftains were learned men—both things unique in Europe at the time. The two centuries and a half which followed the introduction of Christianity were the greatest periods in the history of Iceland. A great literature sprang up in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries at a time when the rest of Europe had nothing better to show than dry annals, with the exception of the Provençal Troubadours. At the Courts of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Dublin, and Orkney, Icelandic poets were the only singers of heroic deeds. It was an outburst of literature such as the world had not seen since the downfall of Rome." The legitimate conclusion of this is briefly, that the cultural development of Iceland began with the activities of monastic institutions.

Icelanders made frequent journeys to distant parts, and came in contact with Christians on the Continent. Thus came a preparation for the Gospel. The first native missionary was Stefnir Thorgilsson (996), who was commissioned by King Olaf Trygvesson. The actual conversion of the natives was a long and arduous task. It must have been fruitful, however, for in 1056 the country had its own bishop who was Suffragan of Hamburg, with his See at Skakholt; later, a bishopric was erected at Holar.

Priests of Iceland frequently went to Continental and English universities to study.

There were unfortunate divisions in the Icelandic Church in the early part of the Sixteenth Century, and this perhaps contributed, in a way, to the irruption of the doctrines of Luther, the first preachers of which were Gotskalksson and Einarsson. These gained several adherents. Protestantism received strong support from Christian III., of Denmark, who seems to have been influenced more by political expediency than by religious motives, not unlike most of his European friends at the time. The last Catholic bishop in Iceland, Arason Jon, was executed November 7, 1750.

After the passing of this valiant prelate, it was not difficult to scatter a shepherdless flock. The people in Iceland, as in Denmark, were robbed of their faith by surreptitious means. At the first coming of the Reformers only slight ceremonial changes were made, the chief efforts being directed to the confiscation of Church property. The former ecclesiastical divisions were allowed to remain, and preachers took the names of priests (*præstur*). Latin remained the official language of the Church until 1686. The ritual and vestments of the officiating Protestant minister reminded one even to-day of Iceland's Catholic past. They still retain a travesty of the Mass, which is known as *Hamessa*.

For more than three hundred years after the establishment of Protestantism, Iceland like Denmark suffered from rigorous penal laws; and the celebration of Catholic services was prohibited under severe penalties. The first priests who dared to venture into Iceland after the disruption were two Frenchmen, the Abbés Bernard and Bandoïn, both of whom had to endure many indignities. Abbé Bandoïn was the author of the first manual of the

Catholic religion in Icelandic. He was forced to abandon the field in 1875, and not until twenty years later (1895) was missionary work resumed. Since that date it has been vigorously carried on. The best evidence that progress has been made is the fact that the Icelandic hierarchy was restored weeks ago. Thus was forged anew in Iceland a link with its Catholic past. When Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, performed there two important ecclesiastical functions—the consecration of Msgr. Menlenberg, Vicar-Apostolic of the Iceland Vicariate, and the consecration of the Cathedral, dedicated to *Christus Rex*, at Reykavik.

The coming of Cardinal Van Rossum and the dignitaries who accompanied him was not regarded by Lutheran Iceland as an "Italian Mission," as was the case in England in 1850, when Wiseman was named Archbishop of Westminster. The English Protestantism became vocal, and even the dignified *London Times* gave expression to the fanatical fury of certain prominent Englishmen against what they termed "arrogant papal aggression." There were many riotous public meetings of protest; and the burning in effigy of pope, cardinals, and prelates, kept the country in a state of ferment for several weeks. Archbishop Wiseman during his progress through London, was frequently hooted.

How different things were in Iceland! When Cardinal Van Rossum arrived there in the last days of July there were public rejoicings despite the fact that Iceland has barely two hundred Catholics in a population of some 99,000 Lutherans. The Cardinal, himself a Netherlander, was accompanied by Msgr. Müller, Vicar-Apostolic of Sweden, Msgr. Brems, Vicar-Apostolic of Denmark, Fathers Drehmans and Richard. Exceptional courtesy was visible on the part of the non-Catholic officialty. On

the day following the arrival of the distinguished ecclesiastical party, the Prime Minister of Iceland paid a State visit to the Cardinal; and when the compliment was returned by his Eminence, the head of the Government conferred the highest honor at his disposal on the illustrious guest; namely, the Grand Cross of the Falcon. As a further evidence of respect to Cardinal Van Rossum and his company, a State banquet was given at which the Prime Minister paid a delicate compliment to the Prince of the Church by making a speech in Latin.

Cardinal Van Rossum did not actually create a regular diocese of Reykavik but a Vicariate Apostolic. The new Vicar-Apostolic is not a titular of some ruined city *in partibus infidelium*, but is known as the bishop of Holar, an old Icelandic diocese of pre-Reformation times. There is another reason for not calling Msgr. Neulberg bishop of Reykavik; there is already there a Lutheran bishop. There is evidence that Iceland is ecclesiastically a land of promise; and there is ardent hope that the restoration of the hierarchy gives a happy augury of a Second Spring.

A Sea of Yellow Faces.

BY MARY E. MCGILL.

TORK the bottle, Mr. Perlieu!" The command came from the other side of the lilacs. Shaky fingers obeyed the woman's quiet order, after several fumbling attempts.

Examples of negative and positive processes in life were here introduced in an oasis such as is often inlaid in the heart of a big city. Though flower pilfering was taboo by municipal fiat, some audacious despoiler had cleaned out a section of the lilac bush, conveniently leaving an aperture wide enough for Miss Rhodian to study Volsteadism in paradoxical effect. She did this an-

alytically, though alertly anticipating the moment when decisive action might become imperative.

Now, Mr. Perlieu drank like a gentleman and carried spirituousness well, as the saying goes; or, do they say, when speaking of a certain unfortunate excess: "He stood up under it and walked like a king?" Philip Perlieu possessed kingly courtliness.

Surreptitiously sprinkling a white powder behind him, he walked around the lilacs to the girl on the other side, the while stealing from a sunbeam his better-days' smile. Respectfully he raised his hat, and, without thickness of tongue, acknowledged:

"I am indeed Mr. Perlieu, whom you evidently know, but may I ask your name, and when I had the pleasure of meeting you?"

Without affectation, Marie Rhodian made room on the bench. Inwardly she chuckled. To an unknowing onlooker the procedure was too suggestive of a cheap flirtation to be palatable. "And my clique!" Marie ruminated, as she replied:

"We have never met, Mr. Perlieu. But I have seen you at the Cathedral on Sunday morning from time immemorial until the past year. Not long ago I inquired of my brother if you had died. Perhaps you remember Jack Rhodian, who was on the football team with you at St. Jerome's?"

"Yes, Jack is a fine fellow. But what did he say about me?" Suspiciously he questioned. "Shoot the whole works!"

"Oh, he tried to get away from my questions—manlike! Unwillingly, he hinted that you seemed to have lost your way. And he expressed surprise—mentioned your family—early environment—said you had plenty of money, perhaps too much for the toughening of your fibre, and added that you were studious and athletic while in Prep, and—*devout.*"

"Did he bring the story up-to-date?"

"Well, he said he had seen little of you since you began your study of law in a university marked with an unmistakably irreligious, even atheistic tendency," Marie evaded.

"Surely, there was more?" His look prolonged the question and demanded honest expression. She rather resented becoming an interlocutory medium for his relief. It was embarrassing in the first place, and in the second, there was a sacred place where confession sincerely made brought peace different from what she had to offer. But suddenly remembering that she had invited this ordeal, she defended:

"Jack is not a gossip, Mr. Perlieu. But I did finally worm out of him that by the end of your freshman year you were not actively Catholic, though you apparently kept alive your Faith by attendance at late Mass on Sunday," considerably she concluded.

"And the final chapter ran?"

"The final chapters are not yet written, Mr. Perlieu. I believe there are several pages devoted to exposé of questionable practices in your legal profession within the past year or so. But Jack expected a comeback."

"And you?"

"I have found my brother a good judge of men, Mr. Perlieu."

He waited, dissatisfied, and compassionately she buoyed him:

"You have full opportunity. The great *now* is the right time." Marie looked into the purple chalices of the lilacs, inhaled their fragrance, caught her breath, and then reluctantly but decisively: "But this situation is wholly surprising. I can but believe it is the exception and not the rule," she excused. "May I have the bottle?" He handed it to her.

"Thank you. We'll just put it in my Boston bag, a cache unsuspected by hijackers. I am glad I used it this morning to take some books to a friend who is also a daily puncher of the seven

o'clock." There was a moment's pause, and then the girl remembered something important.

"The powders, Mr. Perlieu," she suggested gently. "There is room in the bag for the flakes also." With a simplicity that was childlike, he emptied his pocket of its stupefying content.

Marie Rhodian eyed him speculatively. Then apologetically: "I feel like a regular inquisitor. But you really are inexperienced in the shoveling of snow?" she hopefully interrogated, while a light of playfulness crept into her eyes.

Her tact brought forth the prompt admission: "Honestly, it is my first exploit. But I am all in—fidgety—on edge. God! My nerves—and my thirst—the disgrace of it! I've felt myself slipping and I have loathed my weakness, but not until this moment have I realized how far I have gone. It's your quiet way—your understanding attitude. Ah! You know the human heart, and yet—you are like a nun."

The girl veiled her eyes to his shame, refraining from reply. His face was white and hard—set with soul suffering, haggard with nerve pain.

The Cathedral faced the miniature park. Coming from Mass, Marie had been lured into a brief stop by the perfume of the lilacs and the chattering of the feathered ones as they busily dipped into the bird bath. While they talked the birds had winged away in search of worms, and human hunger invaded the silence.

"Mr. Perlieu, have you breakfasted?" Broad shoulders indifferently lifted. He wondered that she didn't realize he felt a nausea. She continued: "Do you know the old Rhodian homestead just around the corner? We still live there. Mother will welcome you. She knew your mother years ago."

A sense of unfitness suffused him. "Another day, Miss Rhodian. Thank you, but I can't this morning."

She summoned firmly: "You are invited now; perhaps there will be no other day. I am sailing for China three weeks from to-morrow."

"China?" he echoed.

"Yes, I am a graduate nurse; next week I will be a full-fledged pharmacist, which will equip me for the hospital work which I have engaged myself to perform on the Missions, having signed up for two years."

"Two years!" Parrot-fashion Perlieu repeated.

In recent years Mrs. Rhodian had been furnished with ample opportunity for growing accustomed to her daughter's generous reclamation gestures. Notwithstanding all this preparedness she was surprised to find Marie towing a six-footer—Philip Perlieu at that. While neither mother nor daughter knew this man other than by sight, Mrs. Rhodian met him with a casual graciousness.

Old Jeff, the family butler, sophisticatedly recognizing after-effect marks, busied himself with first aid. Even Perlieu never knew just how he was whisked upstairs. He tried to remember as he thirstily heard the rush of the water as the old Negro turned on the hot and cold and tempered the bath for his shower. Jeff chuckled, murmuring words that were soundless. Perlieu's guardian angel picked up: "I'll give it to him cold just as he is ready to step out; that'll send needles through him and pep him up." Having done just that, Jeff handed him a soda properly medicated for his needs.

While ablutions and rub-downs were in spirited process overhead, Marie gave her mother particulars of her morning encounter. Shortly after breakfast she excused herself, truthfully pleading a 10 o'clock college schedule.

It was cosy with the older woman after Marie had gone. Soon Philip found himself voluntarily telling Mrs. Rhodian all about his life since his home had

been closed with the passing of his mother eight years before. Statements were expressed as facts, without extenuations. She listened gravely to the old story of an amnesia of ideals, a subsequent departure from standards, and a final abandonment of Catholic practice through the deadly effect of swiftly moving associations.

The earnestly searching woman read progressive weakness in the visibly marked facial lines and the moral collapse which was reflected in his shamed eyes. But she read something else: his anguished expression relaxed as the faint shadow of a resolution was cast by his contempt of his present habits. A mother hand reached out to him.

"In the long ago I knew your mother well, Philip. But we drifted apart: she and your father were so much abroad. May I ask where you are living now?"

"At my club."

"Not a very good place to make a new start, Philip. We have a large house here, and in three weeks Mr. Rhodian and I will be alone with our servants. Jack married last year, Corinne, three years ago; and I don't know whether Marie told you, but she is leaving for China on the 25th of the month. I think Marie will eventually join the ranks of the consecrated." In spite of her piety, the mother sighed. Philip chilled. "Wouldn't you like to have a home again, and wouldn't ours seem a little bit like the one your mother made for you?" she continued.

Surprised gratitude beamed in his face.

"Oh, Mrs. Rhodian, if I just could; but, no—I mustn't. I am sure I would drink, and I can't bring the stuff in here."

"Bring it into our home? Boy, it is here! Didn't you see the decanter on the sideboard? Go, look at the Bourbon there. Open the built-in cupboard, note the wine on the shelf. We have always had liquor in our home; my grandparents had it, their parents before

them—our pre-Volstead supply is far from exhausted. When it is gone, likely we will not re-stock. But Prohibition is not a good law, and some day sanity will displace fanaticism. Enforcement of law by violence never created a temperate people. Sobriety proceeds from will power, Philip. It is not wine, nor whiskey, nor beer that is wrong: it is the abuse of alcohol that brings ultimate physical ruin and spiritual death."

Mrs. Rhodian's voice was stripped of preachment cadences. She was an artist in tone placement, and knew well the persuasiveness of the human voice when pleasing in quality. She thrilled to her power as she saw Philip displayed no irritation. Instead he cried aloud his weakness:

"But, if I partake at all, Mrs. Rhodian, I want not a drink but a gallon of it."

"In that event, Philip, there is nothing left for you but voluntary total abstinence. Exercise your will, and merit by the abnegation. Just here is where the fanatics lost the key to the situation. Feverish attempts to dam the stream of intemperance has resulted in their overlooking the prime necessity of the co-operation of the human will with the Divine in all moral reconstruction. They have locked themselves out of security in property and safety for their lives, and have thrown their children into a society, mockingly indulgent in both high and low strata, as the young and old flaunt the dry statute. When the erratic antis come to realize that the temperate use of the legitimate pleasant things of life is a virtue, we may hope for an end of murder in the enforcement of Prohibition, a relief from espionage that savors of the old Russian method, and a gradual restoration of law and order in our country."

"Mrs. Rhodian, you are absolutely right. I know from experience. I have been pulling down the jack—excuse me—for a couple of years, getting a lot

of poor weak devils out of the clutches of the law. Of course, you and I know that hi-jacking is morally wrong, but we also know it is discriminatory for the city police, the Federal officers and high officials to tolerate infractions of the law by the higher-ups who are purchasing their stock from these 'hi-jackers and bootleggers. Such unjust attempts to save the face of the law by prosecution of the uninfluential and winking at the malfeasance of the powerful is in itself a nullification of right government. A questionable law weakened by unsound methods of enforcement has germinated the abuse."

"Yes, and out of the confusion and bickering has sprouted suspicion, and the soil is pregnant with a discontent that breeds rebellion. But, Philip, you can do your bit locally to correct public opinion in harmonious overtures, far-reaching in diapasonic richness of sound interpretation. All you have to do is to stage a comeback and you will regain your former leadership."

Philip was installed self and baggage in the upper northeast corner of the Rhodian homestead when Marie returned late in the afternoon. Her mother met her as she was coming in. She put her finger to her lips and whispered: "He is going to stay here with us while you are gone. He will give me something to work for, and with the grace of God I'm going to help save him."

"Mother! I love you for it. It is just what I hoped you would do, but I would never have asked it of you."

Along about one o'clock that night Marie heard a creak in the hall floor and sensed some one feeling in the darkness. Her dog Jiggs, sleeping on the rug beside her bed, heard also, and growled. Nursing experience prompted Marie's action. Instinctively she reached into her clothespress for her travelling negligee—a soft grey silk, so modestly cut that it might have passed for a

morning dress, were it not for the length, as it touched the fluffy rosette on her flame-colored slipper. Very quietly she reached the door. She opened it quickly, and her sensitive fingers pressed the electric button in the hall without a fumble.

Philip had reached the stairs. His eyes were feverish, wild with eagerness. Notwithstanding his lounging robe protection, he shivered.

"Walking in your sleep, Mr. Perlieu?" very gently Marie suggested.

"You know I am not walking in my sleep," he snapped. "I have got to have it, that's all—and I must have it right now."

"Of course, you must have it now—I understand. Shall I bring it to you, or will you come with me to the dining-room?" soothingly she inquired.

"It is no place for you to go—not with me. I am nothing but a drunkard. You go back to bed and let me drink." This with the bitterness of a soul out of bounds—clinging to dregs of desire—burning with thirst—slipping down and down, futilely anguished with a sense of uncontrollable weakness.

Marie reached for another button at the head of the stairs, which immediately illuminated the hall below. "I will lead the way," she said. Snapping her fingers, she whispered to her dog: "Come with us, Jiggs. Nice old boy. You like Philip, don't you, Jiggs?" The low tones calmed the man, as he held to the railing, carefully going down the stairs.

Lights flared as Marie went through the house. She was getting out the glass and decanter when he seated himself.

"Shall it be a mint julep, Philip, or will you take it straight?" courteously she questioned, as though he were in sound condition.

"Straight!" he hissed. She gave it to him—a small nip. He drank it and gasped. "More—more, for God's sake!"

She poured a little more; then, gently, but decisively: "That's all you need."

Marie and Jiggs led the way upstairs, straight to Philip's door, and then she stood aside. Skilled nurse was stamped on her face and in her posture. She ordered: "Now, right into bed, Mr. Perlieu. I'll turn out the light and close the door. Jiggs, you stay with him," she commanded the dog. The man reached out his hand and patted the dog's head as he stepped into his room. The dog licked it and followed him, sponging Philip's feet with his soft tongue.

The experience of the first night was lost in the dawn of a new day. Marie wondered if her mother had heard. "Mother is such a dear! It would be like her to pretend not to know," the girl told herself. "And as for Dad—an earthquake wouldn't shake his eyes open after he once gets into a sound sleep." She was glad her father was asleep. He had never gotten used to his little girl's matter-of-fact ways when an opportunity for doing good presented. It did not satisfy him to be told by his wife that Marie was one girl in ten thousand, that she was an angel of mercy, which fact carried a protection stronger than a bodyguard, when it was backed by the common-sense and spirituality which Marie possessed.

Marie had given the whiskey as a medicine; it never became necessary to repeat the dose. Philip was not by nature a weakling. His collapse was of the insidiously creeping form. Even a rock may be worn away, as is evidenced by stones which in time are worn by repeated footsteps.

The next day was Saturday. That afternoon, entirely free from suggestion on Marie's part, Philip confessed humbly and with the resurrecting hope that deep sorrow enkindles; and his resolutions were further reinforced by a self-imposed pledge of total abstinence.

A bad habit is as treacherous as quicksand and its victims succumb to it as easily as one sinks in a bog. Its

inroads on physical health are deep and more discernible than interior moral perversion. But given a naturally strong will and let it be supplemented by the grace of the Sacraments and the miraculous occurs.

The first week Philip was irritably courteous, if you understand the anomaly. The week following he improved; the third week there appeared a man much like the former Philip Perlieu. He was clear-headed, even-tempered, and exhibited a control accomplished under terrific struggle, for nerves ordinarily do not mend so quickly. And he had not broken his pledge. Conquest exhilarates. His normal winningly warm personality was now emitting attractive radiances.

Philip's masculine interest was piqued by Marie's good-humored nonchalance. But his lawyer insight informed him that she had for him a genuine concern, untouched with selfish motives, and his appreciation was manifest. Indeed, he admired more each day Marie's nun-like serenity. But he wished she were not so *detached*. A little leaning his way would have been very pleasant, he told himself more than once.

The day before she sailed they drove far into the hills. Out of a meditative silence he ventured to express a thought which had been tormenting him for days:

"Marie, if you are going over there with the Chinks, in the name of common sense why don't you become a nun, and have the protection of the habit? I don't like the idea of your being exposed to heathenish cruelties and perhaps overtures from leering yellow faces."

"Why don't I become a nun? Because I am not convinced that is my vocation. But I am sure it is every woman's vocation to be more than negatively good. Mother and Dad don't need me; China does. So I am going where there is work waiting for me. The need is urg-

ent for Catholic activity right now. The Chinese are responding to our missionaries, and the Holy Father is at this time visioning the future. Did you know there are Chinese bishops, and plans for a native clergy?" she enthusiastically questioned. Perlieu expressed his surprise and approbation. But his thoughts were otherwise directed. A wave of relief washed his face of the hopeless yearning heretofore painted thereon. He whistled boyishly—just like an engine relieves itself of crowding steam. Drawing in deeply of the mountain air, he exhaled eager words:

"I thought you were headed for the convent. I didn't believe there was a ghost of a chance. Oh, Marie! You don't know what this means to me—" A disturbing thought intruded. Quickly he interrogated, "Is there any one else?"

"No, no!" she laughed. "No one. There never has been—perhaps never will be. That's why I am running away. I must do something for God and for my own soul. Friends? Yes, plenty of them, but no one I have wanted—no one I could picture I would wish to care for me and them always."

Did he imagine it, or was there a lonely look in her soft eyes—eyes which sent so many lights of encouragement to others that they seldom found time to search consciously for self-happiness.

"So you have suffered too, my little one—suffered the pain of an overly discriminating nature. Perhaps you have not even analyzed what you are missing. Always so intent in giving, you may not have thought there might be some one who would like better than anything in the world to give himself to you."

"Perhaps—and then again, perhaps God has other work for me to do."

"Yes, you are just the type that could go through life happy in service, asking nothing," he admiringly told her. "But in spite of the fact that you have the stamina to go it alone, I don't believe God intended that for you. Marie,

I promise I am going to make good. And I'm going to wait for you. I am going to take care of you and them—a dozen of them—and Jiggs too,"—ferently he supplemented.

Marie smiled. Neither refusal nor encouragement was decipherable. Brooding over him was a soothing gentleness; an atmosphere of belief in him came from near-by. Suddenly it came to him that it was such influence that he had needed in his life. Hope fired.

"Marie," he implored, "don't go." Instantly she rebuked:

"Why, *Philip!* You ask me to forget my contract signed months ago? A combination pharmacist and nurse required, and my word pledged to fill the need—" For a moment her belief in his inherent integrity of character faltered, but a tightening of the lines about his mouth and the glint of pride in his eyes reassured her.

"Forgive me, Marie. Such a promise is sacred. Two years will not be long in passing," he courageously bolstered himself. "And it is your right that I should be tested. Two years should prove whether I am to be a man or—" Quickly she interrupted him:

"Not another word, Philip. I can't bear for you to finish. You are going to be a Catholic leader, and—everything I want you to be," she shyly ended.

The next day Marie sailed for China. She took her secret with her—the fact that years ago she had acknowledged to herself, in response to a nagging interest, that some day she would meet and love Philip Perlieu. The thought had been inspired by seeing him in church the first Sunday she returned from St. Mary's after receiving her diploma. Her guardian angel thought she took a long chance by remaining unknown to him, when her brother Jack could so gracefully have arranged an accidental meeting. But that was Marie's peculiar patience manifesting itself. She was endowed with a certitude that if she

lighted her soul each day life would shape itself according to Divine intent. This contented patience, so unusual in the young, was divested of fatalism. It sprang from a sturdy belief in the care of God for those who served Him. No wonder the guardian angel who had pondered so often now smiled and winked as he flitted by Philip's winged companion!

Marie found the days too short on shipboard, and she was tantalized by the nights lighted by a moon much larger and of a yellower gold than she had ever witnessed in all her starry youthful moon gazings. The reason she was tantalized any normal young person can guess, but for the benefit of the oldish, who may have forgotten the glamour hours, we deign to suggest that Philip's eyes shone in the moon, Philip's lips smiled through its golden vapor and Philip's words of love cascaded from his high perch straight into her responsive little heart. Quicker than she desired the shore line of her destination was sighted.

And then? Bodies yearning for physical relief from pain—a sea of yellow faces unrelieved by the radiance which the true Faith gives even to the most sorely tried. Peering closely, Marie discerned hungry immortal souls searching her eyes in a dull though enigmatic way. From her kind and spiritually illuminated face they garnered a hope and trust greater than anything her humility might ever have dared foster. And she was strengthened in the conviction that these benighted Chinese souls clamored for an introduction to God. She had two years to give to them—and then? *Philip!*

ARE you exposed to temptation, are you overcome by the sad calamities of life, are you borne down by the weight of adversity? Invoke the name of Mary.

—*Albert the Great.*

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

IV.—THE LAST OF THE BARDS.

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.

FAMED Killarney has come to be the criterion by which connoisseurs of beauty measure all other scenery. "Beauty's home, Killarney," "Angels' rest, Killarney," "Heaven's reflex, Killarney," are but a few of the terms which have been used to describe these lakes of enchantment. And the first glimpse of that glorious, deep valley, with the three lakes lying like silver sheets in its depths is, indeed, marvellous enough to excuse any flights of enthusiasm. Its beauties of vegetation, softly-tinted hills, ancient castles, hoary with tradition; its gushing cascades, limpid streams, magnificent mountain peaks; its deep forest glades, rich green meadows, rugged hillsides, and, above all, its indescribable lakes, taking the lovely colorings of their surroundings and blending them as only that supreme artist, Nature, can blend them, and as even Nature mingles them nowhere else on the earth, have ever beckoned the poets of the world. Yet even these masters of language have bewailed their inability to picture the beauties they beheld. The greatest of word artists have confessed to inadequacy in the face of so perfect a work of nature.

It was at Killarney that Edmund Spencer found the inspiration for his "Faerie Queen," and it was of the little wooded isle of Innisfallen he wrote the lines:

It was a chosen spot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves; set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
Bene choicely picked out from all the rest
And laid forth for ensample of the best.

Lord Macaulay's description is full of

color but pale, indeed, beside the actual scene: "The myrtle loves the soil; the arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shores of Calabria; the turf is of a livelier hue than elsewhere; the hills glow with a richer purple; the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy; the berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green."

Sir Walter Scott—loyal Caledonian that he was—declared that the Upper Lake was the grandest sight that he had ever seen. But of all those who come and go few are they who seek that lonely tomb in Muckcross where lies buried the last of the Gaelic bards, whose entire life was spent amid these scenes of beauty, and, in his day, of desolation. Indeed, the name of Aodhagan O Rathaille (Eagan O'Reilly, to give it the more easily spelled English form) is almost forgotten among his own countrymen except in his native valley.

Yet Eagan O'Reilly stands as the last representative of the aristocratic and learned order of bards. He was born in 1670 in that district in the southwest corner of Munster which Daniel Corkery, himself one of modern Munster's sweetest singers, calls the "Attica of Ireland and Sliabh Luachra its Hymettus," for the school of Sliabh Luachra continued to influence the poets of Munster down into fairly modern times. No lovelier spot could be found to lure the muses than this little valley, the southern terminus of which is about four miles from Killarney, and through which flows the Quagmire River. On the eastern edge of this valley at Stagmount lived Eagan O'Reilly, surrounded on all sides by the rugged Kerry Hills, The Paps to the south towering high above valley and hill.

Living amid such scenes of beauty, one wonders that the poet so seldom celebrates these natural beauties in his verse. That he was not insensible to them we know from the poem on the great

cascade under Tomies Mountain, for the poet spent his days along the very paths tourists follow to-day. Crossing the River Laune to the Gap of Dunloe, MacGillicuddy's Reeks rise on the west, Tomies Mountain and Purple Mountain on the east, the Gap, a narrow defile between the Reeks and Purple Mountain. Thence the tourist will continue his journey through the Upper Lake with its innumerable, picturesque little islands, through Long Range and under Old Weir Bridge to the Meeting of the Waters, and then into Middle or Muckross Lake, on the eastern shore of which stands Muckcross Abbey, Torc Mountain towering above, and Torc Waterfall tumbling noisily downward, as in that far-off day when the dying poet listened, then under Brickeen Bridge and across the Lower Lake,—O'Reilly's Lough Leane.

But to the poet living in an age which saw the gradual decline of the ancient Gaelic civilization, and the gradual encroachments of strangers from over the sea forcing their laws and their customs upon the old Gaelic state, the tragedy which he witnessed in his own life, in the lives of the people about him, and in the life of the nation, caught and held his genius. O'Reilly was schooled in the ancient, traditional schools of the poets. His childhood and youth saw the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England with a partial restoration of their rights to the people of Ireland, only to be followed by a new persecution which ended with the accession of the Catholic James II. He was a young man of twenty-one when Limerick fell, and twenty-seven when Dathi O Bruadair, the poet-historian of one of the most heroic periods of Irish history, died, making an end to his "scribbling about the men of Ireland."

O'Reilly had no such heroic inspiration for his muse. From then until his

death he saw only tragedy stalking among Nature's priceless beauties. His elegies breathe the unrelieved despair of him who saw "Blarney (home of the once great MacCarthy clan) with no dwellers save wolves," and his Rabelaisian satires reveal the depth and the bitterness of that despair. In his poetry we get intimate glimpses of that vanishing civilization that O'Reilly knew. We glimpse the proud, aloof spirit which saw in himself the last of a line of poets tracing its ancestry back beyond the dawn of history to the very beginnings of that civilization, of that ancient aristocracy of learning whose swan-song he sang in those tragic elegies and exquisite lyrics, worthy even the last of a great line of poets.

O'Reilly introduced into Gaelic literature the "aisling," or dream poem, which gained a wide popularity among the poets who came after him. One of the most beautiful of his lyrics is the "Aisling," beginning "The brightness of brightness I saw in a lonely path." Its form is perfect and its language flawless in the original Gaelic. It loses much of its melody in translation, even by so great a word artist as Mangan.

The Brightest of the Bright met me on my path so lonely;

The Crystal of all Crystals was her flashing dark-blue eye;

Melodious more than music was her spoken language only;

And glorious were her cheeks of a brilliant crimson dye.

O'er mountain, moor, and marsh, by green-wood, lough and hollow,

I tracked her distant footsteps with a throbbing heart;

Through many an hour and day did I follow on and follow,

Till I reached the magic palace reared of old by Druid art.

Oh, my misery, my woe, my sorrow, and my anguish,

My bitter source of dolor is evermore that she,

The loveliest of the lovely should thus be left to languish

Amid a ruffian horde till the heroes cross the sea.

In his last poem, written on his deathbed, the poet gives a picture, not only of his own desolation but of the desolation of his race. Gaelic Ireland is dying, its song is silenced, the poet mourns; but even in his desolation he is dominated by the old proud spirit of the bards: "For help I will not cry until I am put in a narrow coffin," he could write in those last tragic hours.

I will cease now, death is nigh unto me without delay;

Since the warriors of the Laune, of Leane, and of the Lee have been laid low,

I will follow the beloved among the heroes to the grave,

Those princes under whom were my ancestors before the death of Christ.

And with that farewell to the places he loved, the pen fell from the hand of the poet. Eagan O'Reilly wrote no other line, but, wrapping his poetic robes about him, he passed from a land of sorrow, majestic even in his complete defeat; for he died in the most abject poverty, all his few possessions having been swept from him. In a forgotten tomb in famed Muckross Abbey lie the remains of the "Dante of Munster," who died without the consoling hope that a new generation of poets would spring around his beloved Sliabh Luachra to carry on the tradition of song, if not the tradition of learning, that had made the Munster school well-nigh immortal. But even as Eagan O'Reilly was going down the steep slope to his grave the new song was stirring in the valley.

Eoghan Ruadh O Suilleabhain, or, to substitute the English form, Owen Roe O'Sullivan—Owen of the Sweet Mouth, he was called by his contemporaries,—was born at Meentogues about a mile from the birthplace of O'Reilly, in the year 1748. The twenty years which had passed since O'Reilly's death had seen

startling changes in the countryside, the changes whose coming cast the shadow of tragedy over the earlier poet's entire life. The Penal Laws, enforced with a crushing severity, had sunk a leaderless people into a state of wretchedness and helplessness without parallel in history. That out of such conditions could arise a poet whose lyrics rival the choicest lyrics in any language is a miracle. The bitter struggle for existence trained men to brutality and violence, not to poesie. The poor wielded their pikes as the rich their pistols.

Into this maelstrom Owen Roe O'Sullivan, poet by instinct and training, wandering laborer—"spailpin" is the Gaelic word—by necessity and environment, threw the weight of his charming personality. He came of a family where poetry was still held the pearl of great price, and he learned to read Gaelic from torn and soiled manuscripts in the school of Faha. He also learned English and Latin and Greek, but he had not the background of vast learning which characterized the bards of old. He had no opportunity of gaining for himself this store of knowledge, for the school at Faha could not give its pupils the treasures the great bardic schools had once bestowed. At eighteen he was himself a schoolmaster, and at irregular intervals during the remainder of his short life he resumed his earliest profession.

In many a little, lost Irish town between Killarney and Cork still linger traditions of schools kept by Owen of the Sweet Mouth. But there were times when he travelled the roads with other itinerant laborers, turning his hand to the humblest task, but always popular with his fellows whether on the roads or in the tavern; for poor though they were and coarsely clad, the lilt of song still had the power to hold the illiterate Irish laborer.

Hard drinking, hard working, and

hard fighting as any of his less gifted companions, his influence, none too good, according to the records of parish priests, who befriended him because of his lyrics and who exiled him because of his sins, Owen Roe O'Sullivan was as much a reflection of his time as was O'Reilly of an earlier period: O'Reilly, beneath his proud dignity, O'Sullivan under his loud laugh, each in his own way and time, revealed the personal and the national tragedy; and wherever he found himself, in whatever plight, the Muse was ever his friend. He it was who developed the "aisling," until it reached perfection. Nineteen of these are included in the collection of his poems made by Father Dineen. Several of the poems in this collection relate to his life as a wandering laborer, and through them we catch a glimpse of life in what Daniel Corkery has described as the "hidden Ireland" of the Eighteenth Century. Another poem conveys his request to the parish priest to announce the opening of a school at Knocknagree, not far from the scene of his first educational venture.

REVEREND SIR:

Please to publish from the altar of your
holy Mass

That I will open a school at Knocknagree
Cross, .

Where the tender babes will be well off,
For it's there I'll teach them their Criss Cross;

The Catechism I will explain
To each young nymph and noble swain,
With all young ladies I'll engage
To forward them with speed and care,
With book-keeping and mensuration,
Euclid's Elements and Navigation,
With Trigonometry and sound gauging,
And English Grammar with rhyme and
reason.

With grown-up youths I'll first agree
To instruct them well in the Rule of Three;

Such as are of tractable genius,
With compass and rule I will teach them
Bills, bonds and informations.

And as the climax of the courses to be followed in his school, he agrees to teach these grown-up youths how to write "sweet love letters to the ladies." The sly humor which characterizes the work of the older Irish bards gleams through in this and other verses of O'Sullivan. Indeed, modern readers of Gaelic poetry would find much more pleasure in it if they would but seek its humor.

The bards were not entirely a serious or a tragic race. Their calling gave them ample opportunity for jest fully appreciated by their audience, whether it be in the banqueting hall or in the roadside tavern. O'Reilly sang to the more learned audience; O'Sullivan to the gang of laborers trudging the roads of Munster seeking work; and it is from these poets we learn the inner story of that period of transition untouched by the historians.

Owen Roe O'Sullivan wandered far from the lovely lakes on whose shores his youth was spent, wandered far from the winding roads of Munster. His songs tell us of these wanderings, of being pressed into the British Navy and his reckless life as a sailor, his homesickness, his longing for the Kerry hills. At length he did return to his homeland, having been discharged from the British Army because of self-inflicted wounds. And upon his return he took up his first profession, opening the school at Knocknagree mentioned in the poem quoted above. But again his period of school-mastering was of short duration. He left the little hamlet for Cronin Park, Killarney, where, it seems, he sought the patronage of Colonel Daniel Cronin through a complimentary poem, after the time-honored custom of the Gaelic bards. But Colonel Cronin made no acknowledgment of the literary offering, whereupon the poet composed a fierce satire on his churlishness, again following the old bardic

custom. This satire became the occasion of a quarrel between the poet and some of the Colonel's retainers, in which O'Sullivan was severely injured. The poet returned to lonely Knocknagree, and died in an isolated fever hut, poverty stricken and alone, in the year 1784.

The place, about a mile from the village, is still pointed out to him who will inquire for Owen of the Sweet Mouth. His body was laid to rest beside that of O'Reilly in Muckcross Abbey. Conscious of his noble heritage, Owen Roe O'Sullivan was the poet to the end, writing his farewell, as O'Reilly had written, on his deathbed in the intervals when the fever left him:

Weak indeed is the poet
When the pen falls from his hand.

A Girl Sings the "Ave Maria."

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

HEAVEN'S gateway uncloses,
And 'round Her, smooth-winged,
Two angels, with roses,
Lean low to Her singing.

Her voice hymns the story,
As Womanhood's spire
Lifts proudly to glory,
In blinding-white fire.

'Tis well that so surely
A maiden should render
To Mary so purely
This pæan of splendor.

Look! walls break asunder
That Heaven may listen,
In rapture and wonder
As golden notes glisten.

Ah, beauty *must* burgeon
In life's darkened hours,
When girls give the Virgin
Such lyrical flowers!

WE read too much, and reflect too little.—*Anon.*

The Instalment Family.

BY MARY R. PARENT.

WHEN it became known in the village that Anne Russell was going to marry Ted Heaney, the general comment upon the matter was: "Ted's mighty lucky to get such a fine girl." In fact, the remark carried with it such an insinuation of unfitness in the match that one loyal old neighbor of the Heaneys defended stoutly: "And she's getting a mighty good man! I can warrant you that. There never was a better boy than Ted Heaney—nor a smarter," she added with zest. "See now, what a nice-looking place he's made out of old Norton's rickety hardware store since he bought it? And even when he was only clerking there for such stingy pay, didn't he manage to save a little? Sure, when his father died, Ted was only a boy—and his mother so slack she had no insurance—and he gave her five hundred dollars he had put away unbeknown to her—"

"Unbeknown to her it would have to be," interrupted the other gossip, "or he wouldn't have it, the poor boy! Every cent, she'd take from him, and hand it over to the two spendthrift sisters—shiftless creatures! Smart enough, too, but never keeping a job long enough to get ahead; and themselves and their mother walking out in the height of fashion. And that sensible, saving Anne Russell marrying into such a family!"

"She ain't marrying the family!" came from the other, but rather weakly, for the speaker admitted to herself that she wasn't sure of the truth of it. "For Ted's too good a provider," she reflected, "for that shiftless family of his to let go very easily. Oh, well!" she concluded; and so on. Such was the gossip.

Anne Russell's refraining from airing to the public her views of Ted's people probably led acquaintances to

conclude that she was not alert to the situation. But, indeed, she was—quite. Anne had determined to adopt a watchful policy, and put a strong damper upon the first indication of any borrowing on the part of her husband's sisters. For they were as well able as she herself to work and save, Anne reasoned; and, indeed, it was her own savings, augmented by her father's marriage-gift money, that had enabled Ted to make the cash payment on their pretty new home. Ted's business earnings were mostly being put right back into the town's old-fashioned hardware store, which he was trying to rearrange with up-to-date stock and equipment. Little by little, since his purchase of it about a year back, he had been getting the place in shape, but there was still much to do. They must live carefully—both agreed to that. Anne's five or six years of experience as secretary to a prominent merchant in their near-by city had given her good business training. Yes, the needs of the store must come first, they decided, until they had the place where they wanted it. Fall evenings, before their cheery fireplace, they planned and dreamed.

October was so crisp that year that one got to thinking about Winter coats quite early. Anne's wedding-wardrobe had been well-stocked, but, naturally, the trousseau of a springtime bride does not include a fur coat, and that was what, for the coming Winter, Anne had set her heart upon. She was about to mention it one evening at dinner to Ted, when he suddenly and worriedly remarked that business was poorer than it ought to be for that time of the year; and December first would soon be looming, with its big interest items. Taxes and coal, just taken care of, had left quite a depression in the family purse.

In the face of such worries, Anne hadn't the heart to mention any unavoidable expenditure. To be sure, her two-

year-old coat was quite good, but since she had left her mother's house with such a generous wedding outfit, it did seem as if she might expect, at least, to go home for the Christmas holidays nicely rigged out in a handsome new coat. There was, of course, that balance of three hundred dollars still left on her own account, but Ted didn't know about that. It was to be a happy surprise for him some day, she secretly planned. And even *she* must forget that she knew about it, Anne told herself, for, thriftily brought up by an old-fashioned mother, she considered the proverbial rainy day reservation a necessity. This money would buy a fur coat, but—other needs might arise. She must not spend it. If Ted really could not buy her a coat, she must make the old one do. Still, business was bound to pick up before Christmas—Anne was not by any means ready to relinquish her hopes.

"Of course, putting in that new line of paints has taken cash," Anne told him sympathetically, "and you have not had time to get any returns on it yet."

"No, but it will be coming in soon now," he agreed, brightening. Anne was such a help. Just telling her things gave him prop; she was never at a loss for a clever suggestion. "And the more I think of your idea of putting in some 'bikes' and scooters and toys in general, in time to get the Christmas trade, the better I like it. I believe I'll do it and run an 'ad' in the *Evening Dispatch*. I know a lot of the folks would buy from me instead of trudging into the city to get such stuff. But that's going to tie up a little more money."

Anne sighed a bit to herself, as the coat idea was pushed just a little farther into the background. After Ted had finished luncheon and gone, his wife sat thinking. After all, wasn't it poor policy to let that money lie in the bank when, right now, Ted might use it to such advantage in the business? Surely, the returns on it would be greater. Be-

sides, she was just burning to put her arms around Ted's neck and whisper to him that she still had that money left to smooth his worries a little. The idea jumped into a decision. Anne wanted so much to do it! She couldn't possibly wait until night. The luncheon dishes done, she hurried into some street clothes. "I'll just skip right down to see him now; it's a glorious afternoon, and the walk will do me good."

A little alley ran by the side of the building housing the Heaney Hardware Company, and Ted's office, at the rear of the store, was quite close to the door that opened here, so it had become Anne's habit to use this side entrance. Doing so now, she heard voices coming from within—Ted's voice and his mother's. So loudly were they talking, her lingering there did not seem like eavesdropping. She would give them a chance to chat a little before she went in. But—what? Something seemed wrong. His mother's tones were pleading; Ted's were remonstrating and annoyed.

"I really can't spare any money just now, Mother," he was saying. "I have so many bills to meet. Why, only for Anne's help—she's put all her earnings into our new home—I couldn't possibly appear to be as prosperous as you seem to think I am. I gave to the limit, when I could; but now—" He halted weakly, and, as many a time before, knowingly his mother kept on sniffing her way into his sympathy. Sobbed and mumbled, now, her talk was mostly, but Anne gathered, as the gist of it, that the credit clothing house where she and the girls bought all their clothes on 'the instalment plan' would give them no more until they could catch up on delinquent payments amounting to about one hundred dollars, and that Ellenora—who at one time had been plain Ellen—could get a new fur coat there if this money was paid. The coat, it appeared, was absolutely necessary, because Ellenora had succeeded in getting herself almost

engaged to a young man who was a decided "catch." He had invited her to visit his mother, but how *could* she go without fitting clothes? And could Ted be so brutal as to stand in the way of his sister's matrimonial chances?

There was no answer from Ted, but, in a moment, Anne heard the scratching of a pen and the ripping off of a check. "It's only fifty, Mother," he said, wearily. "I can't do any more. See if you can satisfy them with that. Perhaps later," he half promised, and then paused, as if thinking conscientiously of all the obligations on his mind.

Abruptly, Anne turned away, a blight on her heart where lightness had been. So that was it! Already they were at it again! And Ted was weakening, she knew. Ellenora was to have a new coat—the self-same Ellenora who, only a few weeks ago, had found an excuse to give up her most recent job! Anne smarted under a sense of injustice. Fifty dollars for Ellenora to throw to the winds, when she hesitated to spend fifty cents of Ted's money unnecessarily. The pretty pink flush of her cheeks went into an indignant scarlet. How *could* Ted do it? Tearful spasms choked her throat. But, bravely, she gulped and blinked, walking faster along. One couldn't weep in the street, especially if one were a brand-new bride. What gossip it could cause! Fortunately, the walk home was long, so Anne had plenty of time to think, and finally, her good sense came to the rescue. There would have to be a way to stop it—the borrowing tactics could not be resumed. It was a serious matter, and there must be a way out, but, Anne scolded herself, that way was not to be found by crying. So she did some thinking instead, and so sweet was her customary greeting that evening, it is no wonder that Ted never dreamed that his wife knew anything of the afternoon's incident.

A few weeks more brought the first of December dangerously near, and

Anne decided upon Thanksgiving day for her little project. They were to have dinner with Ted's family. As Anne suspected it would be, Ellenora's new coat was on exhibition.

"O dear me, I must get a fur coat, too," remarked Anne quite casually. "But I must wait a week or two, I suppose, Ted? Cash is so scarce just now," she added, with an explanatory glance toward Ted's mother.

"But why pay cash?" advised the elder Mrs. Heaney, in her languid tones. "Why not get your coat on credit? It's so much easier!"

"But if I charge it," remonstrated her daughter-in-law, purposely misunderstanding, "the bill will come anyway the first of the month. That will be no easier for Ted. Lots of bills come on the first of the month," she laughed.

"Oh, I don't mean that," explained the older woman. "I mean to get it on the instalment plan—so-much a month. That's how *we* get things. My goodness, you don't suppose we could have these new rugs and Ellenora's coat unless we did it that way!"

"But the 'so-much a month,' as you say—when the girls are out of work, how do you meet the payments?"

"Oh, we manage some way," evaded the senior Mrs. Heaney. "You can find a way when you have to. You can borrow—or something," she finished vaguely.

"Ted," said Anne, with seeming approval of the idea, "I think it's a good way. Why not? We've promised ourselves a radio, and I *must* have a new coat. We could get them that way—couldn't we?—and if you got in a pinch for payments, you could borrow from some one—"

"I never borrowed a cent in my life," snapped Ted, with a tartness that Anne had never tasted in his answers before, "except from the bank, for business, and I pay interest on that! I don't know a soul that I *could* borrow from!" he stated, emphatically.

"But you have friends," persisted his wife.

"Yes, and I want to keep them—so I'll not borrow from them!" he declared, decidedly.

"But your mother finds some one to borrow from, so I should think *you* could," Anne pouted. "Anyway, I *must* get a coat, and I see no other way. Couldn't you take me to that credit place to-morrow?" she asked, turning to Ted's mother.

"Anne! for heaven's sake, no! I implore you!" cried Ted. "It would kill me if you were to start that foolishness! I've had it all my life—my father had it to the day he died! Oh, how I just hated it—dodging bill-collectors, hiding in the house, with curtains drawn, when they came, to pretend no one was at home; ashamed to meet the butcher or the coal man, knowing what we owed them, though my mother and sisters were the best-dressed in town! It's what killed my father—I know it did! There, Mother, it's all out at last, stored up in my heart for years. But, from this minute on, I'm telling you that the girls must live on their own earnings—they needn't count on one cent from me! I'll give what I can toward your living, but not a dollar to encourage this extravagance any longer. As for you, Anne, I'm surprised that you could countenance such a thing. Understand me, please, for once and for all—we are *not* going to live on the instalment plan!"

He stopped, flushed of face and with panting breath, the four women all staring at him, silent and shocked—at least three of them shocked and one of them thrilled; for Anne had succeeded in spurring her husband on to his resolute stand!

Homeward the young Heaney couple started in silence, but the chill of it Anne could not stand long.

"Ted, dear," she soon whispered, "don't worry about the coat, for I've still got left—"

"You've still got left your two-year-old velour, I know," he interrupted. "But, for all that, I've been planning on your having a new coat for Christmas; and you know that fellow I get my hardware from? Well, he told me last week his brother is in the fur business and he's going to get me a coat at cost. I told him to send along two or three for you to pick from—they ought to be here any day, now."

"O Ted, but that isn't fair! I had my surprise ready first. I had started to say, when you interrupted me, that I still had left three hundred dollars, and I wanted to give it to you as a surprise, to help just now—"

"No, no," decided Ted. "You let that money stay right where it is; and if you ever feel another inspiration such as you had this afternoon, run to the bank and get your cash—but don't make a splurge on the instalment plan!" He softened his words with the tender question: "You won't, dear, will you?"

"I won't!" she promised. "You can trust me!" And, silently, she told herself that she was glad the darkness prevented his seeing her secret smile of amusement.

The Little Flower Calendar.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, CULLED FROM
HER WRITINGS.*

NOVEMBER 1.—All Saints.

In Heaven the happiness of each will be the happiness of all. With the martyrs we shall be like the martyrs, with the doctors like the doctors, with the virgins like the virgins. And as the members of the same family are proud of the others, so shall we be of all our brothers and sisters in heaven without a shadow of jealousy or envy.

NOVEMBER 2.—All Souls'. St. Eustochium, Martyr.

What, O my Jesus, will be the good

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Bishop A. MacD.

of my little sacrifices, my flowers, my songs? They will amuse and please the Church in heaven, and she will gather these roses of mine and let them fall on her suffering Sister in Purgatory to relieve her suffering; on her militant Sister on earth to give her victory.

NOVEMBER 3.—St. Hubert, Bp.

I do not see what more I can have in heaven than I have now. I shall see the good God, it is true, but as for being with Him, I am so already upon earth.

NOVEMBER 4.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bp. Blessed Frances of Ambrose.

For a long time now, suffering has been my heaven here below, and I find it hard to understand how I can become acclimatized in a land where joy reigns without any admixture of sorrow. Our Lord will have to transform my soul entirely, else I shall not be able to bear the joys that are without limit and without end.

NOVEMBER 5.—Saints Zachary and Elizabeth.

I believe that the blessed in Heaven are full of compassion for us in our miseries. They remember that they too, like us, were frail and mortal beings, committed the same faults, fought the same temptations. And their tender feeling for those that were near and dear to them is much more lively now. So they cease not to watch over us and pray for us.

NOVEMBER 6.—St. Leonard, C.

If I am to live longer, the office of infirmarian will be the one that I should like best. I shouldn't care to ask for it, but if it came to me in the way of obedience I should count it a privilege. I think I should fulfil it with tender love, mindful always of the words of Our Lord: "I was sick and you visited me."

NOVEMBER 7.—St. Ernest, Ab. Blessed J. G. Perboyre, Martyr.

I couldn't bring myself to do the least thing to escape Purgatory. All that I

have done I have done solely to please God and help in the saving of souls.

NOVEMBER 8.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

I find a great joy not only in others seeing that I am imperfect but above all in myself feeling that I am. On the other hand, compliments and praise do but give me pain.

NOVEMBER 9.—Dedication of the Basilica of the Holy Redeemer.

My heart burns always with the desire of surrendering itself; it feels the need of showing its tender love. Ah, who can understand this love of mine? What human heart could make me a return? In vain have I sought it. Jesus, Thou alone canst satisfy my heart. Nothing has any charm for me here below, where true happiness is not to be found.

NOVEMBER 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, C.

The only place on earth that is not open to envy is the lowest place. Here is neither vanity nor vexation of spirit. But, "the way of a man is not his" (Jer. 10, 23), and at times we find ourselves dazzled by the garish light of human applause. When this happens we must bring home to ourselves our lack of true virtue, and realize that our place is among the little souls who must lean every moment on the strong arm of God.

NOVEMBER 11.—St. Martin of Tours.

I suppose I ought to be troubled in conscience because I so often fall asleep during prayer and thanksgiving after Holy Communion; but then I think to myself that little children are equally dear to their father and mother, asleep or awake; that doctors put people to sleep to perform an operation on them with a view to healing them; that, in fine, the Lord "knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust." (Ps. 102, 13, 14.)

November 12.—St. Martin I., Pope.

It is always dangerous to be honored.

What poison of praise is handed out daily to those who hold the first places! What deadly incense, and how needful it is that one should be detached from oneself so as not to suffer from it!

NOVEMBER 13.—St. Didacus, C. St. Stanislaus Kostka, C.

It is so sweet to serve God in the dark night of trial; we have but this life in which to live by faith. (To her Sister) In Heaven we shall dwell with delight on those dark days. Even now the three years of our dear Father's bitter trial seem to me the most fruitful of our lives and the sweetest.

NOVEMBER 14.—St. Josaphat, Bp. M.

I set no store by my dreams. Nearly always they are meaningless, and I often wonder, since I think of God all day long, I do not dwell on Him in my sleep. I dream of woods and flowers, of running brooks, and of the sea. I often meet pretty children or chase birds and butterflies, of which I never saw the like before.

NOVEMBER 15.—St. Gertrude, V.

One morning, contrary to my wont, I was troubled in going to Holy Communion. For some days there were not enough Hosts, and I got only a small part of one. That morning the silly thought came into my head that if the same thing happened again it would be a sign that Our Lord did not care so very much for me. I went up to the rail, the priest hesitated for a moment, and then gave me two Hosts!

NOVEMBER 16.—St. Agnes of Assisi, V.

I wish to suffer for love, and even to rejoice for love. So I shall strew my way with flowers. I shall not pluck a single one without scattering its leaves for Thee, O my Jesus . . . and then I shall keep singing always, even if I have to pick my roses amid thorns. And my song shall be the sweeter the more prickly the thorns and the longer.

NOVEMBER 17.—St. Gregory the Wonder-Worker, Bishop.

Remember, O my Jesus, how, making no account of human glory in multiplying miracles, Thou didst cry out: "How can you have faith, you who seek the esteem of men! The works that I do astonish you, but greater works than these will those do who love me." How humble and sweet Thou wert, O Jesus, my tender Spouse, remember Thou!

NOVEMBER 18.—Dedication of the Basilica of Sts. Peter and Paul. St. Odo of Cluny.

Just as the sun shines at one and the same time on the tall cedar and the tiny violet, so the Sun Divine sheds the light of His grace alike on great souls and on little, and each receives what is for her good.

NOVEMBER 19.—Saint Elizabeth of Hungary.

O my God, I am happy to realize that I am little and weak before Thee, and my heart is at rest. I know that all the angels and saints of Thy heavenly court in pity take my part, guard me, defend me, and put to flight the demons that like vultures would devour me. Ah, I do not fear them; I am not destined to become their prey, but that of Jesus, the Eagle of God.

NOVEMBER 20.—St. Felix of Valois, C.

O my God, from how much trouble of mind does the vow of obedience and the practice of obedience save us! Happy are they who obey simply. Their one guide being the will of those who are set over them, they are sure of keeping the right way, and have no fear of losing it even when it may seem that their superiors are themselves astray. But should they cease to be guided by the sure light of obedience, they at once begin to wander in barren wastes, where the waters of grace never flow.

NOVEMBER 21.—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

O Mother, here below I long, and longing sigh, To go and dwell with thee in thy bright home above.

I joy to think of thee; with rapture I descry
In thy sweet virgin breast the deep abyss
of love.

NOVEMBER 22.—St. Cecilia, V. M.

St. Cecilia has become the saint of my deepest devotion; she is my closest spiritual chum. What I admire most in her is the renunciation of self and supreme trust in God which enabled her to win unto virgin love souls that never aspired to aught beyond the fleeting joys of this world.

NOVEMBER 23.—St. Clement I., Pope and Martyr.

If the love of God had not been beforehand with me; if my soul had first to pass through the pangs of joy and sorrow that succeed one another so quickly in this world, hard indeed would have been my lot. But these vicissitudes, which cut so deep into people's lives and try them so, have but touched the surface of my soul.

NOVEMBER 24.—St. John of the Cross, Mystical Doctor.

I speak from experience when I say that the love of God knows how to profit by both the good and evil that it finds in me. Great is the power of love! It has transformed me into itself.

NOVEMBER 25.—St. Catherine of Alexandria, V. M.

O my God, if Thy justice seeks satisfaction within this bourne of space and time, how much more does Thy merciful love seek to clasp souls in its sweet embrace, since "Thy mercy is exalted above the skies!" O Jesus, let me be Thy happy holocaust, consumed with the fires of Thy love!

NOVEMBER 26.—St. Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, M.

When Our Lord told his people in the Old Law to love their neighbor as themselves, He had not as yet become man. Knowing man's strong love of self, He could not ask for more then. But when He gave His disciples the new com-

mandment (John 15:12) He bade them love their neighbor as He loved them—even unto the laying down of life.

NOVEMBER 27.—St. Maximus, Abbot.

Remember Lord, that oft my heart is sighing
For that great day when I shall hear Thy call,
When sounds the trumpet of the mighty angel:
"Time is no more, come ye to judgment all."
Then fleetly shall my soul out-wing all space
To hide me in the secret of Thy Face,
In love's eternity
My heaven Thou shalt be
Remember Thou!

(Translated by the Carmelites of Santa Clara.)

NOVEMBER 28.—St. James of La Marca.

O Pilot of the sky, soon shall I wing my way
To see Thee face to face upon the eternal shore.
Safely Thy hand shall lead me; over life's
stormy wave
Oh, guide my little bark, and from all evil
shield me,
Just to-day!

NOVEMBER 29.—St. Saturninus, Bishop.

Wonderful is the power of prayer. It is like a queen who has free access to the king at all times, and can get from him whatever she asks. To obtain a hearing at the heavenly court there is no need of framing a set form of prayer—in this case I were, indeed, to be pitied!

NOVEMBER 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle.

I have never asked God that I might die young. I should think it the part of a coward to do that. But from a child, I have had the strong conviction, wrought, I think, in my soul by God Himself, that I am not long for this world.

THE more we love Mary the more we shall love God and the more we shall please Him. We shall advance in sanctity and perfection as the love of Mary increases within us. There is no shorter, easier, or more secure way of attaining the love of God than that of loving Mary.—*Roberto—Love of Mary.*

SELDOM is there much spoken but something or other had better not been spoken.—*South.*

Catholic Teachers Looking for Work.

WHATEVER we may say or think of the adequacy of the public schools to train for citizenship in State and Church, we certainly think that Catholics are not unfit to teach in them. Three big factors, which are likely enough to be inconsistent, enter into this problem. First, we are in the habit of saying that from the religious point of view certainly, and sometimes perhaps from the moral point of view, the public schools are not the schools for our children; yet we say in practice that in academic matters they are our models. Second, we are willing, it may be on grounds of expediency, to be taxed to keep up schools that for the most part and in principle we are unwilling to patronize. Third, we urge that Catholics have as good a right as any one to teach in these schools that we help to support but do not wish to patronize.

Non-Catholics take quite other views of these three questions. They are willing, of course, that Catholics should continue to help in a financial way to maintain the public schools; and in a test case they probably would be insistent on this point. They have contended, too, throughout the country, and very definitely in a couple of States, that it is the duty of every citizen to send his children to the public schools; in other words, there has been strong feeling among them that the Catholic schools have no particular right to exist. But they have so far failed to secure any permanent legislation, either State or Federal, that would destroy them. On the third point they have been more insistent and more successful. Here and there throughout the country, almost in every State, and repeatedly in some States, they have said that a Catholic may not teach in the public schools. We have learned definitely that a Catholic may not hold high office in America, and also that Catholics are likely enough,

just because they are Catholics, to be refused selection or appointment to the lowly office of country school teacher.

There is no news in this. But a first-hand and fairly adequate study of the whole matter of denying schools to Catholic teachers has been made by Francis M. Crowley, Director of Education for the N. C. W. C., and reported in *Columbia*. He has followed the problem for some years, and is provided with many documents. He finds that the custom is most prevalent in the north middle West, say, from Ohio to Kansas; but we think it has sometimes run much farther West, and still does so. Nor does he mention what has been done in the South; but perhaps few Catholics ever apply for appointments below the Ohio. At any rate, in the Middle West, where nativism and negative religion have their way, Catholic teachers are over and over denied positions merely because they are Catholics. They may have attended the public schools and have taken degrees at the State colleges and prepared for teaching by patronizing the public normal schools: still they are refused employment simply on the ground of their religious affiliation.

Mr. Crowley quotes from letters he has received from the turned-out teachers: ". . . within five minutes of signing the contracts when the religious question arises and all is over;" ". . . "they did not rehire me, saying that they couldn't because I was a Catholic;" ". . . "a Catholic teacher had been appointed once, but none, or a very few, of the parents would send their children to the school." Catholics, of course, aren't the only ones rejected, nor the rural sections of the rural States the only places where the practice is known.

A main reason for this condition, Mr. Crowley thinks, is the non-Catholic notion of Catholic loyalties, though a lack of knowledge of Catholic general belief and practice is also a large contributing factor; and for this latter "we

are somewhat to blame, in that we have made no serious and sustained effort" to enlighten the non-Catholic. He mentions, too, as a definite third element, the existence and nature of the Catholic school system. We think he might have stressed this point a little harder. The Catholic school is not plainly a logical cause of the present situation, but it is a psychological one. It is likely and almost inevitable that our school system should provoke from very many some such reaction as this: 'You have your own schools—go ahead now and teach them; but only them. It is your ambition to take every Catholic child out of the public schools—let the Catholic teachers go with them. If the public schools are not fit for your children, neither are your teachers fit for the public schools. Our schools are suspect and rated down—so are your teachers.' Whatever the merits of this argument, it is one we are pretty sure to hear.

The Family Circle.

There is a commercial axiom that declares that we get out of anything just as much as we put into it. This may be true of trade or not; it is certainly true of other things in life.

Home life, it is said, is fast becoming a thing of history; the family circle where father and mother and children gathered in the evening, the father with his paper or a book, and the children with their stories or their stamps; or the mother at the piano singing the old songs with the family, is a sweet memory in the minds of older people but quite unknown to the modern family. The automobile, the moving picture, and the dance have transferred the family from the home to other places. And yet, we know that none of these forms of entertainment will ever have the influence for good and for genuine enjoyment in after years that the reading of a great and good book will have.

Notes and Remarks.

This is the month particularly dedicated by the Church to the relief of the souls still retained in Purgatory. At its beginning we should impress ourselves seriously with the obligations of fidelity that binds us to all the Faithful Departed, even those who have not come within the immediate circle of our acquaintance upon earth. It should be unnecessary to stress the claims which our immediate friends and relatives have upon us. He would be a hard-hearted son or daughter or personal friend who could turn away from the "Have pity upon me" of those who have been good to us during life. There are other souls, however, for whom we wish to say a word—those forgotten souls who languish in Purgatory with seldom a prayer said in their behalf. There are many souls, we imagine, who for one reason or another have no earthly suppliants to pray for them. Every such soul is a friend of God, and therefore our friend also, if our protestations of love are sincere. No finer display of the whole-heartedness of our service of God can be given than this remembering of His forsaken friends in our prayers. Let us endeavor to bring them speedily into that Presence for which they pine. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

In the current issue of *Columbia*, Joseph Gurn, under the title of "They Solved a Big Problem," presents a most interesting discussion of prominent American non-Catholics who have become converts to the Faith. When a man of position takes the final step of becoming a Catholic, he ordinarily does so in the face of so many obstacles that his conversion becomes an eloquent tribute to the truth of the true Church. The news of such an event ordinarily

exercises a profound influence on other non-Catholics in a community, arousing the interest of some and strengthening the growing convictions of others. Unfortunately, we Catholics are so modest about revealing these acquisitions that frequently we ourselves do not appreciate the number and the nature of the converts who come to us. The writer of the article in question states that annually the Church receives in the neighborhood of 35,000 non-Catholic conversions. The following quotation lists some of the converts presented by Mr. Gurn:

James Monroe, nephew and namesake of the President who decreed the Monroe Doctrine, is another prominent name on the roll of converts to the Catholic Church. He was graduated from West Point in 1815 and served with honor in military and civil life. His brother, Andrew Francis Monroe, also became a Catholic and entered the Society of Jesus. Other notable American converts are:

James Madison Cutts, comptroller of the Currency and nephew of President Madison; Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison; Augustus Hill Garland, Governor of Arkansas and President Cleveland's Attorney-General; Robert Martin Douglas, son of the famous Democratic leader and secretary to President Grant; Mrs. Amanda Davis Bradford, sister of the President of the Confederate States; Mrs. Dewey, widow of the famous admiral; Mrs. St. John Eckel, daughter of the well-known "Maria Monk;" General William T. Sherman, commander-in-chief of the United States Army; Virginia Scott, daughter of General Winfield Scott, another commander-in-chief of the Army.

The number of distinguished converts among those who directed the Union and Confederate armies is very large. Louis H. Wetmore, in a contribution to "Catholic Builders of the Nation," gives this list:

Union commanders: Major-Generals William Stark Rosecrans, Thomas West Sherman, John Newton, Erasmus Darwin Keyes, Joseph

Lane, Andrew Jackson Smith, Nathaniel Giddings, Tecumseh Dana, David Sloan Stanley, Daniel Edgar Sickles, Thomas McCurdy Vincent, Don Carlos Buell, Henry Jackson Hunt, James Allen Hardie Hardy, William Selby Harney, Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, Brigadier-Generals Samuel Warren Fountain, Abbott Hall Brisbane, Thomas Kilby Smith, John Gray Foster, Martin D. Hardin, George Croghan Reid, C. Carroll Tevis, Joseph Warren Revere, Amiel Weeks Whipple, Samuel Davis Sturgis, John Watts Kearney, Eliakim Parker Scammon, Charles McDougall, Charles Pomeroy Stone.

Confederate commanders: Generals James W. Longstreet, Lucius Bellinger Northrop, Williams L. Cabell, Daniel Marsh Frost, James Jones, William J. Hardee, Albert Gallatin Jenkins, S. A. M. Wood, William Henry Carroll, John Floyd, Randall Lee Gibson, Henry C. Wayne, Sterling Price.

Few localities enjoy the distinction of so religious a history as the village of St. Nazianz in Wisconsin. The Diamond Jubilee of the founding of this unique settlement has given the Salvatorian Fathers the opportunity of publishing a most interesting and edifying account of the intense Catholic life lived there. In a real sense St. Nazianz has been a religious Community. Its founder, Father Oschwald, and the 113 original settlers selected its environs as a religious refuge from Old World restrictions. They proposed to follow as closely as possible the strict spiritual life of the early Christians even to the sharing of the community goods. They did so with fidelity, and their descendants emulated their example. Thus there grew up a normal community offering the normal varieties of life but with each calling guided by the general ideals which animated the founders. Eventually in the little village, which has never numbered over 500 souls, there has grown up "a church, a school, a hospital, an orphanage, a boarding school for Chil-

dren, a convent, a monastery, and finally a seminary." God has blessed the work. The Religious and Lay members of St. Nazianz have much to rejoice over. May God's blessings be as abundant in the future as they have been in the past!

Miss Ishbel MacDonald is a strong pacifist, and she considers that her central message to America is the part that women can play in promoting world peace. She believes that the British workingwomen do not wish to train their children for another war, and that the women of the world can do much by teaching their children "to dislike war and to understand its horrors." Now, whether or not we are so keen for peace as is Miss MacDonald, we can not well deny that she is right in holding that mothers can teach their sons and daughters almost anything, good or bad. It is so of father and mother; they have the first moulding of the child's beliefs and attitudes and likes; in nature and in fact, they are their own child's first teachers. As the parent thinks, as the parent says, as the parent does, so the child. The mother can and should, and ordinarily does, give the first and most important direction to human life.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, brings light and wisdom to every subject to which he addresses himself. We hope there will be a wide reading, among Catholics, of the forceful address he recently made to the students of the Teachers' College in Cincinnati. Stressing the need of higher training for our teachers, the Archbishop appealed to the wealthy Catholics to realize that they have a duty as Catholics enjoying more abundant material blessings than their fellow religionists, to aid the work of Catholic Education. We quote from the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati:

Our rich Catholics are not ungenerous to-

wards the works that interest them. But they are simply not informed about the extraordinary urgency to do more for higher Catholic education. They simply fail to comprehend that this is their work and that it can not be done without them. Without analyzing the whole proposition in a business-like way, they fancy that the man and woman power of the consecrated lives of our Sisters and priests equips them also in a material way. They take for granted the whole Catholic educational system. With even slight reflection they are aware of the stupendous cost of purely secular education. But by some strange process of reasoning they assume that this has no parallel in the Catholic educational system. We are not asking the impossible, nor even anything that imposes an undue hardship on our people. But we do beseech our rich Catholics to give our Catholic youth, our Catholic Sisterhoods and our Catholic priests greater educational opportunities. Let these be given under the direction of the Church, and in the atmosphere of Christian philosophy.

I wish every group of Catholics in the archdiocese would undertake some special work. I ask our rich Catholics to consider practical ways and means of erecting a teachers' college. The Church can not be satisfied with teachers less qualified than those engaged in any other system. We are forced to concentrate our work in order to secure better results. We wish that work to be directed by the authority of the archdiocese, because the Ordinary is responsible for the entire elementary school system, and, for the most part, for the high school system. We wish our method of teaching to be as scientific as possible. We wish the technique of every other school system to be studied and its best features to be adopted.

Catholic parents owe a deep debt of gratitude to our various Sisterhoods. They have done more than is ordinarily realized in keeping the Faith vigorous in the souls of our people. At a time when the little child opens its soul most

trustfully and gives its affections most generously, these admirable women spend their lives making known to their little charges the beautiful story of God and His relations with men. Approximately 1000 hours a year in that noble atmosphere under the direction of gentle but experienced hands, has a wonderfully refining influence upon the impressionable character of youth. When we consider in addition the period of training, educational and otherwise, which the average nun receives to-day in comparison with the preparation of other teachers in the same field, we can not easily see a single excuse for Catholic parents selecting any but a parochial school for the education of their children. Certainly when God asks an accounting for the souls of his little ones, there can't be a much better answer given than to be able to say that in the formative period of their lives they were intrusted for many hours each day over a period of years to the careful and conscientious training of the good nuns whose lives have been dedicated to His service.

The photogravure section of the *Catholic London Times* gives a picture of sixteen Irish priests just ordained from the African Mission College who recently left Dublin for their apostolic missions. Fourteen of them will labor in Nigeria, one in Liberia, and one in Lagos. The astounding progress which the Church has made in these fields during the past century is told in a few brief statistics given in an editorial note in the same paper:

In 1829, apart from Egypt and a few towns on the sea border, there was not a dozen priests in the whole of Africa, and the number of Catholics was negligible. To-day, in the mission-fields of Africa, which, for the greater part, are under British government, there are: 2,666,212 Catholics, and 14,865 churches and chapels; 2,769 priests (of whom

159 are native); 65 seminaries, with 1,545 native students; and 6,503 Sisters (of whom 966 are native). In the figures just quoted, the numbers of native seminarists and priests are most instructive. In most cases their grandfathers, certainly their great-grandfathers, were half-naked savages. To-day there has been deeply rooted in Africa a native Church with native clergy.

The Church with its 245 archbishoprics and its 908 bishoprics is so vast an institution that the common Catholic frequently knows little about its make-up and work in some of the far-away lands. For example, he so seldom sees a member of the Chinese race in a Catholic church that the very name is apt to carry an almost entirely pagan significance to his ears. The following note, however, from the October issue of the *Victorian* is apt to startle even the most knowing of Catholic eyes:

It may be surprising to many, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the city of Peking and its environs has a Catholic population larger than that of London. They may be further astonished to learn that it equals in size the Archdiocese of San Francisco. In figures, Peking leads with 289,000 in the faith, to London's 260,000 and San Francisco's 285,700.

The blood of our Catholic missionaries has certainly not been shed in vain. May the harvest grow still more beautiful with these almond-eyed children of God!

Cardinal Hayes has just written an archdiocesan letter which, so far as the need is concerned, might well be national or even international. He asks his people to avoid all unclean and unwholesome literature, whether in books or magazines or newspapers. It is not a question, primarily, he says, of any regulation or censorship by the Church, "but a matter of conscientious observance of the law of God." One should not need to be forbidden deadly poison.



Fog.

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

WHEN fog comes swooping down to earth
And veils the face of things,
I like to feign I fly through clouds
On wings—
On wings, that carry me above
The earth and things I know,
To some high peak where sunlight stabs—
Through snow.

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

III.—“THE ROYAL CHILD AND A ROYAL RUMPUS.”

CLOSE to the Royal Child sat the Governess. She was obviously the Governess for she had a cross face and a book in her hand. She was about to read.

All this time the servants whom Joan had met on the corridor kept streaming into the room, bearing tapioca puddings before them.

The Royal Child rang a bell. “More tapioca pudding for everyone. Have you used up all the tapioca in the land yet, cook?”

“No, Royal Child, there remains still a thousand fields of it.”

“Then go on making tapioca puddings until the fields are empty, and if anyone dares to plant another blade of it—”

“Seed, you mean,” put in the Governess acidly. “Pray attend. I am about to read.” She raised her grating voice. “To-day we shall do Hamlet.”

“Never, never, never,” shrieked the Royal Child kicking her feet and clapping her hands in order to drown the Governess’s voice (a pretty hard task),

and at the same time laughing very much, for she enjoyed watching the quarrelsome old men with their beards tangled together, and hearing the squeals of alarm from the ladies in the swings, and from the gentlemen at the mercy of the ticklers.

“In the land where I come from,” lectured the Governess, “every well-brought-up child does Hamlet.”

“Make the slates squeak,” ordered the child stamping her foot at the Governess.

Immediately a row of maid-servants seized their pencils and jerked them up and down on slates until the whole assembly (with the exception of the Royal Child) had their teeth set on edge. The Royal Child was delighted.

“Hamlet will cure you of all your pranks, young madam,” said the governess. “Learn Hamlet and be cured.”

“Who said I wanted to be cured,” laughed the child. “The silly old doctors said tapioca pudding would make my brain so heavy that I wouldn’t be able to think of ways of teasing people,—and see what has happened to them!” She pointed a mocking finger at the old men struggling to free themselves from one another.

“There’s one gentleman not laughing enough,” said Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting in his mournful voice.

“I’ll make him laugh.” Down jumped the Royal Child off her platform and ran her chubby fingers into the gentleman’s ribs, until he roared with laughter on one side of his face and wept on the other. “Oh, I’m tired laughing, tired laughing,” he groaned.

“You’ll laugh anyway,” chuckled the Royal Child.

The Governess deemed it a fitting moment to refer again to Hamlet. She stood up and shouted: “Hamlet was the

Prince of Denmark. You know nothing about Denmark, nevertheless know that Hamlet. . . ."

"Oh, Governess, you and your Hamlet, Hamlet, Hamlet,—Ham Omelet!" cried the child. It was no laughing matter with her now. "I'll start you on a diet of ham omelet that will take all that nonsense out of you."

The book dropped from the Governess's hand at this terrible threat, and stiffened in every limb.

"She's only pretending," said spiteful Mr. Silver-Stick. "I advise that the ham omelets be tried on her without delay."

"They will," cried the child, "and on you too. Seize him, cooks, and make him eat a million ham omelets,—and give the Governess a dose of castor oil."

In a flash the Governess was sitting up, her eyes wide open. "I'm better now," she insisted, "quite better."

"You'll be better still after the castor oil," giggled the child. "Come! Castor oil for all."

This was too much for Michael. He sprang from his hiding-place. "I protest!" he cried; "I protest!"

Silence fell like a thunderbolt.

And then through the silence a strange little tapping sound—tock—tock—tock!

"I protest!" repeated Michael; "moreover, I move that the Royal Child be given a royal spanking." He climbed up on the platform, and when he spoke he waved his arms as the child had done. "Where's the King? Come forward, your Majesty, take off the Royal Slipper and spank the Royal Child right royally!"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," murmured the King, but at the same time he sank on to his knees with fright.

"Pray, who are you?" demanded the Royal Child, utterly taken aback.

"He's a criminal," said Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting between two gulps of ham omelet,—*"they're both criminals. Here's the other one."* He pointed his

silver stick at Joan, who really wanted to hide away out of sight of these queer people, but felt herself bound to join Michael and share his fate.

"I agree with the boy," cried out the Governess, jerking the castor-oil bottle upside down. "If I had my way it would be spank, spank for a week."

"Is that so?" cried the child. "In that case it's going to be oil, oil, oil for a week. Seize her and administer the dose,—a whole bottle."

A swarm of maids seized the unfortunate Governess.

"Now seize the boy and carry him to the playroom. I'll have a nice time tormenting him this afternoon; I'm sick of teasing all you other people."

"You'll have to seize me too," said Joan, catching Michael by the arm.

Tock—tock—tock! Again that strange little tapping, like a signal.

"It's the Brownie!" thought Joan as she felt rough hands grabbing her.

Tock—tock—tock! Tocka—tocka—tocka!

It was indeed the Brownie's signal,—the tap of his acorn bell on the end of his cap.

"Out with the criminals," urged the Royal Child.

Suddenly—crash!

A shower of glass fell from the dome in the roof, and the Brownie lay sprawling on the floor. He picked himself up, rubbing his elbows. "What a jump!" he said ruefully.

"Yet another criminal," murmured the gloomy Mr. Silver-Stick.

"Let him be carried off with the boy and girl," ordered the Royal Child.

"Hear me first," cried the Brownie, smiling all over his face, "I can't help laughing because I fell on my funny bone." And he laughed so much that soon everyone began to laugh, even the Royal Child.

Now when the Royal Child laughed through real amusement her face became so adorably pretty, so gentle, so

much like a flower that the Brownie stopped laughing in sheer delight to look at her; and everyone else stopped laughing to look at her. And everyone was surprised, and thought: "Why, we've never seen her like this before! If she would only stay this way,—oh, then what a happy country ours would be!" They thought these things to themselves, but they all sighed out loud, a very loud sigh.

Well, it happened that the Brownie came of an unusually good-natured family, and when he heard all these nice people sighing, and remembered how this beautiful child was in the habit of tormenting young and old from morning till night, he felt it was a great shame and a bad business and an awful pity; more than that, he felt a great liking for her right away, for it was the first time he had seen her at close quarters. Then he remembered also why he had come leaping down through the glass roof like a frog: it was to bring these Earth children safely out of her clutches. Somehow he felt responsible for Joan and Michael, and dreaded to think of their being locked up in the Castle and teased and tormented by the Royal Child with the rest of the unfortunate people she had imprisoned there. Thinking all these things in a jumble, and because he came of such a good-natured family, he spoke on the spur of a generous impulse. (His family did everything on the spur of generous impulses.) He would sacrifice himself for the good of the Royal Child, and for Joan and Michael and the general public.

"O Royal Child!" he cried with enthusiasm, "I have a plan,—a wonderful, extraordinary, delicious plan. But I beg you to let all torment cease while I tell it to you."

"Cease, you creatures," commanded the child; she was full of curiosity and amusement too. The Brownie looked comical with his face screwed up while he went on rubbing his elbow.

Silence settled over the room, and the Brownie spoke.

He said: "O Royal Child! if you will follow this plan of mine—this most delicious, delightful plan of mine,—you will become the most tender-hearted princess in the world,—wouldn't you like that? And you will become the most beloved Royal Child that ever lived,—and wouldn't you like that?"

"Poof!" said the Royal Child.

"At present you make the entire Court miserable. And perhaps you think you're happy but you're not; and perhaps you think you're pretty, but you're not."

"I am," screamed the Royal Child. "You're ugly."

"Maybe, but not half so ugly as I might be; and you're not half so pretty as you might be. You can't be pretty because you're too full of Bad Qualities. Now, this is the delicious part of the plan: you give me your Bad Qualities and I'll give you my Good Qualities in exchange."

"Oh, don't do that!" Joan cried, appalled at the suggestion.

The Brownie shook his acorn bell at her, trying to warn her that she was in danger of being held prisoner indefinitely, and that his plan would save her.

"I don't call that such a fine idea," scoffed the Royal Child.

"You would call it a fine idea once you tried it," said the Brownie. "Imagine yourself overflowing with affection towards every one. Don't you think that would be nice for a change?"

"It would be a change all right, but I don't say it would be a *nice* change."

"Picture yourself the sweetest of little girls, giving kisses, twenty to the minute. It would never enter your head to tease people once you were rid of your Bad Qualities."

"Oooh! Fancy being as sugary and spicy as all that!" exclaimed the Royal Child. Then she started to giggle: "It would be a joke, anyway."

"And a national benefit," put in the Brownie eagerly. "Agree, Royal Child. Exchange with me."

The child stood considering a moment, then she said rather uncertainly: "Um, —perhaps I will agree, for a little while; just for the fun of the thing I'll do it." She held out her hands. "You can give me your Good Qualities."

"Jump up and down," said the Brownie. "We have to shake our qualities out of ourselves."

The Royal Child jumped up and down, and the Brownie jumped up and down, and presently out on to the floor fluttered her Bad Qualities and his Good Qualities.

"Enough," cried the Brownie. Then he stooped and gathered up his Good Qualities. "Take these," he said, crushing them into her arms. "Keep them safely." And then he bent, a little sadly, and gathered up her Bad Qualities.

When he spoke again his voice was harsh and disagreeable. "These are for me." He held her Bad Qualities tightly to him; and slowly his face changed, and his hands and feet changed, and then his whole figure changed. A hump rose out of his back, and his look was unpleasant.

"That's all," he said abruptly. "I'm going now."

"But Brownie, Brownie," cried Joan greatly distressed at what had taken place. "What has happened to you so suddenly?"

"Brownie's not my name," he croaked, hugging the Royal Child's Bad Qualities; "I'm a hobgoblin now, and don't you forget it. Good-bye! You'll see all the mischief I'll do! Ha-ha! You'll just see whether I make good use of these Bad Qualities or not."

Joan was nearly in tears. "Oh, Brownie, what dreadful thing have you done? The Royal Child didn't deserve it,—she's a horrible child!"

The Royal Child, looking as sweet as

honey now, came and threw her arms around Joan's neck.

"Please don't say that," she said gently. "I'm awfully sorry about everything. I don't know how I could have been so horrid. Nobody need be tormented any more, and the tapioca pudding can be thrown out."

The Brownie grimaced. "Hear her! Peace is about to descend on the Castle, and I'm going out to make mischief!"

Michael said, "We're coming with you, of course. You've done all this changing business on our account, so you can be jolly sure we're going to see the thing out."

"If you dare to follow me," the Brownie threatened, now looking a hobgoblin indeed, "I'll pull your ears and your sister's ears until they're as long as the Governess's feet. Good-bye!" He hobbled to the door (for being a hobgoblin he could not walk without limping), and grimaced at the scowl which the Governess gave him. Only on the threshold he paused and looked back at Michael and Joan, and for an instant his own good-natured expression glanced across his face. "I'm going to live with Grisel," he said softly. "If you want me—if you need me,—you'll find me at the house of Grown-up Grisel." Then he was gone.

"Come along, Joan, we're going with him," cried Michael, impatient to be gone too.

But before she could go Joan had to disentangle herself from the embraces of the Royal Child, who was begging her to stay and play, and promising her all kinds of wonderful toys up in the play room.

"Thank you," said Joan, "I'll come again, but now I'm in a hurry."

Together she and Michael hastened through the iron door after the Brownie, while the King, hardly able to believe his senses, felt himself being kissed most tenderly by his changed daughter.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The October number of *The Western Architect* publishes pictures of the new church of Christ the King, in Cork, designed by Thomas Barry Byrne, of Chicago, with a descriptive article by the architect. It is a notable example of the modern manner in church building.

—The Rev. Leo Murphy has written a good Catholic story in "The Golden Heritage" (P. J. Kenedy. \$2). The action takes place in Acadia, the land of Evangeline, and pictures the simple, devout life of the Catholic villagers and their reaction to the tragedy of the World War. There is beautiful faith, simple love-making, the hatred of an unlucky suitor, the pangs of sorrow when black news comes from the front, and the joy of a happy ending. The character of Father Bourgeois, a lovable French pastor, is particularly well drawn.

—The story of the conversion of Rev. Vernon Cecil Johnson, a noted Anglican preacher, is told in a new book, "One Lord, One Faith," just published in England by Sheed and Ward. Mr. Johnson is reported as saying that he was tied up in fear and prejudice and distrust, and that he must state an "absurdly simple" argument, because he is not writing for those who know the Church from within, but for those who, like himself until a few years ago, have never known the Church except from without and on hearsay.

—The priest will find very serviceable suggestions in "Sermon Thoughts," a volume of sermon outlines adapted from the German of Rev. William Dederichs by the Rev. Charles Cannon, O. S. B. (B. Herder Book Company. \$1.25). There is no attempt to give any full development of these sixty-seven subjects, but rather an endeavor to point to a possible plan, and to suggest texts and illustrations from Holy Scripture that will carry the lesson of the theme. The subjects are based upon the Gospels of the Sundays of the year with a few outlines for the greater festivals of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

—The American boy will find a red-blooded

tale in "Rodney Newton," by Mr. Alan Drady. It is the story of a young recruit in a Catholic military school, who has brought with him strange notions of military life from a brother who had seen service in the war. It takes time, a thumping battle with the star full-back, a near-drowning, and a chance to make good and show his mettle in a football game before Rodney brings out all the fine qualities that are in him. Sometimes one suspects from the talk that the lads might be at Eaton with their "rotter" and "good old egg," but they act like genuine lads from Main Street, U. S. A. Published by P. J. Kenedy. \$1.50.

—We yield to the temptation of publishing here, with a few verbal changes, a letter from an editorial confrère in a foreign country,—hoping he will make no objection:

"Egregious Sir!—To our great sorry, we have no more received your excellent review since late May. Whose we are indebted to this a favor, to yourself or to some charitable anonymous, we ignore it. What we do know is that THE AVE MARIA was very precious of us. We complained to our postmaster, and wrote two times to the Postmaster General of England. Nothing doing, as you Americans say. There is, of course, great disproportion between THE AVE MARIA and our poor paper,—much greatness and small littleness.

"I like to publish things about America, and I often visit it in my dreams, always stopping at Notre Dame.

"I stop myself to tell you any more. Would you be so kind as to renew the transmutation? I will most gladly comply with my whole heart to any conditions of other subscribers.

"Please you, sir, to accept the homage of our gratitude respectful."

—A book of poems, by Sister Mary Edwin, has the attractive title "Wine and Water" and a very neat and colorful binding that suggests the title (The Cloister Press, San Francisco). With the exception of the poem "Enclosed Fire," a beau-

tiful thought neatly expressed, and one or two others, we fear that the verses that have been brought into this feast of song have not on their wedding garments. While many of the conceptions are poetical, haste or inexperienced craftsmanship has marred their execution. A stanza from one of the longer poems will serve as an illustration:

Jesus, You know us—what we are;
Even as little children have You us known:
The guileless eye, the soft, smooth curl—
We were Your least, Your little ones then;
We had not grown;
And as a mother had You loved.

—We sincerely hope that a recent pamphlet issued by the Paulist Press, "Father Elliott," by the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P., is but a brief sketch of a biography which all Catholics of America would heartily welcome. Father Elliott was a great American priest—one of the greatest; and the story of his life and character might well be part of the "required reading" in every seminary, religious and secular, in this country. He was so entirely genuine,—honest, humble, kindly, sympathetic, human. There was the solidity of the rock in his character; there was something crag-like in his features, and his speech dignified the homeliest American idiom. We recall in one of his conferences how, after describing the good things God had done for us, he asks, "And what have *we* done?" and answers, "We keep out of jail." On another occasion we heard him speaking to novices beginning their year of trial. He pointed out that it might be a year of difficulty and temptation, "but," he added, "I'd eat nails to see it through"; and I think the phrase put iron in the wills of many of the youthful listeners. The life of Walter Elliott touched at so many points our great American bishops of pioneer days, that the narrative of its early years would revive the story of many interesting chapters of Catholic American history.

—We have received from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland the following pamphlets which offer very interesting and instructive reading: (1) "A Catholic Nation: Its Governing Authority and Functions," by the Very Rev. P. Canon Lyons, P. P.—A brief but illu-

minating treatment of the State and Civil authority from the point of view of Catholic principle. (2) "A Catholic Nation: Its Destitute, Dependent and Helpless Classes," by the Rev. J. O'Kelleher, S. T. L.—A plea for intelligent action in assisting the poor and dependent to become self-supporting, and in caring for those who are destitute. (3) "Soldiers of Christ," by the Rev. R. Nash, S. J.—A brief story of the lives of four heroic Jesuits: Peter Claver, Andrew Bobola, martyred by the Cossacks; Stanislaus Kostka and Francis Xavier. (4) "St. John Francis Regis," by Celia Shaw—the interesting story of a great missionary. (5) "Holy Communion: Before and After," by Father Arnold, S. J.—Christ Speaks to the Soul of the Communicant before and after his reception of the Holy Eucharist. (6) "The Sacrifice of the Mass," by Archbishop Sheehan—A brief dogmatic treatment of the Holy Sacrifice. (7) "Royal and Saintly Cashel," by Andrew Finn—the history of the ancient rock where Irish Catholics have recently returned to worship God after years of exile.

Obituary.

Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D., Bishop of Peoria; Rt. Rev. Monsignor George A. Dougherty, Archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. B. A. Hannan, Diocese of Columbus; Rev. Edward A. Duffy, Rev. D. McRea, Diocese of London, Ont.

Mr. Peter F. Burns, Mr. Daniel J. Roberts, Sr., Mr. Jack Kifmire, Mrs. Harry A. McElroy, Mrs. Thomas Devitt, Miss Dorothea D. Ward, John and Anna Barry, Mr. Ambrose Ledoux, Miss Katherine Ledoux, Mr. Andrew Vaeth, Miss Margaret Vaeth, Mrs. John Donohue, Miss Kathryn Dowd, Mrs. Robert L. Phillips, Mr. Thomas Keating, Mrs. B. Fitzgerald, Miss Mary Maley, Mr. George J. Koch, Mrs. F. B. McDermott, Mr. Daniel Whitelaw, Katherine Whitelaw, Miss Abbie McCarthy, Mary Galivan, Mr. T. M. Quill, Mary Griffin, Mrs. Winifred Daly, Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mr. Charles F. Dilzer, and Mrs. Mary Moran.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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A Psalm of David.

ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

The Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing: He hath set me in a place of pasture.

He hath brought me to the waters of refreshment: He hath converted my soul.

He hath led me on the paths of justice: for His own name's sake.

For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I fear no evils: for Thou art with me.

Thy rod and Thy staff: they have comforted me.

THE young lad, Jesus, from His open Book

Uplifted thoughtful, shining eyes to look
Across the fields and hills where white sheep
grazed

Among the Springtime grasses. As He gazed
He heard again the dark-eyed David sing
His tender, shepherd Psalm. He saw him bring
His sheep, at sundown, to the welcome fold.
"O David, Sire, I talked with you of old!
I walked with you among the fields and rocks;
I led you, even as you led your flocks.

"Prince of the House of David! A long line
Of shepherds. Now at last, the One divine
Good Shepherd of the wandering sheep
Has come, the Prophetied, His flocks to keep.
Beside still waters will I lead My own;
They walk no more the Shadowy Vale alone,
For I am by their side. By day, by night,
My sheep shall never wander from My sight.
The lambs rest in My arms. Safe from all ills,
My flock shall follow through the quiet hills.

"And when, sometimes, the way is dark and
steep,
My Own will know My Voice. My sheep, My
sheep!"

THOSE who publish the praises of
Mary are secure of Paradise.

—St. Bonaventure.

Rome, the Eternal.*

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, INFANTA PAZ DE
BORBON.

IHAVE been three times in Rome.
The first visit was with my
mother, Queen Isabel II. of Spain.

It was in the year 1873, when
we were living in France, exiles from
Spain after the Revolution of 1868. The
Emperor and Empress, Napoleon and
Eugenie, who had received us so hos-
pitably, lost their throne, and after the
Franco-Prussian war, (1870) were
obliged to take refuge in England, exiles
like ourselves. At eleven years I had
learned by experience that should all the
powers of earth fall, the Rock of Peter
shall remain standing till the end of
ages.

At this first visit to the Pope, Pius
IX. was Vicar of Christ. In his coun-
try also there had been revolutions
which deprived him of his earthly pos-
sessions, but against the Rock of Peter
the powers of Hell could not prevail.
When my mother, sobbing, knelt at the
feet of Pius IX., he raised her up like a
kind father, saying in good Spanish:
"Come, my daughter," and taking her
hand, led her to his private apartments,
followed by us, her four children. We
remained more than an hour with His
Holiness; plans were made for our so-
journ in Rome, and a day fixed for my
First Communion. My mother got per-
mission to visit His Holiness every day,

* Adapted from the Spanish, by E. L. G.

and she sometimes took us with her. One day when speaking of the miracles God deigns to perform when we place blind confidence in Him, the Pope related to my mother the escape he had when the floor of St. Agnes sank beneath his feet.

"I grasped at a snuff-box on which there was a picture of the Blessed Virgin," he said, "held it aloft and fell on my knees unhurt. The only thing that happened was that the glass of the picture got broken, and formed rays round the Virgin's head. Would you like to see it?" he asked, "and perhaps keep it in remembrance of me." Then turning to me he said: "Allow me to lean on you, my child, I am suffering from a bad foot." He really did lean on me; to-day after a lapse of fifty years, I can recall the gentle pressure of his hand on my shoulder. On going back to the Library in which the Pope received us that day, His Holiness turned to my mother and said: "Remember, daughter, that the Church always relies on you,—never forget it." The snuff-box that Pius IX. gave my mother that day is in my possession, and is one of the most cherished relics bequeathed by her to me.

My second visit to Rome was in the year 1902. This time I wished to impress on the minds of my children the love and veneration for the Vicar of Christ which my mother had instilled into my own heart, and I succeeded. Leo XIII. at that time occupied the Throne of Peter. Never shall I forget that noble and distinguished figure. My position in the world had changed. My nephew was King of Spain, and I had married a Bavarian Prince, and we were no longer exiles. Germany had reached a position which *then* seemed invulnerable . . . but the Rock of Peter is alone indestructible.

After twenty years I returned to Rome on a third visit—this time I came a grandmother. Pius XI. was the actual Pope. A terrible war had for several years desolated Europe, and so many

nations fought against Germany, that it was finally conquered. Hunger and misery were the consequences; the poor country hoped to save itself by revolutions, and thrones fell. Personally we escaped unhurt; we could remain in our country and share the fate of our compatriots. We succeeded in consoling and animating our people—thanks be to God!

After five years of anguish on my son's account, he returned from the war, safe and well, notwithstanding that he had been twice wounded. I thought with pity of so many mothers who had lost their sons, and mine was safe at home! Of what little importance then appeared the change in our personal position. It was sad to think that, although the peace of nations had been signed, there was no peace in the world. It is true, men were no longer killing each other, yet instead of mutual help, means were sought to injure the conquered. A League of Nations was formed; they united in conferences hoping to better the conditions of countries; something was done, but real peace was not attained. About this time the Eucharistic National Congress was announced, to be held in Rome, and I got my husband's permission to attend it. On the tenth of May I left Munich with my daughter Pilar, my son Adalbert and his wife. We travelled in the same train with our Archbishop, Cardinal Faulhaber, and the Bishop of Rothenbuch, Mgr. Keppler. The inconveniences of that journey were easily borne when the end was *Rome*. Before the Eucharistic Congress was held, an international Congress of Catholic Women took place. I wished to assist at it, for if we are to be of any use in the world we must give a helping hand to aid others; and we women have much less difficulty in doing so than men. I wrote to Madrid: "As I am going to the Women's Congress in Rome, I should like to know who is going from Spain that I may have the

pleasure of meeting them." I got a telegram in reply begging me to be President of the "Catholic Women's Association." I accepted the post with enthusiasm.

On the 19th of May, at noon, we arrived in Rome; at three in the afternoon I assisted at the first public session. The Spaniards had met me at the station, bringing me the knot of ribbon in Papal colors, which was the distinctive badge of the Congress. Providence provided me with a very pleasant abode almost immediately. We had asked a friend of ours, a Capuchin Father, to engage us two little rooms in any convent he could find, for we knew Rome was full of pilgrims. The unexpected happened. The Conte San Martino, on hearing the chaplain of my sister-in-law, the Duchess of Genoa, speaking of our arrival, and of the difficulty of finding rooms for us, said simply: "In my house there are two rooms free; for my daughters are at present at the Sacred Heart Convent. If the princess will be content with so little, I place them at her service." Of course we accepted the offer, and were very grateful. He also placed an Italian girl at our service, although we assured him we did not need her; but she was a great help, and so useful.

The nuns, whom we call "English" in Bavaria, and "Irish" in Spain ("Loreto Nuns"), sent us a basket of eatables, so that we needed not to go out when we were tired. These nuns, to whom Luis I., King of Bavaria, had given a wing of the Palace of Nymphenburg as a college, have taken part in all the events of my life during the forty years we have lived under the same roof. My daughter was educated there, and I myself went to the convent to take German lessons. I was sorry that their convent was so far from the house where I was staying. One has no idea of the distances in Rome. Sometimes there are kilometers between one number in a street and another, the houses are so large and the

gardens so extensive. When returning to our rooms at night, we used to see poor people sleeping on the ground in the open. The sight reminded me of a picture painted by Villegas, which had made a deep impression on me when I was a child. It represented a gravedigger preparing the grave for the corpse of a poor man, wrapped in a hospital sheet, while from the Alameda filed a number of handsome coaches following a magnificent hearse, which bore the remains of a rich man. Villegas put the title of the picture beneath it: "Some have so much, and others so little." How often during life I have repeated this to myself. With the growth of the Christian spirit, one does not find those contrasts so hard.

An admirable spirit reigned in the Women's Congress. Difficulties that had seemed insuperable now got settled somehow. The President was a Polish lady but the different sections—from different countries, France, England, Canada, etc., were each represented by a lady from those countries. The language used for the discourses was French. I assisted at all the sessions except one morning on which I had a private audience with His Holiness. Once more I was about to pass through those halls which I had first seen as a child, later as a girl. I must confess that I felt unbounded joy, when the usher, asking whom he should announce, a voice answered: "Spain." Forty years I have lived far from my native land, yet I am still announced as *Spain!*

Many things have changed in the world, but the Vatican was still the same. Where I had seen Pius IX., Pius XI. now sat. We knelt to kiss his feet, but he made us rise and be seated, then spoke to us in very good German. He asked various questions on the literary and scientific movements in Germany, and took an interest in everything. He told me how pleased he was that the Catholic Women's Congress was being

held, and had the contents of our program on his finger tips. He got Cardinal Merry del Val to give him an account of the sessions every day. I availed myself on this occasion to beg his photograph, signed, for the Catholic Women's Action, and also to express my joy at having Cardinal Merry del Val President of our sessions, for I had known his family since my childhood. I then told His Holiness we were sending him a signed petition to leave us the Cardinal as our Protector.

"In a few days we shall see all the ladies," said the Pope. "Ah! then I shall return," I said, full of joy, and thus we took our leave.

After our audience with His Holiness, we were, according to custom, conducted by a servant clothed in red velvet, to the apartments of Cardinal Gasparri, and as the latter spoke Spanish very well, I had not the trouble of conversing in any other language. In the course of conversation I said to him: "Do you not find, though they call me optimistic, that the world is better than it has been?"

"There is no doubt of it," he replied, quite as enthusiastic as I. "As a proof, amongst other things, we can now have a Eucharistic Congress, which for years we dared not have in Rome; the priests were exposed to ridicule and mocked at by the people when they appeared in the street."

The present condition of the world was then sketched by the Cardinal Secretary of State, with fine lines, and diagnosed with the care of a skilled surgeon. The most harassing trouble at the present moment was the famine in Russia. The Holy Father had sent three expeditions in different directions to that country; Rome had no favorite children, as is sometimes erroneously believed; relief is sent where it is most needed.

The remembrance of former visits to the Secretaries of State passed before my mind, but I was too young when I

went with my mother to see Cardinal Antonelli to remember much about him. It was different with Cardinal Rampolla. He had been in Madrid as Nuncio during the happiest days of my youth. He had assisted at my marriage and at the baptism of my eldest son, and shared my grief when my brother, Alfonso XII., died. All this had formed a bond of sincere friendship between us.

Some days later I returned to the Vatican with the ladies of the Congress. We had a long delay in the Throne Room, as the Holy Father had many audiences. When the Holy Father entered, we fell on our knees, representatives of so many different nations, all dressed in black and wearing mantillas. The Holy Father made us a sign to rise, then mounted his throne, at the foot of which a seat had been placed for Cardinal Merry del Val.

His Holiness addressed us in French, and said he had followed us in our work and was pleased with it. He expressed special approbation of our having spoken about the fashions and dancing. "It is not a question of modesty only, but of dignity also." He then said that much had been done already and that other things were in preparation; that we must go on working, for there was still a great deal to be done, working with the certainty that we were giving joy and consolation to his paternal heart. His Holiness then told us that Cardinal Merry del Val, who had presided at our meetings during the Congress, was to be our Protector in future. He added that the head of each section ought to send an account from her own country to the Centre and keep in touch with it concerning her work. He concluded by a general blessing, and passing through our ranks, gave each his hand to be kissed.

At the last meeting of the Women's Congress, I represented Spain. I met the cardinal of Munich afterwards, and he said: "Remember, you belong to us

also." I thanked him very much for claiming me, and added that his Eminence knew he could count on me, now that poor Germany was so unfortunate.

On the 24th of May, the pilgrims, who had come from all parts of the world to assist at the Eucharistic Congress, were received by the Pope in the courtyard of the Vatican. Surrounded by thousands of cardinals, bishops, and abbots, from all parts of the world, and of all rites in the Catholic Church, stood the Sovereign Pontiff, clothed in white. He uttered the words I longed to hear from his lips: "Peace," he said. "This peace which all seek, because it has not yet come, this peace which the world can not give, for it can give only what will not satisfy the human heart, can come from God alone in the Blessed Sacrament. It has called you all here, and comes forth from the Tabernacle to meet you and mingle amongst men, thus restoring peace to the world. You represent true peace, you who come from all parts of the world, from countries which were recently aflame with horrible war. Now that you are here, forget war, think only of the bonds which unite you all in the faith and love of Jesus Christ. Catholic women have given you the example—women always first at the Sepulchre and beneath the Cross. You have followed in imposing masses, representatives of the union of spirit with those who are already here. Welcome to your Father's house—the home of peace, that peace you all desire and need. God will return; open for Him the doors of your souls, your hearts, your families and countries. Your presence here assures Us that you have done so. In spirit I already see you walking through the historic streets of the Eternal City, the Immortal King of Ages in your midst. May the blessing of God rest on you, on your work, and on whatever you do for the honor of God in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar! As a symbol of this blessing receive mine, which I give you

with all my heart, thanking God for having called you, and you for having responded to His call. We bless you with all the warmth of our paternal heart." We all fell on our knees and bent our heads; and a moment after the air vibrated with *Vivas* in various languages.

All the festivities of the Eucharistic Congress were magnificent; they began by the Papal Mass in St. Peter's. First came the bishops from all countries, wearing copes and white mitres, followed by the silver trumpets of the noble guards, announcing the arrival of the Pope. He was seated on the Gestatoria, blessing the crowds as he passed. The tribune allotted to princes was near St. Peter's Chair; beneath was the throne of his successor so that we had a good view of the ceremonies. The Gospel was read in Latin and Greek. It was beautiful to see the two priests, in different vestments, each with his book in hand, inclining at the same time to the Pope and getting his blessing. The Gregorian music, chanted in slow, clear voices, admirably suited the primitive tone of Christianity. For this same motive the Catacombs was chosen for the first session of the Congress. "Peaceful domination of God in the Eucharist," was the theme of all the discourses in the Congress.

The most beautiful of the functions was the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament through Rome,—*"Jesus passes."* The Scouts walked first, in their picturesque costumes, proud to lead the procession. After them the schools and pilgrimages, grouped according to their nationality. The seminarists who were studying in Rome followed after. The Spaniards were so numerous that the public saluted them enthusiastically; they wore blue scarfs. The Germans came next, wearing red soutanes, etc. Then followed countless files of friars, clothed in white, brown or gray; after them the parish priest and the emblems

of the Seven basilicas; and, finally, under a shower of roses thrown from each balcony on its way, passed the most Blessed Sacrament. Representatives of the patrician families of Rome, who had been passing the Summer in their country houses, returned to claim their privilege of holding the poles of the canopy. Immediately behind them walked the Cardinals; the air vibrated with the beautiful hymns, even the soldiers on guard joining.

That same evening the Pope received the Spanish pilgrims. At half-past four the Ambassador came to fetch me. When we reached the Vatican, the Throne Room was full of people; they kept on arriving till a third hall was filled. Finally the Ambassador on seeing the Pope said: "Holy Father, there is not a hall in the Vatican large enough to accommodate the Spaniards." The Holy Father smiled, and said: "Then, let Us come down to St. Damasus' Court." He had been observing from a window how the court was being filled, and listening to the Eucharistic hymn being sung. A throne was brought out for the Pope, chairs for the bishops, the Ambassador and me. The enthusiasm on seeing His Holiness was so great that it was some time before the Cardinal of Tarragona could be heard. "Here is Spain, Holy Father!" he said. "The people, the bishops, the Infanta Paz—all have come as your children; you have but to raise your finger and you will see how we shall obey you."

The Holy Father, deeply moved, answered: "This manifestation is so—I can find no other word—so *Spanish*,—that it fills my paternal heart with joy. All classes are represented here; if one may say this of a country where *all* are noble." He then thanked us very specially for the 30,000 liras which we had collected while waiting to see him. "With this I can aid others who need it more than you," and turning to me, he added: "I thank you also, Princess, for

having come with them." Finally, to express his feelings better, he embraced the Cardinal who had spoken in the name of all. He gave me his hand, which I kissed, kneeling.

It was my last farewell to the Pope in the evening of my life. I could not have dreamed of anything more beautiful. God reserves surprises for those who trust in Him completely. I leave myself entirely in His hands.

Storms may rage, and all things fall, one thing alone remains firm—the ROCK of PETER,—Eternal Rome.

The Home-in-the-Air.

BY AGNES M. BLUNDELL.

LIL and her mother had always been 'best friends'—even from her childhood there had been a curious equality between them. It was Lil, far more than her older sister, who shouldered responsibility, screened Dad's failing, and strove to conceal it from the younger children.

Emma Morris assumed independence from the moment she went to the silk works and began to earn for herself. She was supposed to contribute towards household expenses, but, as she remarked, girls were obliged to dress so well nowadays that she really could not afford her board as well. Lil would toss her yellow head in disdain; Emma rushed off to catch her bus every morning while her sister was still hard at work dressing the younger children.

"Never you mind, Mam," Lil would say, "some day you and me will have a comfortable home of our own."

Poor Mrs. Morris would smile at her daughter over little Sammy's curly top-knot. Poor child! She little realized that the harassing cares of matrimony, once assumed, can not be lightly dispensed with.

The home they lived in was poor enough—the house was dilapidated, the

skirting boards broken, the backs of the stair-treads missing, so that if Dad came in late and noisy, Lil could creep out of bed in her little pink nightdress, come half-way downstairs and peep through the holes to see if Mam were all right. But Lil's ideal was a house with no holes in it, and, it must be admitted, with no Daddy either! She and Mam and the little ones in a beautiful house with lace curtains in the windows and a lovely whole tea-set on the dresser! Lil was fond of discussing the details of this wonderful house when Emma had gone to the Pictures and the little ones were in bed. Mrs. Morris insisted on the home lessons being finished before the day-dreaming began, but even while she was expatiating on the glories of the home-in-the-air, Lil's busy little fingers were darning Sammy's socks, or putting a patch in little Bertie's jacket.

"I'll have to be out nearly all day, Mam, when I'm a teacher. But most evenings I'll get back by five, and we'll have all the week-ends. It will be lovely! Teachers get an awful lot of money—Miss Hunsworth told me so,—and we'll be able to go on 'bus-rides on Saturdays."

Mrs. Morris, glancing at the eager, little, flushed face, had not the heart to dash Lil's enthusiasm.

"Won't that be lovely?" she would murmur. "And the first present I'll give you will be a tea-set, Mam. Would you like a pink one, or a white one with little roses! Aren't you sick and tired of having to share round four cups?"

"I'd love to have a set to match," agreed Mrs. Morris, catching fire from her daughter. "I've not had a set to match this five years. I think I'd like a white one with roses best; but I don't know, pink would look very well on the shelves too. When Dad and I were first married, I had a dinner set and all to match, blue and gold."

Lil glanced contemptuously towards

the dilapidated remnants on the table which had replaced the dresser. She could just remember that night when Dad smashed up all the crockery. He had never been so bad since, but he was often out of work; and last Winter during a slack period, the dresser had been sold to pay for coal.

"I wish it didn't take so long to learn to be a teacher," Lil would say wistfully as she tiptoed off to bed.

Miss Hunsworth, the head mistress, was giving Lil extra tuition, for she was eleven now and had entered for a scholarship examination at the County School.

"But there is a lot besides book-work, you know, my dear," said Miss Hunsworth one day. "You could be learning while you are looking after the little ones. It is a great thing to know how to get children interested. Practise telling stories to Bertie and Sammy, and see if you can't train little Nell to be obedient—you must never be rough with her, of course."

Lil listened seriously and nodded. It seemed to bring the day-dream nearer actuality to be able to weave its fabric into everyday life. It was comforting to find her little brothers hanging on her words when she turned the multiplication table into a fairy tale about two little green elves who couldn't get up the ladder into star-land because they *would* jump onto the wrong rungs! She marked the ladders out on the road, scratching deeply with a stick—twelve rungs to each ladder—and Bertie and Sammy skipped from stroke to stroke, while chanting to a tune of Lil's own composition: "Six ones are six, six twos are twelve, six threes are twenty—"

"Wrong, Bertie, wrong! You'll have to start again," Lil would say, anxiously consulting a battered exercise book to make sure that her judgment was correct.

In spite of the difficulty of doing home-lessons, with three boisterous chil-

dren playing about the kitchen, and Dad calling her off to run messages, Lil passed her examination with flying colors. It was hard to leave kind Miss Hunsworth and start all fresh in a new big school where she knew nobody and where the teachers were mainly men, but it was a big step forward on Lil's ambitious way.

Mrs. Morris understood, and sat for a long time on the girl's hard little bed at the end of the first day at the County School. The cottage-in-the-air was discussed in detail, from the lace curtains in the parlor window to the tiles on the roof.

"We'll have red tiles," murmured Lil ecstatically, her eyes like stars in her little pale face.

"And I think we could make our old curtains do," urged Mrs. Morris. "I could wash them in a drop of coffee, and make them a nice cream."

"Oh, no, Mam—there's more darns than lace. We'll have everything new. We'll not take *anything* from this house."

Lil's tired eyes closed, she laid her head on her lumpy little pillow with a sigh.

"It seems a long time to wait—why, six years ago I wasn't any older than Sammy."

"The years will go ever so fast!" prophesied Mam, tucking in the thin old blanket.

As she went downstairs again, she sighed. Yes, the years would go fast—too fast! Perhaps as soon as she could stretch her wings the bird would fly from the home nest as Emma, the elder daughter, was about to do.

Emma was sitting by the kitchen table with a discontented expression on her pretty, pert face. She still wore her velvet tam, pulled down over one eye, but she had flung her coat and gloves on the table among the supper dishes.

"Well, Mam, I've given in my notice like I said I would. As Jessie says,

there's no chance whatever for a girl in a place like this and with a home like this."

"I've no objection to your going into service—if you get a nice place," faltered Mrs. Morris. Emma's hard glance about the miserable little room hurt her in a way that Lil's never did. The child wanted to make things better for mother, the budding woman only wanted to get away. Alas, of the two projects hers was far the easier of accomplishment, and perhaps in a year or two, Lil would wish this too!

"Service! No fear!" exclaimed Emma. "Jessie and me are going to take a job at a café or a shop—we want to see a bit of life."

"But you're so young—not eighteen yet. I'd sooner—"

Emma interrupted with a laugh.

"Why, Mam, I know heaps more about the world than you do. A factory is no infant school, I can tell you; and I've slaved four years in one. We've planned everything, but you needn't worry. Jessie's Dad will have it that we're to lodge with her Aunt in Liverpool—Mrs. Williams, you know,—she lets rooms, and her girl is about my age."

Emma had planned it all without Mother's advice or help, but Mrs. Morris was relieved that her independent daughter would be under the care of Mrs. Williams. She was not a woman who could express herself easily. It was impossible to make Emma understand the feelings in her bursting heart.

"I never wanted you to go to the factory," she said in a strained voice.

Emma laughed again.

"No, you'd have been glad to keep me at home, I dare say, wearing the same old dress day in and day out! But Dad had a bit of sense for once—'twas he made you give way."

Mrs. Morris said nothing. What was the use? Emma would never understand until she had children of her own. She

set the cracked tea-set straight, smiling as she thought of Lil's childish day-dreams: to make a home for Mother. Poor Lil!

It was wonderful to be a college girl! Lil felt young and irresponsible for the first time in her life. There was no need now to sit up in bed, straining one's ears to hear if Dad had come home in a good temper or a bad one. There was no need to deny oneself a packet of chocolate because every penny was wanted to mend Bertie's broken shoes. Lil's tiny cubicle seemed to her a most luxurious bed-chamber, and the young folk in her class the most delightful companions. For the first time in her short life everything was arranged for her—there was no anxious speculation as to whether the milk would go round, or how to put off the rate collector. Lil loved the work, and her eager application soon won the favor of the Faculty. Her pretty looks and helpful spirit endeared her to her schoolmates, and Lil soon found herself popular. There were dances for the students; there was a dramatic society. There were study hours shared in the cubicles of other girls, and delightful tea-parties where the guests overflowed borrowed chairs, and had to sit on the floor, and where everyone was very young and very gay.

Lil was now seventeen and old enough to realize that her old day-dream could never be achieved in its entirety. There was no possibility of getting rid of Dad and making a home for Mam without him! She would have to be content with providing a better home for both. Perhaps Mam would come by herself first and pay long visits to Lil. It would be better to begin in rooms perhaps, and put by every spare penny towards that long-dreamed-of house! Meanwhile life was good. Lil grew and bloomed like a little stunted flower, moved out of the darkness into the sunshine. She became prettier and prettier, her spare form

filled out to a slender roundness, color came into her lips, and radiance to her eyes. But when boys of her own age told her she was lovely, she only laughed. She was friendly to boys and girls alike, but no warmer sentiment awoke as yet. Mam still reigned supreme in Lil's dreams of the future—Mam was still her "best friend."

"I am very sorry to hear you have had such bad news," said the Principal kindly; "and, of course, I understand your wishing to go home for the week-end. But if your father is in no immediate danger, I think you should return on Monday. You can't afford to miss any classes now if you are going to take the 'exam' at the end of the term."

Lil had been invited to sit down. She had poised herself nervously on the extreme edge of a chair; her face was pale, and there were black circles round her eyes: she dared not raise them for fear they should overbrim. It was now or never—she must not hesitate—she must think of Mam.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go home for good, Mr. Marshall. It's six weeks now since my father had the stroke, and—and Mother writes she can't manage."

Mr. Marshall, in an absent-minded manner, stretched out his hand for the letter, but Lil held it tight on her lap. No other eyes but hers should read that blotted scrawl. Poor Mam wasn't much of a writer—only Lil knew what lay between the lines!

"Dear Lil, I am afraid you will have to come home. Dr. says Dad may lie for years, and I can't keep the home going. I can't leave him, and he so heavy to lift. There must be some one to bring a few shillings, until the lads begin to earn." Then came a big blot and the signature: "Your sorry Mam." Underneath was an uneven row of crosses.

The Principal had been speaking. He had explained that ground lost now

could never be regained; that the examination was vital to her career.

"You must explain to your parents—in fact, I will write myself. It is not fair to you to expect you to jeopardize your future life."

"You don't understand," cried Lil, almost rudely. She jumped up. "O Mr. Marshall, I'll have to give up for good! My brothers are too little to help—the eldest is six years younger than me—there's no one to help Mother." 'And he so heavy to lift.' The words rang in her head like a knell.

"But you will be earning well in two years if you take your certificates. You could be a good help to your parents then."

"Two years!" repeated Lil. Poor gentleman, how should he know what a gulf two years can make in a young life?

"I'd rather you didn't write, if you don't mind, Mr. Marshall. You see—Mother would try every way first. She—she—my mother—"

"There—there, my dear, don't cry! Of course, it is very upsetting. You go home and talk things over calmly with your parents; they won't want you to miss your chance, you know. I'll keep your place open for a week or two."

Lil gulped down her sobs, fiercely dabbing at her eyes. As she packed her books, hope began to rise again. After all, Dad wasn't very old—perhaps he would get all right again. People did get better from paralytic strokes sometimes.

"But I've got to stand by Mam," she muttered to herself. "I'll not leave myself a loop-hole."

And she hammered nails into the lid with the heel of her well-worn little shoe.

It was Mam who cried during their brief confidential talk in the woodshed. Dad's bed had been brought down to the kitchen, and he lay there, long, gaunt, helpless and irritable. The little ones were upstairs, Mam drew Lil into

the cramped seclusion of the woodshed for a private word or two. Poor Mam! She had cried so much that her features looked quite blurred.

"If I could have managed any way, Lil dear—oh, if I could only have managed!"

Lil could find no words. She hugged her mother forlornly as they stood whispering together in the restricted space between the old worn-out mangle and the can of paraffin.

"I'll not leave you, Mam," murmured the girl at last. "Whatever happens we'll be together, you and me."

"But I am taking you from all your friends, love; I am spoiling your chances!"

Lil looked up. Her eyes were dry, but her lips trembled a little.

"You're my friend, Mam,—I want only you!"

But even as she spoke, it seemed as though the radiant future to which she had looked forward all her young life was wrenched away.

Days lengthened into weeks, months crept slowly past. Lil got a place at the Tin Plate Works. The few shillings a week which she earned made all the difference to the struggling home. But what dismal work it was! So monotonous, so uninteresting, and so hard: dipping sheets of metal in vats of acid in a room full of steam, with the floor always a-wash with slopped liquid, and one's clothes clammy with the vapor! Her poor hands became roughened and heavy, and curiously insensitive. She touched the piano once, when visiting Miss Hunsworth, and then jumped up and closed the lid.

Morris still lay helpless, his bed filling up half the space in the living-room, making everything difficult. How was the washing to be dried on wet days without choking Dad with the steam? Bread had to be bought instead of baked—Dad could not stand the heat of the fire.

Perhaps the most difficult thing to deal with was his ceaseless restlessness. It was impossible to settle the poor fellow comfortably for more than a few minutes at a time. Mrs. Morris and Lil took it in turns to occupy the little chair-bed which was weak in its joints and frequently deposited its occupant, head downwards, on the floor.

"You women-folk can't so much as shake up a chap's pillows nowadays," Dad would grumble, and Mrs. Morris and her daughter would struggle to heave up the inert form, shake the pillows, plump them up and re-settle them twenty times during the evening. The children bothered him and he was cross to them, so that they would slip out and play in the street, to Mrs. Morris' dismay.

"They're always in trouble over their home lessons," she confided to Lil; "and they are getting so rough and wild! But, poor little things, one can't blame them."

Lil had given up the habit of studying, which she had indulged in furtively for six months after her home-coming. The sight of her books hurt her too much; she had packed them in a box, and hidden them under her bed upstairs. But now her conscience smote her.

"I might as well do what I can," she told herself; and presently the old story-telling games were resumed on the bit of waste ground behind the houses when Lil got back from work. At first Sammy and Bertie held aloof, but presently they were drawn in too. Bertie was twelve now, a quick, intelligent little fellow, and after a time Lil had to get out her books again to keep pace with his eager questioning. Her scholarship fees had passed to another. There was no hope at all of ever being a teacher now; but she could not help responding to that budding desire for knowledge.

There seemed very little time for anything, from the moment when Lil

dragged her heavy golden head from the pillow at six o'clock, to the moment when she threw herself down, asleep almost before she pulled up the blankets. It was such a scramble to get a cup of tea and be off to catch the quarter to seven bus! Then when she got home at six o'clock, there was Dad's bed to be made, and the children to attend to, and the housework, which Mam had been obliged to leave while she waited on the sick man.

One night mother and daughter had crept into the draughty woodshed for a private talk over ways and means. The children were in bed and it was raining, the water dripped in through the cracks in the roof. Neither of them ever mentioned the house-in-the-air; but this evening the old dreams were in the minds of both.

"Dad broke one of the cups to-day, Lil," said Mrs. Morris. "He knocked it out of my hand by mistake when I was giving him a drink."

Their eyes met: in an instant the dream tea-set with the roses flashed before their inward vision. Dad shouted.

"Where have you all gone to? Ellen! Lil! Lil, I say!"

"I'll go, you rest a bit, Mother."

Lil slipped from the shawl under which they had both been cowering, and flitted into the house.

Dad had slipped down sideways, and it took some pushing and hauling before she could get him propped up again. They were both flushed and panting.

"Where's your Mam, lass?"

"Won't I do, Dad? Mam's resting a bit."

"No, you won't do—'tis her I want. You needn't look so scared—cut away and send her in to me—I've something to tell her."

At George Morris' humble funeral only one of his family was in deep mourning and that one was his elder

daughter Emma. Mrs. Morris wore a borrowed black dress, but it rained, and she had to put on her old brown waterproof with a band round the arm. Little Nell, after a prolonged stare, remarked that "sister hardly looked as though she was in black—it must be that stuff on her face."

George had been a bad husband and a bad father, but when Mrs. Price, the neighbor, observed that it must be a relief his going at last, after lying nearly a year, Mrs. Morris shook her head. She had got out an old photograph, which the children had never seen—Dad as a young man, with a queer high-cut waistcoat and a flower in his buttonhole.

When they returned from the churchyard, and the little group of neighbors, who had accompanied them, had scattered to their own homes, Lil began to set the room to rights, but her mother sat by the fire, her hands idle in her lap.

All at once she looked up.

"Leave that for now, love, and come here. Where's Em?"

"She went back with Mrs. Price, I think."

"Never mind. It's you I want to know first. Lil, do you remember that night your poor Dad sent you to fetch me—that night we were sitting out in the shed?"

Lil nodded.

"Yes—I remember calling you in."

She came over and stood by her mother's chair, her heart beginning to beat thickly. What was coming? What had Dad done? What new, unsuspected worry was to be broken to her?

"Never mind, Mam," she murmured, noting the nervous movements of Mrs. Morris' thin, work-worn hands. "I'll stand by you, whatever it is."

But for once Mam had no need of her daughter's sympathy. She stood up, her eyes blazing with excitement and spoke with an odd triumph.

"It's not you this time, Lil—it's your Dad—he's going to stand by you."

"Why, Mam, what do you mean?"

"Ah, Lil, you never knew your Dad rightly—you never knew him as I did! When we was first wed, before he got into wrong ways! he thought of us all the time. He insured his life just after we was wed, and never told me: he was afraid I'd think it unlucky—poor lad—we were fair crazy about each other then."

Lil stared dazedly at her mother. Dad had always seemed to be a misfortune to be borne and contended with. It had never occurred to her that there had been a time when he and Mam had loved each other.

"He paid the money through everything," continued the elder woman. "And now the sum the Company will pay will send you back to college, Lil, and keep me and the children until they are earning. Don't you understand, child? We're to *have* it—the home you always planned!"

A queer little pain shot through Lil's heart.

"Our home?" she repeated. "But it will be Dad giving it—not me to you!"

"And it will be Dad giving you your career," insisted Mrs. Morris. "Whenever you think of him, you can be remembering that."

There was passion in her tone as she vindicated her husband.

"O Mam!" breathed Lil. "These last months have been so hard! Why didn't you tell me before?"

Mrs. Morris flushed, then held out her arms to her girl, all mother once more.

"Eh, love? I shouldn't have doubted you! But doctor said your Dad might lie for years and years, and Miss Huns-worth told me unless you went back to college pretty soon, you wouldn't be able to catch up. I was afraid—afraid you might"—she dropped her voice—"wish your Dad away, so I waited till the Lord took him."

Lil was silent. She could not help feeling a little sad that it was not *she* who was to make the dream come true. After all there must be something about marriage which she had not understood—something mystic, fundamental, binding two souls together! Willy Evans' eager face suddenly flashed into her mind—Willy, who had taken her out in the garden during the last dance at the college. Poor Willy—strange that she should think of him now!

"O Mam," she said, with a funny little laugh, "I'm almost jealous!"

Mrs. Morris caught her in her arms.

"Oh, no, Lil, no! You made it all possible—if you hadn't come home and thrown everything up to stand by your Dad and me—we'd have had to go to the workhouse!"

"Dad and me," that was how Mam wanted her to think of them now! She cast all selfish feelings aside.

"It's too wonderful, Mam, to think I can be a teacher after all. And you'll come and live near the college, won't you? O Mam! couldn't we buy the pink tea-set right away?"

"Not pink," corrected her mother, "blue and gold."

Her eyes had gone back to the old photograph on the mantelpiece. As Lil watched her, the momentary pang was lost in the vast up-rising tide of joy. Life was going to be splendid after all—she was to be a teacher, not a factory girl; and they were going to have a beautiful home. Will Evans would be finishing his last year when Lil got back to college. The work she loved was to be hers once more; the old dream was to materialize, and a new sweet dream began to stir, unrecognized, in Lil's young heart.

THE devotion which Mary loves best is constantly having recourse to her. It is impossible that a true servant of Mary be damned.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori,*

Sacrament.

BY EVANGELINE C. COZZENS.

CHRIST did combine
The wheat and vine
For food divine.

In bread Our Lord,
Praised and adored,
Comes to our board.

With joyous hymn,
Sing, Seraphim,
Praises to Him!

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

V.—WITH MANGAN IN DUBLIN.

DUBLIN of the Nineteenth Century was not vastly different from Dublin of to-day. True, the spacious old Georgian mansions had not then deteriorated into lodging houses or crowded tenement dwellings of the poor. O'Connell Street was then Sackville Street, along which fashionable thoroughfare dwelt the rich and great of Dublin. Carlisle, now O'Connell Bridge, had but recently been completed, connecting North and South Dublin. Commerce and law were housed in the two palatial structures designed by the talented architect, James Gandon; the superb Custom House and the famous Four Courts, both stately structures, were partially ruined during the fighting in Dublin in 1921 and 1922. The General Postoffice was then the New Postoffice, and had been built after designs by Francis Johnson, first president of the Royal Hibernian Academy for Fine Arts; and proud, indeed, were Dubliners of the day of this outstanding achievement in architecture.

The Old Parliament House, through whose corridors still echoed the fervid eloquence of Grattan and Flood, had but recently been occupied by the Bank of Ireland. The Castle was the center

of a gay, social life with which native Dubliners had little in common. Trinity College, then as to-day, at the head of Grafton Street, now Dublin's fashionable shopping center, but in the early Nineteenth Century distinguished for its homes of wealth and fashion, was even then an historic landmark.

Founded in the year 1591 for the purpose of affording Irish youth of the upper classes a means of obtaining a sound English education, its honor roll already shone with names of ardent patriots. In its attic room, young Robert Emmet instructed his companions in the use of firearms in preparation for the day of rebellion, while still imbibing his sound English education. Opposite, the site of the Northern Bank was occupied by the Dublin Society, also linked with the Emmet family through Dr. Patten, the society Librarian and brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmet; John Comerford, the famous miniature painter was one of its pupils.

At number one hundred and eight on Grafton Street, during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, was located the shop of Patrick Byrne, Bookseller, who, in 1790, published a pamphlet by a young man named Theobald Wolfe Tone under the grandiloquent title "An Inquiry How far Ireland is Bound of Right to Embark in the Impending Conflict on the Side of Great Britain." The unknown author of the pamphlet had the doubtful privilege of standing in the shop one day and hearing the author of the pamphlet denounced by an irate loyalist as an anarchist, a murderer, and the various other epithets by which the old order ever receives the new.

In this shop—the literary headquarters of the United Irishmen—was enacted the first scene of the tragedy which ended in the execution of the brothers, Shears. Captain J. W. Armstrong, a customer and friend of Byrne's, by pretending a sympathy he did not feel with the principles of the

United Irishmen, secured an introduction to the two brothers in the back room of the shop through his friend Byrne. This introduction led eventually to their arrest and also Byrne's. The brothers Shears were executed and Byrne was exiled, dying later in Philadelphia.

Number one hundred and eleven Grafton Street is interesting as the site of *The Sentinel and Masonic Magazine*, published by John Jones from 1792 to 1797, to which a young man called Thomas Moore was a frequent contributor. It was at the window of her grandfather's house in Grafton Street that the young Tone first saw the girl he made his wife, and in his Diary, Tone gives a delightful picture of the love-sick youth who walked ceaselessly up and down Grafton Street just to catch a glimpse of his "Angel." Among the pupils who attended Samuel White's famous grammar school at Seventy-nine Grafton Street were Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Moore, and Robert Emmet. Number Sixty-nine was the residence of Edward Hudson, friend of John Philpot Curran, where Moore first heard played the melodies of his native land, which he was later to make known throughout the world. Grafton Street has its memories of Swift, too, for it was here his friend, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's companion, resided.

In 1813, Alderman D'Esterre chose Grafton Street as the most suitable place to horsewhip Daniel O'Connell for his uncomplimentary remarks about the Dublin Corporation. But it will be remembered that the Alderman lost courage and retired to a back room of a near-by shop. He it was who later challenged O'Connell to the duel which resulted fatally for D'Esterre. A short distance down the west side of Stephen's Green stands the famous College of Surgeons. In the Eighteenth Century the site of the north wing of this building was occupied by a double gabled

house. Here Robert Emmet was born, and here his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was arrested.

The lovely walks through Stephen's Green are flanked by many an imposing statue, the most interesting of which is the beautiful bust of James Clarence Mangan, whose feet knew not the fashionable Dublin we have been traversing, but the narrow lanes and the dark alleys where dwelt the poor. It is one of the few memorials to her great literary men to be found in Ireland, and there is a singular pathos in the lovely setting in which the bust is found in contrast to the sordidness and ugliness of the poet's surroundings in life. Pre-eminently the man of misery, Mangan, by the tragedy of his existence, and by the greatness of his genius, is linked with Edgar Allan Poe, who, many assert, found in the Irish poet his inspiration, and with Francis Thompson. Lacking alike the spiritual inspiration of Thompson and the clear, cold genius of Poe, Mangan drew his power as a poet from his fervent patriotism and the mystic glamour of the East as he saw it in his dreams, for the Irish poet was never off the streets of his native Dublin. But like them he drank deep of misery and tragedy. Indeed, his life was a long stretch of unrelieved gloom.

Thompson, in his squalid London lodgings, could look back upon a happy childhood in the companionship of charming little sisters and loving parents. Poe's last days were brightened by splashes of sunshine in the memories of his beloved girl wife. Mangan, himself, gives a picture of his early life which shuts out every ray of sunlight: "I came into the world surrounded by an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of cruelty, infidelity, and blasphemy, and of both secret and open hatreds towards the moral government of God." In romantic love he found only new agony and bitterness. Friendship came too late to lighten the

tragedy of his short life, whose only solace was books, whose sole refuge was poetry, and whose one relief was drugs. "No one wish of his heart was ever fulfilled; no aspiration gratified," asserts John Mitchell in his sympathetic biography.

Seven years old when his father died, Mangan was placed by an uncle under the instruction of the future Bishop of Dromore who was delighted by his young pupil's love of study. Under Father Blake the precocious boy for a time absorbed Latin, French, Italian and Spanish. He learned German from a scholarly Spanish priest who saw the fire of genius in the frail, ill-clad youth. But his school days lasted all too short a time because of the poverty of the family, and while little more than a boy himself, Mangan began to earn his living by tutoring. Thereafter he had no other tutor than his passionate love of learning which opened for him the literatures of the world, and made of the great poets of the past his only companions.

At seventeen he entered a lawyer's office as copyist, and here the ribaldry, the brutality, and the ridicule of his associates killed any desire he might have had for the companionship of his kind. His sensitive, poetic soul shrank within itself, as from dawn to dark he bent over his desk flinching in acute pain from every vulgar jest, every coarse laugh, protecting himself as well as he could behind an armour of taciturnity, sole refuge of shy, sensitive natures. His work finished he could only return to what passed for a home, a wretched garret in the most miserable quarter of Dublin, there to lose himself in flights of poetic fancy, or wander along the crowded quays loitering at the quaint old bookstalls, almost as numerous to-day as when Mangan lingered beside them, to read the books he had not money to buy. A strange figure he made, buttoned up tightly in a fantas-

tic blue coat, piercing blue eyes glancing from a death-pale face, a broad-leafed, high-crowned hat partly hiding the soft hair, already white from misery, and always carrying a huge, shabby umbrella. Undervalued by himself, despised and ridiculed, he sought solitude as a defense against his fellow-man, and all but silenced the shy humor and gentle wit which, under happier circumstances, would have been his chief charm.

Mangan's life of unrelieved gloom reaches the artistic completeness of a great tragic drama in the circumstances of its opening and of its close. Born in 1803, the year of Emmet's abortive Rising, while the land still shuddered at the horror of the young hero's execution, Mangan lived on through the storm which swept his contemporaries into the grave or exile to see the stark spectre of famine and pestilence withering the transcendent beauty of his "Dark Rosaleen," and to die a lonely death, one of its countless victims, to be buried in a remote corner of Glasnevin with no friend to weep over his bier, nor none to breathe a prayer when those poor remains have found rest and solitude at last.

Yet the pure flame of Mangan's genius was never touched by the sordidness and the misery of his life. "A solitary, golden-haired figure, rapt and kind," Louise Imogen Guiney calls him. And she says further, "His speech was full of shy fooling, sudden witticisms that drew no blood." And the story most often told of Mangan's gentle wit deserves repetition. Being chaffed one day because of the un-Moorishness of certain of his so-called Moorish translations, Mangan replied: "Well, if it is not Moorish, it is Tom-Moorish." He was passionately Oriental, and many of his poems have an Eastern setting or theme. D. J. O'Donoghue has pointed out the remarkable similarity between the philosophy of the Persian, Omar, as ex-

pressed in the well-known "Rubaiyat" and that of the Irish poet.

Among his best-known Oriental poems are "Boating Down the Bosphorous" and "The Time of the Barmecides." The latter is said to have given Poe the suggestion for the complicated and varying repetitions which lend the weird charm to "Ulalume" and "Lenore." The story is told that it was from "The Karamanian Exile" that James Randall, restless in camp on the eve of the Battle of Shiloh and burning to find expression for his fervent patriotism, received his inspiration for that poem which thrilled the South to greater deeds of valor, "Maryland! My Maryland!" The similarity of metre is undeniable.

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!

Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!

But it is as the poet of inspired patriotism that Mangan leads. His great poems gleam with the embattled splendor of the past, and burn with the noble ferocity. At his best he attains a Homeric simplicity and grandeur coupled with a perfect mastery of versification. One of the greatest patriotic poems in any language is "Dark Rosaleen" in which the poet runs the gamut of emotions. Beginning on a sweet, tender note it rushes on through a despairing dirge and proud, leaping hope to the grandeur and triumph of

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flame wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry

Wake many a glen serene—
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen.
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Mangan was a prolific writer, and much that he wrote is marked with carelessness, as must be true of every facile writer. Yet had he written nothing but "Dark Rosaleen" or "O'Hussey's Ode," his claim to fame must be allowed. Mangan's is the distinction of sounding the first truly Gaelic note in modern Irish literature; and is at his best when inspired by Gaelic themes. In the words of the late Thomas MacDonagh, he "tuned the harp that is now ringing to the hands of many." In his version of "Vision of Connacht in the Thirteenth Century," he has caught the full rich music of the Gaelic original, and there is a singular beauty in the repeated refrain "Cathal Mòr of the Wine-red Hand." In his poems of patriotism, his own personal melancholy and tragedy kindles into the melancholy of majestic music, and unites his sorrows to the sorrows of the nation he knew so well, his failures to the departed glories of the country he loved. His best work has never been surpassed.

Elder Brother.

BY CULLEN BRATTAIN.

BESIDE the little spring whose clear water gurgled, protestingly, into a pipe to be carried down into the cistern a few rods below, George sat on the flat rock, once known as "Mother's throne" by the two boys, who, in childhood, spent many a Summer afternoon under this old pine tree, and went over, in painful retrospect, the years that lay between.

It was here, under this whispering tree, by this gurgling spring, that it had begun. His mother had seen it. If she had lived—George drew a shuddering breath. There was no excuse—*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. He had trudged home from school that warm May afternoon, swelling with

pride, and climbed the long slope back of the house to this place where his mother, with her sewing, sat listening to Robert read his lessons.

Robert, too frail to walk the mile and a half to school, had only one eye on the book, and when he caught sight of his brother, set up a joyful little song: "He is here, he is here, our brother is here!"

George hardly heard him. There was news to tell.

"Mother, I won a prize." He exhibited it proudly, a four-bladed knife. "In spelling and arithmetic and geography I was highest, and I was just as high in history. Elsie was highest in grammar and reading, and she got a prize."

Robert was wild with delight. He changed his song of welcome into a triumphal chant: "We won a prize, we won a prize, our family won a prize!"

George looked at his mother. The eyes that met his were full of understanding and laughter.

"He is proud of his brother," she whispered.

Then they went down the hill to meet the father coming in from the fields. George hastened to show his trophy, but his explanation was drowned in Robert's shrill chant: "We won a prize, we won a prize, our family won a prize!"

So tickled was their father with the younger boy's interpretation of George's success that he took it up. "Won a prize, did we? We're a smart family, eh, George?"

George looked at his mother again. "It's *my* prize, Mother."

"George!" There was reproach as well as sympathy in her voice. "Can't you see they are proud of you?"

George smiled, but the resentment was there. Why should he share the praise? He had done the work. Later, when relatives or neighbors came in and his father called out jovially: "Did you know our family won a prize?"

George, show what we won!" George was only half pleased. Especially did he feel resentment when some one would rumple Robert's curly head and repeat, laughing: "*We—won a prize. We are smart boys!*"

George did not look at his mother when he felt this way. So it went on. Robert in a few years was able to go to school, but the honors, the prizes, still fell to George. George would have been better pleased to have had Robert win a few, and so declared himself.

"Oh, gee, old man, we are pulling down enough as it is!"

Not even to himself would George admit how that "*we*" annoyed him.

Then the mother died and the boys were away at college. George finished a year ahead of Robert, and went to work on the farm. Left to himself, the dependent Robert fell in with a careless crowd; and within a month of graduation was involved in an automobile accident and was facing a charge of manslaughter. That he was the least culpable few doubted, but Robert either could not, or would not, defend himself, and took the sentence of one year in prison quietly. Only his eyes sought George; but George's head was turned away.

Once, only, did George speak of his brother's disgrace. To Elsie, now teaching where once she had been a pupil, he said bitterly: "Well, now *we* have won a prison term. Smart family."

"George!" There was agony in Elsie's voice. "You mustn't feel that way. No one thinks Robert was really to blame. *It isn't* such a disgrace."

"Would you marry a man whose brother is in prison?" demanded George.

"Yes," answered Elsie, and then added in a queer tone, "if—I loved him."

George looked at her a moment, then turned away. Elsie, too—Elsie was in love with Robert.

Sternly George set himself to the work of the farm. No longer did he

happen by the school house in time to take Elsie home. Coldly, he refused to go with his father to visit Robert. He made no comment when told that Elsie went.

Within the year his father died, a broken man; died with Robert's name on his lips, begging George to be good to him, to look out for him, his little boy, his Robert.

In May, Robert came home, a quiet, assured Robert, who held his head up proudly and met curious looks with a steady eye. Only towards George were the eyes appealing; but George was busy and left Robert to his own devices.

George became aware of Robert's frequent visits to Elsie's home. He accepted it as he had accepted the rest. The cup was at his lips. He drank, not with resignation, but because he must. June came, warm and sunny, but Winter held fast in George's heart. Going out across the fields one late afternoon to look at a reported break in one of his fences, he stopped short, on nearing a clump of elder bushes, at the sound of his name.

It was Robert's voice: "Oh, Elsie, why don't you *tell* George that you love him?"

George gripped his hammer and the sweat gathered on his forehead.

"Robert, I can't. Not while he feels this way towards you—"

Insistent, pleading, Robert broke in. "It isn't his fault, Elsie. I was such a little duffer, I know—I was a terrible nuisance. I thought it all out—down there. I never could do anything myself, and I was so darned proud of him I didn't care to. And he wanted me to care. He must have been ashamed of me scores of times. He is so strong, he can't understand—weakness. I wish I might get out of his way sooner, but the doctor says four or five years. Don't be hard on him, Elsie. I know he is crazy about you."

"It isn't because of *you* that I care

so much," and Elsie's voice was a cry of pain: "it is what he is doing to *himself*, to his own soul. Don't you see, Robert, he is *killing* his soul. He isn't hurting you; he is—and I love him so—oh, Robert! . . ."

George heard no more. Silently he fled back across the fields, up the long slope to the spring, where on "Mother's throne," beneath the whispering pine, he sat, listening to the soft gurgle of the imprisoned water, and going over in his racked soul all the long years of his resentment against his brother: *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*.

Below, he saw Robert coming across the field towards the house, slowly, as though tired, though he did so little.

Robert had never been strong. No endurance, only a light-hearted exuberance to carry him through the days, and a joyful interest in the success of others. And George would have denied him that!

Abruptly George rose and strode down the hill. At the corner of the house he came face to face with his brother. The look in Robert's eyes, tender, searching, appealing, gave George a spasm of absolute physical pain. "Robert!" he cried hoarsely—"forgive me! My brother—I love you!"

Two men, locked in one another's arms weeping!

The Fence.

BY EDWARD J. LAVELL.

THE grass was equally green on both sides of the fence. The sun shone just as brightly in the pasture as in the adjoining enclosure, yet the old cow stood still and looked longingly through and sometimes over the fence. At last she put her head well over the topmost wire, stretched her neck to an almost unbelievable extent, and managed to secure quite a few mouthfuls of the grass on the far side.

That the grass she thus obtained was in no way superior to the grass in the pasture, she seemed unable to comprehend; that she strained her neck and gained a few ugly pricks and scratches from the barbed wire, she ignored. The old cow was strikingly like quite a few people (though they would be quite offended if one told them so) who have only to run up against a "fence" of any kind whatever, and they immediately want, or imagine they want, whatever may happen to be on the far side.

Tell them that such and such books are forbidden, and they at once want to know all about the books, what is in them that is condemned; and they immediately feel it a hardship that they are not allowed to judge for themselves in the matter. Tell them that it being Friday, you are ordering fish for the whole party, they immediately begin to think that they are so tired or so weak or so over-worked that they ought to be allowed to eat meat.

Tell them that a certain place of entertainment is not such as should be patronized by practical Catholics, they at once remember that the music, or the dancing, or the principal item on the program, is something particularly desirable.

Tell them that it is necessary to start at seven o'clock in order to reach the distant church in time for Mass, they think it just terrible, evidently forgetting that they have been finding six o'clock an ideal hour for swimming, and that for several days. They are like the old cow: they hate to be stopped by a fence. And there are many fences in this life,—“forbidden by our Holy Church” being the strongest of all.

Many an old cow has trodden the trail that ends in beef, simply because she would not respect fences; and many a soul has found itself heading for perdition, simply because it kicked at every "Thou shalt not."

Catholic Action.

THERE was held at Fort Wayne a few weeks ago a convention of the National Council of Catholic Men. They had gathered to discuss the question of Catholic action; to determine ways and means for the Catholic layman to carry on the work of the Church in America. Throughout the discussion there was a definite theme. It was the inherent power of the Catholic Church to adapt itself to all peoples, countries and conditions. While it remains forever the same in its principles and teachings, it takes account of the ever-changing conditions of human progress, it meets these changes intelligently and ministers to the Christian people under all circumstances; meets all problems that are the natural results of progress, and applies to their solution the age-old principles that are founded on the teachings of Our Blessed Lord.

The Supreme Pontiff, said Newman, many years ago, "is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past . . . no projector of the visionary." . . . "If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who confined himself to the practical," that power is the Catholic Church presided over by the Vicar of Christ. There was no futile lamentation over the fact that this is an industrial age, immersed in materialism. It is a fact to be recognized, but a fact to be used for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "The rediscoveries and inventions," said Admiral Benson in his address, "which many are misusing to their detriment and to society's, can be made the means of moral and religious up-building. The Catholic Church knows how to use the products of man's genius in the service of God. The arts and sciences are her allies. When the introduction of the compass increased the length of voyages by sea, she welcomed

it as a new aid in the preaching of the Gospel. The earliest use of printing was for her mission. The first book that came from Gutenberg's crude press was a Catholic Bible. Let us be glad, as the Church is glad, that we have the airship, the airplane, the radio and the automobile. They enlarge our opportunities for the spread of Catholic truth. Let us employ them in the cause of religion!"

And how are these modern inventions to be put in use? The speakers seemed unanimous in declaring that our fellow Americans are essentially fair-minded, though many of them are pathetically misinformed. The Right Reverend John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, who is, perhaps, as well informed as anyone in this country on the sources of anti-Catholic prejudice, pointed out in his address the extent of this misinformation concerning the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. "If all Protestant organizations, with their 27,000,000 members, were as much misunderstood and maligned as is the Catholic body, with its 23,000,000 adherents it is difficult to conceive that the 70,000,000 of people who are unaffiliated with any of the churches could have any sympathy with Christianity itself. The prejudices and animosity of the 70,000,000 against the 50,000,000 would be so pronounced that Prohibition and farm relief would be minor issues in a political campaign. The Dominant issue would be, 'Down with un-American Christianity.'" The Bishop then went through the history of the Church, and showed how most of the persecutions that arose in the course of centuries were based upon misunderstandings. The situation being such as it is, there is a duty as well as an opportunity for the Catholic layman to remove this false attitude of Americans outside the Church. It is their privilege to supply what is a very real need in America if we are to develop sanely into true greatness in the world. This informa-

tion must be delivered through all the modern agencies that are at our disposal. There is the Catholic press, the Catholic newspaper and magazine through which our own people can be better informed, and be ready to answer the objections and false assertions of well-meaning Protestants.

It is a work, not for a special few, but for the whole people. "If every Catholic interested himself in four others," said Bishop Noll, "every individual in the land would be covered. It must be a layman's effort, for the Catholic clergyman has very few contacts with non-Catholics. But the average Catholic has been wont to boast that he never talks religion to his business partner or associates, never refers to it in his place of work; that he scrupulously abstains from discussing religious matters with his neighbors. This is nothing to boast about. Every Catholic owes it to his misinformed non-Catholic friends to correct their wrong impressions. He owes it to his country to remove misunderstanding; he owes it to himself who is maligned whenever his Church is maligned."

Of course, it is true also, that an ill-informed Catholic might do more harm than good in discussing religious questions which he does not understand. The Council recognizes that fact, and urges a more complete study of Catholic religion by the layman. In their resolutions drawn up at the close of the convention they urged "the whole Catholic people to engage in a more intensive study, to acquire a wider education on the fundamental and practical questions at issue." The Council itself has done much to help in this by the establishment of a Bureau of Apologetics. The country, it seems, is ripe for this campaign in the interests of truth. There are at our disposal agencies that reach to every corner of the country. We can not be behind in the use of them. They have been taken up eagerly by big business,

but "the Church conducts a most important business,—the business of Almighty God, the business of interesting human beings in a matter which should concern them intensely." It is a call to Catholics the country over from zealous Catholic leaders who, backed by their ecclesiastical superiors, are willing to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ and His Church in bringing truth to our fellow Americans.

Answer to Prayers.

From a new work by a pious author, who writes anonymously, the following good thoughts are culled. The first is on an error which, though very common, is far from being generally apprehended.

"You grieve at not obtaining immediately from God that favor which you desire. But in this you err. The delay is rather a fresh grace for your soul, for which you ought to be grateful. For God thus lets you see that you are not as yet sufficiently disposed to receive it, and so gives you the opportunity of preparing yourself to receive it more abundantly. You must remove the impediments of disorderly affections, and practise still longer the virtues of faith, humility and perseverance in asking, all of which oftentimes means more for you than what you desire.

"Often have recourse to the Help of Christians in your needs, but if you be not heard, the fault is because you fail to render your prayers efficacious."

* * *

"We are bound to honor God, and render Him the service which is His due. For this end the Mass serves, inasmuch as it is a holocaust. We must appease God for our sins; for this the Mass serves as a propitiatory sacrifice. We must thank God for benefits received, and beg those we stand in need of; for this also the Mass serves as a sacrifice of impetration. Oh, what a great mystery there is in this!"

Notes and Remarks.

A useful book might be produced, by some one competent to write it, on the misrepresentations of the Catholic Religion by Catholics themselves. This would be a good title for it. A representative of standing in one of the sects tells of his astonishment on hearing a member of the Church make the sweeping statement that all who do not belong to it are undoubtedly doomed to perdition. A Catholic doctor of our acquaintance informs us that he lately heard a sermon on the Blessed Virgin as Gate of Heaven, in which she was represented as our judge instead of our advocate. The preacher did not, of course, mean to say what he did, but he was probably understood by any non-Catholic hearers as meaning precisely what he said.

A grave responsibility is incurred by attempting to explain, or to defend, points of Christian Doctrine in common dispute among unbelievers. The exact truth, expressed in fitting words, is a necessity in such cases,—a necessity far from being always realized.

In addition to being the first Japanese to be ordained to the priesthood, the Rev. Francis Xavier Joshi-Toshi-Abe has travelled a path in his seeking for light that will make him a most valuable worker in his chosen field of missionary activity. He was born in 1893 of a father who had abandoned Catholicism. As a consequence, he got no religious training of any kind. During his university days a professor influenced him to seek a solution for his religious problems in Buddhism. Not finding satisfaction there, he studied such philosophers as Kant, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Eucken, the French Bergson, but also in vain. He next became a Protestant, but continued

restless and unsatisfied until he finally found rest in the Fold of the Church. Since 1923 he has been preparing for the priesthood in a seminary in Holland from which he was recently ordained. His first lecture, "From Buddha to Christ," drew such a large audience and was so well received that he has been asked to continue in that work for the present instead of preparing himself immediately for the mission field.

The average Catholic is not so mission-minded as is his non-Catholic neighbor. Only occasionally does he hear about mission conditions from the pulpit of his own church, and only occasionally is he asked to make a contribution to the particular needs of some far-off field. As a consequence, he takes the missionary service of the Church for granted without much thought about where that service is conducted or how it is financed. His interest is monopolized in church facilities which he himself and his family can enjoy. That is not properly a Catholic viewpoint. The mission of the Church is the salvation of the world, and the Catholics of the world should be interested in the universality of that work. Without much help from the average Catholic, the various religious Orders have built up a remarkable organization for the evangelization of the pagan. Always back of the efforts made has been the very practical purpose of making each locality self-supporting as quickly as possible. That purpose involves a heavy money expenditure in training catechists and educating worthy native boys for the priesthood. Already great progress has been made, but the very extent of the work and the fine possibilities for the future deserve the enthusiastic financial assistance of Catholic laymen everywhere. At least that appreciation should be shown to the men who have

labored so faithfully to lay the foundations of a healthy missionary organization. In the current issue of *The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Right Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Ford is quoted upon the remarkable organization which has already been built for the training of native missionary teachers and clergy:

Catholic missions have concentrated, not on converting pagans, not on spectacular methods of modern advertising, not on many activities that are dazzling and transitory, but on the building of a vast breastwork of seminaries and convents in mission lands, with parochial schools and colleges to stimulate vocations. They have dotted the mission map with 300 seminaries, where 10,000 seminarians are preparing to take up the work of evangelizing their own flesh and blood. They have already in the field 4,500 native priests, 832 Brothers and more than 17,000 native Sisters. They are helped in their work by 80,000 trained native teachers and catechists. Their work has produced 12,000,000 converts, and is fast coming to the stage where there will be enough native priests to care for the Catholics and to release the foreign missionaries for labors exclusively among pagans.

The tendency to attach virtue to the accident of birth, or to attribute the lack of it to the accent of one's tongue, gets its occasional setback in this country. It seems that even the popularly canonized Plymouth Colony was not so unselfishly religious as we have been led to believe. A comparatively recent book, "Whither Mankind?" tells us that the diaries of the early governors of this group are dotted with references to the sums of money they "cleaned up," to use their own words. Now comes the explosion of the Ku-Klux-Klan myth, which so glibly placed the blame for the crime situation in this country upon the defenseless shoulders of our foreign-born immigrants. According to an article, entitled "Our Biggest Business-

Crime," by former Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, of New York City, . . . we must throw over the fallacious theory that the majority of our crimes are perpetrated by the so-called foreign element. If we continue to look for most of our criminal offenders among the newly arrived aliens, many of the biggest culprits will continue their nefarious business unmolested.

Frederick L. Hoffman of the Babson Institute, an authority on criminal statistics, recently published some figures which bear out this statement. His records show that in those cities leading in one of the major products of the crime industry, homicides, the native born are vastly in the majority, constituting in some cases 90 per cent of the population. Memphis leads with 60.5 homicides for every 100,000 population; Birmingham and Jacksonville follow with 54 and 52.6, respectively; while New York City, with probably 60 per cent of its population either foreign born or the immediate offspring of foreign-born parents, has only 6.7 homicides per 100,000; and Cleveland, possessing a large foreign-born population, is only a little worse off with an average of 8.8.

The truth is that the foreign element is just about as law-abiding as those citizens whose families have been in America for generations. No single element of our heterogeneous population contributes the bulk of our criminals. They may be from any walk of life—captains of industry, children of the aristocracy, men and women in public office; in short, they may be, if the records mean anything, as often from the best blood of the nation as from the lowest social stratum. And the sooner we rid our minds of the contrary view the sooner we shall be able to cope with the big business of crime.

It is extremely interesting to know that Professor John Dewey, one of the most noted of American thinkers, said in a recent talk that we are trying to live a mere materialistic life, and that this is the capital sin of our people. As is well known, Mr. Dewey is always

alert to what is going on in the world. But in this instance, of course, he is only repeating what has so often been said, and condemning what was condemned before him as the American heresy of "externalism." He wisely points out that, as matters stand now in American doings, it is hard to see how we are less than fated, at least for a time, to bear with reformers, speed, commerce. We find ourselves so rich in outer things, "in money, a good time, somebody to lean on," that we neglect and quite forget the inner and true sources of happiness.

Mr. Dewey himself, with his distinct interest in the people and his habit of trying to build up, from the way that people as a matter of fact live, a reasoned view of what human life means, of how we learn and of what is knowledge, might perhaps be accused of inconsistency with his present utterance; but we feel certain that the charge would be unjust, since his way of philosophizing, by going among the people, is only a method, and does not further reflect his allegiances or his scale of values.

Many Catholics are lamentably unable to help themselves while assisting at Holy Mass. Even the aid of a prayer-book or a rosary is not always sufficiently helpful for their errant faculties. They need the stimulant of other Catholics worshipping with them. Hence the effectiveness of congregational singing and congregational praying. When Monsignor Evers made congregational singing a part of the Noonday Mass which he inaugurated in old St. Andrew's, in New York, he was besieged with letters and telephone calls of grateful worshippers. The N. C. W. C. News Service tells us of another form of Lay participation, the Dialogue Mass, which the Catechists of Victory-Noll are encouraging. The nuns of many of our paro-

chial schools have been teaching their children a modified type of this common form of worship for some time now. We recommend the establishment of this practice among the grown-ups of our parishes also. The article about the Dialogue Mass runs as follows:

In conformity with the desire of the Holy Father that all who attend Mass should take an active part in it—should literally "pray the Mass"—the Society of Mission Catechists at Victory-Noll here have begun the recitation of the Dialogue Mass. In this Dialogue Mass all who are present recite in common all the prayers usually said by the Mass server, as well as those parts usually sung by the choir at High Mass. To facilitate this recitation, the Catechists use the Latin-English missal.

By taking part in this great liturgical revival, the Catechists hope to instil in the hearts of their members a greater knowledge and love of ritual prayer and the liturgical services of the Church, and through them to spread this knowledge and love among the children under their care.

The first official missionary air expedition on a large scale will take off for the interior of Africa, in 1931, if the plans of Reverend Paul Schulte, of Cologne, Germany, materialize. Father Schulte, who was a German air-pilot before joining the Oblate Fathers, has just arrived on the Hamburg-American liner "Deutschland" for the purpose of interesting American Catholics in the project. He has already collected a large sum of money in Germany, and has also received the proffered services of Col. James Fitzmaurice and Captain Herman Koehl of trans-Atlantic fame. Father Schulte's plan is no mere dream. His community has been operating a half dozen planes for several years now in their religious work in Germany. A study of conditions in the ordinarily inaccessible interior of Africa and the accumulated experience of many missionaries have convinced Father Schulte

and the Oblate Fathers of the feasibility of using our modern air-birds as a real help to the missionaries. The proposed expedition is simply another indication of the growing tendency in the Church to make use of modern inventive genius, whenever it is at all possible, in the all-important work of saving souls.

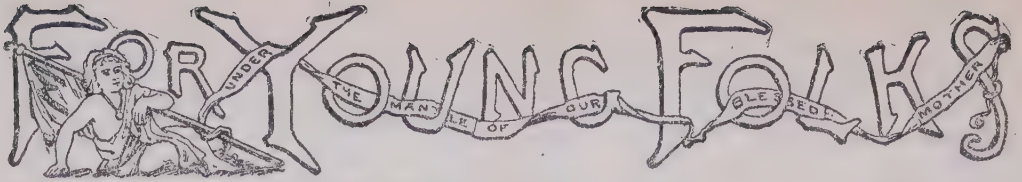
Any fool can make money, says Father Gillis of the *Catholic World*, but it takes a wise man to spend it well. A man may make a bank of money, and yet "remain unto the end" a goose. This fact is often enough illustrated by wealthy men who 'get art,' much as some emotional person gets religion,—and we know what the fatal, ridiculous results are in both cases. To make a pile of money a man certainly needs common sense and a sound judgment; but to use it well and humanely, he needs (besides these) delicate sympathies, a sense of other-than-money values, and an appreciation of higher, finer things. Charles Darwin, the great English scientist, said toward the end of his life, that he had so much and so long been taken up with scientific facts that he could neither make his way round in reasonings about ultimate things, nor appreciate music and poetry; but he was humble enough and seer enough to know and confess his shortcoming as a penalty of the important but narrow and immediate interests of his life. We wonder how many of our very 'successful' Americans would, in their own instances, admit such a human narrowing and failure!

The United States is enjoying a visit from perhaps the most distinguished woman scientist of all time, Madame Marie Curie. This famous Polish woman, who is an excellent Catholic, is a chemist; and with her Catholic French husband, now a long while dead, she

discovered radium some thirty years ago. Naturally, she is getting to be an elderly woman now, white-haired and thin; and it is said that her hands, from working so habitually with radium, are extremely sensitive, so that she must refuse to shake hands with any one. Of course, she was an important guest at the celebration given in Dearborn, Mich., in honor of the venerable Thomas A. Edison; and it is hard to think that in Mr. Edison's estimation any guest was more important and welcome than Madame Curie, a great scientist like himself.

We are unable to think of anything more fitting, more divine-human, than the blessing, by Cardinal Hayes, of the campaign to control cancer. In the first place, it is significant that a "campaign" is being waged, and that some good has already resulted. Then, at least in the New York City branch of the campaign, with which the Cardinal had to do, the work is educational, a matter of information without charge. Besides, the modest but convincing aim is to "control" cancer, though likely something even better will come of the effort. Now what work more deserves a blessing than this campaign to control cancer? And is any one more fitted to bless the undertaking than Cardinal Hayes, who is spending so great a part of a noble life in aid of the suffering and the poor?

A cynic declares that the specialties of our time are speed and sport: "Anything to get there in the shortest time, any sort of amusement that will attract a mob." This worthy forgets that speed has many advantages, and that sport keeps people out of mischief to a great extent. A cynic has been described as one to whom what he does not see is non-existent, and who judges wood, for instance, by the knots in it.



To the Blessed Mother.

BY EDITH TATUM.

THE candle of my love
I light before your shrine;
May its flame never dim,
Mother of mine!

The flowers of my prayers
I offer to you here;
O let them fadeless be,
Mother so dear!

The anthems of my deeds,
I raise them all to you,
To gladden earth's sad hearts,
Mother so true!

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

IV.—A CHANGE AT THE COURT.

THEY hastened away, but for all their hurry they did not catch up with the Brownie. There were so many different corridors he might have taken, so many swinging doors he might have pushed through, so many exits by which he might have left the Castle, that they wasted lots of time rushing one way and then returning and rushing another way, before they found themselves eventually out in the courtyard.

Here they questioned the sentries: did they know in which direction the Brownie had gone; surely they must have seen him? But these men were too wooden to take notice of anything except their own steps as they marched back and forth. It was no use to stand probing such creatures for information. The children left them in disgust, and started their search through the town,

running up one street, down another, round corners, through squares, but never catching a glimpse of the Brownie. When they felt completely tired out they had to admit that the Brownie had eluded them.

Meanwhile, news of the marvellous change worked in the Royal Child was spreading rapidly through the town.

"She's turned sweeter than honey."

"She kisses the King all day long."

"The tapioca puddings have been thrown to the fishes."

These little bits of gossip passed from mouth to mouth. And the interest grew when a great feast was announced to celebrate the event, and everyone was invited.

Very innocent the Royal Child looked supervising the preparations in the Square. Her smile was perpetual, and so wide it seemed her pretty cheeks would crack. The King was beside her of course; where *she* was *he* had to be. He wore a new crown, very shiny and with such heavy tassels of gold that his neck bent under the weight of it and had to be supported by his hand,—and how it hurt his ears! But the old crown was not altogether discarded; he carried that behind his back, and when the Royal Child was not looking, he took off the new one, pulled on the old, comfortable, battered thing; and he still wept into it occasionally. He could not help crying, for he was not a strong man and found so much embracing on the part of his daughter extremely trying. He was always edging away from her, and she was always running after him, to hug him and call him by pet names. Once she caught him weeping, and her smiling face grew almost solemn.

"Can those be tears, dear Papa? Oh, then let me kiss them away!"

"It's nothing, it's nothing, my dear," gasped the poor King, struggling to keep on his feet under her strenuous caresses. "I'll get used to it—only give me time—just give me time,—sniff—that's all I ask—sniff—sniff." Then he had a really good cry into his old crown, while the Royal Child replaced the new one on his head *and ears*.

As the Royal Child never ceased to smile, the entire Court smiled—except Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting and the Governess. These two strongly disapproved of the change that had come about. Being by nature a melancholy person, Mr. Silver-Stick was miserable in the midst of all this pleasantness; he much preferred the old order of tease and torment, and urged the Royal Child to restore the lost régime. The Governess had little hope now of reading aloud: that was her grievance. She had tried more than once. She was the only person who caused the Royal Child to show a sign of her former temper. She would clear her large throat and rasp out: "Hamlet was the Prince of Denmark. Hamlet—"

And immediately the Royal Child would begin to scream: "I'll Hamlet you, you—" only to end up in a creamy voice, "you dear Governess!"

The servants too, were changed. They seemed to have forgotten that it was their job to work, and as the child was far too good-natured now to order any one to do anything, the preparations for the feast went along at a snail's pace.

Several times the Royal Child made inquiries for Michael and Joan. "Those delightful children," she called them, and laughed in the face of Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting when he muttered through his disagreeable nose, "Delightful criminals, you mean."

But Michael and Joan had little inclination for the Royal Child's society; they kept away. In their eyes she had stolen from the Brownie; and so they kept away from her, and from the

Square where all the festive preparations were going on. They went wandering about the town, and outside the town, searching for the Brownie and never finding a trace of him.

It was a case of wandering now; one could not keep on running forever. It seemed indeed like weeks since they had seen him last, and like years since they had first set foot in the Land Time Wronged. They got tired, they went to sleep, they woke up, they were hungry and ate,—and they searched.

The Brownie was hiding from them; they felt sure of it, and turned their energies to finding Grown-up Grisel, hoping for information from her. But whereabouts did she live in this funny city? Nobody could give them word about her either. Nobody seemed to know anything about anything except that the Royal Child was cured.

Once an old lady with hats on her feet and a pair of boots on her head tried to direct them to Grisel's house. She said: "Take the first on the left and the second on the right, and then go back a bit; and after that take the first on the right and the second on the left, and then you go back a bit, and then it's the first on the left and the second on the right when you've turned back a bit,—at least I *think* that's where she lives."

"But if we keep on going back a bit we'll end up where we started," Michael said gingerly, afraid of hurting the old lady's feelings.

"Maybe, but what matter so long as you find the house you're looking for,—and Grown-up Grisel is *very* nice."

"Oh, she's lovely," Joan agreed.

The old lady had a friendly smile which compensated for her advice, and invited them to take tea in her cottage. They would have accepted, but as she didn't know whereabouts she lived they were forced to decline, though they thanked her very politely.

"A muddle-headed lot," said Michael,

not quite so politely, when the old dame was out of hearing.

They were a muddle-headed lot indeed, but then they were also a kind-hearted lot. There was a welcome for the two children on every hand, and there were always refreshments. But how daintily they ate, these people of the strange Land that Time Had Wronged! Just a sip of honey out of a buttercup, a nibble of pat-a-cake, a morsel of fruit.

"My! You eat like giants," cried a little girl with all her hair standing on end. And then how everyone laughed—except Joan and her brother. They grew fearfully red and embarrassed until the little girl's mother added, "But we like you to eat like giants." She also had hair that stood on end. She heaped the visitors' plates with spice cakes and pine biscuits, and all the neighbors sat around while they ate, laughing as if it were a great joke.

Michael always came back to the haunting question: "Don't any of you know where Grown-up Grisel lives?"

"Or when it's going to be Wednesday?" Joan would add, thinking of her little mother's birthday.

"Grown-up Grisel lives somewhere about—we all know that; and of course we'll know when it's Wednesday because that's the green Day."

"Well, it seems to have been Thursday a pretty long time," said Michael.

At this remark the people looked oddly at one another. Michael had touched on the one unpleasant thought that kept recurring to their minds during this happy period. It was the only thing that disturbed their joy following on the cure of the Royal Child, and they did not dare to discuss it aloud. *Why was it always Thursday now?* That was the disturbing question.

"This one day has been about as long as a week with us," said Joan. "We've eaten half a dozen breakfasts and a whole lot of dinners and suppers, and yet it's still Thursday."

"Hush! It must be a new trick of old Father Time," the people whispered, and nodded their fears to one another across the room. They didn't laugh any more while Joan and Michael finished the delicious little cakes and dewy wine.

But these people were wrong in their guess. It was not Father Time playing tricks: it was the Brownie. He had started on his career of mischief, and there was not to be peace much longer in the town.

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Bit by bit a sense of uneasiness crept over the people. The street where the Days of the Week lived had once been the happiest place in town; now it was marked by trouble. For it was to their street, to their row of houses, that the Brownie hobbled when he came out of hiding, determined to work mischief.

He began by telling the Days of the Week stories, all untrue, of the things he had seen inside the Castle.

Inside the Castle, he said, the Royal Family had one hundred and thirteen days in every week—three Mondays, ten Tuesdays, five or six Wednesdays, and so on and so on,—because that was the new fashion in weeks; and he said how old-fashioned *they* were and behind the times to allow only seven days to a week. And then he related other delights which he pretended existed inside the Castle walls: magic stairways that changed color as you ascended; musical doors that sang as you passed through; ants the size of horses on which you could ride along the corridors,—and again so on and so on.

In between telling them these stories he put mud in their tea and snails in their beds, and pins in their shoes; and as he never let them see him doing these things they suspected one another, and began quarrelling among themselves,—they who had never quarrelled in their lives before!

In all sorts of ways he tormented and confused them; more than that he

urged them to steal; he tempted them to greed. He whispered in their ears: "Make sure *you* get to the Royal Child's party. You don't know what you'll be missing if you don't go. What matter if it's not your real turn, you can easily pretend it is. There's no harm in pretending just for once. Why not say to-day is your day, and keep on saying it every way. If you do that you're bound to be abroad on the day of the party; and what a party it is going to be! I know, because I've been inside the Castle."

One Day listened to all he said—that was Thursday; and one Day listened to most of the things he said—and that was Monday. These two Days quarrelled between themselves, and quarrelled and quarrelled. It went from Monday to Thursday, from Monday to Thursday over and over and over. The other Days had no chance because of these two. And soon even Monday didn't have much of a chance because Thursday was nearly always the victor in their quarrels.

Then Monday spent hours pacing up and down outside his door, thundering and cross because he could not get the better of Thursday; Tuesday sat in his porch staring at his shoes and trying to remember the right order of the Days of the Week; Wednesday—the beautiful green Day—was full of perplexity, and rather than stay idle or join in the squabbles of his brothers, he set to work replanting his garden; Thursday's house was empty, of course, since Thursday claimed every day as his own and would not come home, not even to sleep; Friday, grey and thin as a rake, was growing sick from the worry of it all; Saturday snored loudly in his yellow hammock and waxed fat because he had no work to do.

Sunday stayed indoors. He could not face his neighbors or his brothers. He had always been known as Peaceful Sunday,—the head of the family, the

guardian of the city. But where was his peace now, his guardianship? How could there be peace, seeing they were so confused, not knowing whose turn it was to be abroad. He thought of Thursday cheating all the other Days, and his heart was full of shame. Oh, greedy, greedy Thursday.

(To be continued.)

The Chanter of the Papal Chapel.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

THERE was once a little chanter belonging to the Papal chapel, whose voice the Holy Father dearly loved to hear. And the Sovereign Pontiff was not the only one who loved to listen when he sang. This lovely voice was all the rage. When it was known that the young singer was to appear at a concert, or other entertainment, the whole city went to hear him, and the Roman nobles and ladies said so marvellous a voice had never before been heard. But one of the old Swiss guards, hearing all these praises, gravely shook his head, dropping his heavy halberd with a frightful crash on the sounding marble pavement of the portico of the Lateran.

"He sings like a nightingale, the poor little fellow, that is true,—he certainly does," repeated the brave old soldier. "But in his heart he carries some hidden grief. I can see in his eyes that something troubles him; and I shall be very much surprised if our nightingale does not fly away before long."

The old Swiss guard was right. Just see the contrariety of human nature. In spite of his promising future, notwithstanding the favor of the Roman people and the Holy Father's affection, the young chanter was dissatisfied. He wanted to go away, to see the world, to sing under other skies, to charm other crowds, and to fly from one feast to another, as a bird flies from branch to branch. So one Good Friday when he

was to sing one of the three Lamentations of Jeremiah at Tenebræ, he packed up his few belongings, put around his neck the ribbon attached to a beautiful medallion of the Pope, and went to the Basilica, carefully hiding his little bundle. When his turn came to sing he took his place before the throne; but his eyes meeting the glance of the Pope, he was seized with a secret anguish—the anguish of leaving home, the uncertainty of the future, and the first feelings of remorse. He braced himself up and began to sing. But the sadness transfigured his voice, and all in the vast nave shed tears. The Pope wiped away a tear that dropped down on his white beard; and away beyond, near the door of the church, the old Swiss guard, nodding his head and shaking his halberd, repeated to himself in a low voice his presentiments of the other day.

"Tell some one to bring Alessandro to me after the Office," said the Holy Father, leaning over to whisper in the ear of the grand chamberlain. "I wish to reward him for his heavenly voice, and to keep him with me always." And in a majestic manner, this prelate communicated the order to his neighbor, who passed it on to another, and at last it reached the Chapel Master, who repeated it to Alessandro. Alessandro reflected for a few moments—then with a resolute air: "If I go there that ends it," he thought. "I will never have the courage to leave." And, threading his way through the corridors, he hastily disappeared.

Two months later he was singing in Paris before the splendid court of the King of France, and his wonderful voice echoed through the magnificent halls adorned with the *fleur-de-lis*. The queen smiled upon him, and even the courtiers, who did not care for music, were unwearied in their applause. Alessandro's future was sure, and the king's favorite singer was almost dying with rage to see himself supplanted. Alas! it was

quite the contrary. With a grave air the king dismissed the Roman singer with these short words: "Fair son, we are charmed to have heard you, but good musicians are not wanting in the land of France, and we can not keep you here."

"Pleasant excuse," thought the artist. "My good patron, the Pope, was not as hard to please as the King of France, and perhaps I did wrong to leave him. However, let us try something else." So he kissed the Pope's medallion and resumed his journeying.

But it was no better at the other courts. One after another, the King of England, the Emperor, the princes of the empire and the King of Spain, gave him the same reception. How could these unfortunate coincidences be explained?

The good Pope had the key to the mystery. It was he who had asked the princes of Europe not to keep his musician; and the princes in those days, accustomed to disobey the Holy Father in great matters and to obey him in little things, had all refused to welcome Alessandro. He then returned to Rome. The Pope smiled at the story he told and forgave him, and imposed upon him as a penance the title and insignia of the First Chanter of His Holiness.

This little story is taken from a sermon on the Annunciation, used by St. Francis de Sales, who said we must have in a sermon "pretty and bright stories." He was a poet as well as a saint in this sense: that he loved the beautiful things of life, and loving them, made them more beautiful, for it is the poets who have the gift of transfiguring things. "The human heart," our poet-saint concludes, "is a singer loved by God, and often takes a fancy to fly from creature to creature to find something to give it content. But God has forbidden any creatures to give it real satisfaction, so it must return to its good, kind Master."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“To our rich profit,” says the editor of the *London Tablet*; “we have just been reading Canon Edward St. John’s new book, ‘Manning’s Work for Children.’” This volume is published in England by Sheed and Ward, and we hope that some American house will soon offer it for sale, and that we should have a chance to call the attention of our readers to its contents and method.

—“Underneath the Bough,” by Francine Pyle Robinson (Harold Vinal, Ltd. Boston), is a small book of lyrics. They are simple and sincere, with no showiness of language, no effort to dress a simple, plain thought in anything better than homespun,—but we like them for just that. And there is music, natural and enticing, in most of them. If space permitted, we should select “Sea Song” for quotation, though we think the last line of the fourth stanza, which is obviously run in for the rhyme, spoils a fine lilting ballad.

—“Paula of the Drift,” by Mary Mabel Wirries, is the story of an orphan girl who got a boy’s “raising” from her half-blind old grandfather, a retired Sea Captain. Paula, in addition to her boyishness, has a very likable disposition and some hidden talents, which eventually help to unravel the mysteries of her own existence. Through her acquaintance with some chance visitors, plus a series of events, some of them adventuresome, she finally comes into her own in the usual happy ending. It is a Catholic story. Publisher, Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.

—The second volume of “The Life of Saint Francis de Sales,” adapted from the Abbé Hamon’s “Vie de Saint François de Sales,” by the Rev. Harold Burton, has just been published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. There is no more interesting master of spiritual life than the gentle Bishop of Geneva whom the Church has numbered among her Doctors. This volume tells us the story of Francis’ founding of the Order of the Visitation, and his direction of the Sisters of that Order up to the day of his death; his labors for the

reform of religious houses; his unceasing preaching, and his spiritual guidance of souls within and without religion. The author has made generous use of the Saint’s letters which, being models of spiritual direction by a master, would of themselves be entertaining and satisfying reading; yet we fear that the price of the book (\$6.25) will prevent its having the wide reading it deserves.

—The pranks that are played by young girls in a convent boarding school—tremendously innocent—are pictured vividly in a new story by Mary Dodge TenEyck, “Daughters of the Manor” (Benziger Brothers. \$1.25). The “big five,” companions in peace and war, are hungry for excitement, and plan carefully and carry out warily their schemes of making their days at the Manor successful from their youthful point of view. There is the kindly Sister Philip, who presides in the study-hall and who is in sympathetic accord with the prankish play of the youngsters; and Sister Borromeo, who insists with boresome monotony that study and recitation and examinations are paramount duties in the lives of these cheery school-girls. There is the tomboy Estelle who is full of invention, and her four companions who are impetuously daring in following their leader; but there is, too, in the midst of all the playful scheming a kindness and friendly tolerance that mark the influence of the thoroughly human teachers who give the spirit to this convent school.

—Teachers and parents should be alike interested in reading “The Child in the Church.” The author, Dr. Montessori, has given her life to the study of the development of the child mind. As a result of her years of observation and experiment, we now have the well-known Montessori method of allowing the child to learn by living under the directive influence of a properly prepared environment. Secular educational authorities have honored her name in various ways, particularly by the compliment of adopting her method in many teaching activities. In recent years, Dr. Mon-

tessori has interested herself in the spiritual development of the Catholic child. Her activities have been ably seconded by the co-operation of several Catholic institutions in Ireland, Italy, Scotland, etc. The practical working of her system of bringing the Catholic child to a more active and enthusiastic knowledge of the truths of our holy religion is interestingly discussed in the various chapters of this book. B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.90.

—When certain books are said to “fill a long-felt need,” it is assumed that the need is known. Harvey Wickham’s “The Impuritans” (Lincoln McVeagh: The Dial Press, New York. \$3.50) fills a need that is not perhaps as well known as it ought to be. But it is a real need. And nothing better fitted to meet it could be asked for than this clever, penetrating treatise on the confusing philosophies of our day.

Under the title of “impuritans,” Mr. Wickham classifies such prominent, “advanced” writers as Havelock Ellis, James Branch Cabell, Marcel Proust, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Otto Weininger. He introduces this group with an essay on “The Puritan,” and thus lays the ground for a discussion of these curious modern opposites, who, as he tells us, “have arisen, offering to set us free from the Puritan and all his works.” How that much-advertised “freedom” of the “impuritans” is really a bondage beyond all belief or conception of the most abject intellectual slave—this is the well-worked-out thesis of Mr. Wickham.

His method is, quite properly, diabolical. He handles the devil with fire. Actually, he opens up on the serried array of these adulated modernists such a fusillade of machine-gun fire that, to any reasonable reader, to any one not completely and hopelessly given over to them, there is nothing left of them but holes. Through these holes, to carry the figure on, we see the “innards” of these supposedly great minds. They are not great at all. They are not even mature. They are rather pitifully jejune and adolescent.

Mr. Wickham achieves, in this fascinating

book, a genuine triumph of wisdom and wit. He is the only writer of our time who has so far appeared in America equipped to meet the high priests of false philosophy on their own brilliant ground; for that they are brilliant and gifted he is wise enough to realize. But at every turn he bests them, because, added to their gifts, he has the gift of merciless logic.

Every Catholic in the United States, especially every Catholic student in our colleges and universities, should read “The Impuritans.” For sheer delight in reading, for racy humor and steel-edged wit, this book offers a treat that is priceless. And it does literally “fill a need.” The world of our time is in a bad way for just such an invigorating and refreshing dosage as Mr. Wickham offers it.



Obituary.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis T. Moran, diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Mary Alphonsa, Sisters of St. Ursula.

Mrs. Valentine Bangert, Mr. Charles McDonald, Mrs. M. J. Minnick, Mrs. R. King, Mr. Sylvester Shea, Mr. William Doran, Mr. Richard O'Neill, Mr. Maurice H. Fitzmaurice, Miss Catherine Quinn, Mrs. Catherine Brady, Mrs. Catherine Connor, Mrs. Bridget Courtney, Mrs. Delia Lonergan, Miss K. A. O'Brien, Mr. Edward F. Downey, Mrs. John McCormick, Miss Mary Pfister, Mr. Dominick F. McDermott, Mrs. D. McLaughlin, Mr. Charles F. Dilzer, Mrs. Mary Moran, Mrs. John F. Garrett, Mrs. John E. Cummings, Mrs. Charlotte Fox, and Miss Anna McGrath.

May they rest in peace!



Our Contribution Box.

“Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.”

Sister Louise, North China: M., \$1; A. F., \$25; Theo. Schulster, \$20. Sister Teresa’s Leper Home, Dutch Guiana: C. R. Q., \$10; Mrs. P. J. Haas, \$5. For Sisters of Charity in China: Marguerite Patterson, \$2; Mrs. M. A. Quina, \$5; John F. Stoughton, \$5; Alice Finan, \$5; J. M. K., \$20; M. G., \$5.50. Sisters in Fiji Islands: Teresa Brechenser, \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Assumption Episode.

BY THE REV CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

AFTER her triumph was over,
After the welcoming done,
Mary strolled through the gardens of Heaven,
Chatting sweetly alone with her Son.

Now they entered a soft-shaded bower.
(Of such there is none anywhere,
Save in the Kingdom of Heaven,
Down its rose-fragrant gardens of prayer.)

Now they stopped to gaze far below them,
Through blue air and golden sun-pall,
To find through the swirl of the planets
This tiny, far-spinning earth-ball.

And then, as Our Lady sees it,
A great light springs to her eyes.
"Ah, I shall love it forever and ever,
For there, I found Love's Paradise!"

"All through the æons of Eternity,
I shall always remember those years;
Nazareth, Bethlehem, Calvary—
A rosary of joy linked with tears.

"But one thing most I'll remember.
You know? My Son, it was this:
When You stretched your little arms towards
me
And gave me a baby's first kiss!"

"SOULS are saved by private counsel, by prayer, by penance and by good example as well as by preaching. 'Recover thy neighbor according to thy power.' 'The kingdom of God is not in speech but in power,' says St. Paul."

Marthe d'Oraison.*

BY GERTRUDE MARIE BRUCKER.

I.

AT the old manor of Bourg de Cadenet, in Provence, a happy family celebrated the birth of a daughter, who one day was to render forever illustrious by her virtues and piety, the rightly esteemed and honored name of the Marquis d'Oraison in Provence. Her mother received many felicitations that day, but none was as touching as the unanimous cry of the vassals and servants of Cadenet: "May God grant the child the goodness and virtue of its mother; and may she be as kind and gentle toward us as our own pious mistress!"

These voices upraised in the invocation of blessings upon the child seemed almost prophetic, and the name Marthe, given to her by her godfather, confirmed Madame d'Oraison's pious hope that her daughter might serve her Maker by an active and tireless charity. With this thought in mind, the devout mother sought to develop in the child's heart the seeds of kindness and generosity that Providence had planted there so abundantly, and to direct these sentiments toward the desire to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. Accustomed at all times to see her mother performing every charitable work, Marthe learned easily and naturally to help the unfortunate. She was scarcely able to talk

* Translated from the French of Countess Drohojowska.

when she addressed loving words of consolation to a weeping child and to its mother who had asked for assistance, giving them her childish caresses and alms.

Marthe's happy childhood days under a loving mother's smile were soon to end, for she was scarcely five when her mother's death left her an orphan. Without understanding fully the meaning of death, she felt its touch in suffering a strange new loneliness for which her mother's brief illness and her tender caresses had not prepared her. The manor was still, its inhabitants were in mourning, their aspect being rendered still more sombre by their weeping and sighing. Marthe received but one reply to her questioning: "Your mother and father are in heaven."

Her lively childlike faith required no further explanation, and she dried her tears; but she could never again be as gay and joyous as under the smiling regard of her mother. Then it was that her eldest brother, André, Marquis d'Oraison, desiring to replace maternal solicitude by care and wise direction, determined to place his sister in a convent. Marthe was happy there, and she became so strongly attached to it by links of gratitude and affection that she desired never to leave it; but such was not the wish of her family. She submitted to her brother's desire, and married the Baron d'Allemaigne.

Marthe brought her husband tender and deep devotion, a generous heart and solid piety. To her splendid education were joined a mental vivacity and quick repartee that lent great charm to her conversation. M. d'Allemaigne added to a large fortune and to his external gentlemanly qualities a perfect conformity of heart and mind to the wishes and pious and charitable habits of his wife; everything seemed to assure the happiness of the young couple. The birth of a daughter further strengthened these dear ties, and Marthe never tired of thanking God

for the happiness He had bestowed upon her, and she strove earnestly to radiate it about her.

On November 27, 1611, the young Baroness at her home in Riez, sat rocking her little daughter only a few months old, her loving thoughts following her husband who had departed the day before for Aix. Marthe recalled with a sort of terror the grave manner in which the Baron, after bidding her farewell with great tenderness, had pressed his little daughter to his heart. Suddenly seized with a premonition of evil, she repeated: "O God, protect us!"

Presently she heard footsteps that stopped before the house and the door opened. Marthe arose, laid the child in its cradle, and rushed out to meet the visitors whose late arrival foreboded the realization of her fears. She found two Capuchin Fathers from Aix, whose attitude and presence told her that some tragedy had taken place. Trembling and distracted, she fell upon her knees: "Speak, Reverend Fathers!" she cried. "What has happened? He is ill, dying perhaps?"

And when they remained silent in the presence of this profound grief that they dared neither console nor confirm, Marthe arose as one who had received a sudden revelation.

"My God, my God!" she cried, "is it true that he is dead?"

"If the death of a Christian is the end of life here below, remember, daughter, that it opens the gates of eternal life."

This proved to Madame d'Allemaigne that she had not been mistaken, and filled her with a despair that nothing could calm, neither the exhortations of the Fathers, nor the sight of her daughter, nor an eloquent appeal to her faith and Christian hope. It was one of those legitimate and pure sorrows that only time can render less acute; it is, in fact, only after a long struggle, by an act of courage all the more sublime, because

more deliberate, that the faithful soul can repeat with Job: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Marthe d'Oraison was to arrive at this degree of Christian perfection more promptly than others, who, without excluding their regrets and sadness, master them and moderate their expression; but first she was to drink the chalice of suffering. She desired to know the details of this frightful catastrophe, and the Fathers could not hide its sad cause from her.

The victim of a fatal prejudice, M. d'Allemaigne, in spite of his piety and the counsels of his religion, had accepted a challenge to a duel for an entirely futile cause, which had brought death to both combatants. Mortally wounded, the two adversaries had been granted time to repair their crime by a humble confession and deep contrition. An orphan at the age of four, a widow now at nineteen, Marthe had experienced the great sorrows of life.

Very soon afterwards, the most distinguished noblemen of Provence desired to pay court to the young widow whose virtues, charm and vast fortune attracted them; but Marthe determined to make no other ties, thinking only of ordering her life in such a way as to render her loneliness and sadness meritorious for eternity.

Only her maternal love bound her to the world. We are not surprised to read the following details regarding her care for her daughter. "She gave her," writes Father Marc de Bauduen, "a wise and virtuous governess who trained her under her own care and guidance. She reserved for herself the happiness of teaching her everything concerning religion, and all the little devotions of youth. To put charity into practice, she had her carry bread in her apron and money in her purse, so that she might give to the needy herself; she recommended her governess to repeat to her

above all that she was to have the deepest compassion for the miseries of the poor. If they met some ill, blind, lame or infirm person, she would say: 'There, my child, is what you might have been; you might have come into the world as poor and as wretched. Thank God for having preserved you from this misfortune, and above all help these persons by your charity. Do not forget that your riches come to you as a gift from God, that you must return them to Him, in the person of His suffering creatures.'"

These discourses and similar conversations were renewed daily, and the young girl drew so much profit from them that before long she began to imitate her mother, becoming worthy of her in every way. Madame d'Allemaigne herself "spoke little, but did a great deal." She visited those who suffered, and never entered a poor home empty-handed. She did not hesitate to make the beds of the sick, to sweep their rooms, and to serve them in the lowliest ways.

It is related that a poor woman, whose infirmities had admitted her to the hospital of Riez, after having admired and experienced the happy effects of the pious widow's charity, wished to know her name.

"I am called Marthe," the Baroness replied simply.

From that time on, the poor woman called her illustrious benefactress, "sister Marthe," and the latter, far from being humiliated by it, thanked God who had so loved her as to place her upon the same plane with His humblest servants.

The marvellous piety and charity of the Baroness d'Allemaigne, however, had won for her in Riez such a reputation that the population considered her a saint and showed her the greatest homage, respect and veneration. Her humility became alarmed at the popular demonstration, and she resolved to take refuge at Valerme, an important coun-

ty whose administration had been left to her by her husband. There her charity renewed itself in the same manner as at Riez, and won all hearts. We will follow her upon one of her visits to a humble cottage, where a young woman, a widow with one child, is lying on her deathbed.

Madame d'Allemaigne speaks to her of resignation, of confidence in God; the sick woman shakes her head incredulously, without replying. Marthe continues.

"No, no!" the woman cries. "God is not just to take me and leave my poor child an orphan."

Marthe spoke no more of resignation, but taking the child in her arms, she said to the dying mother: "When you are no longer here to watch over your daughter, I will take your place. She will be raised under my guidance and will be my constant care."

She kissed the child tenderly, while the woman, clasping her hands fervently, thanked God and confided herself to His guidance and mercy.

Madame d'Allemaigne did not forget her promise: she proved to be a real mother to the orphan, whom she kept with her until she arranged a happy marriage for her, giving her a generous dowry.

Charity and prayer did not occupy Marthe d'Oraison's time to the exclusion of other good works. The conversion of heretics, the improvement of customs, the beautifying of churches and the reform of abuses animated her zeal. As though assigned by God with the task of reforming women of high rank and giving the example of every Christian virtue, she was to remain in no single place; and having completed her mission in a certain locality, she went to another wherever her influence seemed to be most necessary. "It was in this way," relates one of her biographers, "that having practised charity at Allemaigne, she went to continue it at Riez and Valerme; from thence to

Sisteron, later visiting Aix, Pertuis, Marseilles and Paris to fulfil the same office."

Although Marthe d'Oraison was a valiant woman according to the Gospel, whose instructions she practised with a supernatural zeal, often giving her own garments to clothe the poor, reconciling enemies, and living a life of mortification and sacrifice, yet she aspired to more complete perfection, wishing to offer God an entire detachment from the things of the world.

Her daughter's marriage to the Marquis des Arts facilitated her project. Her maternal task was accomplished; she resolved to consecrate the rest of her life to God in religion. For this purpose she founded the Capuchin convent at Marseilles; but soon her great humility, refusing the honors that were displayed toward her as foundress, forced her to retire to the house of the Religious of Mary in the same city, where she reserved the right of watching over her daughters from afar, aiding them by her prayers and guidance.

But she was too well known at Marseilles not to receive great veneration wherever she went; she then took refuge in Paris, where she was careful to remain unknown that she might enjoy all the holy privileges of poverty and obscurity.

In Paris, God reserved for her the most severe trials. Rejected with contempt by the religious of St. Francis, reduced to a livelihood by means of alms, she distinguished herself only the more by her ardent charity, that found the means of showing itself in the most wretched poverty.

"Now I have begun to be the servant of Jesus Christ, since I can no longer do my own will, and experience scorn and contradiction," she cried, throwing herself in spirit at the Saviour's feet, bathing them with tears of joy and love.

A single fear assailed her: she found

herself too useless, and she accordingly solicited her entrance into the Hôtel-Dieu as a lay-sister. And so the distinguished Baroness of Provence became voluntarily a servant of the poor, performing, in spite of delicate health, the most menial and revolting tasks with the most touching humility.

Marthe desired only to escape the admiration of the world; but it was to follow her everywhere, to survive her, and to be transmitted to posterity. She became gravely ill on Pentecost Sunday, 1627, she felt the hour of death approaching, and said to her confessor: "Father, permit me to fast to-day, for it is the vigil of a great feast for me: to-morrow I shall have the happiness of seeing my God!"

She died the following day, and was buried in the Capuchin convent in Paris, although her desire was to be laid to rest among the poor of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Greater Gifts.

BY KATHARINE BUCK.

WHEN John Waldon, a sturdy young coal miner, began to stammer and hesitate and appear altogether confused in the presence of rosy-cheeked Mary O'Brien, the entire population of Valleydale laughingly predicted wedding bells.

John was a well-liked lad; Mary, too, enjoyed a goodly share of popularity. And they were well-matched; at least so Valleydale declared. John was of a jolly disposition, fond of good times; Mary's smiling Irish eyes looked upon life as a happy adventure. It soon became evident to whom it might concern, that wedded life, with John Waldon as partner, loomed as the greatest adventure of all to the care-free Mary.

And so they were married. The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's, of course. The little white church on the hill above the Valleydale Mines had

been the place of Mary's and John's baptism; it had witnessed their first Holy Communion; and now, up its narrow little center aisle trod these two who were to become man and wife.

Mary looked more lovely than ever on her wedding morning; and John, kneeling by her side as venerable old Father Ronan read the nuptial Mass that united them, mentally vowed to devote the rest of his life to keeping the smiles in Mary's dancing gray eyes.

Valleydale emphatically declared the pair would be happy. John's widowed mother was delighted with her son's choice. She felt sure that Mary, staunch Catholic girl that she was, would rouse the latent Catholicity of the young husband. The old mother had worried over her son's weak faith. John had been pretty careless about attending Mass and the Sacraments, but the mother, by dint of much coaxing, had managed to keep her boy "inside the gate," as it were.

Seemingly, the dimpled Mary aroused in her proud young husband a desire to become a more fervent Catholic. He willingly attended Mass, and obediently followed his young Catholic wife to the altar rail on Sunday mornings. Then, in the second year of their marriage, when the novelty of honeymoon days had worn off and the support of a home impressed upon the light-hearted young couple the fact that "life is real, life is earnest," a condition—almost unbelievable at first to the trusting Mary—arose to disturb the young wife's peace of mind.

John gradually lost all desire to accompany her to Mass on Sundays. And he twitted her about craving a halo around her head when she pleaded with him to continue their practice of Saturday night confession. No amount of coaxing on Mary's part restored matters to the happy basis on which they had begun their wedded life. John seemed to have lost his

faith altogether. He declared he was "through going to church!"

It had all come about that Winter after John, at the urgent invitation of several of his fellow-workers, had attended a number of highly improbable and purposely inflamed "speeches" which an anti-Catholic lecturer delivered in the Town Hall at Valleydale. The speaker boasted of "showing up" the Catholic religion. Which, of course, has been the claim of all others of his ilk ever since the first one discovered it to be a good money-making scheme. Mary's pleas were of no avail. John did not attend Mass or the Sacraments, and his wife's pretty eyes bore a troubled look.

Six years passed. John Waldon was, in a way, a good husband and father. He was a steady, industrious worker, and provided well for the material needs of Mary and the two dear little girls who had been born to them. John dearly loved his family. But when religious duties were mentioned, John chose to ignore the subject altogether, or else stubbornly set his firm jaws and declare he would not go.

It worried Mary, clouding her otherwise contented lot in life with unhappy forebodings. John's mother died shortly after their marriage. And this grave condition that had arisen was not like a worldly matter that one could discuss freely with sympathizing friends. This was deeper—of far more importance; this concerned the salvation of her husband's soul. And that stubborn husband would not listen to the advice of saintly old Father Ronan when he trudged out the road to the Waldon home at Mary's request.

It seemed a pity that a man, otherwise so kindly and with admirable qualities, should become so careless in matters of faith. Mary begged him to attend the Sacraments at least once a year, but he did not. And she would not

quarrel, for that only incensed John, and caused him to say bitter things to her. So it was, that John Waldon, born, and raised in the Catholic faith, occupied the unenviable position of being a "fallen-away Catholic."

Many a night Mary wept over the unhappy state of affairs. But she did not let the bairns see her tears. They, poor, innocent tots, were mere babies. They loved their father, and would not understand their mother's distress. At least, not until they were older.

Despite her anxiety, Mary Waldon did not lose her patience, nor her love for the square-shouldered, handsome John, who toiled daily in the subterranean darkness of the coal mines in order to support his little family in reasonable comfort. Instead, she girded on her armor of faith all the more strongly if possible, in order to arouse John to a sense of responsibility for his immortal soul; and she prayed unceasingly. But as time passed and her petitions went unanswered, and John still showed no inclination whatever of returning to the Catholic fold, Mary's heart was indeed heavy.

Mary never faltered in her determination to show John a good example. Other wives of weaker faith, might possibly have drifted away from the faith, but not Mary. And as she knelt at the Communion-rail many a Sunday morning, her earnest prayers were for the husband who preferred to remain away. When Mary beheld other young Catholic husbands and wives kneeling together at the altar-rail on Sundays, it awakened poignant memories. John and she had established that custom—but now it was a thing of the past.

The Waldon home was neatly kept. Mary was a thrifty housewife, and the babies and John had a well-fed appearance. But that air of mutual joy and understanding that prevails in the atmosphere of a Catholic home was miss-

ing in the Waldon domicile. Mary wished to follow that commendable practice of reciting the Rosary together after supper, but John preferred to read and asked her not to bother him.

When the babies were old enough, Mary took them to Mass with her on Sundays. She taught them their Catechism and their prayers; for Valleydale had no parochial school. And it was the babies' innocent questions that stung John Waldon to the quick, and caused him to accuse Mary of planting the seeds of dislike in their childish minds.

Mary was innocent of the charge. In fact, she had actually shielded John when the inevitable questions as to *why* Daddy did not accompany them to Mass, arose from juvenile lips.

Mary's cup of worry seemed filled to overflowing, when John feigned a plea of not wanting to be late at work at the mines, during the Winter that a two-weeks' Mission was held in Valleydale. It was an unusual opportunity for Catholics, as Missions were rarely held in that remote locality, and much was accomplished in the way of bringing careless souls back to the faith of their fathers. But John Waldon could not be induced to attend. He didn't have time. Poor Mary hurried off to the five-o'clock Mission Mass every morning during the week, tramping through the snow to the little church on the hill. And Mary's heart was sad, indeed, when it was all over—and John had remained away.

Time passed. Months rolled into years. The Waldon children were fast growing up. John Waldon still labored diligently for his daily wage at the mines. And Mary baked and swept and sewed—and prayed for the husband who had lost his faith.

Helen, the younger child, secretly grieved over the fact that her beloved "Daddy" was different from the fathers of her little Catholic playmates. Helen's Daddy did not accompany her and her

mother and sister to Mass, and he never, never prayed nor went to confession. Helen, like her mother before her, poured out all her daily worries at the feet of Our Blessed Lady.

One Sunday morning as Helen listened to the parish priest speak on the merits of the scapular, the child's eyes filled with tears. The father she loved so dearly did not wear scapulars. She knew that, for Helen had, some months before, rescued the scapulars which mother had placed around Daddy's neck from the waste-basket where he had laughingly tossed them. John had told Mary to wear "charms" if she chose to, but not to insist that he do so. The child had been an unseen witness to the action, and her little heart was touched with pity for the mother she loved, and with regret that her beloved Daddy would actually "laugh at God's Mother."

Young as Helen was, she understood from her Catholic training that the scapular, which she so proudly wore, was not a "charm," or anything of the sort. Others proudly displayed the emblems of their lodges, or exhibited their Legion pins, and Helen felt that Catholics ought to feel highly honored at being permitted to enroll themselves under the protection of Our Blessed Lady.

It was shortly afterward, that Helen, unknown to her mother, took matters into her own hands, after earnestly consulting the Blessed Mother who listened to everyone's prayers. She begged Our Lady to ask her Son to awaken in the careless Daddy a semblance of faith, and a desire to at least wear the emblem of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Helen knew her father had been enrolled, years before, for her mother had told her so, but when she brought him a pair of scapulars to wear, he declared that the cord annoyed him, and therefore he could not wear it. John thought the matter disposed of easily, but he had not

counted on his child's concern in the matter.

Again she came, climbing upon his knee, showing him the scapular medal she had obtained after much painstaking letter-writing to a Catholic supply house, and she further informed him that the parish priest had blessed the medal—all that remained now was that Daddy wear it, she declared, and it was not like the other—this would not "hurt his neck."

John Waldon often made light of Mary's concern over his loss of faith, but he could not meet the frank, honest eyes of his little daughter when she discovered the tiny medal tossed on the floor. And so, because he was suddenly ashamed of hurting this little daughter's tender feelings—this child who ran to meet him with outstretched arms at eventide—John mumbled something about "losing" the medal, and asked her to replace it on his coat. Unknown to Mary, or the rest, a tiny spark of restored faith flickered feebly at that time within John's breast—the act of the child had awakened something heretofore dormant; but the spark was feeble, and soon died out. John Waldon went on in the same old way, unexplainably disturbed on Sunday mornings when his family went to Mass without him, and yet powerless to break the shackles that bound him to his ways.

Nor did he remove the medal later, as Mary secretly feared he might. Somehow, the fact that Helen would be deeply hurt if he ceased wearing the tiny medal, touched the father-love in his heart. Daily John Waldon hurried off to the mines—a man who had long since ceased the practice of his Catholic faith, but who carefully guarded the scapular medal of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

And daily Mary prayed, beseeching God to touch the heart of a man who could not, she felt, be wholly without some spark of Catholicity, when he so

carefully treasured the medal pinned on him by an innocent child. It was not, Mary felt, as though John had been a non-Catholic. And even the weakest Catholic, Mary reasoned to herself, must sometimes feel a twinge of guilty conscience at turning his back upon God's abundant graces; and yet, John remained away from Mass.

Valleydale boasted of having modern, up-to-date mines. The mine in which John Waldon worked was considered highly safeguarded. In fact, it had recently been awarded a one hundred per cent efficiency diploma, but accidents will occur, even in up-to-date mines with seemingly adequate safety methods.

Thus it was that the happy little community of Valleydale was thrown into fear-stricken panic one sunny morning when a terrific explosion rocked the town. Word spread immediately that men were trapped in the Banner mine. Mary Waldon, with a prayer on her lips, gathered her two children about her, and hurried down the dusty roadway with other weeping women. John toiled in the Banner mine; and John was one of the imprisoned miners, far back in the workings, and Mary well knew the terrible, death-dealing power of the deadly after-gas!

"Daddy isn't dead! I know God's Mother will ask Jesus to send my poor Daddy safe home to us!" little Helen Waldon sobbed as she stood with her mother and sister, waiting and watching at the ropes that barred them from closer approach to the pit-mouth.

But John Waldon was not among the men who were rescued by the helmet crews who penetrated the interior of the wrecked mine. For long, weary hours Mary waited, comforting her daughters, and beseeching the Blessed Lady whose emblem John Waldon tolerated, mostly for his child's sake, to intercede for the careless one, in this his hour of greatest earthly need.

Hours passed. The rescuers ceased work temporarily, on account of the penetrating effect of the deadly black-damp; and John had not been restored to his family. Mary's heart was as lead in her bosom as she turned her saddened footsteps toward their humble little home. Kindly, sympathetic friends explained the futility of further waiting. They wanted to spare Mary and her daughters the sight of their dead father, if possible.

As they walked away, Mary thought of the winding, tortuous road to Calvary. This seemed to be her Calvary. She dared not let herself think of the bleak future that would be theirs with the bread-winner suddenly snatched away. She shuddered at the memory of John's neglect of his faith, as she visioned her beloved husband gasping for breath, dying a horrible death of suffocation in the gas-filled mine. Other families were back there, at the pit-mouth and the improvised hospital, enacting scenes of joyful reunion.

The sorrowing little trio wended their way slowly down the road toward home. Mary's eyes were so blinded with tears at the tragic happening of the morning that she did not see the straggling little group of exhausted men coming up the road toward them. But Helen's keen eyes detected her beloved father, staggering along, and her little arms were the first to encircle him before he dropped at their feet, unconscious from sheer exhaustion.

"I knew our Blessed Lady would intercede!" the wildly jubilant child shouted,—"*I knew it!* She never turns away when any one asks for help! Mother," cried Helen, "don't you suppose Daddy *asked* Our Lady to show him the way to safety!"

It seemed almost unbelievable, at first, to the suddenly joyful Mary, that her husband had been able to escape from the disaster; but, unknown to

the rescue crews, who had been unable to find them, nine men, with John in the lead, had found an abandoned entry some miles away, in the opposite direction from the main entrance from where the rescue operations proceeded.

It had meant tortuous hours of attempting to dodge the dangerous gases, but the frantic men, buoyed up by the remembrance of their loved ones, spurred on by the love of living that lingers in all humanity, battled against seemingly unsurmountable odds—and won.

The strong, willing hands of a rescue squad assisted John Waldon to his home. Then, when the strain of exhaustion had passed, and the doctor declared John would be "fit as a fiddle" after a few days' rest, he told his story to the little family who hovered constantly at his bedside.

"We were not aware of the explosion," said he, "until the lights drooped and the fresh air died down. We felt then that we were doomed. I thought of you, Mary," John gasped, "and of the children. The gas was fast becoming deadly. I tore at my throat, and my hand touched Helen's medal—the medal I had so often jeered at. Something seemed to whisper, 'Courage, courage,' and I thought of Helen and Elizabeth and you, Mary, as you would be, gathered at the pit-mouth, waiting for me. I determined to make a last stand. We hurriedly built a brattice and waited until the air had cleared; then we dug our way out through a wall to the abandoned entry."

"Mary, dear," whispered John Waldon that evening, as Mary sat by his bedside after the children had gone to bed, "what day is this?"

"This is Wednesday, John," answered his wife. "The—the accident was on Monday, you remember."

"Wednesday," repeated John slowly, as though deep in grave thought. "And

Saturday is not far distant. Mary, dear," continued John Waldon, "I believe I want to go with you—and the girls—to Saturday night confession. Mary, my dear, I have been blind—unthinkingly blind—I have been a 'doubting Thomas,' as they say; but, thank God, my eyes have been opened before it is too late. My heart has never been wholly at peace, Mary, although I tried to tell myself it was. I want to go down on my knees before Our Lady's altar, and thank her for her protection."

Mary's eyes were filled with happy tears. At last her prayers were answered. She had not thought of the answer coming in this way, but, "Man proposes—God disposes."

Mary looked around their humble little home. They would never be rich in a worldly way, but she was content and supremely happy with her husband restored to her from what seemed certain death, and with his latent faith at last aroused. Truly, these blessings were far greater gifts than worldly riches could bestow.

Terry.

BY MAY NEVIN.

I.

How light my step, how proud my heart,
how boundless is my joy,
For to think that God has asked me for my
handsome, stalwart boy!
Sure my Terry has a longing, that the years
have but increased,
For to join some congregation an' become a
holy priest.

What's that you say? 'I'll miss him?' Aye,
an' sorely, too, I know!
But it isn't his own mother who would ask
him not to go.
Och, sure isn't it an honor? I'm not worthy in
the least
For to get the wondrous blessing of my Terry
being a priest!

His eyes are grey, real Irish eyes, half humor-
ous, half sad;

His hair is dark an' curly; an' it's he's the
clever lad!

But 'twas God who made him clever, an' I've
no doubt in the least

But He knew my little Terry would one day
become a priest.

Sure 'twas He who gave him to me, just fifteen
years this May;

An' it's I would be ungrateful if I were to
say Him nay!

My Terry of the Irish eyes, my fears for you
have ceased,

Since Our Lord Himself has called you to
leave home an' be a priest!

HIS FIRST MASS.

II.

There's a song of thanksgiving deep down in
my heart,

An' my very soul thrills with a joy

Such as only is felt—sure it's no harm to say?—

By the angels who hover on high.

"Why, what is the matter?" Is that what you
ask?

Something wondrous has just come to pass—

A grace which I've prayed for these seven
long years—

My son Terry has read his first Mass!

Oh, was ever a mother as proud of her boy,

Or as joyful as I when I knelt

In the chapel below at the foot o' the hills?—

Sure 'twas almost too happy, I felt!

An' the hot tears stole down my furrowed old
cheeks

At this longed-for event come to pass;

Sure, I thanked God Almighty for letting me
live

To behold Terry read his first Mass!

Oh, 'twas he who looked grand; for the sun
made his hair

Like a halo of light round his head;

An' his Irish grey eyes held a wonderful look:

He was just like a saint, people said.

An' I knelt at his feet, while he raised his
pure hand

In a blessing—the thought ne'er will pass!

Oh, the happiest hour for a mother on earth

Is to see her son read his first Mass!

The Church and Human Nature.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

WHEN Comte substituted for the worship of God the worship of humanity, he did but state formally the sentiment which does duty, in the case of thousands who never heard of the French philosopher, for religion. "Glory to Man in the highest," sang Swinburne, parodying the angelic Advent hymn, and the echoes of that blasphemy have continued to reverberate wherever minds emptied of Christian faith became resonant to the slogans of our time.

It is natural that those who caught up this cry should regard the Church as an oppressive institution which has cruelly stunted human growth and warped human nature. Only now, after long ages, we are told, are we beginning to throw off the incubus of fear which belief in Higher Powers generated, and to assert ourselves as the true lords of this world. There is no higher authority, continues this proclamation of freedom, than our own instincts which, hitherto, have been forbidden to function. Man has in him the seeds of perfection, and he has only to follow the dictates of his own heart in order to evolve a state in which the exercise of his unfettered powers will give him complete satisfaction. Thus are arrayed against each other in alleged opposition the Church and Human Nature.

But this appeal to our native instincts has made one curious omission. It recognizes the impulses which lead to the procuring of food and the generation of the race. Concerning these it is vociferous that they should be heard. But there is an element in our make-up as primitive and fundamental as these, which is calmly passed over or even fiercely denied. The appeal to human nature is a one-sided appeal, which selects only those features for emphasis that suit

the preconceived conception put forward. One would never gather from those who claim freedom in matters of sex as an elementary and universal instinct that equally elementary and universal is his habit of worship.

The idea of the savage, which the older sort of sociologist expounded, was that expressed by Herbert Spencer in the words, "He thinks of nothing except the matters that immediately concern his daily material needs." The difference between primitive peoples and the animal world was regarded as so slight as to be scarcely discernible. But the testimony of science to-day is all the other way. Say the authors of "The Northern Tribes of Central Australia," speaking of the native Australian:

"From the moment of initiation, his life is sharply marked out into two parts. He has first of all what we may speak of as the ordinary life, common to all men and women, and associated with the procuring of food and the performances of corroborees. . . . On the other hand, he has what gradually becomes of greater and greater importance to him, and that is the portion of his life devoted to matters of a sacred or secret nature. As he grows older he takes an increasing share in these, until finally this side of his life occupies by far the greater part of his thoughts. The sacred ceremonies, which appear very trivial matters to the white man, are most serious matters to him."

This is only one of numerous statements of a similar kind which might be culled from the pages of modern observers of savage life; and it is borne out by all we know of the early history of our race. Those who proudly boast that they are pagans—meaning by that to indicate their complete emancipation from religion—can scarcely have read the literature of those from whom they name themselves. If there is one thing certain about the pagan of classical times it is that he was punctilious in ob-

serving the rites supposed to be demanded by his gods. His priests occupy an honorable place in the life of the community. Neglect of religious duties, in his poems and plays, brings disaster. Piety is the characteristic of all his heroes.

Man as man is religious. Religion is as much a part of his nature as the sex instinct. There is no possible reason save ignorance or wilful blindness for omitting this fact in a survey of the elements which make up our nature. He was made to worship, and is most himself when he bows before the Power which gave him being. Judging by the records of history and archæology, the sentiment, "Glory to Man in the highest" is a most unhuman one. In fact, the modern man in whom the instinct of reverence for a Creator has become atrophied, the vast crowds in our present-day cities for whom only material concerns have any appeal, are abnormal. Nothing quite like them has appeared before. Their peculiar irresponsiveness to the Unseen constitutes them a tiny minority among the millions which throng the centuries. Nor has it yet appeared why this minority should set up its negative qualities as the norm, and declare that the incalculable number of those who differ from it by the possession of a religious outlook represent an imperfect type of humanity. Loud as their voices may sound in our ears, they are drowned in a clamorous protest rising from peoples of all nations and all times whose deepest instincts have been thus scorned.

But it is the inconsistency of this attitude which, as already noted, strikes one most. That those who turn from the authority of the Church to that of their own hearts should deny what the heart, in the presence of life's mysteries, has ever asserted, betrays a fatal bias. We see here, in fact, the same prejudiced selection as characterized the

appeal to that other authority substituted for the Church—the Bible. Just as the Reformers conveniently forgot, or failed to stress, those parts of Holy Writ which did not support their theories, so Naturalism refers us only to those traits in human nature which favor an irreligious view. It is not Man who is their real authority, but only Man as interpreted by their own prejudiced eyes. A more scientific account of the matter would reveal that, according to that very authority to which appeal is made, our race is most itself when it humbles itself, and that the worship of humanity maligns the intelligence of the countless generations to whom such a thing would have seemed degrading and unnatural.

Thus it is that the Church appears on the scene, not only as the sacramental channel of supernatural grace, but as, incidentally, the restorer of man's true nature. In the case of many a convert to-day, she has unearthed a buried self—the self which has forgotten how to worship. When St. Paul preached to the Athenians, it was not to instruct them as to the necessity for religious observances, but to correct the superstitions into which they had fallen, and to give them the True Faith. But were he to appear in some of our modern cities, he might find it necessary to restore the very conception of religion. Not a few converts, in accepting the Christian Revelation and submitting to Catholic practices, become aware for the first time of submerged elements in their natural selves. Mingling with their gratitude for the supernatural gifts vouchsafed them is the joy which comes of exercising an inhibited instinct.

Their environment had refused recognition to the wondering awe with which primitive man gazed up at the night sky. A dreary scepticism had tabooed the pious imagination which peopled the heavens. The festal spirit in which

early man made friends with his gods by means of ritual and sacrifice was unknown to them. A bleak secularism had untenanted the skies of all those whose helpful providences made his ancestors feel less forlorn.

The Church brought him back into the great human tradition. It restored him to the company of worshipping men and women; that is, to the company of normal people. Rid of the modern affectation of superiority, he could enter into the spirit of childlike races, and discover how little there was in the pose of intellectual emancipation. What he experienced, therefore, was not only the weight of the authority to which he had submitted, but also a sense of liberation as he regained admission to the larger Universe denied by materialism.

What is true of religion is true also of morality. Here, no less than in the higher sphere, Catholicism restores the balance disturbed by the theorists of Naturalism. One might write a whole treatise on the warping of the modern conscience by sentimentalism. Our popular press frequently encourages an unregulated pity that practically denies the claims of vindictive justice. The doctrinaires of democracy pursue their ideal of equality to a point where political authority vanishes. The subordination of one man to another in the social organism is threatened by those who exploit the abuses with which the exercise of such authority has been attended.

Rousseau, the Apostle of Sentimentalism, argued that primitive man was free from those bonds in which the members of modern communities live. Totally ignoring the facts, he pictured the savage as without institutions, following, in a simple, pastoral state the dictates of his own nature, and governed by no other law; and on this he based a social morality that is not without its influence to-day. Communism, again, denying the rights of private property,

strikes at the root of a fundamental feature of human society. The same movement attacks the family. Others introduce methods for artificially limiting population. With this last movement the circle is complete. Naturalism in sex relations ends by thwarting one of the basic laws of nature.

All this has acted in a disastrous manner on the popular conscience. Wholesome instincts are warped. Morbid cravings are cultivated. Neurotic diseases abound. Instead of the healthy functioning of normal human nature we meet on every hand with men and women who have lost all moral balance. No doubt, there have been such in every age and every community. Present-day society has the distinction, however, both of harboring such people in great numbers and also of propounding theories which abolish normal sanctions and seek to justify the innovators. When standards follow conduct and men preach what they practice, the case is serious. We are in that state at the present time.

We can see one of the effects in the different forms of Puritanism which react against the general license. It would be tedious to enumerate them. It is enough to say that they are as extravagant and as contrary to the dictates of the healthy conscience as the evils they seek to remedy.

Coming out of this chaos, the Convert to Catholicism is conscious of a steady influence. He begins to experience a moral sanity to which, maybe, he has been a stranger. Along with the Christian ideal of holiness, he finds himself in possession of a code which pursues a middle course between the extreme evils afflicting mankind. Here is no attempt to make human nature other than it is, no disciplinary measures bent on uprooting the essential impulses of our being, only a careful control and guidance of those impulses.

In morals as in religion, the Church restores man to himself. The acceptance of a supernatural authority, strange as it may sound, proves itself the one effective means of renewing the life of the natural man. That which has been maligned as a tyrant, imposing on us an alien discipline, is seen to be the true liberator. The appearance of tyranny arises from the fact that human nature has become warped, and has to be straightened out again. It has been warped by those who professed to urge its claims; it has to be straightened out by the Power long regarded as the natural man's worst foe. Such is the paradox exposed by a study of the Church and Human Nature.

Caroline de Cap'ivatin'.

BY KATHLEEN KNOBE.

A LITTLE black girl, with flying, kinky hair, wildly waving, skinny arms, her costume, a skimpy union suit, and an old pink silk lampshade, scudded across the lawn, sobbing in wild grief.

"O Fathah Tim, Ah's the mos' mis-erables' niggah erlibe! A awful thing done happen—oh—oh—oh—"

"Why, Lindy Lou! *Belinda* Louise!—is it really you? And crying? Why, only yesterday you told me God always answered your prayers in some form—"

"Oh, Ah knows dat, Fathah Tim," gulped Lindy, "but dis am plum hopeless. 'Tain't no use to ask de Lawd fer sompin' what already done am!"

"Now, Lindy Lou, suppose you stop crying and tell me all about it."

"Yassuh, Fathah Tim—yassuh. Dis"—making a sweeping motion to include the vivid lampshade, with its dangling fringe—"am mah circus perfohm'in' outfit. Ah—Ah am Caroline de Cap'ivatin'. Yo-all know how pore us niggahs am, an'—an' yo-all know we need

a cross foh de lil' chu'ch us builded in de valley—well, Ah was gwine hab a circus, an' charge all de niggahs dismission. De niggahs dat had money was to bring a quatah, an' de Good Book, it done say, "By dere fruits ye shall know 'em," so de pore niggahs was to bring apples an' peaches, an' corn, an' punkins, an'—an' othah fruits. An' we-all gwine sell 'em in de market-place, an' gib de money to you foh de cross—"

"Yes, Belinda—"

"—an', Fathah Tim, yo-all know dat pig Massa Jack gimme—my pig, Napolyun—well, Ah's been trainin' him foh a month, to run in circles, while Ah turns springs an' summersalts in de air, an' lands on Napolyun's back, endin' in a blaze ob glory! Ah leaps through a hoop of fiah—an'—" here the sobs broke out afresh, "an' now, dey cain't be no circus, an' ev'rybody laff at Lindy."

Father Tim patted the thin, little shoulder. "This is indeed serious, Lindy. Did Napoleon die?"

"Die? Oh, no! Wusser than dat! Napolyun didn't die. Dey couldn' laff if Napolyun die—it's wusser—heaps wusser!"

"Why, Lindy, what could be worse than death?"

"O Fathah Tim, doan you laff; but—oh—oh—Napolyun got PIGS—*seben* of 'em!"

Truly, Father Tim never laughed at Lindy. He was a big, strong man, yet sometimes he was subject to coughing spells that left him weak and shaking. He had a violent spell just now, but Lindy was too distressed to notice.

"Of course, Lindy Lou, you couldn't help Napoleon becoming a mother, but still keep your faith. God will find a way. I am going to write a note to Massa Jack. You take it to him, and I believe things will turn out all right."

Massa Jack acted strangely while reading Father Tim's note. His shoulders

shook and his face grew red; he laid the paper aside, and laughed. Belinda thought he would never stop laughing.

Oh, she knew he would laugh! She dropped her woolly little head on to her thin, little arms and wept forlornly.

Jack Carrol gathered the comical, elfin figure, lamp shade and all into his strong arms.

"Dear, dear little Lindy Lou, how I love you! I wouldn't hurt you for anything, but you are such a ridiculous, absurd little ray of sunshine, that you just make me laugh!"

"Yassuh, Massa Jack, an'—an' when folks laff, things most always come out right." Lindy Lou blinked hard and fast. "Why, Massa Jack, yo-all am cryin' yo-self!"

"There, there, Lindy, you run home and tell Aunt Ret to have you ready to meet me here at seven in the morning. We are going to take quite a trip. Don't say a word to any one. Just let the darkies meet at the circus grounds, as you had planned."

On the appointed circus day, a pathetic sight met the eyes of Massa Jack and Father Tim. The whole Negro colony had turned out in all their gorgeous finery. They were carrying roosters and hens,—baskets of cotton and fruits and nuts, bunches of tobacco, bunches of flowers. One little lad had a pet opossum, and a tiny, ebony-hued girl carried a string of bright red peppers and a bag of buckeyes. Everybody brought something, and all wore beaming smiles.

There was an orchestra of banjos and mouth organs, and Uncle Ike played the fiddle.

Father Tim, with moist eyes, gravely received their offerings. Then two immense, shining busses drew up, and the Negroes, who were too dumfounded to climb into the busses, were lifted in bodily, and the happy band rolled away. Miles and miles they rode, until they

arrived at a regular city of small white tents, surrounding one tremendous tent.

To many it was the day of their first circus. A day never to be forgotten. This year would never be known by a number—but as "The year of the big circus."

There was one thrill after another, but the grandest thrill of all came when their beloved Lindy Lou rode out in to the sawdust ring, on a shiny, satiny, coal black pony, with a beautiful white star in the middle of its forehead,—their Belinda Louise in little, soft, satin shoes, and a frilly little puffed skirt of white tulle, a glittering crown upon her kinky locks. She carried a wand in her hand; and, as if by magic, the little pony circled in every direction, Belinda Louise doing the most marvellous leaps and bounds and springs in the air. At last the lights were lowered, and amid the deafening blare of the bands, Lindy Lou leaped lightly through a hoop of fire. Smiling and bowing she was carried away on the shining pony. The audience went wild, clapping and cheering and crying. Their Lindy Lou was a hero! It didn't seem possible—but no one was ever surprised at Lindy Lou!

Somehow, all the performers had heard the story of the tragedy of Napoleon, and they all came out to greet Lindy Lou. The strong man—twenty men could not bind him—had a hard time keeping his lips from twitching, as he handed Lindy Lou a bill. "For the organ," he said. "I always wanted to be a preacher, instead of a strong man." The midget smiled, "Here's a pew." The fire-eater patted Lindy Lou's shoulder, and said: "Here's a window; here's a carpet; here's an altar; here's another window; here's a pulpit." The Wild Man from Borneo wiped away a tear and said: "Here's a little red light." Everyone gave, until the little church was going to be filled to overflowing.

Last of all, the manager came out

leading a little black pony—almost a baby pony. "Do you think," he asked Lindy, "that you can train him to take Napoleon's place? Any one who can train a stupid old pig, shouldn't have any trouble with this intelligent little creature. And by-the-way, there must be an organist; and since Mr. Carrol refuses to let Lindy Lou join our circus, perhaps she had better learn to play the organ. Here's the money for the music lessons."

"Oh—oh!" breathed Lindy Lou ecstatically, "yo-all is so good! Ah thank you—all a million times!" and then in her heart: "Deah Gawd, you've done answered anothah of Lindy's prayahs!"

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

VI.—GERALD GRIFFIN.

"OH, Limerick is beautiful as everybody knows," gaily sings Danny Mann in "The Lily of Killarney," that charming opera, taken from "The Colleen Bawn," of Dion Boucicault. And Limerick, the Queen City of the Shannon, is as beautiful in its surroundings and as rich in its inspiring, historic associations as any city in Ireland. The story is told of two Irishmen meeting in foreign parts. The first question put, of course, was "What part of Ireland did you come from?"—"I was born in Dublin," was the proud reply. "Oh, indeed," said the other with the utmost nonchalance. "I could have been born in Dublin if I had wanted to. I was born in Dundrum, five miles from Dublin." And for the discriminating person who might find it difficult to have Dublin for a birthplace, Limerick would be the next best choice. The second city of Munster, it commands the traffic of the Shannon and has direct rail communication with all the centers through which tourists enter Ireland.

A modern, progressive city, it has taken on a certain cosmopolitan air with the influx of numbers of Germans employed in the operations on the Shannon, intended to harness its great water power to generate electricity for the ultimate electrifying of the entire country. These operations are being conducted a few miles up the river from the city. But to the visitor, Limerick is still the City of the Violated Treaty, and it is its historical associations which challenge the attention. Limerick is one of the few cities in Ireland to boast a monument to a great Irish patriot. And singularly enough this monument commemorates a defeat rather than a victory, for despite his courage, his daring, and his undisputed military skill, Patrick Sarsfield faced bitter defeat and, worse, an indefensible breach of faith. The magnificent statue to the intrepid defender of Limerick is one of the sights the visitor is not allowed to miss. But even more interesting is the famous "Treaty Stone" on which was signed the treaty of capitulation destined to be broken "E're the ink wherewith 'twas writ had dried." And from St. John's Convent near the Cathedral can still be seen the remains of the old city walls behind which the citizens of Limerick withstood two terrible sieges, when not the men alone but the women also took their places to defend their homes against the invaders. Here the gallant Talbot of Tyrconnel ended a glorious career, begun amid wild scenes behind the walls of Drogheda, when the Cromwellian forces sacked the city; behind which the gallant Sarsfield desperately fought for the land he loved.

On October 3, 1691, the negotiations begun September 23 were completed. The historian tells us that favorable as were the terms offered the Irish on that day, the news that the defense of Limerick was to be ended was received

with the wildest grief by citizens and soldiers alike. "Muskets . . . were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the tough shafts of pikes . . . crashed across the knees of maddened rapparees. The citizens ran to the walls with arms they treasured proudly . . . and shivered them into fragments, exclaiming with husky voices: "We need them no longer,—Ireland is no more!"

Eager citizens will tell the inquiring stranger of these and other events of that momentous siege. Of how, when Sarsfield was apprised of the coming of the French fleet up the river, he cried out in despair: "Too late!—the treaty is signed," and forbade the expedition to land. They will picture in graphic words that scene outside the city walls where two standards were set up on October 5 as the Irish armies marched with all the honors of war from the fallen city, the standard of England and the standard of France under which the flower of the Irish regiments marched that day. To the passion of a soldier of the brigade who faced this hard choice, Aubrey de Vere has given expression:

I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook,
And hurled it at my household door!
No farewell of my love I took:
I shall see my friend no more.

.

No land to me can native be
That strangers trample and tyrants stain:
When the valleys I loved are cleansed and free,
They are mine, they are mine again!

But few of its citizens will guide the visitor to the house in Old Clare Street where died an unknown teacher of mathematics in the year 1805. And few there are who know the story of Brian Merriman, who came from Clare to Limerick to earn a modest living by teaching. Perhaps one might find an old man or woman out in the remote country districts who might recall having heard of the "stout, sturdy, black-haired man" who taught mathematics in Limerick in

his father's day." He may or may not know that that man was the author of one poem by which his fame lives,—one of the best known of that form characteristic of the Gaelic poetry of the Eighteenth Century, the "aisling" or vision poem, "Cúirt an Mheadhon Oidhche" (The Midnight Court), a poem of over one thousand lines.

This poem was not written in Limerick but in Clare, some ten or twelve years before the poet migrated to the city; and it has in it much of the hardness and bleakness of the Clare countryside. The author of "The Midnight Court" apparently found no inspiration for further adventures in verse along the city streets nor in the environs of Limerick, for he lived a commonplace, unadventurous life, and died, unknown to fame, two years after the birth of Limerick's future novelist, Gerald Griffin, whose life was as little remarkable and as little known in many ways as that of Merriman's.

Griffin's childhood seems to have been as uneventfully pleasant as is the childhood of any son of loving and sufficiently well-to-do parents. Nor was there anything remarkable about the boy. He was, apparently, as full of pranks and mischief as any boy brought up with healthy, mischievous brothers and sisters. But Gerald's childhood just escaped being marked by a tragedy which would have darkened his entire life. The story is told that one Sunday the parents left the children, Gerald, his brother and sister, alone while they attended Mass. The boys found a gun belonging to their father and carelessly left within their reach. They may have been re-enacting Emmet's abortive Dublin Rising, which took place the year of Gerald's birth, or some other equally dramatic event in Irish history, when Gerald seized the gun and fired, pointing directly at his sister. Much to the boy's astonishment his sister dropped

to the floor. It was some time before the boys had any realization of the seriousness of their act. In the meantime the parents returned, a doctor was summoned, the little girl's wound was attended to, and she eventually recovered. Gerald was not punished, because his sister begged forgiveness for him from the father, who probably felt he was quite as much at fault as was his young son.

The other story is a much happier one. Gerald was fond of boasting of his courage should he ever encounter a ghost. One evening the maid overheard Gerald's bragging as the children ascended the stairs to their room. Hastily flinging a sheet over her head she stepped out on the landing where the boy was illustrating the means he would take to vanquish any ghost, however formidable. As the ghost actually came into view it is related that Gerald was the first to take to his heels, screaming and flinging his weapons right and left. He came to a shamefaced halt only when the young girl's laughter revealed the identity of the ghost. He early displayed rare abilities for gratifying his literary tastes, but like many another talented Irishman of the period he made London the field of his endeavors. But unlike Goldsmith or Sterne or Steele of the preceding century, Griffin was unable to win favor in the foreign capital. After three years of lonely struggle he returned to Ireland in 1826. He spent the next twelve years in his native city winning the recognition among his own people he had sought vainly abroad. He was at the threshold of real fame when he turned aside from the work which had called to him from boyhood to join the Christian Brothers.

There is a certain irony in the fact, that the name of Gerald Griffin is remembered in connection with the drama rather than with the novel. But though it was through the drama he had once

hoped to gain fame, and his own drama "Gisippus" was produced in London after his death, it is through the dramatic talents of another that the name of Griffin lives. Dion Boucicault fashioned his "Colleen Bawn" from Griffin's "Collegians," and from it the popular opera, "The Lily of Killarney." The present generation, even in Ireland, is too forgetful of the work of the Limerick novelist.

The Nineteenth Century saw the development of the novel in all literatures, and doubtless this new form appealed to the struggling writer even in his London days. Griffin was the contemporary of Maria Edgeworth, the Brontës, Thackeray and Dickens, and he may have been inspired to do for Ireland what the latter were doing for the England of their day. He was the first to give Irish folk tales, customs and legends the dress of English prose fiction. He was more popular in his own country than either Carleton or Lever. For unlike Carleton he did not aim to please the English public nor to win the favor of English publishers, and his characters were more nearly true pictures of the Irish people than those of Lever, whose swash-buckling dragoons, comic peasants, and practical-joking squires are no more realistic representations of the people of that day than the usual college motion picture is a realistic presentation of the college life of to-day.

The lovely reaches of the Shannon: Killaloe, twelve miles from Limerick, with its ruins of Kincora, the ancient palace of King Brian, Tenth Century High King of all Ireland, and famed conqueror of the Danes; Clonmacnoise, City of Ciaran, with its rich remains of the earlier Gaelic culture; picturesque Adare, lying in one of the richest valleys in Ireland; storied Croom Abbey; forgotten Mungret, with its memories of the great Apostle, Patrick,—all are

associated with the boyhood and manhood of Limerick's gentle novelist. And of all, Mungret, about five miles from Limerick, is, perhaps, the most interesting to the visitor seeking to follow the footsteps of the author of the "Collegians." On the summit of Mullagh Cae, St. Patrick was feasted upon his first coming to this district. It is charmingly described by the poet, Aubrey de Vere:

That pleasant hill ascends
Westward of Ara girt by rivers twain,
Maigue, lily-lighted, and the 'Morning Star'
Once Samhair named, that eastward through
the woods

Winding, upon its rapids earliest meets
The morn, and flings it far over mead and plain.

It was at this feast St. Patrick gave his famous lesson in hospitality and obedience, and gave of the feast to the strolling jugglers even before he had partaken of any himself.

Local tradition asserts that at one time there were as many as six churches in Mungret and fifteen hundred monks within its cloisters, but no trace of these buildings remains with the exception of one church whose style of architecture indicates that it belongs to the Ninth or Tenth Century rather than to the earlier period of church history. Tradition is also responsible for the belief that St. Munchin, second Abbot of Mungret, retired to an oratory some few miles distant from his community, having attained a ripe old age. This oratory was known in later times as Cill-Munchin, and was the first building to be erected on the present site of the city of Limerick. Hence St. Munchin became the patron saint of the city and diocese, and his church was the cathedral church until about the year 1194, when Donald O'Brien built the church of St. Mary.

The learning of the Mungret women is proverbial around about Limerick, and the saying comes from an amusing story concerning a controversy which

arose between Mungret and some other monastic school to the south. The Mungret scholars began to have doubts as to their prowess as the day of the public disputation to settle the controversy drew near, so they decided to revert to stratagem. A number of them dressed as women and went to a near-by stream which the visitors would have to cross on their way to the school, and were industriously washing clothes in the stream as their opponents approached. The strangers spoke to the busy women, asking some information. The latter replied in Latin and even in Greek. The astonished visitors asked how it happened they could speak so easily in the classic tongues. To which the women replied that everyone about Mungret spoke Latin and Greek. This was too much for the disputants, so they immediately decamped, leaving the victory to the "wise women of Mungret." The traditions of Mungret are still being carried on in the Jesuit school which was established here in recent times.

But he who would lay a wreath at the tomb of the gentle novelist must travel far from the beauties of his beloved Limerick. For the brief period he dwelt among the Christian Brothers, Gerald Griffin spent his time teaching the poor in Cork, and it is there in the North Monastery that his remains lie. The little lyric he placed on the lips of Anne Chute in "The Collegians" might serve as his epitaph and last appeal to his countrymen:

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.

—◆◆—

"OH, how much good can be done for souls by prayer, with good example and good counsel, which often sinks more deeply into the heart than does the word of the preacher."

Great Books by Catholics.

IN reading into two very notable new books by Catholics, "Truths to Live By" (Henry Holt and Company. \$2.), a small volume on plain, hard thinking, by Father J. Elliot Ross, and the recent great book of Belloc's, "Survivals and New Arrivals" (Macmillan Company. \$2.), we are reminded of the necessity of saying sublime truths in simple, common ways. A thought comes back to us, too, that we read not long ago about an important book by a churchman not of our faith: "It is only the true scholar who can convey his meaning, without banality, in terms that the ordinary reader can understand."

It seems to us that this is precisely one of the things that Father Ross and Hilaire Belloc have in the present instance done. "Truths to Live By" is, to our way of thinking, a book for which Catholics have been waiting. We can not help believing that we have needed a score of just this kind of book; and Father Ross comes as near, perhaps, as one man can come in one small book to supplying for the needed twenty. His work is described as dealing with "three questions fundamental for thinking people—God, Freedom, Immortality." But it is far from being the remote and hard-to-understand sort of thing so often written on these subjects. Nor is it a flimsy, sentimental affair. For the author proceeds to write about how reasonable a thing it is to believe, how hard to disbelieve in God, how God is known to us, what man himself is like, and how we know the soul to be immortal. In this age, says Glenn Frank, who writes the Introduction, we are lean children trying to live on "sentimental metaphysics and sterile negations," and are left "perplexed and hungry." Like ourselves, then, he recommends the book.

Father Ross has the great merit and advantage that he can be read; and he

has the further merit of being worth reading. He has worked for many years among college students, non-Catholic students and Catholic students at non-Catholic colleges. This circumstance has required him to learn how to be at once intelligible and convincing; he has had to talk to these students, in public and in private, so that they could understand on what grounds a Catholic believes so-and-so about man and God. Then, as many of us have come to know, his writing has the qualities of the best journalism; and his present work is going to be understood and appreciated far outside the bounds of the colleges for which it was originally done. He knows how to tie up his profoundest arguments with the smaller issues and problems that are before the public mind just at this time. For instance, he argues that the world-process can be proved temporal on several grounds, one of which is this: that if the world is made up of a limited number of parts, as indeed sound philosophy contends, and as Einsteinian science now also concludes, the world-process, or evolution, is necessarily temporal; for if the process were eternal, the limited number of parts would, over and over again, come back into the same collocation; but this is unthinkable. This little book is excellently printed and makes a fine appearance.

Mr. Belloc's present work, like all his work, is great. He won us a long time ago, and he does not lose us in this challenging book of his. Of the Church he says this true thing: "She has no borderland of partial agreement with error." Belloc is just like this himself. He comes direct, right on, and there is no way to escape him. Remember, he is Catholic to the core, and this is one reason why a nominal Catholic here and there has sometimes wished to disagree with him and belittle him.

He writes in this work with the spirit and abandon with which he did his famous "Europe and the Faith."

His subject is the present position of the Catholic Church in the world, and there is no man more fitted for this great theme than Hilaire Belloc, and no theme better fitted to Belloc than this. As a consequence, he strikes fire, and talks about realities all the way. He knows and says what kind of world the Catholic American or Englishman lives in: he says that through our English literature and history, both done by non-Catholics, we are trained "in special pleading against the Faith." He notes, and we ought to admit it, that Catholics "get all their news and more than half their ideas from papers anti-Catholic in direction. The books which make the mind of the nation help to make the mind of its Catholic minority; and that literature is, in bulk, vividly anti-Catholic." This is plain talk done in Belloc's fashion, and though we know it to be the truth, we are likely to resent it. But of course those who do not like Catholic life and thought expressed without a compromise, had better not read this book.

The theme of the work is the *status quo* of the Church. It begins with "survivals," or the venerable stock attacks on the Church, such as the Biblical attack, the "wealth and power argument," and scientific negation. Belloc thinks some of these are on the way to death, and others are "yielding up the ghost before our eyes." He then goes on to examine the "new arrivals," such as nationalism, and 'the modern mind,' which latter product, he says, is compounded of ready-made phrases swallowed whole "by minds incapable of criticism." The whole book is a drama. This is because the Church, about which Mr. Belloc writes and which is his life, is a tremendous drama,—a tremendous war that is ever won, but must be fought; and he likes drama and a good fight. We advise no half-way person, Catholic or non-Catholic, to open this book.

A New Franklin Story.

A hundred and fifty years ago the Marquis de Barbe-Marbois, secretary to the first French embassy accredited to our country, was in the habit of writing frequent letters to his fiancée—so frequent that they now constitute practically a diary. The letters have only recently been discovered and translated, and are often most pleasantly amusing. Here, for example, is one which proves that Benjamin Franklin could, under stress of necessity, do something in action quite as practical as was Poor Richard's philosophy in theory. The Marquis wrote:

"It is at the inn where we now are that Dr. Franklin arrived one Winter's day, covered with snow and half dead with cold. The family and several guests surrounded the fire, and no one inconvenienced himself for the stranger. He sat down near a window as if to rest, and after several moments addressed the innkeeper and asked him if he had oysters.

"'Yes, excellent ones.'

"'Open them and take a dozen to my horse.'

"'Does he eat them?'

"'Just take them and you will see.'

"Everybody got up to go and see the horse eat oysters. The children, the strangers, the servants went to the stable to witness such a novelty. The doctor, in their absence, established himself near the fire, in the best place. Very soon they came back to tell him that the horse would not even look at the oysters.

"'In that case,' Franklin replied, 'bring them to me and give him some oats.'"

We fare on earth as other men have fared. Were they successful? Let not us despair. Was disappointment oft their sole reward? Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare How they have borne the load ourselves are doomed to bear. —Beattie.

Notes and Remarks.

The paradox of the Church, by G. K. Chesterton, occurring in the recently published "Chesterton Catholic Anthology," is worth quoting: "We might sometimes fancy that the Church grows younger as the world grows old." The book also contains a notably good saying on the broadening of belief: "Men will not believe because they will not broaden their minds. As a matter of individual belief, I should, of course, express it by saying that they are not sufficiently catholic to be Catholic."

"It is splendid," remarks Father Owen F. Dudley in a foreword to the book from which we have made this selection, "to have in our midst an eminent Catholic layman who can unburden his soul so unashamedly of lofty thoughts to the edifying of all who love the Faith."

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of the new Riverside Baptist Church of New York, preached a sermon recently against a particular type of goodness which, heaven be praised, is not found except accidentally in the Catholic Church. Mr. Fosdick called this particular type of goodness, which is not so good after all, "sour or morbid goodness." And so, our sincere compliments to Mr. Fosdick. If anything ought to make for happiness, whole-hearted, complete happiness, it is religion. The Catholic Church has always recognized that fact. She has placed upon her adherents certain precepts and practices which are difficult and sometimes even painful to the extreme, but she has never countenanced the long face. Even sin and death are not allowed to cast too great a shadow over her children. The Sacraments of Penance and of Extreme Unction and, lacking these, Acts of Love and Contrition, are always ready to bring consolation to even the most spiritually afflicted. The attendance

upon many Catholic death-beds impresses one more and more with the spirit of peace which commonly surrounds those humanly sad partings. The writer once heard a nationally known non-Catholic humorist state publicly in a lecture that there is more laughter per square foot in a convent or monastery than any place else on earth. We congratulate Dr. Fosdick for preaching so eloquently on this occasion concerning the true spirit of Christianity. We can't help expressing the hope that the good Doctor will some day follow his vision.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the obligation which every Catholic is under to live up to his religion. This responsibility is far greater than is generally realized. We are the observed of all observers, as the saying is. A convert declares that until his reception into the Church, he never made the acquaintance of a member of it that really edified him, but of many who dishonored the Faith, and indirectly, more or less discouraged inquiry concerning it. Our conduct at all times should be such as to *cause* inquiry; and it naturally would do so if it were exemplary.

We have gotten into a national habit of thinking that if we turn over the hardest problems to a federal law or commission, or that if we call a conference on the subject in hand, all is settled. In practice, this method turns out to be fallacious, and too often is plainly futile. The Governor of a middle-western State lately called a conference to study crime and return to him its findings, which he, in turn, was to return to the President's national crime squad. But, as a local editor notes, "If crime took any note of the conference called by the Governor, it gave its answer in deeds rather than words." For in less than a week there

was a noted increase in speeding and traffic killings; banks were robbed, auto tourists held up, and a train wrecked. "The situation has become too serious to shift responsibility to commissions and committees." It is not that all of our many thousands of officials are either inept or knavish. But the most minute and exact findings of commissions are sure to be sterile so long as we, people and officials, are so little in the habit of keeping track of the place of God in our lives. Self-respect and respect for law can not well be clubbed into us, if many of us do not know or particularly care about our own honor, our neighbor's rights and the natural human relationship to God.

The blindness of bigotry is no better illustrated than by the absurd accusations which are constantly hurled at Catholic patriotism in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. If the few who talk so loudly and so long on the dangers of Catholicism would only pause long enough to look about them they might see the things that are so patent to every fair-minded American. Rev. J. M. Lonergan of Rockford, Ill., who, as past National Chaplain of the American Legion has had opportunities of observing the patriotic responses of every type of citizenship, had this to say before the National Council of Catholic Men meeting at Fort Wayne:

I know of nothing of a human contribution that is more instinctive in the Catholic heart and mind than the spirit of self-sacrifice for the noble cause of his country. I am not surprised that the Catholic contribution, measured by the religious census during the period of encampment in the World War, gave the Catholics of the United States 200 per cent representation and contribution to the cause of patriotism. I am not surprised at that contribution, because no man can be a genuine Catholic who refuses to give to save his country's honor, to maintain his

country's ideals, who to further the destiny of his country would not give up his right arm, his eye, or go down in physical death as we did on every great occasion when our country's cause demanded that great extreme in its emergency.

Though there are some 13,000 or 14,000 converts to the Catholic Church in a year, according to a statement of Msgr. Canon Hawkswell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Leeds, we are apprised only of the more important ones through the Catholic Press. We recently printed in these columns a list of literary men and women who have been received in recent years into the Catholic Church. The latest of these, reported in the *London Universe*, is Sheila Kaye-Smith, a novelist. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith was received a few weeks ago with her husband, Mr. T. Penrose Fry, who had been a minister of the Anglican Church. Her latest novel, "The Village Doctor," was published last Spring by Cassell and Co. A new story, "Shepherds in Sackcloth," will be brought out next Spring. Previous to these she had published sixteen books. She is known in England as the novelist of Sussex' fields and farms.

One can not but be edified by the number of fine Catholic young men growing up all over the country. Every parish can boast of them in goodly numbers, Catholic colleges are full of them; and their influence is beginning to express itself in the various professions in which they are taking their places. Our Catholic school system has not been operating in vain. Slowly the Catholic type is beginning to show. Just recently a keen-eyed Southern newspaper man spoke to a priest about his growing admiration for a certain Catholic University, which, by the way, he has never seen, simply because of the clean-cut, gentlemanly type of athlete which has consistently represented it on the grid-iron. If he had been a Catholic

newspaper man he might have been further edified by being told that the Catholic boys on the football teams of that particular University in addition to being nationally known as athletes of the intellectual type have also been, by tradition and practice, daily communicants. In the field of professional athletics similar evidences of Catholic living are common. During the recent World's Series, for example, several edifying stories came out concerning the Catholic participants. Recently also the *Baltimore Catholic Review* presented a write-up of Mr. Walter Lerian, first-string catcher of the Philadelphia Nationals, who was killed by a motor truck on October 21. We reprint the following touching quotation from the pen of a close friend:

Death has snatched one of baseball's finest students from the game. Mr. Lerian's Christian name was Walter, but the name of "Peck" clung to him since the days he first played baseball in the uniform of Saint Martin's Catholic Club.

Death, too, has snatched in him one of the finest Catholic laymen in all this broad country. "Peck" Lerian lived the life of a Catholic gentleman on the ball field and off. His example edified all his associates on the Philadelphia team and other players in the National League.

When the Phillies were in training at Winter Haven, Fla., last Spring, Lerian and three of his companions on his team went to Mass every day, and Lerian received Holy Communion daily. The other three men who showed their firm Catholicity were Hank O'Doul, who led the National League in batting this year; Denny Southeron and George Susce, understudy to Lerian in the Phillies' catching department.

Mr. Lerian was making the mission for the men of St. Martin's parish. The mission opened last Sunday night. He went to Communion on the day of his death at the early morning Mass, and later in the day went to Confession, thus following out his custom of receiving the Sacrament of Penance weekly.

In his sermon at St. Martin's Sunday night one of the Redemptorist missionaries told the men present to live good lives always, as men never know when death will come.

The next night, Monday, the missionary told the men at the mission that Mr. Lerian had been knocked down by a motor truck which had skidded up on a sidewalk, and that he was in so critical a state that blood transfusion was the last hope of the doctors. He asked for some one to volunteer to give his blood. Fifty young men arose and hastened to the Franklin Square Hospital.

John J. McGraw, the manager of the New York Giants, a rival of Lerian's club, paid Lerian tribute in life by terming him the future catching star of the National League.

Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Club paid him living tribute, too, in words as forceful as McGraw's; but the greatest tribute paid Lerian came in those last agonizing moments of his life when fifty of his closest associates rallied to his bedside to offer their life's blood to strengthen him against death.

All that is of genuine importance and of real edification concerning a case of diabolical possession which occurred in this country, and was lately referred to by us, has now been made known. The record of the extraordinary event, comprising more than thirty foolscap pages, is destroyed. Inquiries about what was contained in those portions of the MS. that were previously expunged are useless. But we regret not to have repeated in full, with due prominence, what the demon said under the exorcism (when obliged to speak the truth) on the subject of prayer. After many useless efforts to expel him by means of it, he declared that only prayers *prayed*, not merely recited, are efficacious.

The meeting of the National Council of Catholic Men, at Fort Wayne, was an inspiring thing in many ways. We quote at length from the speech of Walter T. Johnson, President of the organization. This speaker and others called repeated

attention to the need of clergy and laymen understanding each other and of the opportunity for their doing a great common work. Mr. Johnson said:

. . . . The laity are millions, while the clergy are only thousands in the total population of the nation. It is the laity that mingle most frequently and most intimately with those outside the Catholic communion. It is by their lives and conduct that their fellow Americans of other creeds come to join the Church. . . . It is of transcendent importance, then, I think, that the laity of the United States be brought to understand, and organized to perform, the very vital part which they can play and should play in the field of Catholic action. The Church needs them and welcomes them in that field. The State's need for them is just as great, though its welcome may be less than hers. We are citizens as well as Catholics.

The Rev. Milo H. Gates, vicar of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Divine, in New York City, preached a sermon a few days ago which in some respects at least might very well have come from a Catholic pulpit. With a fine sense of the need which human nature has for inspiration and encouragement, he recommended his listeners individually to adopt a patron saint from among the long list of noble characters who have left behind them a reputation for holiness. St. Jude, for example, was suggested by Dr. Gates as an "ideal patron saint for those easily discouraged." The life of many a listener will take a sharp turn in the direction of God as a result of that sermon.

There is solid instruction and true consolation for all who suffer, in these words of an unknown spiritual writer:

Our Lord said: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me." Christ desires that you follow Him of your free will and sponta-

neously, as the invitation of so loving a Lord deserves, Who for love of you went so far as to die on the tree of the Cross. In your life then, as a follower of Him, you must certainly expect to suffer somewhat and to be mortified in many things. See, then, that you bear them willingly for love of your crucified Lover; for this is what is pleasing to God. Notice that He does not say, let him bear, but let him take up his cross; to show you that if you wish to be truly a follower of His you must embrace your cross with alacrity and promptness. Do not wait until it be placed on your shoulders like the Cyrenean, nor must you drag it along as it were by compulsion. Blessed are you if you carry it gladly; you will merit more and you will suffer less.

In a recent trial at Charlotte, N. C., the prosecutor in an effort to convince the jury, after telling them of the "cyclone and tornado which sank its fangs in the heart and lifeblood of Gastonia," gave voice to this choice bit of oratorical rhetoric:

They stood it till the great God looked down from the very battlements of heaven and broke the chains and traces of their patience, and caused them to call the officers to the lot and stop the infernal scenes that came sweeping down from the wild plains of Soviet Russia into the peaceful community of Gastonia, bringing bloodshed and death, creeping like the hellish serpent crept into the Garden of Eden.

Preparations for the thirteenth International Eucharistic Congress which is to be held in Carthage, Tunisia, from May 7 to 11, 1930, are well under way. The general theme for the papers to be read at the Congress will be "The Devotion of the Holy Eucharist according to St. Augustine and the Fathers of the African Church." This subject is particularly appropriate in the year that marks the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the death of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo.



The Toys Play.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

G'LL never leave my animals
And toys upon the floor,
And go to bed and let them lie
All scattered any more.
'Cause once I did, and in the night
I heard the awf'lest noise,
And woke to find the animals
Broke loose among the toys.
My teddy-bear was hugging
A doll behind the door;
A monkey was a-racing
My train around the floor.
A wooden soldier sat upon
My brother's rocking horse;
My elephant was throwing things
Around with all his force.
I jumped right out of bed and picked
My toys up from the floor.
And you just bet I'll never leave
Them scattered any more.

Dorothy Mary's Chance.

BY BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

IT was the Summer after the great field day when Jimmie Burns, president of the Lindbergh Club, won the prize with his model plane, the Silver King, that the next exciting event in the Club's annals occurred.

Jimmie's younger sister, Dorothy Mary, had from the first showed a great interest in aviation, so much so, that she had proved a severe annoyance to Jimmie, who implored his mother to "make her quit hanging around where I'm working."

Jimmie's mother secretly sympathized with Dorothy Mary, but she urged her

air-minded daughter not to interfere too seriously with Jimmie's activities, for she thought that her ambitious son was developing some real talent for airplane construction.

"Girls are no good in the air!" said Jimmie scornfully.

"They are too!" heatedly replied his sister.

"Tell me one that's really accomplished something," taunted Jimmie.

"Well, they've tried, anyway!" said poor Dorothy Mary, almost in tears. "I'll show you yet, Jimmie Burns!"

One day in June just after vacation had begun, Jimmie and Red and Gerry were out in Martin's Field wandering about rather aimlessly with Dorothy Mary "tagging on," as Jimmie put it.

Suddenly they noticed an airplane flying rather low over the field toward them. It seemed to be in trouble, and before they realized fully what was happening, the plane tilted and began to dive toward the ground.

"He's lost control—it's an accident—come on!" shouted the boys, and they began to run. Before they had crossed half the field, the plane had hit the ground, and almost instantly, little flames began to shoot up from the twisted mass. A bedraggled figure crawled out of the pilot's seat as the boys ran up breathlessly. He could just manage to say, "The mail! The mail!" before he crumpled up in a little heap.

"It's a mail plane, fellows!" called out Jimmie! "Come on and help."

The three boys climbed up on the cockpit regardless of the flames now blazing merrily, and, with much grunting and tugging, pulled out the heavy mail bags and dragged them to a place of safety. Then they turned their attention to the injured aviator.

Dorothy Mary was already in charge. "I think his leg is broken," she said, "and he has a big cut in his head. Red, you run for your father—he's nearest—and Gerry, you get Dr. Perry. Jimmie, you stay and help me."

Dorothy Mary had already taken off her petticoat and torn off a long strip.

"Find a heavy stick somewhere, Jimmie," she said, "while I fix his head."

She bound up the cut as well as she could, and when Jimmie came back with a baseball club, which some one had luckily left on the field, she and Jimmie began to make a splint for the useless leg. As they tried to move the man ever so carefully, he groaned and opened his eyes. "The mail," he said—"is it safe?"

"All safe!" said Jimmie, with a cheerful grin. "We pulled it out for you. We're trying to fix your leg—I'm afraid its broken."

"I'm afraid it is too," replied the man ruefully, trying to move and giving it up with a groan.

"Never mind," said Dorothy Mary soothingly, "we've sent for help, and we'll make a splint out of this baseball bat until somebody comes."

In spite of his pain the unlucky bird-man could not help smiling as Jimmie and Dorothy Mary tied his leg to the baseball club with the rest of her petticoat.

"I sure am lucky to fall into such good hands," he said.

"You almost did fall into our hands really," said Dorothy Mary, with a reminiscent giggle. "Here come Red's father and Dr. Perry. Now you'll be all right."

"When Dr. Perry had looked over Dorothy Mary's patient, he remarked: "Well, young woman, if you ever want a job, you come to me, and I'll make a trained nurse out of you."

"And I think we ought to make her an honorary of the Lindbergh Club," said Jimmie, loyally. "She's as good as a boy any day."

Dorothy Mary flushed with pleasure at her brother's unusual praise.

"Well, probably we're not very much use *in* the air, but we're pretty good when you men fall *out* of it."

Everyone laughed at that, even the injured aviator, who added: "There are some more heroes here, Doctor. Those boys saved the mail bags when my plane burned up."

"Well, well!" said Dr. Perry, chuckling, "we can safely leave things to the Lindbergh Club—they are fine fellows."

When all the excitement was over and everyone had heard the story over and over, and everyone had been out to Martin's Field to see the wreckage, and the mail pilot's bones were mending in the hospital, there came one day four large official-looking letters to Walter Nelson (known as "Red"), Gerald Colvin, and James Burns (who hardly recognized their names) and Dorothy Mary Burns.

The letters bore the official gratitude and approbation of the U. S. Government "for prompt and courageous assistance in preserving the integrity of the U. S. Air Mail."

"I'm only a girl and I got one too," murmured Dorothy Mary unbelievably.

"You deserve it more than any of us," said her brother Jimmie; and Dorothy Mary cherished that statement almost more than the large, official letter she was clasping so proudly.

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

V.—"TROUBLE FOR GRISEL."

THE confusion was not among the Days of the Week only: soon lamentation was heard in every corner of the town. The name *Brownie* was pronounced with horror and never above a whisper. These strange people, all muddle-headed, perhaps, had nevertheless been the happiest-hearted in the

world,—and now there was worry on every face. Their flower-beds were trampled, their bees driven mad, their fruit-trees hacked, their flour damp and mouldy, their honey-wine soured.

"He used to be so different, before he went away to that other land," they would whisper. And they began to shun Michael and Joan in a nice way, for these children belonged to that other Land which had apparently wrought havoc in the heart of the Brownie.

"He was at my wardrobe during the night, and all my dresses are cut to pieces," one would weep.

And another: "He clipped my peacock's tail while I was out."

A third: "He hid behind our bed-curtains and tormented us in our sleep."

Details of this sort were told over the fences every morning,—the changed, changed Brownie!

After a long succession of Days that were always Thursdays, and a great deal of thought, Sunday came to a decision. He opened his door and strode along to Friday's house. It had been Thursday long enough: He would *command* Friday to go on duty.

Friday, miserable at the state of affairs and afraid of Thursday, but fond of his eldest brother, shuffled obediently through his gate at the word of command; and Sunday passed along to the next house where Saturday lay snoring on the porch.

He shook him. "Rouse up, brother; rouse yourself. To-day is Friday,—to-morrow will be your Day. We must put an end to this greedy quarrelling, this confusion. Rouse yourself, brother; to-morrow will be your Day."

"What's that? Oh,—oh, aw-awright!" mumbled Saturday, opening one eye but letting the other eye stay asleep.

"Now remember what I say: When to-morrow comes it will be your turn."

"That's all right, Sunday,—I'll remember to-morrow," yawned Saturday, and settled back for another sleep.

Sunday returned to his own house, sighing. He did not know it, but the mischievous Hobgoblin-Brownie was watching him. The Brownie had seen and heard all. He watched Sunday safely out of the way, and then he crept with his limping, hobgoblin gait, to Saturday's porch.

"Wake up, wake up," he whispered, pinching Saturday's chubby nose.

Saturday jerked himself up, blinking with the pain. "Is to-day, to-morrow?" he stammered, half asleep.

"Yes, it certainly is to-morrow, you fat, old silly. You've overslept; it's your turn. Hurry up or you'll catch it! You're always oversleeping, and Sunday's furious with you." He buckled on Saturday's yellow shoes, tied his yellow scarf under his chin and upset him out of the hammock.

Only half awake, Saturday hobbled down the street; he could not go very fast because his shoes were on the wrong feet. The Brownie had seen to that.

Chortling a hobgoblin laugh to himself the changed Brownie slunk away, proud of himself for having so thoroughly confused the Days of the Week, and enjoying the bewilderment of the people on beholding three Days walking through the town at once,—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and Thursday and Friday quarrelling violently. He slunk away out of that street, and for a space there was a lull in his mischief-making. He was not heard of or seen.

The people's faces continued to look rather troubled, but they hoped for a return of their old peaceful life and tried to forget about him; and they began to discuss once more the Royal Child's feast which was still in preparation.

But where was the Hobgoblin-Brownie during this lull? Alas, he was in Grown-up Grisel's garden, planning his special piece of mischief. In his heart he loved Grisel, as everyone loved

her. Yet he planned and plotted against her; and while his mind was working out the bad thing he was going to do, he hid his face in his hands for shame. And then at last he crept out and played the awful, awful trick on poor Grisel,—and later he hobbled back and hid again in her raspberry bushes.

He knew Grisel was in the garden when he came back; he knew that Michael and Joan were coming along the lane, and he waited his time to tell what he had done. He could hear the children talking as they drew near; Grisel heard them too. She leaned over her flowery wall, and in her sweet silvery voice she said: "Welcome, welcome, Miss Honeybunch, and delighted to meet you, sir. Pray come into my garden. I'm just hanging out the washing,—the washing of the five baby cousins, you know. We're going to the Royal Party, and these are their party clothes." She lifted the latch of her gate and curtsied them into her garden.

"Oh, Grown-up Grisel," cried Joan, "we've been looking for you everywhere! Have you seen the Brownie?"

"No; he hasn't been near me," said Grisel, "the poor, poor Brownie! I've heard all that happened. Pray walk on the bluebells: they're such light-hearted things, you can not crush them."

To walk at all it was necessary to walk on the bluebells and the snowdrops, for there was no inch of grass or pathway where these little flowers did not grow.

"The Brownie said he was coming to live with you, Grisel."

"Ah, I wish he would!" said Grisel. "If he comes it will be lovely,—it will be lovely for my little cousins, too." She put her head on one side, and with a smile curving her sweet mouth she sang in a small, clear voice and beat time with her little silver-shod feet.

Grown-up Grisel has five baby cousins,
And she loves them so much she'd like dozens
and dozens;

But Grown-up Grisel, in vain does she strive
To find out which one she likes best of the five.
One fair and one golden, one sandy, one black,
One nondescript brown with three curls down
her back;

One wise as an owl, one dimpled and merry,
One pale as the moon, one brown as a berry,
One wistful and sweet in blue shoes and white
socks

And the daintiest, flimsiest, shortest of frocks;
Faith and Penelope, Polly and Prue—
All as nice as their names,—and that mis-
chievous Sue.

She paused for a moment, her smile widening with her delight at owning these adorable cousins. Then her pretty silver foot beat time again.

And Grown-up Grisel, . . .

"Croak, croak, croak,—I suppose you think you're awfully smart because you can talk in rhymes,—*talk*, I said, because that's not singing,—croak, croak, croak."

Grisel's rhyming died away and her grey eyes grew wide and hurt. There was the Brownie squatting among the bluebells. Joan gazed at him in terror. Could that possibly be the same Brownie whom she had discovered playing in their garden, or even the same Brownie whom she had seen turn into a hobgoblin after the exchange of his Good Qualities for the Royal Child's bad ones?—All shrivelled up in figure, with long nails on his fingers, long hair on his arms—hideous, hideous,—almost too awful to be looked at!

But Grisel's face shone with tenderness when she saw him. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come to stay with me, Brownie, poor Brownie! I heard all about what happened at the Castle. You poor, poor little Brownie!"

"I heard all about what happened at the Castle,—you poor, poor little Brownie!" mimicked the horrible thing, crumpling up the flowers in his hands. "Where are your babies, Grisel,—your five wonderful, precious cousins? See if you can find them, Grown-up Grisel,—see if you can!"

"I'll call them and they'll come," said Grisel softly. "My cousins—my cousins—my darlings!" She held her arms wide for them, and sank down among the flowers, for the baby cousins were so little.

"Haw-haw-haw!" croaked the Brownie. "What are you waiting for, Grisel?"

"For my cousins," said Grisel simply.

"Then, oh, what a long wait you're going to have!"

"Oh, Brownie dear, you haven't told them to hide from me?"

"Worse than that, *much* worse than that!" His hobgoblin laughter was not pleasant to hear.

Grisel shivered, and the joy went out of her face. She rose up tall out of the flower beds.

"You've been naughty, Brownie," she whispered, "you've been teasing them. I'll go indoors and look for my little darlings."

She curtsied to Joan and again to Michael, and floated away over the bluebells, her hands out ready to take to her heart her darling children.

"Oh, you despicable, mean, hateful hobgoblin!" cried Joan, full of anger, "I wish I had let Michael shoot you with his bow and arrow."

"She'll get them back, some day," muttered the Brownie-hobgoblin. "Why don't you go and comfort her, you and that boy? You won't help her standing here like stupids. And let me tell you, you'll have to go *pretty far*, to find those cousins." He gave a leap and was hidden in the bushes.

All the town went to the Royal Child's feast,—but not Grisel; she did not go. She sat in her garden with Joan holding her hand. Her five baby cousins were gone,—impossible, yet true.

She kept thinking they would come back to her at any moment, and her arms were always stretching out to receive them. Sometimes she would

start up and hurry into the house, calling, and then return to the garden wringing her hands. "Oh, they're nowhere, they're nowhere!"

Joan tried to console her. "They'll come back, Grisel. Michael will surely bring them back."

These words might calm Grisel for a while, and again she would sit waiting under the lilac tree; but sometimes she would weep and say: "Grisel's baby cousins are lost,—and Grisel is lost too."

Then how angry Joan would feel with the Brownie, and what hard things she would say of him! But Grisel could not listen to that; she had only pity for the poor Brownie who had given away his Good Qualities through kindness.

Now and again Joan ran down the road to see if Michael were coming with news of the babies, and while she was away the Hobgoblin-Brownie would limp as fast as he could out from his hiding-place to creep near to Grisel and shed tears of repentance, for in his heart he still loved her dearly.

And rare was the word of reproach from Grisel's lips. She would stroke his hairy hands and murmur: "Poor little changed thing!"

On rare occasions she would cry: "Oh, why were you so bad,—and where are my cousins? What did you do with them? They're lost,—and without them Grown-up Grisel is lost too."

In answer the Brownie would mutter in his hobgoblin voice: "How could I do it! How could I play such a mean trick on her? But anyway, I don't care; I'm a hobgoblin now, and I like being bad,—the Royal Child is cured and I'm a hobgoblin."

When Michael did come back he had no news of the lost baby cousins, but only of the noisy feast that was going on in the Castle Square, and of how Thursday had been sent away in disgrace by the Royal Child because he was greedy.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Veritas House, Dublin, has just issued a very interesting brochure giving well-printed photographs of distinguished ecclesiastics and statesmen and the countless multitudes who participated in the centenary celebration of Catholic Emancipation in Ireland. It is the story in pictures of a Catholic nation rejoicing in its Catholic faith. Price, 1s. 6d.

—Longmans, Green & Company will publish soon a volume, "Occasional Sermons," by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. They will deal, for the most part, with national or international events. The same house will publish this month "Administrative Legislation," by the Very Reverend H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., President of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, California.

—"Guide for the Roman Missal" is an English translation of the *Ordo*, for the guidance of laymen using the Missal at Mass. With the aid of this booklet, the layman can know the Mass that is to be read every day, with the commemorative collects, the proper preface, etc. The translation is by Paul Bussard of the Cathedral of St. Paul. Published by E. M. Lohmann Co., St. Paul.

—American readers have been gratified (also somewhat surprised) to find in a recent issue of the *London Times Literary Supplement*, which is, by far, the ablest literary journal in the language, cordial appreciation of certain American poets, among them the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., whose sonnets the writer compares with those of Vaughan and Herbert, saying: "They are writers of some of the most dignified verse of our time."

—"Vigil," by a Sister of Notre Dame, is a book of thoughts written particularly for souls leading the religious life. It analyzes spiritually the daily experiences through which such souls ordinarily pass, giving to those experiences their proper supernatural evaluation. The religious who looks at the possibilities of his or her daily life through the spiritual spectacles of the author of this book will feel something of the edification and

the inspiration which prompted its presentation. Publisher, P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2.

—Good juvenile stories are rare. So many of them deal with characters who, from the point of view of genuine boys and girls are pale, anæmic models of all virtue, or characters who solve difficulties that would stump even Orphan Annie. We are glad, therefore, to recommend "Blue Ribbon Stories," by Mabel L. Robinson (Appleton and Company, \$2.50), a collection of the best Children's Stories of 1929. They deal with genuine boys and girls, sane, healthy adventuresome, who teach lessons of manliness and kindness, while living fully their glamorous youth. There is variety that will satisfy the real young and the older lads. This should make a good Christmas book for children.

—"La Lamentazione Di Geremia," and "Il Libro Di Giobbe," two volumes from the pen of Canon Giuseppe Ricciotti, offer critical translations of these two books from the Hebrew text, together with an introduction and commentary. Such studies are helpful, of course, not for the reader unskilled in linguistics and the methods of historical criticism, but rather for the student of Scripture pursuing a course in exegesis. Among these latter, Canon Ricciotti's work will, we hope, find many readers. At a time when so much is being done to discredit the genuine historical and inspirational character of Sacred Scripture, works of this kind, thoroughly scientific as well as literary, constitute a valuable contribution to the cause of religion. Marietti, Turin, Italy.

—Marie Clotilde de Savoie, Princess Jerome Napoleon: Life and Letters," by M. T. Porte, will be greatly appreciated by such of our readers who are interested in the History of France. Though the victim of many keen disappointments and heavy trials as the result of her unfortunate union with Bonaparte, her biography is a record of ceaseless devotion to the cause of religion and the care of the poor, by whom, both at Prangius,

Switzerland, and Turin—her places of exile,—she is venerated as a saint. It will be well for a generation which for the most part shrinks from the deeds of heroic self-abnegation that characterize the life of Princess Clotilde to read her biography. It will help them to understand the virtues of a truly courageous soul, and also, that genuine happiness may be found far from the glitter of wealth and the society of the worldly great, if only one has, as Princess Clotilde had, the power of love and the faith that finds expression for it in works of charity. P. Téqui. Price, 18 francs.

—Historians of the Church, for reasons best known to themselves, usually close their narrative some thirty or forty years prior to the date of publication. And yet events which have occurred within the lifetime of many readers are often of greater interest and concern than those of a more remote period. It is a pleasure, therefore, as well as somewhat of a novelty, to receive from the house of Marietti (Turin) Orazio M. Premoli's "Storia Ecclesiastica Contemporanea." The learned and literary Barnabite tells us that he was requested to prepare a volume which would give a compendious account of the life of the Church during the last twenty-five years (1900-1925) as a contribution to the celebration of the Holy Year. The section dealing with the Church in the United States during that period is allotted exactly sixteen pages, somewhat less than a page per year. Italy gets 38 or more than twice that of the U. S.,—a problem in proportion if not in historical criticism. At any rate, we are sure that it gives a fairly comprehensive sketch of the more important ecclesiastical events in the principal countries of the world during the period, and that is all the author intended to do. Price, 27 lire.

—The Macmillan people offer three more of the small volumes (60 cents each) of the Treasury of the Faith Series. These newest ones are: "The Sacrament of Baptism," by the Rev. John P. Murphy, D. D., Ph. D.; "Purgatory of the Church Suffering," by the Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B.; and "God and His Attributes," by the Rev.

Arthur Reys. The aim is not to argue and not to apologize for believing as we do, but simply to explain what it is we believe. This purpose is not easily attained, but we think it really is attained in such earlier volumes as those done by the editor, the Rev. George D. Smith, Archbishop Downey, and Dom Vascar Vonier. Perhaps the present set falls a little below that first aim and achievement, for Dr. Murphy's book tends to be a translation of a hard, unpalatable Latin into the same kind of English, the technical terms remaining technical, and the Rev. Reys' little study begins at the very tiptop of human thinking, with essence and existence and their real distinction, where the intellectual air is so rare that only those who have gone up inch by inch and become acclimated can for any length of time survive. Yet the set of thirty-six volumes, now nearly complete, on the whole, is so excellent as plain intelligible studies and is sold so cheap, that we are grateful to the editor, the contributors and the publisher for this up-to-date and effective handling of revealed truths and basic human thought.

Obituary.

Rev. Sebastian Alberti, O. S. B.

Sister Mary des Anges, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Rose, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and Sister Mary Angela.

Miss Carmen Garafoli, Miss Angela Garafoli, Mr. Henry Walsh, Mrs. W. H. Larkin, Miss Alice Brice, Mr. George Malhame, Mrs. William Donlin, Mrs. Dora K. Meade, Mr. Michael J. Keiley, Mr. Martin Davin, Elta Janes, Mrs. Mary Muldoon, Mr. Neal McHugh, Mrs. P. Ryan, Miss Jane E. Millea, Mrs. Celesta Celantana, Mrs. Mary A. Tuffy, Mr. James Green, Mrs. Mary McKenna, Mrs. Catherine Brennan, Mrs. Thomas Lynch, Mrs. Mary A. Wolff, Mr. Thomas Daley, Mr. John O'Flaherty, Mr. Edward B. Riley, Mr. William Stokes, Cecelia Schoenberger, Mrs. P. J. Griffin, Mrs. P. J. Mulkern, and Mr. Thomas B. Leahy.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Pieta.

BY ELEANORE PERRY ENGELS.

HE who was your little Son,
Hold Him on your arm;
He is far from harm,
Now this evil day is done.

As He lies there white and broken,
Droops the thorn-crowned head;
In His cradle dead,
And your grief can not be spoken.

He who was your little Son,
Sing to Him your song;
Ease Him of the wrong
That a bitter world has done.

A King, a Saint and Investiture.

BY T. S. WESTEROOK.

THE question of 'Investiture,' which was such a burning one in Eleventh and Twelfth Century Europe, touched on the most vital of all issues between Church and State in the Middle Ages.

'Lay Investiture' meant that the lay ruler, be he emperor, king or count, nominated whom he would as bishop or abbot to a vacant bishopric or abbacy, without election, or at least without any free election on the part of the lawful electors; that he then handed to the prelate-elect the Ring and Crosier in symbol of the fact that he gave him, in the first place, the lands and the revenue attached to the benefice, and secondly, the spiritual office itself,

which he claimed to have the right to give as though it were 'in his gift,' so to speak, as the temporal part of a benefice is in the gift of a patron. Finally, the prelate, after his consecration, did homage, as the feudal term went, for the benefice, by placing his consecrated hands within those of his superior lord, and thus became his faithful and obedient 'man.'

In a word, the civic authority claimed to 'create' bishops, to make them as it made earls. By the practice of this claim the character of the Church's higher personnel—bishops and greater abbots—was at the mercy of the king or other lay ruler; if the king were just and God-fearing he took advice and appointed good men to spiritual office; but if he were not he made his court favorites bishops or abbots in order that they should be ready tools in his hand for the carrying out of his particular designs. This abuse seems to have developed from the Dark Ages when Charlemagne was privileged by the Pope to give Ring and Staff to a bishop-elect, after a free election, in token that he held the election to have been valid.

The claim of the king to nominate bishops and to give investiture of the temporalities (and, by an abuse, of the spiritualities as well) derived from the very structure of society in those times. That the greater churchmen should be appointed by the king and take their temporal jurisdiction from him was, in the nature of things, inevitable. The reason is to be found in the fact that

bishops and the abbots of the greater royal abbeys assumed the double character of temporal feudal lords and dignitaries of the Church. Besides being pastor of a diocese or father of a community, the bishop or abbot was also temporal lord of a barony, possessing actual power of civic government over a wide area, and owing to the sovereign revenue and men for military service. Like other temporal lords, he had in his hands the power of loyalty or rebellion, and sometimes exercised it.

If the king did not nominate the prelates, or at least if he did not have a substantial say in their election, and if he did not have the political hold over them supplied under feudal conditions by the tie of homage, he would lose control of a big unit in the national life and of a source of power in money and men. Herein lay the weak spot in the Church of the Middle Ages, herein was the crux of a grave problem. Ecclesiastical nominations by the king were the origin whence sprang many of the evils of Mediæval life, of worldly bishops, of episcopates without backbone, servile to the king's will; but the chief of them was simony.

The wonderful renaissance of the Church which, beginning in the middle of the Eleventh Century, reached its climax under St. Gregory VII., struggled to wrest investiture from the hands of lay rulers. It succeeded in suppressing their pretence to be the patron of the spiritual office, with its emblems of Staff and Ring, and it suppressed, too, the 'unbecoming' act of homage, as the Council of Rouen termed it, whereby consecrated hands were placed between hands unconsecrated and the bishop became the king's man. It broke these immoral pretensions. But it failed to drag out the root of the evil. Kings continued to choose their own prelates, and prelates continued to acknowledge kings as overlords to whom they were bound for their temporalities, in the future as in the past. The inves-

titure question was settled in England along the lines described above. Let us now look at the form which the struggle took in this country.

The protagonists in the struggle were St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and King Henry the First, with the Pope in the background, pursuing an unyielding, if diplomatic, policy. The death of William Rufus and an urgent invitation to return sent by Henry, his successor, brought St. Anselm's banishment to an end after it had lasted two years and ten months; and the Archbishop came back to England and his See in the September of 1100.

The people beheld in him an old man—he was sixty-seven—with a tall, spare, stooping figure, whose demeanor was one of mingled dignity and gentleness. His sensitive features and thin hands revealed the refinement of a scholarly nature; the profound depth of a character and holiness, which was felt by all who came in contact with him, was seen in the penetrating glance of his eyes.

St. Anselm was a typical product of the vigorous renaissance of the Eleventh Century both in respect of the strictness of his monastic life and of his determination to observe the new disciplinary decrees of the Papacy. Of a keenly logical and philosophical mind, he was one of the chief originators of Mediæval scholastic philosophy; it was perhaps this thought and writing which most engrossed him after the service of God. He was a monk before all else, who loved the monastic life and his Abbey of Bec in particular, where he had spent thirty-three years of his life, and desired no more than to live until the end. Sensible of his age and unfamiliarity with secular business, it had been an agony to him when he had been taken from his cloister to participate in the turmoil of national life as Primate of England. Henry Beauclerc, his opponent, was at this time in early manhood; he was capable, astute, of a

far-seeing diplomacy, had considerable learning and lacked his late brother's brutality.

Almost immediately upon Anselm's return, the King formally demanded that the Archbishop should receive from his hands the Ring and Staff as symbols of his investiture with the See of Canterbury, by which was meant both its spiritual office and its temporal possessions; he must also do homage for them.

Now, Anselm had in the previous year, during his exile, been present at the Vatican Council and had heard the decrees read aloud (1) Laymen were not to give to clergymen and clergymen were not to receive from laymen, investitures of Churches; and (2) 'Whosoever shall for ecclesiastical preferment become the "man" of a layman, let him be anathema.' The Archbishop, therefore, quoted these, the latest decrees on the subject, and refused to comply with the King's demand.

It was a matter of great difficulty for the Church to enforce new universal legislation, such as that on lay investiture which touched the civil power. For many years it had been known in England that the Papacy was striving on the Continent to suppress the royal claim; but hitherto the struggle had centred in Germany, and had not crossed the Channel. A generation before, Pope Gregory had granted William the Conqueror a special but temporary concession of the right to invest bishops. The question had not arisen in the next reign. Having lain dormant so long, however, it was suddenly roused into an active issue.

The stand taken by the Primate was not enough to bring about the King's submission. Henry was now for the first time confronted with the Church's demand, and he feared the possible consequences of it. The Pope would have to act direct; both parties accordingly sent messages to the Holy See, the Archbishop to ask for advice in his

difficulty, the Sovereign to request the Pontiff to allow him the rights of investiture and homage which his predecessors had had. This was the first of a series of appeals to the Pope.

Henry's object was to gain time. He found various ways of dealing with the Papal letters which arrived condemning his claim. At one time he found them unsatisfactory; at another he would not permit the letter to be read until it should be his pleasure. By this he meant to break down Anselm's opposition unhampered by Papal correspondence. A letter to the Archbishop in which Pope Paschal firmly declined to grant investiture, was read during a Council in Westminster Hall. Three bishops, who had accompanied the embassy to Rome on Henry's behalf, thereupon rose and affirmed that what the Pope had written was discounted by what he had said privately to them; and alleged that Paschal had indeed granted right of investiture to King Henry. Their lying statement was exposed, but only after a further reference to the Holy See, and meanwhile the unscrupulous bishops had gained another respite for their King. Delay was the important thing to seek for. Journeys to Rome took a long time in those days, and in the meantime Henry worked his will, investing bishops-elect whom Anselm refused to consecrate. He could always hope that the Holy Father, fearing a schism, would make an exception in his case.

This state of affairs endured for two and a half years. Henry's correspondence with the Pope and negotiations with the Primate always revolved round the same point: Would Paschal permit him to invest prelates with Ring and Crosier as his father and brother had done? Would Anselm comply in all things with his will? The old Archbishop was weary of the contest and often sighed after the peace of the cloister. An ascetic he ate hardly enough to

keep body and soul together, and old age was betrayed by his dimming eyes and weakening voice. In the interviews between King and Primate, Henry's words sometimes betrayed the violence of the tyrant, but Anselm never faltered in his dignity and restraint.

The Pope, Paschal II., refrained from resorting to any extreme measure against the English King. His main effort was engaged with the Emperor of Germany, and he wanted the assistance of England—England which, as he wrote to Anselm, "was especially linked to the Apostolic See by love and obedience"; but he firmly maintained his prohibition of investiture.

His letters to Henry and Anselm are illuminating on the reasons which actuated the Popes in their struggle. "I am the Door," saith the Lord," he wrote. "The moment, therefore, that kings establish the claim to be the way of entrance, all such as enter by them must be regarded as thieves and robbers. . . . So grave and derogatory a claim is utterly inadmissible in the Catholic Church."

On another occasion he wrote of "The poisonous source of simoniacal depravity; namely, investitures of churches." He wrote to King Henry: "Were we to sanction or tolerate the grant of investitures by your Majesty, we should incur a terrible risk, and so would you. . . . But you will say, 'This is my right.' No, indeed, it is not. The right involved is neither imperial nor royal, but Divine. It is His who says 'I am the Door.'"

When King Henry saw that he could not move the Primate, he resolved to get him out of the country. It would not do openly to banish him, but cloaking his design under his wish for a settlement, he begged him to go in person to Rome to see if the Pope's demands could be accommodated to his claims. The old man agreed, for the sake of peace, despite his years and the long journey; and so he crossed the Channel again.

This was in the April of the year 1103.

In November he had an audience with the Holy Father, at the same time as an envoy of the King's. This man sought to impress the Pontiff by a clever plea for his master's claim, and concluded with the challenge: "Not for the forfeit of his kingdom will my lord, the King of the English, suffer himself to lose Church investiture."

"Know this," Paschal retorted, "—and I say it before God—that not for the ransom of his life will Pope Paschal ever let him have it."

This audience was virtually the end of the English investiture dispute, although a long time had yet to elapse before the final settlement.

Henry being thus balked, forbade the Archbishop's return unless he would submit to his demands. St. Anselm went to Le Bec. Eighteen months later the reconciliation took place. Threatened with trouble at home on the one hand and on the other with a sentence of excommunication which would ruin a certain political project which he had on hand, Henry at last met the Archbishop, in July, 1105. Policy apart, however, the reconciliation was genuine. He was not an irreligious man, and as much as anybody he felt the influence of Anselm's holiness.

Next year a settlement was reached by which the King on his part surrendered the claim to bestow the emblems of spiritual authority and to receive the homage of prelates by the forbidden ceremony of hands, while Anselm agreed that clerics should promise fealty *before* consecration. By a happy fate, this success of Anselm's was achieved at that Abbey of Le Bec where he had entered the religious life, had spent so many years, and had at last become Abbot.

One Catholic historian (Mgr, Mann) describes this English settlement as "a satisfactory compromise" by which the sovereign acknowledged that "the source of spiritual jurisdiction was elsewhere

than in the Crown." That was what Anselm had gained. According to another (Belloc) it is "the famous compromise which was in reality no compromise at all. It was victory for the lay power." The Kings of Mediæval England would continue, in general, to appoint their bishops at will.

The work of St. Anselm's archiepiscopate was finished. His strength was failing. He went to his reward in the Holy Week of 1109, and is buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

The Lift to Heaven.

BY MARY ELLEN MURRAY.

"P, sir? Going up, here, sir?"

He called it in such a cheery voice that people, guests of the hotel, employees and even the manager himself rode with G'Vannie out of preference. He was such a tiny lad, scarcely four feet four, and seemed very young for an elevator boy. His hair was black, his eyes were dark, and in their soft depths one could see the soul of Italy. His suit of black velvet with the white silk tie made him look very odd, but also very appealing. Women passed and thought, "that beautiful child"; men said, "Morning, Sonny," and dropped a coin in his palm. "Bright little chap," they would murmur as they walked away. Some remembered his smile, white teeth between full lips and eyes dancing with happiness; but all remembered his voice which raced in musical tones across the lobby of the Victoria.

"Up, sir? Going up, here, sir?"

People who knew G'Vannie thought that he was very young, ten perhaps or eleven, but G'Vannie was fourteen. Not that he was sure of it himself; he had never learned anything, never gone to school. It seemed to him that he had always been small, if he had suddenly ceased to grow he was unaware of it. His first memories were of walking the

streets of the big city, tracing with his eye the heights of the buildings and wondering about heaven, the place in the sky where they told him his mother had gone. It was on one of these dream walks that he had met the manager of the Victoria. Neither of them had been watching where he was going. G'Vannie, as usual, had his head in the air, and Mr. Cushing was absorbed in his paper. They collided and G'Vannie fell down in front of Mr. Cushing, so that his eyes looked up pitifully, appealingly into the aggressor's face. Contrary to his custom, Mr. Cushing did not hurry away with a burst of irritation,—he picked G'Vannie up.

The next day when G'Vannie came to see him in the lobby of the Victoria, Mr. Cushing seemed surprised to hear that his protégé was fourteen, he looked like such a child; but there were papers in G'Vannie's pocket bearing the seal of the United States Government which proved G'Vannie's word.

"Messenger boy—page—would G'Vannie like to carry letters for the hotel, or to shout people's names at the top of his voice?" But G'Vannie was looking with longing towards the doors at one corner of the lobby which marked the elevators. "I should like that," he said very simply. And because his eyes shone so beautifully, and because the certificate had said he was fourteen, and because Mr. Cushing was already late for an appointment, G'Vannie became an elevator boy. Two days of riding up and down as an apprentice with Tom, then he had the wonderful thing in his own power.

People wondered how long he had held the job. It seemed to him such a delightful thing, handling an elevator—attractive as only new things are attractive.

"First floor, gentlemen stand back," he would call, for G'Vannie knew, as every observant man knows, that only corpulent ladies get off at the first floor.

"Second, third and fourth floor!" He would ask the gentlemen to step back for more ladies—unmarried ones, this time, who are timorous of fires and earthquakes, and rest more comfortably when their room is near the ground.

At the fifth floor, and sixth and seventh, the men got off; young men with canes in their hands, or old men with money in their pockets. They asked G'Vannie, in queer American slang, "How did he say?" and "What was the ruff?" and other odd things with as little meaning. To these inquiries, G'Vannie always smiled and drawled, "Like yourself, sir."

The first time he said that, it was out of embarrassment, but the big man who asked the question had been so amused at this answer and had laughed so hilariously that G'Vannie had come to say it several times since, and still the men laughed. It had become a sort of a joke. G'Vannie laughed himself for the very joy of it, although he had no conception what there was funny about it.

After passing the tenth floor he always looked around timorously and stealthily, half afraid of what his eyes would reveal to him. If the car contained only a few people he would swallow hard and his lips would pucker very piteously. If many people remained, his eyes would brighten with feeling, and the color would creep into his cheeks. Was he grateful for their very existence? Was there more pleasure in letting people out at the twelfth floor or the fifteenth, than at the second or the fifth? What was this strange joy that crept into his little heart, the exaltation that lifted his very soul when at the tenth floor he found that there were passengers for the higher stories. What gave him delight in his job and put the spirit of music into his voice as he called, "Up, sir? going up here, sir?"

The trips of an elevator are not very

remarkable things, the same types of people, the same routine of floors; but one trip of G'Vannie's elevator was remarkable, it was his last. It happened one evening in early Summer. It was ten o'clock. He usually signed off at nine, but John Collins had not come to relieve him, and G'Vannie stood at his post. Up, past the first six stories, finally to the tenth floor. G'Vannie stole a glance toward the middle of the car, people were still with him. A man got off at the twelfth, two men and a child at the fourteenth. There was still some one in the car. Up, up,—past the fifteenth, the sixteenth, perhaps to the twenty-fourth this time! Up! high in the mammoth tower! His body thrilled at the power of it. He, G'Vannie, taking people up higher and higher, like delivering them to Heaven! Up, up,—past the twenty-third, and still a person remained in the car. A small voice behind him, a lady's voice, said: "The thirty-fourth, please, dear!"

A thrill shot through him. Did she say the thirty-fourth floor? Why, on the thirty-fourth was the garden under the sky. His cheeks flushed with excitement. Here was opportunity; here was the chance for which he had waited. There was some one who had mistaken his local for the "Express to the Roof." G'Vannie had heard from the other boys of its beauty, its light, its color. He felt as if some one were sending him to heaven.

For a moment he hesitated. A local was supposed to go only to the twenty-fifth. Should he let the lady off and direct her to take Tom Whalen's elevator the rest of the way up? He stole a look at the lady behind him. She did not look like any other he had ever seen; she seemed to be a great light shining in the darkness, even her slippers sparkled. In her hair G'Vannie saw the stars. They looked out gleaming at him, then nestled back in the dark tresses. Around her shoulders was a great robe of white

softness like fur. G'Vannie saw all this in an instant, and in an instant too his imagination changed the scene.

It was a dominant trait of his nature, almost a passion, this love for the ethereal and the supernatural. His imagination mastered him. He seemed to see things in another sphere. It was no lady, but an angel in the back of the car. He was taking her, not to the garden on the roof, but to heaven. Up, up, the twenty-eighth, the twenty-ninth, G'Vannie knew the angel would not ride with Tom Whalen! Downstairs people would be looking for him. Mrs. O'Leary waiting to ride to her suite on the first floor; Mr. Craft ready to get off at the fifth, "with the coin for your pains, G'Vannie, my boy"; young Bill Crowley would be in a hurry to get to the eighth. They must wait. He, G'Vannie, was driving an angel. He was going to beauty and light, to just one peep of heaven.

Up, up, like a shot the painted thirty-three passed them! Some one stirred in the car; it was not G'Vannie; he was standing still, one hand on the lever and he was smiling. Up! Up!

"The thirty-fourth, stop! Boy! The thirty-fourth,—stop, can't you?"

"Boy!" It was like a wail. Some one was screaming.

"The thirty-fourth?" repeated G'Vannie questioningly. "No, to—" A thought flashed through his mind; he seemed to waken from a dream. The lever! Who was screaming?

"Oh!" moaned G'Vannie. "Oh!" and in his cry there was agony. He groped frantically, the wall, the door, his stool, the lever. Vainly he tugged and pulled. There was a crash, the lights went out. He felt himself thrown bodily across the car. There was another scream and noise as of some one falling to the floor. G'Vannie could feel the softness of something like fur in his eyes. Why did his heart beat so, was he—"Oh!" Then down, down, the thirty-second, the

thirty-first, smears of red paint. Down, down, into eternity!

The next morning *The Times* told of a catastrophe in the Victoria Hotel. An elevator had dropped thirty-four stories. One single passenger, a lady, was killed; the boy who was driving the elevator was not expected to live. The building had suffered no harm. It gave no reasons, no blame, no praise. "The lady was dead, the building unharmed,"—New York is like that.

And G'Vannie, because he had no family to speak of, lay in the children's ward of the City Hospital. His little dark face was more dark against the whiteness of the pillows. His eyes were closed. Silently, the calm of almost certain death had descended upon his features. Poor G'Vannie!

It was Mrs. O'Leary who sought him out. She could not bear having the child die without the Sacraments, and it was to her that G'Vannie finally opened his tired eyes. He searched the room with a glance that was clearly disappointment—like one who has been dreaming of happiness and wakens to find that he is unhappy. At first he did not recognize Mrs. O'Leary. It seemed that people did not matter; it was the place which was all absorbing and the place was a mistake. Finally, the words came to his lips, "Angel, heaven. This is not heaven," murmured G'Vannie sadly, and his eyes filled with tears.

The Doctor told Mrs. O'Leary G'Vannie's left hand had been crushed under the lever as the elevator came down. Even then the poison was spreading. Amputation was his only chance, and that only a possibility. His heart was very weak, he might not survive the operation, but there was a chance.

Decisions which mean life or death belong to oneself, and that afternoon Mrs. O'Leary had G'Vannie decide.

"Heaven," she began, "is a place far away, up, high up in the sky. How do people get from earth up to heaven,

G'Vannie, they must need a lift, do they not? Should you like to run a sort of elevator to heaven?"

Just as life must shine by the light of immortality, so G'Vannie's eyes shone at this. He uttered no word, but Mrs. O'Leary was satisfied she had made the right appeal. She told him then of Purgatory, how souls are kept out of heaven, how by suffering he could satisfy for them, how he might carry them up even to God's very door. He, in his odd way, put suffering down as the Express to Heaven. Finally, Mrs. O'Leary forced herself to the point. "G'Vannie, you are very ill. Your hand has been hurt, and if you are to live you must go through a great pain—an operation—you must have your hand—cut off."

She stopped, waited for a cry from G'Vannie, but there was none. He lay very still, a smile of exquisite joy seemed to cause his features to glow in the white sunlight of the hospital ward. Mrs. O'Leary was puzzled. She wondered if he had heard correctly.

Presently the doctor came in. He looked at the slight figure of G'Vannie in the small bed before him—one more sick child in a room of sick children. But in his voice there was more than ordinary consideration as he said:

"Sonny, do you want to live?"

G'Vannie seemed not to hear him. He reached for Mrs. O'Leary's hand, pulled her down gently so that her hair brushed his face, and without opening his eyes, whispered in a small voice which she alone could hear:

"Heaven,—I want to take 'em up—to—heaven."

Mrs. O'Leary could not speak; the tears stood in her eyes. She nodded her head in a way which meant "yes" at the doctor. And the doctor saw.

Later that afternoon two white-clad nurses came to take him away. A man wearing a surplice and stole stood with Mrs. O'Leary beside the bed. As they lifted his frail little body on to the hos-

pital cart, he tried to smile at Mrs. O'Leary—a pitiful little smile, but one full of courage. His colorless face twitched with pain, his lips were purple with fear, but his eyes still gleamed with that light which materialists called the soul of Italy. In his heart G'Vannie was smiling. And they took him away to suffering, to racking pain, to a grapple with death, but to G'Vannie himself it was to his new service, to his job, to the lift which was rising—to heaven.

That evening Mrs. O'Leary walked home alone through the dull twilight. Over her had come a sense of sorrow, but in her soul there was peace. Thoughts of the day's happenings surged through her mind. Paradise! How many souls had that day entered into the bliss of heaven because of the offering of a little boy's desire—and G'Vannie had gone to heaven with his lift. Was this death, the calm sleep which seemed to overcome G'Vannie's suffering? or was it rest—rest with God rest in heaven? She remembered that the nurse had said he was delirious, but was it delirium that caused him to call, in a voice that was like an angel's, even as he died:

"Up—going up, here, sir?"

Petition.

BY RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS.

HOLY Mary, gracious one,
By the memory of thy Son,
By His lips, that on thee smiled,
Bless a child.

Holy Mary, kindest, best,
By His head that knew thy breast,
By His coming, undefiled,
Bless a child.

Holy Mary, chosen one,
By the glory of thy Son,
By His childhood, meek and mild,
Bless a child.

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

VII.—AN ULSTER SINGER.

WHEN its shipyards and its linen mills are running at full speed, Belfast is a busy, modern, industrial city having many of the characteristics of the American industrial city, including the newness and the ugliness associated with manufacturing. It has, too, the ostentatious beauty of conscious architecture. Its City Hall, standing proudly in its magnificent grounds on Donegall Square is an imposing example of Seventeenth Century architecture reproduced in the Twentieth Century of progress. The stately Albert memorial in Queen's Square near Donegall Quay, the Queen's University of University Road are all places of interest for the visitor, and are evidences of the city's progressiveness and efficiency, as are also the endless rows of little two-story, red-brick houses stretching out over a seemingly limitless area of red clay,—the homes of the workers of Belfast whose efficient ugliness hangs like a pall over the spirit of the beholder.

So exactly alike are these houses in every detail that one visitor, mistaking his stop, left the tram, walked to the third house from the corner, admitted himself without the formality of using the knocker, and only discovered he was not in the house of his host when he noticed the difference in the furnishings. But this is all modern Belfast. Indeed, the city is so youthful that it is little wonder other Irish cities speak of it patronizingly, and that Belfast, in its youthful arrogance, flaunts itself, but little over one hundred years old, before these ancients of six or seven hundred years, and even pretends, sometimes, to scorn the traditions which have flung a truly Celtic glamour over Ulster. If the visitor remain long enough in Belfast he will find some believer who will

guide him to strange memorials of giant rulers of other days at Ballylesson and elsewhere, who will tell him tales of King Conor MacNessa, of Cuchulain, of Finn and of Ossian, and those other great ones who peopled the dim past. A journey to Lough Neagh is a journey into the past. Here

When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

The story of the formation of Lough Neagh has all the exaggerated greatness of any of the Greek hero tales and a certain, subtle humor that marks much of the early Irish literature. A giant in benevolent mood, once determined to give a spadeful of Erin's snakeless soil to neighboring England. The excavation made by digging up the soil became filled with water and formed what is now known as Lough Neagh. The friendly giant taking the spadeful of soil on his shoulder started to wade across with his gift to the neighboring isle, but was surprised midway by a sea monster, and dropped the soil into the channel, forming what is now called the Isle of Man. Ailsa Craig at the mouth of the Firth of Clyde is merely a pebble which got in his way and which he kicked from the toe of his boot. Another relic of the giants is the Giants' Ring, an earthwork some five hundred feet in diameter surrounding the remains of an imposing cromlech known as the Giants' Graves.

There are other memorials which lure the visitor: Belfast Castle with its varied story of bravery and treason on the city side of Cave Hill, which towers eleven hundred feet above the city. On its summit stands MacArt's Fort from which there is a beautiful view of the city, the harbor, the lough, the picturesque coastline; Slieve Donard, lifting its lofty crest high among the Mountains of Mourne; and, if the day be clear, that spadeful of soil dropped by the giant,

the Isle of Man, and the shores of Scotland. It was on such a scene as this that a group of earnest young men gazed one bright June day in the year 1795, gathered here to bid "God Speed" to one of their number about to embark for America. Strong hand grasped strong hand in parting, but before the circle was broken each man had taken a solemn oath "never to desist from their efforts until they had subverted the authority of England over their country and established its independence." They bore names breathed to-day with love and reverence in Ireland. The eager, eagle-eyed Wolfe Tone, the quiet, faithful Sam Neilson, the gallant Henry Joy MacCracken, the handsome Tom Russell, were history-makers that June day at MacArt's Fort; and Cave Hill stands a worthy monument to the spirit of freedom among the men of the North and an inspiration to poets and patriots alike.

From its shadow many years later came the poet and scholar, Samuel Ferguson, to lay the foundations of a national literature worthy of Ireland,—truly as patriotic a motive as that which inspired the Cave Hill Oath. Ferguson saw the complete disappearance of Gaelic from the stream of Irish life in his time, and realized the importance of restoring it to the people whence it sprang. Being a scholar, he was able to see the past with the eyes of the scholar, and being a poet he was able to interpret that past for the unlearned.

As so many of the modern Irish writers have done, Ferguson also adapted his themes from the old bardic tales with the object of producing the great Irish epic; and, indeed, the poet succeeded in giving to "Congal" much of the grandeur and the majesty associated with epic poetry. That there are often evidences of poor craftsmanship, that many times the hand of the scholar

is more in evidence than the hand of the poet, must be admitted, for Ferguson was consciously striving for a national literature. His poems are as much poems of the *Nation* group, and his purpose was as patriotic as theirs: to set free the ancient Gaelic spirit and to restore, or to recreate, a true Gaelic literature.

But a poet with a purpose will sooner or later sacrifice delicacy and music to the message. Nevertheless, Ferguson's place as the one epic poet of his time and as the precursor of the Gaelic Literary Revival, which marked the closing years of the Nineteenth and the first quarter of the Twentieth Century, is assured. And it is entirely fitting that a voice from the North, the home of the greatest of the bardic epics, should have introduced this form into modern literature.

Almost contemporary with Ferguson was another poet whose muse was fostered within the shadow of Cave Hill. It was a gentle muse, for Anna Johnson, or, as she is better known, Ethna Carbery, had no message other than her love for Ireland. Busy with her writing in her father's house in Donegall Park or in the office of the *Shan Van Vocht* with her friend and co-worker, Alice Milligan, Ethna Carbery had one thought, one passion, Ireland—not Irish literature nor Irish economics, but Ireland. And the time was a dark and dreary one for the lover of Ireland. Mangan and Ferguson were dead; writers whose names have since become world famous had still to publish their first offerings, or were heard in faint, uncertain notes.

Following the Parnell disaster an appalling lethargy held the land. The pen dropped from the limp fingers of poet and patriot alike. And then, suddenly the heavy air was stirred, and borne on a "black wind from the North" came a little sweet song of love and hope. Two

young girls sent out their little paper, *The Shan Van Vocht*, and, unaided, kept alive the little spark of nationalism. But not entirely unaided either, for from many quarters of the globe came contributions to their columns; and, in the light of subsequent events, it may be interesting at this time to glance over the list of contributors.

There is the unassuming "Mac," known to-day throughout America as an author and lecturer, Seamus Mac-Manus. There is James Connolly, becoming known as one of the most militant of labor leaders, and remembered as the Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Republican Army in 1916, who paid for his convictions with his life. And there is the name of a young Irishman who sent his contributions all the way from South Africa, Arthur Griffith, destined to play an important part in those events whose shadow was not then visible. To Arthur Griffith we owe this charming description of Ethna Carbery: "She was herself a poem incarnate; tender and sweet, and true and pure, gracious and refined as one of her Irish princesses, and kindly as one of her peasants. God gave her grand, rare gifts, and she dedicated them to a high and holy cause. Her life was all too short, but her works will live after her for all time."

Ethna Carbery would herself be the last to imagine that she was a great poet. Indeed, she never considered herself a poet, nor even a literary woman. But her books of verse, especially her "Four Winds of Eirinn," gained instant and wide-spread recognition among the people for whom she wrote,—the Irish people who, deep in their hearts, had the same love for Ireland that she made articulate in her poems. Because she loved, Ethna Carbery sang her love in poems of patriotism, of nature, of ancient lore, as the lover sings the praises of his beloved, not to win fame as a

poet but to relieve his singing heart. Of her it may be truly said:

For that fierce, olden ecstasy,
For that old singing, wild and brave,
Magic of word and wind and wave,
For old high thoughts that clashed like swords,
A wisdom winnowed from light words,

for hers was not the fierce burning patriotism of Mangan or Davis. For the passionate patriotism of the *Nation* and the Fenian poets she substituted a wider and deeper conception of nationality. Her poems are addressed exclusively to her Irish audience, and lack that universal appeal which characterizes great poetry, but she won a place in the hearts of her own countrymen, which she would not exchange for the highest rank in the Hall of Fame. Her books, especially her books of poems, were to be found in almost every Irish cottage, and not only one copy, as one Irish writer tells us, but each member of the family must have his own copy as he had his own prayer-book. "In a country of poets," this same writer continues, "she was remarkable as a poet; in a country of womanly women she was still more remarkable as a woman. She had the great gift of loving and being loved; and even those who only knew her passing in the street, loved her as she passed."

The girlhood home of Ethna Carbery was at Glencoe on Belfast Lough, but a few miles from her later Donegall Park home; and it was at Glencoe she first began to write. An inspiring place, indeed, for the imaginative lover of Ireland. In "Brian Boy Magee," she has given a poetic version of the massacre of Island Magee in 1641, a fertile little island at the mouth of Larne Harbor. From any point along its five-mile coast on a clear day, the visitor can obtain an unparalleled view of sea and cliff, to the eastward the Firth of Clyde with lonely Ailsa Craig towering to a height of a thousand feet at its entrance, to the

south the lovely Irish coastline, and a little to the west stately Slieve Donard, guarding the southern extremity of "wee County Down."

On Island Magee may be seen the first step in the evolution of the Irish jaunting car, the "wheel car," with its little wheels under the shaft; and if one searched the island carefully one might happen upon a still more ancient vehicle, the "clog-wheel car." To climb to the top of the tall Gobbins Cliffs, to look down into the depths below, to recall that from this height women and children were hurried to their death in that terrible massacre is to understand the feelings of the poet giving these words to Brian Boy Magee:

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before.
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God! the sight!—
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Ethna Carbery's mother was from Donegal, and instilled into the future poet a love for the fair hills of Donegal, a "Donegal hunger" that was perhaps responsible for her taking "Mac," the young Donegal schoolmaster in her assignment of contributors with whom the youthful editors of *Shan Van Vocht* corresponded. For it was the policy of the little paper to write personally to all its friends and contributors. And it was the same young schoolmaster who acted as guide through Donegal to the party from Belfast, who, in 1898, made a little tour of that picturesque region comprising the editors of *The Shan Van Vocht*, Ethna Carbery's sister and Thomas O'Concannon.

The next time that the poet came to Donegal, it was as a bride not as a poet, the bride of the young schoolmaster, now established as an author in Ireland and America, and fragrant memories of Ethna Carbery still linger along Lough Eske; and Inver Bay and Sliabh Liag

and at Ravelinn just opposite the ruined Abbey of Donegal in the lovely setting pictured by her friend and co-worker, Alice Milligan, in "House of the Apple Trees." Here Ethna Carbery lived poetry for a brief span, and wrote her little volume of stories, "The Passionate Hearts," and many of her best poems. In the little graveyard at Inver protected by the hills she loved, is the grave of Ethna Carbery; and over her grave might be inscribed the words of her own poem, written on that first visit to Donegal:

The purple mountains guard her, the valley
folds her in;
In dreams I see her walking with angels
cleansed of sin.

Ethna Carbery is not a great poet, but she is a beloved poet; and a quarter of a century after her singing ceased, her poems are loved in Ireland as they were in her own day. Some of them will last. Some of them are worthy to last, because they breathe the spirit of Gaelic Ireland and a love for the spiritual traditions of the Gael.

Something Great.

BY MRS. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

HOW often do we hear the young say: Oh, to do something great, something glorious! The everyday routine is so little to their taste. It seems to them that real work can only be done in rush and noise; they want they know not what—something out of the common. Life is beginning, and they are in such a hurry, their eagerness reminds me of Schiller's hero, whose cry seems so pathetic to the reader of sixteen Summers and so delightfully childish to cooler middle age. "To be twenty-three," moaned Don Carlos, "and to have done nothing for immortality!" Yes, immortality is not too much for our dreams of youthful imagination: to write a great book—how much more attractive to dream about that than to set about

studying for our examination, or to take pains about the work that we have to do and that we are fit for.

It is only as we grow older that we realize how many books are written and how small is the number of books that will survive the year that saw their publication; how still smaller the number of poems that are worth the paper they are written on, and how little chance there is of immortality for us at twenty-three, or at fifty—or at any time. How little happiness immortality would bring us! How little happiness it brought to the few men and women whose names are handed down from century to century! How few of them, with all their greatness, would it be worth while wishing to be! How many mistakes they made; what blots on their fame! "Oh," say the young, "we want to be famous, but not quite in that way. We would not fall into the same errors; we would not allow ourselves to give way to the temptations that spoiled their lives—great writers and great women as they were, we would do better!"

Would we? I am not so sure of it. I think we have reason to be grateful that we are spared the temptations which were too much for some of our great women, and which make us sigh over the want of harmony between the books of a George Eliot and her life, the novels of George Sand and George Sand's actions, the heroic side of Madame Roland's life and the pitiful weakness in her character. Even if we did succeed, if our names were remembered, our books among the classics of all times, in the end we have to realize how little that achievement would seem to us, at that last day, when all the glamour of life fades from our eyes and all our longing will be to hear that our life has pleased the Master, who came on earth to teach us how to win eternal life. We are all born to an eternity of happiness, if only we hear the Voice speaking through the centuries, the

Voice that speaks to each man and woman born into the world.

And that Voice, what does it tell us? To strive to be known of men? To put our hopes in ambition, in making a name for ourselves, in being first in our small day? No, there is no word about ambition in all the lessons He left us, which His disciples took down from His very lips. The lesson He came to teach was how great small things are. A cup of water given in His name; that He notices and approves and remembers; the widow's mite He accepts and appreciates. The Pharisee's proud profession of self-righteousness is rejected; the Publican's humble prayer heard.

"Of the eight Beatitudes," said a great preacher, "seven belong to meekness and one to fortitude. It is always, patience, peace, humility. This is the spirit of God." Does this not bring us into a different atmosphere, where it matters little to do great things according to the world? Do we not feel our hearts full of the longing to please the Master? And do we not know that we, who are living now, are as dear to Him as the men and women who surrounded Him in the cities of Judea, and went out among the hills to listen to His word? He noticed the widow's mite; but He notices likewise the small sacrifices made in our day, in this hour.

How often do we read that "He had compassion on the multitude." He had compassion on the sick; He had compassion on the hungry. He wept with those who were in sorrow. Are we not surrounded by people who suffer, who are hungry, who are ill? Can we not help them in our humble way, however little it may be? What joy to know, in Our Lord's own words, that He accepts what we do for the least of the sufferers, as if we had done it for Him!

Does not our hearts beat when we read how He calls the just to His right hand and blesses those who gave Him

food and drink? "Then shall the just answer Him saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee; thirsty and gave Thee drink? . . ." "And the King answering shall say to them: Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." These words have made saints; these words have so filled the heart and brain of those who realized their meaning, that they had to leave the world, those dear to them, and give up their lives to God.

Montalembert, in his glorious book of the "Monks of the West," recalls in gladness and wonder that the same spirit lives through all ages, and that the call to leave all and follow the Master is as clear, and the response as ready, now as in the early ages of the Church. He closes his great work with beautiful words that linger in the memory. What adds a pathos to these last words of his immortal book is the recollection that one day came when it was through a mist of tears Montalembert was to read the page he had written. His best loved daughter, in the full beauty of her youth, wished to become a nun. Her father tried to avert the blow, pleading for time. It was only when his daughter put before his eyes his eloquent words about the attraction of the religious life, that he bowed his head and accepted the sacrifice.

We must always remember that we can follow the Master's voice in the world as well as within convent walls. It would be a mistake to believe we could not serve Him as perfectly in our home as the nun in her cell. All we need is a clear-sighted understanding of what is real and what is important, and not to allow ourselves to fritter away our time dreaming unreal dreams, and wishing for glorious impossibilities; but let us strive to do our small task as perfectly as it can be done.

Let us try to make all around as happy as we can, to help in small,

kindly ways, which mean so much toward the happiness of everyday life. We need fear no competition, no rivalry. There is room and to spare for all men and women of good will and single aim.

There are few who can be great and do things which the world will remember. What matters? Let us think of the really great things, which the world is not likely to hear of, but which the Master sees, and let us put all our heart into the task.

"The Light amid the Ruin."

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

HIGH on a grassy hillside, guarded by pine trees whose fragrance blew wholesomely about the fields, stood the little house of Mara Ronayne. It was built of limestone, and neatly thatched with wheaten straw. Behind it, among the trees, there was the ruin of an ancient friary, of whose near presence Mara was proud in a peculiar way: she felt that here, in this place where she was privileged to dwell, there was a relic of that Ireland which great poets have sung, in which scholars gloried; and that because of her nearness to the splintered shrine—no more than a shattered arch, a broken pillar, and a fragment of masonry,—she was in close union with holy things, and with the real heart of Ireland.

Out of some desire to be worthy of the sanctified place in which her cottage was built, she had made her old age, and her little house, too, of such a brightness and goodness as seemed to her to be in accord with what the ruined friary had signified of old, and signified now. She saw it always the abode of beauty and peace. Over it, to her eye, there hovered a gleam as from the white wings of angels. She could even vision amid its broken walls the figures of friars, as they must have moved within

it and about it, quietly and happily, in the olden time. She could see it as a sanctuary to be tended even in these days with love and reverence; and she did so tend it. In the place where God's glory had dwelt, she strove as well as she could to renew the beauty of His house.

Alas for those eyes that see not but as the world sheweth them! And alas and alas for the unhappy scribes who have sought Ireland only on the fringe of that strange country of the mind from which they gaze out timidly, without friendliness, without vision, to write as unfriendly as others wish to read, making images that are not of Ireland, and not of truth. The stranger is whirled along the wide road, and journeys with care to the edge of "wild places," but ventures never into the holy ways, unknown to heedless traveller and mercenary guide, where there are homes of a liveliness beyond telling, and lives a spiritual serenity that worldlings will never understand. Mara Ronayne had peace to build the house of her dear dreams. Her beloved hills were untouched of worldliness. None came thither to "see Ireland." No scribe had written Mara's beauty in a book; nor had any alien eye, any unsympathetic hand, rested upon the broken walls that she cherished. A scholar came at times; a priest entered there when journeying among the hills. One who had been in a far country visited "the little friary" when the things of home called to the heart. The schoolmaster came with a picture; that was all. The tourist, the journalist, and the historian of to-day, knew it not. Mara was scarcely disturbed in her devotion to the house of the friars.

So arduously and slowly she made it fair and more fair. Little by little the dust of very many centuries was digged away; the weed, the grass, the lichen removed, some to-day, less to-morrow, a great heap on another day, when Mara

had more time for the task, or when the sun shone not too strongly; when mild blue skies of Spring or Autumn brought heaven nearer to inspire and fortify. One year followed another. Mara grew older and older, and yet her labor was unfinished. Now stood the riven stones as sheer and clear as ruin could be; Mara's modest altar had been builded within at the end of a brief aisle less finely defined there than in Mara's mind. The altar had been whitened—crudely, with lime—it shone like snowy marble to an old woman's gaze. Candles stood, two and two, on either hand; a little red lamp burned in the centre, when the winds were at rest. There were flowers, when flowers grew that Mara could reach: hawthorn blossom, heather, buttercups, wildroses, honeysuckle, daisies, bluebells.

Three little benches stood there, three low stools from the hearthside in the limestone cottage. There were pictures upon the walls, clean smooth stones upon the floor; there was a tiny font with holy water in it; there were two flowerpots at the entrance in which geraniums grew in Summer, two others in which chrysanthemums blossomed later. And above the white altar, so that the sunset light, slanting through the broken arch, shone full upon its loneliness, there hung a large crucifix before which it was Mara's custom in fine weather to say her evening prayers.

The older she grew the greater pleasure she took in visiting this house of prayer which she had striven to beautify. The adornment that she had wrought upon it was good in her eyes, but far, far short of perfection; and, it was beside, a pitiful and ruinous abode for the Holiness that she would bring there if she could. Pitiful and ruinous—but why? Why had that quiet home of good men been shattered, beyond even the likeness of a home, in those days of the olden time? Oh, she would no more ponder that unreasonable deed! But

there was surely some lingering love of piety in the hearts of men that would move them to atone for the sacrilege which had brought stone and stone to dust and gloom.

There had been a wicked and cruel dark motive for the ruin—could there not be a noble and generous reason for the restoration? Surely some rich person would be blessed with the thought to build here a little house of God so that she would look no more upon the pitiful, ruinous shelter where she saw so few worthy offerings from her own poor hands laid at the feet of the Saviour's image on the Cross as she breathed her poor prayers to Him, glorified in Heaven. Who would refuse to make that so little atonement: to return what had been taken away, and to rekindle what had been rudely quenched?

Thus, at one time and another, Mara's tranquil thoughts drifted about her little house of dreams—drifted and fluttered without sequence, like bright clouds blowing through evening skies, softly and gently, in changing winds that gathered them about one glittering peak of the hills. Stations of the cross: she would have them there in such beauty of coloring and such sad, sad sorrow of scene as she knew in those of the church in Glendhoo. And on the altar a tabernacle, and above a roof, and statues standing gracious against stained glass, and an instrument to make sweet music, and a priest to bless all; and—and—Mara's happy thoughts would go luminously into a confusion of sanctities as, like a child, she drew, tremulous but joyful, nearer and nearer to the ultimate Vision.

Her mind itself became a shrine, and while she dallied with the one great adventurous thought of seeking out a rich man in the parish of Glendhoo, or even in the big town of Carrickfoyle—that rich and just person who would raise the stones that had fallen and set

them back in their places—she builded beautifully as she would direct him, and a shapeliness of aisle and apse and altar ever grew clearer to her inward gaze. And to the outward there came, too, a new aspect of completion upon her own handiwork. The ruin of reality merged somehow into the more perfect fabric that was only a dream. She looked at one now and saw the other. The radiance of the lovely and finished thing that she imagined—it shone to her with a splendor unspoken—fell upon that frail relic of the friars and transfigured it. And yet, she would say to herself, was it not that same forlorn grey ruin which had been in her mind the first seed of all this harvesting of hers in solitude? Was it not the foundation of the whole happiness that she reaped now?

She began to see the lowly ruin as greater and more holy than any building that *she* could imagine; and all the brightness and splendor that she had interiorly woven seemed now to be cast out of her mind, and to fall like a fine garment upon the ancient stones of her so tender care, shedding about them, and amid the shadows of the pine trees, a soft shimmering that was more a reflection of light than light itself. She became unwontedly active in her devotedness, strove more ardently toward beauty, praying often and with fervor before that white altar which she had yet more laden with offerings from her household store.

Rich men in the big town of Carrickfoyle—even her own wealthy neighbors in Glendhoo—seemed now to dwell in another world, whither an old woman's feet would never journey. Further and further apart from such a world she was slowly and serenely moving; and nearer and nearer she drew to that world of an Ireland of another time, which she thought herself blest to vision clearly, where Brigid beckoned out of a glory that she could but dimly see; and

Patrick and Columcille, and many more, —a bright host of sainted ones that bended above the shrine of her prayers, and made the loneliness less and less, the light about her altar more and more. And faintly would a music come; a tabernacle would shine; a priest would stand before its opening door; friars would mutely kneel. In dimness and shadow would penitents draw toward the light. Forgiveness would be theirs. Surely—Benediction at last—Redemption from the Cross—Resurrection in the risen Lord. . . .

She would kneel here, in this, her own sanctuary of the hills, and pray for all. Life was so short. The time of all the world—sure, it was but a breath upon the crystal of eternity. They said that she was old—only eighty-two years; it was not long since she had been a little child. Only yesterday—this morning—the moment now gone—she had been a little child. She would pray like a little child. Ah, but it was good to be here alone, and yet not alone, praying for all, forgiving all, as she hoped to be forgiven.

So her grandson, come from shepherding on the hills, found her at prayer in the ruin beneath the pines. Upon her wrinkled, pale features, upon her snowy hair—even, the youth thought, upon the shawl draping her stooping, still figure—a light seemed faintly to gleam which was more than the golden glow from the candles she had lit. All about the hills had settled a peace of eventide that the young shepherd loved; but here, it seemed to him, was a greater peace. He was awed to find his grandmother so strangely aloof from him; and he was yet more awed to think that such a feeling could descend upon him all at once like that. He spoke softly, and she did not heed. Stepping to her side, where she kneeled among the little seats which she had long ago brought there, he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

“Grannie—” His voice shook.

She turned to him and smiled affectionately, yet seemed to gaze from a secret place that he could not enter, and spoke in a whisper that sounded also as a prayer.

“Go down to the Glen, and tell Father MacCarthy to come,” she said, and then raised her eyes to the crucifix on which the red light of sunset would soon shine—already, through the broken archway it played crimsonly in the glass of the nearest picture; one that the schoolmaster had brought. Tissot’s “Christ Amongst the Ruins,” at which the boy gazed an instant sorrowfully.

“Grannie—Grannie,” he said, and turned to her with a wistful, boyish yearning in his troublous eyes. “O Grannie, can I not help you at all?”

“Tell the priest that I want him quickly, Michael.”

She looked into the boy’s eyes with an affection which dimmed them with a gushing of tears; then looked beyond him. He sped from her side and down the steep. At his mother’s door he scarcely paused, but signified his errand as he raced onward towards the priest’s house. And presently the priest came where Mara Ronayne was kneeling like an aged nun, prayerful and expectant, borne up by her intense desire to welcome Him, the only King, who came now thither once more, in a priest’s company.

A great joy transfigured the woman’s face, so that it seemed to be that of a young girl on her bridal morn. And the light of the sunset reddening the quiet hills moved upon one fissured grey wall, slowly and solemnly illumining the Figure on the Crucifix which hung there, and shedding upon the lime-white altar beneath it a tender glow.

In the valley of Glendhoo the first note of the Angelus bell broke like a voice of gentle triumph on the silence of the evening, quickening the blue air that flowed about the hills.

St. Cadoc the Wise.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ST. CADOC or Kadoc was once highly venerated by the Britons of Wales, and is so still by the Bretons of Brittany. His father, one of the smaller kings of southern Cambria, was surnamed the Warrior, and lived a life of a brigand rather than of a royal personage. On the very night on which our Saint was born, this king's lawless followers, for they can not be dignified by the name of soldiers, had been sent out to pillage the surrounding neighborhood. Amongst other depredations, they stole the cow of a holy Irish monk, who dwelt in that part of the country with twelve disciples, and "had no sustenance," says the chronicler, "save the milk of this cow." On being informed of the cruel theft, the monk rose, put on his shoes, and went with all haste through the cold and darkness to reclaim his cow from the king "who was still asleep." But when roused by his attendants, he seized the opportunity to have his new-born son baptized by the holy man, and made him promise to receive the child later into his care and educate him and advise him as to his vocation. The Irish monk gave the boy the name of Cadoc, which in Celtic means warlike; and then having recovered his cow returned to his cell and to his life of prayer and penance. Seven years later the little Cadoc was sent to him, having "already learned to hunt and to fight."

The young prince grew from childhood into boyhood and from boyhood into youth under the wise guidance of the Irish monk whom he served, lighting his fire, and cooking his food. His master, on his side, taught him grammar, and instructed him in all the duties and practices of his faith. Cadoc appears to have been a most apt pupil, fervent in his religion and intensely

eager in his desire for knowledge; in fact, his biographers tell us that "preferring the life of a recluse to the throne of his father, he went to Ireland for three years to carry on his education at the celebrated monastic school of Lismore." He was twenty-two when he returned to Cambria, and continued his studies under a noted British professor who had but lately arrived from Italy, and "who taught Latin and the liberal arts after the best Roman system."

Like many of the learned men of those days, however, this doctor had more pupils than money. Absolute poverty reigned in his school. Then, "one day," says the chronicler, "poor Cadoc, who fasted continually," was studying in his cell almost overcome by hunger and fatigue. And as he sat before his little table, leaning his aching head upon his hands whilst he endeavored to fix his mind upon his book, so absorbed was he that he never noticed a white mouse, which sprang suddenly out of its hole in the wall, jumped upon the table and laid down a grain of corn. Unable to attract his attention, the mouse returned a second and a third time, and continued until seven grains lay upon the table, when Cadoc, at last espying the little furred thing and the seven grains, rose and followed the mouse down into a cellar, where to his amazement he found "an enormous heap of corn." This wheat, a miraculous gift of Divine Providence, provided bread for the master and his pupils; and, by the express wish of Cadoc, was shared with all who, like themselves, were in want.

Our Saint very shortly after the above incident, determined to give himself and all the vigor and ardor of his young manhood wholly to the service of God in the monastic state. He accordingly hid himself in a wood, where, after having had a narrow escape from assassination by the armed swine-herd of a neighboring chief, he saw, near a foun-

tain, an immense wild boar, white with age, "come out of his den, and make three bounding leaps, one after another," stopping each time, and turning round to "glare furiously" at the stranger who had dared to disturb him in his retreat.

The chronicler goes on to say that "Cadoc marked with three branches the three leaping bounds of the wild boar," and these became the site of the church, dormitories, and refectory of the great abbey of Llancarvan, of which he himself was the founder. The abbey owes its name (*Ecclesia Cervorum*) to the celebrated legend which tells us that when the buildings were in course of erection, "two idle and disobedient monks" refused to perform their appointed tasks, complaining and murmuring: "Are we oxen, that we should be yoked to carts, and compelled to drag timber?" Thereupon two deer from the neighboring wood appeared to take the places of the religious who grumbled at the work required of them.

Llancarvan soon developed into a famous monastery, where a large community, not only followed a most austere Rule, spending their time between prayer, penance, and manual labor—indeed they labored for long hours each day, clearing the forests and cultivating the fields—but the house became noted as a great religious and literary school in which, though study of the Sacred Scriptures and the translation of the Bible held a foremost place, the classics and their more recent commentators were not neglected.

Cadoc was an ardent admirer and lover of Virgil whose poems he made his scholars learn by heart. Students came to him in large numbers, some to enter the monastery, and others to carry on their ordinary education in order to fit themselves for their important positions in the world, because many of them were the sons of chiefs and kings, like Cadoc himself. To these he addressed special instructions, which

may be summed up in the two sentences that a certain Prince of North Wales had heard from the Saint's own lips: "Remember that thou art a man." "There is no king like him who is king of himself."

He was ever the protector of the poor and oppressed; and the great wealth which had come to him from his father enabled him to secure the safety and well-being of his monastery, as well as to be the guardian of "all the lower classes of the Cambrian people." Hence it grew into a common saying: "To know the country of Cadoc, it is only necessary to discover where the cattle feed unmolested, where men fear nothing, and where everything breathes peace."

Our Saint, as might be expected, faced death with the courage, faith and piety with which he had faced life. The story of his martyrdom is the story of a monk, an intrepid warrior, and a saintly servant of God. One morning when, clad in his sacred vestments, he was offering the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, a furious band of Saxon cavalry chasing the unfortunate Christians before them, rushed into the church, and forced their way towards the altar. The Saint remained calm and unmoved. Whereat a Saxon chief, urging on his horse, rode up to him and pierced him to the heart with the lance he was carrying in his hand. Cadoc fell on his knees, and his last thoughts and prayers were for his dear countrymen: "Lord," he cried, "invisible King, Saviour Jesus Christ, grant me one grace, protect the Christians of my native land; let their trees bear fruit, their fields yield corn; fill them with all good things and with all blessings; and, above all, be merciful to them, that, after having honored Thee on earth, they may glorify Thee in Heaven."

It is interesting to find that old Breton ballads still sing the praises of this illustrious abbot who won the

proud title of "Cadoc the Wise." Breton warriors were wont to say: "He is no friend of the Bretons nor of the Breton saints who does not bless St. Cadoc, the patron of fighting men,"—"He who does not shout, and bless, and worship, and sing, 'In heaven as on earth, Cadoc has no peer!'"

We have already seen that he was a most holy and austere monk, an accomplished classical scholar, a fearless martyr; he was also a poet, as is evident from the following poetical aphorism which shows us, too, that the love of God was the supreme, the dominant thought in his teaching.

No man is the son of knowledge if he is not
the son of poetry.

No man loves poetry without loving the light;
Nor the light without loving the truth;
Nor the truth without loving justice;
Nor justice without loving God.

And he who loves God can not fail to be
happy.

Again, he says:

The best of attitudes is humility.
The best of sentiments, pity.
The best of occupations, work.
The best of pains, those which a man takes to
make peace between two enemies.
The best of sorrows, sorrow for sin.
The best of characteristics, generosity.

Noble-hearted, courageous, compassionate, and at the same time most mortified as regards himself, he stands before us as a princely monk, a wise ruler, and an attractive poet, who, with his harp in his hand, would sing to his disciples, verses in which he gave full utterance to the religious and patriotic sentiments of his soul.

THE more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people must be young in the other world. That state is an eternal Spring, ever fresh and flourishing. To call the transition dying is an abuse of language. It is the beginning of life.

—*Jeremy Collier.*

Catholics in Non-Catholic Air.

IT would be the greatest miracle if Catholics were to stand in the thick of American life, which is numerically four to one or so against them, and yet be unaffected by what we may call the un-Catholic air. We do not expect our own people to be untouched by the society in which they must more or less intimately live, any more than we would expect any creature to be untouched by its environment. The practical problem, as everybody knows, is how to live a distinctly Catholic life in a country and a time that are not distinctly Catholic.

As we have lately noted, two of our American prelates and one of the greatest Catholic writers remark that the books and periodicals and the general propaganda that are everywhere in our paths, are, at the best, forgetful or ignorant of Catholic things, and, at the worst, obscene and anti-Catholic. We have as an advantage, of course, the other fact that the Catholics among our whole people are in a great majority as an organism, as a compact, unified body. It is true also that the Protestant denominations, once so strong in America, have not greatly strengthened their position these last few years; that, as an important thinker has said, they have caught at political straws and lived by negative dogmas, as if they knew, or half knew, that they were no longer at their independent best. Yet these advantages, if they strictly are such, do not keep us from being a scattered few in a whole population that is not Catholic in fact or altogether in understanding and sympathy.

In the great cities, of course, where there are many Catholics close together, and where church services are always at hand, a Catholic life within a non-Catholic community is quite possible, and is readily actualized. But in the towns and country places, where people are scattered and everybody needs to

neighbor with everybody else, where churches are few and Mass is said perhaps only once in two weeks, and where, moreover, the Catholics hardly number one in ten, a strictly Catholic environment within the non-Catholic environment is much more difficult, and, we think, is seldom achieved.

As a practical matter, we do not live in a society in which murder is nearly unknown, as it was for a long time in Catholic Europe; or in a society where self-murder is almost negligible, as it is even now in Catholic countries, as Father Frenay, O. P., shows in his study, "The Suicide Problem"; or in a society which respects married life at least so far as to mark infidelity as a crime and divorce as out of the question. We do not escape the great appeal of money and bought-up power, surrounded by which, says a non-Catholic bishop, "it is no easy thing to live honest lives,"—no easy thing, indeed, for a Catholic, or any other, to lead, in a money world, a free and uninfluenced life. Many things may truly be said for our environment, but it is exceedingly hard to think out a strong case showing that the circumstances of our time and place make it easy and simple to proceed with thoroughly Catholic lives.

Yet we know that we are not incapable of it, and persons who are alive like a mental and spiritual challenge. Nor are we to put too much blame on the social air in which we live. For men make environment. We are part of the entire American scene, the largest coherent part, and so far are responsible for its good and its bad. We have made it our business, too, by the help of a few important Catholic books, many Catholic periodicals (perhaps too many), and a remarkable system of schools, to maintain a Catholic air in American life. Then, besides, these things merely minister to our homes which, because of their sturdiness and Catholicity, are becoming the talk of America.

Notes and Remarks.

Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, in an open letter asks all his people to patronize *Our Sunday Visitor*, the weekly which is so well known and is always so well abreast of the times. We may say that wherever people speak and read English they would do well to know and to patronize this excellent periodical. No one knows the need of Catholic reading matter better than does Bishop Noll, who began this little weekly himself a few years ago. He mentions the fact that the daily and Sunday papers carry syndicated articles on religious, but never on Catholic, subjects; that books on religion and irreligion are popular; and that some of the popular monthlies conduct a kind of debate on religious and moral subjects. All this means that an immense non-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic, propaganda is being broadcast. *Our Sunday Visitor* is sold at the very cheap rate of one dollar a year, and if subscribers will send in an extra dollar with the name of five non-Catholics thought to be not averse to considering Catholic teaching, the weekly will be sent to them bound in a monthly form, for one year. Address: Huntington, Indiana.

However much we desire Catholic young men and women to attend Catholic schools rather than State universities, the patent fact is that large numbers of our young men and women are actually following courses in the universities of the various States. If their faith is exposed to dangers in these secular institutions, there is every reason for surrounding these children of the Church with Catholic environment, as far as this can be done, and for making it comparatively easy for them to attend to their religious duties. The Newman Clubs were established to fulfil this need. How far they have been successful, some may seriously question; but

we think the zealous work of Father John O'Brien in the Newman Foundation at the University of Illinois deserves the highest praise. We recently had occasion to visit this foundation on a Sunday following a great athletic victory. There were social celebrations that lasted far into the previous evening, yet at the morning Masses—three of them—the rather spacious and very beautiful chapel was full to the throat. The young ladies' sodality received Holy Communion in a body; there was congregational singing (not too enthusiastic); there was a sermon on confession with the common objections to the sacrament answered clearly and forcibly; and there was the announcement of a convert class numbering fourteen. Our impression, as a whole, was one of healthy Catholic parochial life. There is no doubt that the attendance of our Catholic students at State universities is a serious religious problem, but we believe Father O'Brien has faced it frankly, and his zealous devotion to the Catholic students at Illinois University has had excellent results.

We have the remarkable event, said to be his "vision," of Attorney General Mitchell's calling for six and a half million dollars with which to build bigger and better federal prisons. Many interpretations might be put on this, but it is certain that the General is expecting more federal prisoners. One commentator says that, as a practical measure, it would be cheaper and more effective to build some strong enclosures which would shut the criminals out, and within which the non-criminal population, if any, might live. At the same time in England, where the criminal problem is so efficiently handled, it begins to be officially recommended that the death penalty be no longer used. My! my! how would we ever build enough strong prisons, if we also were to do away with

the death penalty? They say that even now the problem of housing criminals is acute. Look at all these offenders who are in for ninety-nine years (unless they get out): what a board-and-rent bill, for one thing, they escape! But it is said that they curse every new inhabitant that comes in, they are already so over-crowded, and that they bless everyone that goes out, dead or alive.

Daily the evidence grows that the great body of non-Catholics are at heart the same fair-minded people in religious matters that they are in other affairs of life. Unfortunately, however, the vicious few work so insistently, and often so slyly, at their propaganda that the normal American mind is apt to approach everything Catholic from the angle of suspicion. Catholics should realize that situation by a becoming patience in the face of non-Catholic misunderstanding or timidity. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that thousands of possible converts are lost to the Church every year by the coldness or gruffness of unthinking Catholics. Admiral Benson stressed the need of a sympathetic approach to Protestant suspicion in a fine speech at the recent convention of the National Council of Catholic Men. He said:

I speak with knowledge and with charity of this Protestant state of mind. My parents and my near and remote ancestors were Protestants. Most of my kith and kin are Protestants still. I was reared in the Methodist creed and remained in it till manhood. I wish it understood, therefore, that I utter no word intended to wound the feelings of any man or woman of another religious faith than mine. I know that millions of Protestants are sincere, just as I know that they are mistaken in rejecting the claims and dogmas of the Catholic Church. If the Catholic Church were what they believed it to be, they would be untrue to their consciences if they accepted her. False history and hostile tutelage have con-

vinced them that Catholicism is something to dread and something to destroy. Nevertheless, there are reasons why we Catholics should attempt to win the confidence and good will of these people. The same sincerity which has kept them in error will, I am sure, prompt them to receive the truth if we present it to them. We are bound, I think, to do what we can to remove their misunderstanding of our Faith and of ourselves—and that as much for their sake as for our own. They don't dislike us for what we really are; they dislike us for what they erroneously conceive us to be. On our side, we can not justly condemn them for disliking us till we are sure they sin against knowledge.

Boys and girls, says the editor of the *Month*, have a boundless capacity for reverence and imitation, and their misfortune is that they can not always find excellent objects and models. They do what they see done, they repeat; this is the way they naturally learn. They are imitators, not pace setters. Then their elders say: "The younger generation! My! my! How wild! How did they ever learn such things?" How, indeed? Perhaps they have had the most persistent instructors, great drill masters, who know how to make a good job of guiding the ready and pliant youth.

The weeks of the year are already so heavily dedicated to commercial projects and social movements that we will soon have to double and even triple up on these limited time divisions with such combinations for example as "Better Cheese and Towels and Broader Streets Week." Without desiring to further multiply these national observances, the recent municipal elections have impelled us to suggest an occasional "Shame-on-You Week against Political Scavengers." The American people ought to be just about fed up on the mud-slinging tactics and the brazen slanders which have begun to cheapen

all of our political campaigns, even our Presidential elections. We have been too patient with the public vilifiers and too believing of their vicious tongues. Our libel laws ought to be re-framed if necessary to hold political lecturers to easy accountability for their glib slanders. No one objects to plain speaking when political candidates present themselves for office. If ever unworthy candidates ought to be exposed, it is at such crucial periods. When men with drab pasts and brazen faces, however, make it a common political practice to spatter the reputations of honest men, it is time for some sort of defensive action. When religious leaders will even cheapen their pulpits by appealing for political purposes to popular prejudices, it is time for national concern. We favor some sort of a movement to educate the American voter against the Political Scavengers who periodically insult his intelligence by maligning the reputations of rival candidates whose only offense on many occasions is the crime of being on the opposite side of the political fence.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, an eminent English poet, has recently become a convert to Catholicism. According to the *London Catholic Universe*, he has been giving a reason for his change in a series of letters to the *London Spectator*, and among other very excellent things which we should be glad to quote, he writes:

If any reader cares to know it, one of the chief reasons that led me to the Church that built all our cathedrals (and Westminster Abbey) and crowned the majority of our English kings—perhaps your correspondents will prefer this description to "Catholic"—was my conviction that the long struggle for truth about the great ultimate realities has not been as empty as the agnostics think; that man has been met half-way, on the road of evolution, by the Divine (*et homo factus est*); that this meeting was the turning-point

in the world's history; that certain great truths have been revealed (not by flesh and blood); that hundreds of other truths, negative and positive, necessarily flow from them, which civilization can not afford to lose; that these truths require a central authority, above the capriciousness of private judgment; that these truths are being attacked and abandoned on all sides by an utterly superficial "modernism" in a way that menaces the whole structure of modern life; and that no power on earth is ready to stand by those truths, with adequate intellectual resources and without compromise, to the end, but that power which I call the Catholic Church. . . .

Speaking at the Inter-Guild Conference in Nottingham recently, the Rev. Father Martindale, S. J., discussed the question of what should be presented to the average man in the speeches of the members of the Guild. He said that the average man was not interested in Anglican crises, or in the question of the Anglican prayer-book, or in such subjects as Anglican orders. But bearing in mind the numerous letters he had received after radio addresses, he suggested that there is a real need for more attention to be paid to the foundation of religion, because in the mind of the average man, foundations are melting and crumbling. The suggestion is timely for this country, too. The average man is not so much concerned with any particular doctrine of a church as he is with the validity of its claim to be a teaching church at all. It is religion itself that is called in question.

The fact that Catholic high-school boys won first and third places in the Annual International Oratorical contest, recently held in Washington will probably not be given much prominence in our daily press. We record that fact, therefore, as another bit of evidence to the worthy work of our Catholic schools. The pick of twenty-one nations competed, and the judges, all multilinguists,

were as follows: Dr. Jan Herman Van Royan, Minister of the Netherlands; Dr. Jules-Bois of the faculty of l'Ecole de Psychologie of Paris; Dr. Richard Henry Wilson of the University of Virginia; Dr. Adam Boving, Danish scholar of the National Museum; Dr. Paul G. Gleis of the Catholic University; and Comdr. J. B. DeMarbois of the Upper Canada College at Toronto. Third place was given to a Catholic boy, Roberto Orteiz Gris, of Oaxaco, Mexico; second place went to a German Protestant youth, Herman Schaumann; and first place, carrying the title of World's Champion High-School Orator, was awarded to a French-Canadian Catholic boy, Roch Pinard, speaking on the subject, "Canada among the Nations."

When we are inclined to wonder sometimes at the moral lapses of men and women who are remarkable for their knowledge and their intellectual training, we might recall the very wise words of St. Augustine, who, in spite of his vast knowledge and keen intellect, was in his earlier life a sad example of evil living. "Thy morals," he wrote, "are wont to be judged, not by what thou knowest, but by what thou lovest; for good and evil morals are the fruits of good and evil affections."

THE AVE MARIA congratulates the Sulpician Fathers upon the formal dedication of their new St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore. The promise of one hundredfold in this life was never more appropriately fulfilled than in the giving of this beautiful new home by the people and clergy of the Archdiocese to those humble priests who have labored so faithfully and so well at their very important work during so many years. To prepare priests for God's Vineyard—a noble work indeed; and it has been nobly done and nobly rewarded. Our congratulations and wishes for a continuation of God's blessings.

New Books.

LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS. By Laurence Housman. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

All lovers of St. Francis—and who does not love the Little Poor Man of Assisi?—will welcome the American edition of the latest work by Laurence Housman, the gifted English poet. In giving us the "Little Plays of St. Francis," he has opened up to our imagination a new vista, or perhaps an old vista from a new angle; and we revel in the quaint setting of the Umbrian Hills, the familiar old neighboring towns of Assisi and Perugia (whose citizens are anything but neighborly); their battlements and towers, sunlit gateways and market squares,—all throbbing with life and movement.

With the keen insight of the true poet, Mr. Housman has picked out the salient characteristics of the man—Francis. He has graphically sketched him as he appeared in the care-free days when he was the wit and the toast of the town, as he was in the later days of sobered thought and reasoning, when the true meaning of life came home to him; and again in those fruitful years, when, as the Poverello, the world was running mad after him. And so, the "Dramatic Cycle" divides itself naturally into three parts (each containing six plays): The Foregoing, The Following, The Finding.

The author lays claim to being neither an historian nor a biographer. He is a dramatist pure and simple; and as such, uses all the legends he finds—verified or unverified. He admits in the preface that "many of the incidents around which these plays are written, are purely imaginary; and where they are not, they rest only lightly on any actual record of events." This is good news for over-delicate souls who might take offence at certain passages or situations in one or more plays. Francis, the rollicking Troubadour in the first part of the Cycle, is very lovable but very human. His jests and quips and pranks are enjoyed thoroughly by his companions, but they might not be relished by some Twentieth Century ad-

mirers who think only of Francis, the *Saint*.

The poet has woven together, with delicate artistry and subtle coloring, the plays that make up "The Foregoing"—especially "The Bride Feast" and "Our Lady of Poverty." The blank verse reads smoothly, and the lyrics are full of charm. Francis' song in the contest at the Court of Love seems a paraphrase on St. Paul's definition of charity; and as such it may have been intended.

In part second of the Dramatic Cycle—"The Following"—the plays run more to prose, but to prose of such high order that at times it is truly poetry; as in the Saint's description of Assisi to Brother Wolf, and in his various discourses with the lepers, the robbers, the miser, and with the Soldan. This second group portrays the growth of Francis spiritually, and the power he began to exercise over souls. In the first play, appropriately called "The Builders," the Saint with his first followers—Leo, Bernard, and Juniper,—restores the Church of St. Damian; then follow in order his encounter with Brother Wolf, the coming of St. Clare; his work among the lepers, his conversion of the robbers, and the miser in Sister Gold; and finally, Brother Sun, where we journey with him to the Crusade battlefield, and listen to the fiery appeal for peace to the Sultan in his tent at Damiatta!

Seek Him in thine own heart, Soldan.
There shalt thou find peace.

The third group—The Finding—contains The Chapter, the assembly where Brother Elias was elected Superior of the Friars. The plays following this one show the passing of the old order of things in the Community—the silencing of dear Brother Juniper, Francis' beloved Fool, who was wise in the things of God; the uneasiness of the new Superior in seeing the Brethren's devotion to the humble Founder; the small group of first disciples faithful to the end who suffer with their "Little Father" in his humiliations, and rejoice with him in the Seraphic Vision when the Sacred Wounds were impressed upon his worn body.

The plays in general were written for presentation, and are well adapted for high-class

amateurs and dramatic societies. They may be given singly or in a series, and so could be used with good effect by those interested in the Little Theatre Movement. They do not pretend to be other than religious plays, and would lose their quaint charm if presented in other than a religious atmosphere; or if exploited by players not in love or sympathy with the gentle Saint and his surroundings.

The natural setting for these poetic gems would be a wooded hillside and a blue sky and singing birds and running waters, with the warm sunshine resting above it all like the Poverello's benediction. In such surroundings there would be no desecration of word or spirit of the "Little Plays of St. Francis," since players and audience would be imbued with the joyousness of the children of God—the heritage of His Saints. S. M. A.

SCIENCE AND THE UNSEEN WORLD. By A. S. Eddington. Macmillan; \$1.25.

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US. By Sir James Jeans. Macmillan; \$4.50.

PASTURES OF WONDER. By C. J. Keyser. Columbia University; \$2.75.

Professor Eddington, the great English scientist, himself a Quaker, tells us, in a tiny, not very belligerent book, what he thinks of religion: a spirit of inquiry rules the Quaker's creed and practice, the honest religious seeker may not be cocksure, there is much in man that physical science can not measure, yet the scientist is following "not a false or an inferior light." All this seems reasonable; but the author is on debatable ground when he says that not God's existence but the natural revelation of God is the crucial point, that God or Nature is all the same, and when he makes nature an experimenter, and evolution and gravitation discerning and provident: this is to let religious or other applications get ahead of scientific findings and to show what Eddington himself calls a lack of "tidiness of mind."

We can hardly think of a better attitude and starting-point than that of Sir James Jeans, who says: "Before he can understand himself, man must first understand the universe from which all his sense perceptions are

drawn. He wishes to explore the universe, both in time and space, because he himself forms part of it, and it forms part of him." Man's place in nature, the kind of being he himself is, and what are his surroundings,—these are among the central human questions, and it is an excellent thing that such men as Sir James Jeans tells us in intelligible terms what we now know of the atom, the number and size and probable ages of the planets and what reasons we have for giving some credence to certain theories and hypotheses. It is true that this scientist sometimes slips and puts down as quite settled several matters that are questioned, to say the least; for instance, he has a story of just how the earth was born out of the sun, and another of how many generations of men "connect us up with our ape-like ancestry." However, he believes, with perhaps the great majority of present-day scientists, that though the movement of the universe may have been going on for an extremely long time and may continue yet indefinitely long, it certainly had a beginning and will certainly have an end. He bases his proof for this mostly on the run down of usable energy in the universe; and he goes a little farther than others and claims that there is scientific evidence that the matter itself of the universe will cease to be.

It is the aim of Professor Keyser to "report" that *mathematics* is the science which reasons from axioms that themselves can not be proved, but are taken as granted, that in this science we need not be thinking about quantity or numbers, which indeed might even mislead us, and that this contentless thinking shows a "native potential dignity characteristic of man." He "proposes" that on the other hand *science* in the strict sense is the great fact-finder, that it aims to state matters categorically, without any "if" or axiom to back them. Certainly in this second part of the treatise, on the realm of science, Mr. Keyser, though lucid as usual, is redundant, and does not come directly to the point. And, one may ask, why the scattered parenthetical aspersions of the Divine? We think they show an inability or unwillingness to keep to straightforward discourse. L. R. W.



The Nest.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

I'M watching a nest in the top of a tree,—
A nest where a song-sparrow once used to be.
The Winter winds shake it, now high and now
low,
And often within it are pillows of snow;
But every bright morning, I greet it and sing:
"You're waiting, still waiting, my nest, for
the Spring."

I'm watching a nest that is desolate now,—
A little brown nest on the end of a bough;
But after the Winter has ended, why, then,
My little song-sparrows are coming again.
So every bright morning I greet it and sing:
"Be brave, little nest, you'll be needed next
Spring."

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

VI.—THE KING HATCHES A PLOT.

MR. Silver-stick-in-Waiting was in a towering rage. He bit his nails, ground his teeth and squinted his eyes,—and all this bad behavior in the very midst of the national rejoicing! For at last the preparations for the Royal Child's feast were complete, and the whole town had come surging into the Castle Square, and were now cramming themselves around the enormous table which had been set out in the open.

The Royal Child's new mood of sugary good-humor and delight had not yet worn off. She was still overflowing with affection for the King, and ordered him to sit beside her at the party,—and, of course, he had to obey. He still obeyed her like a lamb; nevertheless, a change was gradually coming over him. Instead of crying every few minutes, a

crafty gleam was beginning to shine in his eye; and, indeed, if any of his subjects had had the inclination to stare at him they would have suspected at once that he was plotting and scheming under his gaudy new crown. But nobody bothered to stare at him; the King was the last person for anyone to bother about. Besides that they had come to the party to enjoy themselves.

As soon as the guests were assembled the Royal Child cried out:

"Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting will have to stand. There aren't enough seats at the table."

Mr. Silver-Stick pretended not to hear her, but it was *now* that his rage began.

"He can sit in my place, my dear," said the King rising quickly, "he's more than welcome to my chair. Pray let him have the pleasure of sitting beside you, and let me have the pleasure of standing at a distance."

But just as quickly the Royal Child clutched the King by the shoulder and forced him back into his seat.

"Standing will do him good," she said, "only I must say he seems a trifle deaf to-day. Arise, Mr. Silver-Stick!"

Mr. Silver-Stick lost no time in obeying this unexpected yell. He leaped out of his chair, and the lady who wore her boots on her head sailed serenely into it.

"I *won't* stand," he muttered, biting his nails, "neither will I stand it."

Nevertheless he did stand. (But at least he was not left standing by himself for long.)

The Queen had heard of the remarkable change in her daughter, and now she came running, rather waddling, as she was very fat, with the Dancing Master tripping behind her.

"A party!" cried the Queen. "Plenty of cream tarts, I hope, or there's no use asking me to your party. Gracious, I'm all out of breath! Where do I sit?"

This time no less a person than the Governess was called upon to give up her place. The Governess did not bite her nails like the Silver-Stick-in-Waiting, but she bit her lips which was worse, and cracked all her knuckle-joints together.

"La, my dear," cried the Queen, flopping into the Governess' chair, "this change that's come over you will be a great relief to my feet! No need any longer for me to drown my sorrow in the dancing-class."

How the eyes of the Dancing Master sparkled at these words, for he was worn and thin in his effort to teach the fat Queen to dance. But he was a polite man, and so he lowered his eyes that the joy in them might not offend her majesty. Indeed, politeness seemed to be a strong feature at this party.

The Royal Child clapped her hands for silence and announced: "You can all begin and you can have as many helpings as you like." And immediately the guests fell to devouring the wonderful-looking jellies and creams and tarts with their eyes, but they were too polite to dream of eating anything,—oh, much too polite. They passed the dishes of good things from one to the other, smiling and nodding and using a most genteel manner of speech.

"Take some, neighbor."

"Oh, take some, you."

"Pray, after you."

"No, indeed, after *you*."

"But I asked you first. Help yourself, pray."

"No, no, *please*,—first you."

"Take some."

"Take some, you."

"Please, please, after *you*, neighbor."

They were the most polite people imaginable and just could not bring

themselves to be the first to take anything.

The Queen, however, had none of their squeamishness; neither had her daughter. The Royal Child ate all sorts of things together, and the sweeter the morsel that entered her mouth the more affectionate she felt towards the King. As she never thought of wiping her mouth, the poor King's face was soon a horribly sticky mass of jam and cream. He made desperate attempts to ward off these embraces, but it was impossible to daunt the Royal Child. If he covered his cheeks with his hands, why, she kissed him on the nose, the ears, the forehead, the neck, until the stickiness spread, and in due course actually glued his crown to his head.

The Queen enjoyed seeing his hopeless attempts to evade the Royal Child's kisses, and very hearty were both her humor and her appetite. It was not long before all the dishes within her reach were empty, and she was stretching for those further along the table, but every time she rose and stretched across her neighbors she remembered to say "Excuse me," so no one could possibly say she was ill-mannered.

Another person making himself very much at home at this party was Thursday,—greedy, greedy Thursday! His ambition was realized. He had succeeded in coming to the party, succeeded in cheating his brothers. He had fought Friday and Saturday together, and had sent them home with black eyes and headaches. Exactly what Day of the Week it was nobody knew,—the Days themselves were now too confused to know,—but certainly it ought not to have been Thursday's turn.

The Governess watched the goings-on at the table, and was very contemptuous of them all.

"Ah," she said coldly, "Prince Hamlet's subjects would have known better than to act like *that*."

At mention of the unpopular Hamlet, the Royal Child sprang to her feet. "What! Even at a party are we to have Hamlet!" she cried. "Stand in the corner for that."

What humiliation for the Governess! What fierce biting of lips, what cracking of knuckle-bones, what muttering, what sneers at the party manners, as the Governess stalked to the corner of the Square and stood there in punishment, all the guests looking on,—but quite good-naturedly. They wished no harm to any one.

The sight of the Governess standing like a naughty child in the corner of the Square drew a sour chortle of satisfaction from Mr. Silver-Stick,—but alas for his satisfaction! A moment later he was ordered to stand in the corner himself; and he went, biting all his finger-nails together.

A hush fell over the guests at this second dismissal from the feast, and in the hush Thursday's rusty voice was heard distinctly, though he thought he was talking to himself.

"Ha-ha, now that those two are out of the way, there'll be all the more for me to eat."

"Oh!" gasped all the guests, horrified at such greed.

"Leave the table!" ordered the Royal Child, and at once Thursday had to withdraw and put himself into the third corner of the Square. But he did not fly into a rage as the Governess and Mr. Silver-Stick had done, for he had filled his pockets and his sleeves with sweets and goodies, and he was content to munch away with his face to the wall, too far gone in his greed to care who knew of his true character.

"If Hamlet belonged to this Royal Family he'd tell you a party wasn't a real party without games," shouted the Governess from her corner.

"If Hamlet belonged to our family I'd put myself out for adoption,"

shouted back the Royal Child. "And speaking of adoption reminds me that it's time you adopted some manners, Governess. Don't you know that it's rude to shout?"

"Pass me some more jam tarts," cried the Queen. But her voice was drowned in the sudden blaring and blowing of a trumpet.

"No doubt it's one of those delightful criminals," said the melancholy Silver-Stick-in-Waiting.

He was right. It was Michael. He came marching into the Square, blowing a trumpet to attract the people's attention and carrying a large placard which he set about nailing to a tree.

On the placard it was written:

LOST.

FIVE BABY COUSINS

Without them Grown-up Grisel Herself is Lost.

PLEASE help in the SEARCH

The guests all stood up to read the notice, but having read it promptly resumed their places and their polite table manners. Grisel's loss did not appear to affect them deeply, though it did stimulate their conversation, so that they forgot their rigid etiquette for a time so far as to help themselves from the dishes before them.

"Fancy losing five at once," said one.

"Yes, fancy. I had an idea once and I lost it,—but that was only *one*, not five."

"And I lost my mind one day and never found it again," related another.

Michael was indignant at their callousness. He climbed up on the wall of the Square and prepared to address them. He had never made a speech before, but he knew how it ought to begin.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he cried.

"None of either present," interrupted a mocking voice. It came from the King.

"Why, Papa!" exclaimed his daugh-

ter, hastening to press a jammy kiss on the King's neck. Such mockery from him was new.

"Ow!—ow!" muttered the King, shaking himself like a hen after a shower.

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted Michael again, waving his arms to impress the crowd, "Grown-up Grisel has suffered a severe loss."

"Serves her right," cried the Governess. "She's not educated; she never does anything but sing."

"Turn your face to the wall, Governess," ordered the Royal Child.

"Haw-haw!" chortled Mr. Silver-Stick, always so glad when something unpleasant happened to the Governess.

This was too much for the Royal Child in spite of the fact that she had been made sugary sweet. She jumped up out of her chair, flew at him and seized his stick.

"You said 'haw-haw,' did you? Well, there's haw-haw for you!" She dug him in the ribs with the long, black, silver-mounted stick, "and there's another haw-haw for you, and another and another!"

"Now's my chance," muttered the King, "now or never."

Without wasting time he slipped out of his chair, fell on his hands and knees and crawled away quickly, unnoticed because of the great number of guests.

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried Michael again, "realize if you can that Grown-up Grisel is weeping at home in her cottage. The Brownie, after he turned himself into a hobgoblin, stole her cousins out of her garden, and he refuses to say where he has hidden them."

"Oh, fancy that!" murmured the people sympathetically.

"Therefore, O people of this strange town, will you not form with me a search party and thus help poor Grisel?"

"Oh, yes," said the guests, but they looked doubtful, for they did not understand what a search party meant.

"This isn't the Lost Property Office," put in Thursday sarcastically, twisting around to face the table. "The place for lost things is in the Lost Property Office. Everything in its place and a place for everything. That's my motto." And here he strode with his long legs out of his corner and grabbed a plate off the table. The Royal Child, he knew, was too busy to observe him. She was still digging the Silver-Stick-in-Waiting in the ribs with his own stick, until that unfortunate creature was forced to beg in his melancholy voice: "You've prodded that rib before. Pray try another rib for a change."

Michael continued his speech: "Rouse yourselves, O people! Forget your feasting; allow yourselves no rest until Grown-up Grisel is singing again. To the Lost Property Office! Up and follow on!"

The guests rose obligingly and followed Michael out of the Square in a crowd, crying after him: "To the Lost Property Office! The Lost Property Office!"

And as they filed away they heard the shrill voice of the Royal Child raised in sudden alarm. "Oh, the King, the King! Where is the King? He is lost too. The King is lost,—the King is lost!"

She ran after the search party, and thus all in a moment the Square was emptied of everyone but the Governess and Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting and the Queen,—and Thursday, who wasted no time in resuming his place at the table.

(To be continued.)

It was said to have been a custom in China that the physicians of the former royal household received their salaries only during the time that his celestial majesty continued in good health, and consequently, as soon as he happened to be seized with any illness the payment of salaries was suspended until his recovery.—*Anon.*

In the King's Palace.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

THERE was once a King who had the most beautiful palace in the whole world. Everything about it was more lovely than had ever been seen, and all the people in it were always happy. The King wanted everyone in his kingdom to live in his beautiful home, for there was room for all. He sent messengers everywhere to invite them and to tell them the way to take. Many, however, would not listen, and many would not believe them, so only a very few came.

One day a messenger saw a very rich man travelling along the King's Highway. He wore rich robes covered with jewels, and behind his horse rode his servants carrying boxes filled with gold and silver.

"Come to the King's palace," said the messenger.

"With pleasure," answered the rich man, "if you will show me the way."

"You must dismiss your servants," said the messenger.

The rich man called his servants and told them they could go their way. He gave each one the horse he rode and enough gold and silver to take them safely to their own country.

"You must leave all the gold and silver behind you," said the messenger again.

The rich man looked thoughtful. "What can I do with it?" he asked.

"I will help you carry it to the village," said the messenger, "where there are many poor people who need the things which it will buy."

They carried the heavy chests between them until they reached the village, where they gave freely to the poor and needy.

"Now come with me," said the messenger, and they walked briskly along until they reached the King's palace.

Then the King's servants took off the

rich man's robes, which were soiled by the journey, and dressed him in white garments, and led him into the King's presence. He was so happy he forgot all about the riches that he had left behind.

Now in the village they had left there lived a poor, ragged boy. He heard about the rich man and his journey and he decided to follow along the way. Soon he met a messenger who said to him: "Are you one of the children who are journeying to the King's palace?"

"I would like to go," answered the boy, "but I do not know the way."

"I will show you," answered the messenger. "I will go with you."

As they journeyed the messenger talked to the little ragged boy of the King, and his kindness and love for all his subjects, and showed him how to do many kind, loving deeds as they went along.

At last they came to the palace where the attendants took the boy and dressed him in white robes and led him before the King where the rich man was also.

The poor boy opened his eyes with surprise to find his tattered clothes gone and in place of them a beautiful robe; and then to be led into the King's presence and to be made an equal of so many whom he had never known before. The King smiled upon the visitors and said to them:

"The palace is for you. Enter all its rooms, enjoy all its beauty, drink of all its delights; for my joy is to have you with me, and to see you always happy."

And such was the miracle of the King's palace, that no one knew which had worn the royal robes and which had worn the ragged garments as they walked on the King's Highway.

EVERY hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.—*Father Faber.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In connection with the very laudable purpose of the National Council of Catholic Men, expressed in one of the resolutions of its recent convention, to carry on a campaign to make Catholic truth known among our non-Catholic brethren, there is no more serviceable volume than Father Conway's "Question Box," a new edition of which, brought up to date, has just been published by the Paulist Press. At the end of each answer there is given a list of supplementary readings which will be valuable for the religious inquirer. Price, paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.00.

—Professor Dotterer of Franklin and Marshall College has done a text-book, "Philosophy by Way of the Sciences" (Macmillan), the method of which is certainly going to engage the attention of all who teach philosophy. He spends just half the book on an explanation of what is known or thought just now in the special sciences, and then gives his philosophical view of the world as thus seen. His chief reason for this procedure is that a life-view, or a way of living, depends on a world-view, or what the world is taken to be. Because a world-view is dependent, in its turn, on the findings of the sciences, it is needful for the beginner to be familiar with these results.

—Modern social reformers have given a great deal of attention to the problem of crime, criminal law and the treatment of criminals. Doubtless, not a few abuses owe their correction to such studies. But with the impetuosity characteristic of most reformers they have often gone to such extremes as to deny the existence of criminal responsibility altogether, and to the State all right of inflicting punishment for crime. Justice has stood in danger of being displaced by sentiment, and the concept of crime by the concept of disease. Behind all theories of criminology there is, of course, a philosophy, i. e., a conception of society, of man and of punishment. An examination of such philosophy and its subsequent theory of criminal

law and procedure is the theme of a splendid treatise by the Rev. Joseph Latini, under the title of "Iuris Criminalis Philosophici Summa Lineamenta." Marietti. Lire, 10.50.

—J. H. Coffin, the author of "The Soul Comes Back" (Macmillan; \$2.00), rightly says that if students are let discuss philosophical problems with any degree of freedom, they very soon gravitate to the problems of the soul as central; to the kind of thing the soul is, its origin and destiny. Aside from this wise word, the book is of interest as showing the straits that non-Catholic believers find themselves in, faced with the facts and theories of science, and being without a metaphysics. The manner is not flippant by any means, but unnecessarily approaches the slangy and smart in an effort to reach the student mind. We think that Dr. Coffin makes a capital mistake in saying that because science, with new findings, varies its conclusions, therefore all truth is variable; and that because we have not seen God and have not yet died and survived death, we may not affirm or deny God's existence and our own immortality.

—*Editorial Note*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Philip Francis Brady, Diocese of Sacramento; Rev. P. Augustine Haberkorn, O. S. B. Brother Marie Theophile, C. S. C.

Sister Margaret Ambrose, Sister Mary Clemenza, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Ernest F. Oakley, Mrs. P. J. Connolly, Mrs. Nora Twomey, Mrs. Bridget O'Gorman, Mrs. J. H. Filcer, Mrs. Irwin Egan, Mrs. John Burke, Mr. J. V. Glas, Mrs. Marie McCambridge, Mr. T. J. McCormick, Mary McCadam, Mrs. Daniel J. Fraher, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Mrs. Mary Vaughan, and Mr. James Scully.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 30, 1929.

No. 22.

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Refugium Peccatorum.

BY MARY E. G. SADLER.

I HAVE no eloquence to lavish on thee,
I long to praise thee, but my lips are dumb;
Love surges in my heart and fills my soul
with wonder,

I yearn for thee, and yet no words will come.
Only I cry, "O spare the broken reed!
Refuge of Sinners, help me in my need!"

I have no wealth of gold to shower on thee,
No jewels rare to hang about thy shrine.
The Lady Poverty has long been my companion,
And sorrow matched her silent steps with mine.
But thou art close. I cling to thee and plead,
"Refuge of Sinners, help me in my need!"

The Friendship of Saints.

BY E. LEAHY.

TOWARDS the close of a gloomy
October day, in the year 1139,
a pilgrim rang at the gates of
Clairvaux, seeking shelter. The
stranger was weary with travelling and
would fain tarry for a brief space. From
a distant island on the western seas had
this way-worn pilgrim journeyed, and
his goal was Rome.

During the long years that had passed
since the youthful Bernard and his little
band had pitched their tent in the sav-
age wilds of the Valley of Bitter Waters,
Clairvaux had seen great changes. The
fame of the saintly abbot, Bernard, the
reports of his wondrous sanctity, of the
miracles worked by him, had reached to

the uttermost confines of Europe, and
crowds flocked to the monastery to see
the saint, amongst them many who bore
most remarkable names. Yet it may
well be questioned if one more remark-
able had ever visited Clairvaux than the
stranger, who, on this Autumn evening,
stood at the gates.

As he gazed at the handsome man
whose stately presence commanded re-
spect, the porter felt that this was no
ordinary pilgrim. "Malachy, a bishop
from Ireland." Can we not imagine how
these words, repeated to the Abbot
Bernard, sent him, with flying footsteps
and outstretched arms, to greet this
most welcome of guests, of whom he had
heard so much and whom he longed to
meet. Malachy, too, had heard of
Bernard, it was his ardent desire of
meeting the abbot which led our
Irish saint to turn aside from his path
to Rome.

Even now, across the centuries, how
the thought of this meeting thrills us!
We long almost to put back the clock
of time, if so we might perchance be
witnesses of it. "Only a saint can under-
stand a saint." How perfect must have
been the understanding between these
two great ones, so akin to each other.
Both their hearts glowed with the same
burning love of God; both their souls
were filled with the same zeal for His
honor and the salvation of souls; and
both stood out as great reformers of
their age. Bernard, the fearless cham-
pion of the Church against heresy, the
upholder of right and justice against

wrong, no matter how high-placed the offenders. Malachy who spared no labor, who spent himself, risking life itself, to sweep away all abuses from the Church in Ireland. Both also were ardent lovers of the monastic state, enamored of silence and solitude; and yet both forever thrust forward into the strife and turmoil of the world, obliged to take part in scenes where the angriest passions held sway.

Apart from their resemblance, their kinship of spirit, these two were also alike in natural gifts and even in natural faults. Both were strikingly handsome, of stately, dignified presence, of such gracious manner as won all hearts. We read of Malachy that he was hasty, easily moved to anger. So, too, we know, was Bernard. But by the exercise of self-control, both had succeeded in gaining the mastery over themselves to such an extent that now, when either yielded to anger, it was rather the lightning-flash of righteous indignation than an outburst of man's undisciplined temper. Such were the two saints who met at Clairvaux in 1139,—great and striking personalities, even in the world's judgment.

The cloistered calm and solitude, the atmosphere of prayer and contemplation at Clairvaux, were inexpressibly soothing to Malachy, wearied as he was in mind and body. And how dear to him was the companionship of St. Bernard! It was with deep regret and tears that he left Clairvaux to resume his journey to Rome.

When St. Malachy reached the Eternal City, where he was received with the greatest kindness by the Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent II., the first favor he asked of His Holiness, with tears we are told, was permission to spend the remainder of his life as a monk at Clairvaux. But the Pope knew too well how indispensable were the Saint's services to the Church in Ireland, and he refused Malachy's petition. On his

departure from Rome the Holy Father appointed Malachy Papal Legate for Ireland. "Then, taking the mitre from his own head, he placed it on the Saint's. He gave him also the stole and maniple which he himself was in the habit of using. And so, with the kiss of peace and his blessing, he sent him off on his long journey."

Writing of his first meeting with St. Malachy, St. Bernard himself says: "To me also in this life was it given to see this man; in his look and word I was restored, and rejoiced as in all manner of riches. And sinner as I was, I found grace in his sight from that time forth even to his death. For he deigned to turn aside to visit Clairvaux; and when he saw the brethren he was pricked to the heart, and they were not a little edified by his presence and discourse. Thus accepting the place and ourselves, and becoming very dear unto us, he bade us farewell, and departing, crossed over the Alps."

St. Malachy, who had heard of the wonders worked by St. Bernard, on beholding the lives of those who dwelt there, cried out: "What I see with my eyes surpasses all that has been told of the sanctity of this monastery. Happy are those who belong to you! Happy your children who always enjoy your presence, and listen to the words of wisdom which flow from your mouth!"

Nine years passed since St. Malachy's first visit to Clairvaux, years filled with most momentous events, in which he and Bernard played prominent parts. And now, once more, in October of the year 1148, our Irish Saint knocked at Clairvaux. As before, he was on his way to Rome; the journey from Ireland had been more than ordinarily fatiguing, and the Saint gladly turned aside to rest within the hallowed precincts so dear to his heart. His unexpected arrival caused the greatest joy to all, but in particular to St. Bernard, whose delight at this second meeting knew no bounds.

"Though he came from the West," he writes, "he was truly the dayspring from on high which visited us. What an addition was that radiating sun to our Clairvaux! What a bright holiday shone upon us when he arrived! How quickly did I, though weak and trembling, spring forward to meet him! How I hastened to embrace him! . . ."

But, alas! all this rejoicing was destined to be quenched in sorrow, and that quickly. On the 18th of October, Feast of St. Luke, four or five days after his arrival, St. Malachy had but just finished Mass when he was seized with violent fever and obliged to go to bed. Grief and consternation reigned at Clairvaux. The tenderest and most devoted care was lavished upon him, nothing was left undone that skill could suggest by which the malady might be overcome. But in vain. From hour to hour Malachy grew steadily worse. From the first hour of his illness the Saint himself was convinced that his last hour was at hand. When pressed to take the prescribed remedies he would say: "It is all useless, but for love of you, I will do what you wish."

Once when thinking to cheer him, the monks assured him that no signs of death were as yet visible, he replied: "Malachy is this year destined to leave the body. Beloved, the day draweth nigh which, as ye well know, I have ever hoped would be the day of my departure. I shall not be robbed of the remainder of my desire, seeing that I have already obtained a part. He who had led me to the place which I sought, will not deny me the last end which I have wished. As regards this poor body, here will it find a resting-place. He then asked for the Last Sacraments, and, weak as he was, he insisted on rising and descending to the chapel, where he received the Holy Viaticum. With great difficulty he regained his cell, which he was never again to leave. No one could believe that death was near. "His countenance was

not pale nor shrivelled, nor his forehead wrinkled, nor his eyes sunken, nor his nose sharp, nor his shoulders bent, nor his flesh wasted on the rest of his body. Such grace was in his body, such glory in his face, as even the hand of death could not wipe away" (St. Bernard's Life of St. Malachy).

The Saint lingered until midnight of All Souls' Day when, surrounded by the whole community, he sweetly surrendered his blessed soul to God in the arms of his dearly-loved friend. "With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs we followed our friend on his homeward journey. In the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the place he had foretold and chosen, Bishop Malachy, taken by angels out of our hands, happily fell asleep in the Lord. Truly he fell asleep. All eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could say when the spirit left him. When he was dead, he was thought to be alive; while yet alive, he was supposed to be dead. He was not changed but we. Marvellously and suddenly the sobs and grief were hushed. Sorrow was changed into joy, song banished lamentation. Faith had triumphed."

In another place St. Bernard adds: "All things being prepared in the church of the Holy Mary, the Mother of God, in which he had been well pleased, Malachy was committed to the tomb in the year of the Incarnation, 1148. Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is entrusted to us. We keep it to be restored to Thee when Thou shalt think meet to ask it. We pray only that he may not go forth from hence without his companions, but that he who was our guest may be also our leader, to reign with Thee and him forever and ever. Amen. (Works of St. Bernard, Vol. I., Col. 689.)

On one occasion St. Malachy was asked by some friends in Ireland where he would wish to die. "In this place," answered the Saint, "where St. Patrick is buried. But if God willed that I

should die in a strange land, then I should wish to die at Clairvaux, on the Feast of All Souls." In 1190 St. Malachy was canonized by Clement III.

So far we have dwelt on the personal side of this wonderful friendship between two saintly and historical characters. But for the Irish reader there is much more. This friendship ripened into a fact which had a profound and lasting effect upon the history of Catholic Ireland. We mean, of course, the introduction among us of that great Cistercian Order which Bernard founded and which Malachy brought to Irish soil, where it magnificently flourished and still flourishes.

No one reading the above pages has been surprised to learn that it had been Malachy's dearest wish to count himself among the actual children of the Saint of Clairvaux. But it was not to be. Disappointed in his cherished desire, Malachy at least resolved to introduce into his native land the Order of his love and admiration. He left four of the Irish monks who had accompanied him on his first journey to Rome at Clairvaux, to be instructed in the Constitution of the Cistercian Order.

The first monastery founded in Ireland was that of Mellifont, or the Honey Fountain. This abbey, the most beautiful of all the Cistercian abbeys, as well as their mother-monastery, was founded in 1142 in a little vale near the Boyne. Donough O'Carroll, King of Oirgialla (which comprised the counties of Armagh, Monaghan and Louth), was the actual founder of Mellifont, but it was at the instance of St. Malachy, among whose devoted friend and followers the chieftain counted himself. The first community, of course, consisted of the little band of Irish monks whom Malachy had left at Clairvaux, though supplemented by some French members of the Order. Of the Irish monks, Christian O'Conairche was chosen first abbot; he was afterwards appointed

Bishop of Lismore, and later succeeded St. Malachy as Papal Legate in Ireland.

Bective Abbey, called in Irish Sendrida, or the Old Bridge, an offshoot from Mellifont, was founded during the Saint's lifetime by Murchard O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, and dedicated to Our Lady, under the title of Abbey de Beatitudine. And in the few years which elapsed before Malachy's death, in 1148, he saw two more Cistercian abbeys in Ireland, those of Newry and Boyle. One of the most celebrated of the houses, though somewhat later, was that of St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. This great abbey, originally called "St. Mary's Abbey de Ostmanby," or Oxmantown, is said to have existed previously, having been founded as far back as 908. At first it belonged to the Benedictines, but in the Twelfth Century passed under Cistercian rule. The abbey church, we are told, stood on the north side of the street which even yet retains the name of Mary's Abbey. Part of the old Chapter House is still in existence. Though far beneath the level of the street, it can still be visited, and is of great interest to all the Catholics of Dublin.

Many familiar streets—Mary Street, Abbey Street, Mary's Lane, Mary's Abbey—recall the memory of the great Cistercian abbey. A subterranean passage from Mary's Abbey to Christ Church under the Liffey, by which the monks could cross the city, is still said to exist, but is, of course, impassable. Places so far apart as Monkstown, Clonliffe and Kingstown (then Dunleary) were included in the possessions of the abbey.

But by far the most famous of all the Irish Cistercian Abbeys was Holy Cross Abbey, near Thurles, in County Tipperary. This celebrated abbey was founded in 1169, by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond. Some pious anchorites, wishing to serve God in solitude, had, at an early date, taken up their abode on the

ground whereon Holy Cross was later erected. The name given to the place in those days was "Monaster Aghter Lamhan"—The Monastery of the Eight Hands. The monks of this monastery followed the Rule of St. Columba, until 1169, when, in compliance with King Donald Mor's wishes, they consented to adopt the Cistercian Rule.

A short time after the new foundation, a sequence of events acquired for it wide renown as well as the name by which it would be known to all time. The royal foundation was but a few years old when an English prince visited our shores, wishing to learn something of the manners and customs of the Irish, and at the same time to make use of opportunities for the collection of "Peter's Pence." We have no evidence as to the strange prince's identity.

Only portions of the annals of Holy Cross Abbey remain to us, and in these we find no record of his name. In the Annals of the Four Masters, however, his death, in 1233, is recorded. Some writers think that he was a son of Isabella of Angoulême, wife of King John, by her second marriage with Hugh le Brun, Earl of Manche. The story, as recorded by the old annalist, is, that when leaving for Ireland the young prince received from his mother a ring, which she enjoined him to return to her, if ever he should find himself in difficulties. But in passing through a wood near the Cistercian monastery, he was murdered, his body being buried on the spot where he was done to death.

Nothing at first was heard of the unfortunate prince's fate; but one night, about two years after, an old monk had a vision in which an angel appeared, saying: "Go to the wood called Keylchmondowny, and when you meet a herd of swine turning up the earth you will find what will make this monastery famous." Taking with him a guide, the old man, who was blind, set out for the wood, and soon they came upon a herd

of swine rooting in the earth, and the guide perceived a man's hand protruding through the ground. Horror-stricken, he told the old monk, and was bidden to go close to the dreadful object. He did so, "step by step," and saw that on one finger was a ring set with gleaming jewels. On hearing this the old monk sank on his knees in thanksgiving, and at that moment his sight was restored. The grave was opened and the body of the poor young prince was carried to the abbey and laid reverently in consecrated ground. The old monk and his companion were then commanded to proceed to England and seek out the queen to acquaint her with her son's fate, offering her, in proof of the story, the ring from the finger of the dead hand.

In gratitude for the reverence shown to her son's remains the queen presented them with a gift worthy of royalty in "everlasting memory." It was indeed a royal and precious gift which the Irish monks received, one which, for more than three centuries, was to render the abbey the most famous place of pilgrimage in the land. This was a portion of the True Cross, said to have been given by Godfrey, King of Jerusalem, to his niece, Matilda, wife of Stephen, King of England. Thus did the abbey become known as Holy Cross Abbey. The abbey church was one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. We can not vouch for the details of the above story, but a tomb (said to be one erected by the sorrowing mother in memory of her son) still stands in the abbey choir; on it are sculptured the Cross of St. George and the Royal Arms of England and France. A woman's head, wearing the band of strawberry leaves (the Plantagenet coronet) is carved on the exterior of the eastern window of the church, commemorating "The Good Woman," as the queen came to be called. However this may be, after passing through many

hands, the precious relic of the True Cross now rests, enclosed in a magnificent reliquary, in a private chapel specially appropriated to it, the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, County Cork.

We have but lightly touched on the glories of the most famous of the ancient Irish Cistercian abbeys, which in all numbered forty. The modern foundations of Mount Melleray and Roscrea are too well known to need more than a passing mention. It would indeed be quite beyond the limits of this little paper even to outline the history and the glory of these comparatively modern abbeys. But all Irish Catholics rejoice that the link forged by St. Malachy in the Twelfth Century between the Cistercian Order and Ireland is, in the Twentieth, still unbroken.

Anne Veronica.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

FOR a long time I did not know her name. She always tried to hide behind the other nuns, but in vain; one was always conscious of her presence. When they fluttered in behind the Mother Prioress, recalling somewhat a flock of chickens tripping after the mother hen, Anne Veronica walked in as it were alone, with firm and decided step. She was tall, and though she wore her veil unduly lowered, she could not hide the dark eyes which glowed under it. She spoke rarely, and only when addressed. Once she offered me a rose which she pushed deftly through the grating without crushing the petals. It was a red rose, and it had the longest thorns that I have ever seen. When I asked her, "Why such long thorns?" she smiled enigmatically, and returned to her place in the background without answering.

These white-robed Sisters made up for me a little world to which I sometimes fled in order to escape the bigger

world and its cares. I had helped them once in some business matter; and, good souls, they thought they could never show enough gratitude.

I generally went to see them on Sundays or feast days. Sometimes only the Mother Prioress with one or two Sisters came to the parlor, sometimes half, or even the whole community, flocked in to bid me welcome. I knew many of the nuns by name; one or two had given me precious help and advice, but only Sister Anne Veronica, whose name at that time I did not know, excited my curiosity.

Once when I was going to Lyons, the Mother Prioress said to me, "Veronica's mother lives in Lyons; I am sure she would like to see you, and she would show you the way to Our Lady of Fourvière's." She gave me the address; but even then, I did not connect Veronica with the dark-eyed Sister who had given me the rose.

I went to Lyons and to the address given as that of Veronica's mother. I found her at home. She was a neat, charming, little old lady, with white hair and eager black eyes. Her eyes recalled some other eyes that I had seen, but I could not remember where.

"You know my daughter Anne," she said after a while. I looked puzzled, wondering which of my good nuns her daughter Anne might be.

"Sister Anne Veronica," she added. "She is very tall, you must have noticed her among the others."

Then I knew it was the nun who had given me the rose, and whose dark eyes I now remembered, looking at her mother.

"Yes, I know her, though I have never spoken to her; she interests me immensely."

"That is so like Anne not to speak, or say anything about herself; and yet everyone remembers her."

"Yes, she is striking, even in her humility."

"Yet she is lost to me, completely lost; they say that she will be a saint some day."

"But the saints are not always lost to those who love them," I ventured, seeing that the old lady was wiping away a tear.

"Not perhaps in the spiritual order, in the natural, yes."

"But she is happy?"

"Yes, she is happy, perfectly happy; that is my consolation. She could never go any other road, but it is a thorny one. And it is hard for a mother to think of her child doing so much penance."

"She looked well when I saw her, and radiant, the one time that I could see her face."

"Yes, she is well; she gets special grace, and she is naturally generous. But who would have thought it of my Anne, the brightest, gayest girl you ever saw. The madcap of the family we used to call her."

"The wild girls often make the best nuns,—but why did she take the name of Veronica?"

"She had a great devotion to the Holy Face, and her one desire was to suffer."

"Did she enter very young?"

"No, not till she was twenty-five. But it is a long story, that of Anne's vocation. I don't know if I ought to tell it, and in any case, you must have a cup of coffee first."

A little maid brought in a little tray with a little pot of most delicious coffee and some small crisp *brioche*s. Everything was small in that house except the shadow of Anne Veronica.

After taking the coffee, I coaxed the little old lady to tell me the story of her daughter.

"She never thought of being a nun when she was at school, or even afterwards. She liked amusement, liked games and dancing, and going to parties, was keen to make new friends and to have a gay time."

"And now she is so reserved."

"That is part of her penance; she repents of all that innocent amusement."

"What is to become of us poor souls in the world?" I asked smiling.

"We are differently called," said the old lady. "Well, when Anne was about twenty, just two years after she left school, she fell in love with a young lawyer who had settled here in Lyons. He was of good family and well off, and he was devoted to Anne. We were all delighted at the thought of the marriage; for he was an excellent Catholic and had brilliant prospects. It seemed almost like a fairy tale that Anne should make such a good match. She was radiant, her cup of happiness seemed full."

"And he died I suppose?"

"No, he did not die, but that Summer Anne's little sister Jeanne came home from the *Sacré Cœur*. Jeanne was the very opposite of Anne, small, blonde, gentle, winsome. Anne, for all her gaiety, always made people a little afraid. Then she was so intense and ardent,—I think Charles was almost afraid of her love. Jeanne, from the first moment, was immensely taken with her sister's fiancé. The child was perfectly innocent, and in no way a coquette, but she won Charles' affection. She herself, poor child, before the Summer was out was head over ears in love with him. I did not guess how things were until it was too late to send Jeanne away. Anne, always generously minded, suspected nothing until the whole truth flashed upon her one day. She came and told me herself. I was frightened at the pain I saw in the child's face, and at the passion of her words.

"That night I could not sleep, thinking of Anne, and after midnight I went into her room. I found her kneeling before a picture of the Holy Face. She stood up when I came in, and I saw that all the anger and bitterness had died out of her heart. Her face was

very white, and there were great rings round her eyes.

"'It is all over, Mother. I have made my sacrifice.' She spoke with an intensity that I can hardly describe. 'I shall go away, Mother; Charles and Jeanne must marry. As for me, I shall remake my life somehow.'

"Next day Anne had disappeared, and even I did not know where she had gone. She had left a letter for Charles saying she released him from his promise, and that she was determined not to marry. We all thought she had gone into a convent."

"But surely she had?"

"No, that would not have been Anne's way; she would never take a serious step through mere disappointment."

"She must have had a very decided character."

"She had. We heard nothing of her for a year. You can imagine how anxious I was. The young people always said: 'You may be sure she is a happy nun somewhere, and she will write when she takes the veil.' But I was not convinced. You see, I knew Anne, and mothers have an instinct about their children. I looked out for her every day. At the end of a year she came back. Charles and Jeanne had married in the meantime. They were certainly made for each other, and are wonderfully happy. Well, Anne came back looking ten years older, browned from the sun, careless in her dress, with coarsened hands. I hardly knew her."

"'I worked on a farm, Mother. I had to remake my life somehow, and on hard lines. Now that Jeanne is married I have come back to take care of you.'

"She settled down quietly, took all work and care off my hands and was always sweet and patient. That was perhaps the happiest year of my life; but I soon saw that I could not keep Anne forever. She was living in secret an extraordinary life. She went every morning to the five-o'clock Mass, and

came home only at seven. I often found her on her knees in the middle of the night, and I came to know that she wore instruments of penance. All her spare time was given to the poor. During the whole of that year the little lamp before the Holy Face never went out; and Winter and Summer there were flowers on either side of the lamp.

"One day Anne said to me: 'I must go, Mother, God is asking me to leave even you. Will you allow me to join the white Franciscans?' I burst out crying. It seemed impossible to let Anne go. She had grown completely into my life, and my health was beginning to fail. She put her arms round me; how comforting they were, those soft, strong arms that I wanted to keep round me forever.

"'I am so sorry, Mother, for you, but I must do what God wills; and there is no way for me but the way of sacrifice. It began that night when I gave up Charles for Jeanne's sake. It seemed very hard then, but now I am glad,—even that love would never have satisfied me. That sacrifice was the beginning of a new life; now I must go on to the end.'

The old lady paused a minute, and then went on:

"A few months after that, Anne left me; it was very bitter, but she went with my blessing. I see her very seldom—only twice a year,—but, strange to say, she seems nearer to me than when we lived together. Then I seldom fell under her influence, *now* I know that I often do. Spiritual currents are inexplicable."

She ceased speaking, wiped away a tear, and then we both remained silent for a little while.

"You will see her soon; give her my love," she said at last.

"Have you no other message?"

"Yes, tell her that I think every day of what she said to me the last time we met."

I thanked the old lady warmly for the confidence she had placed in me; we arranged to go next morning to Fourvière, and then I left.

Next day after our visit to the shrine I bade her good-bye.

"Bring my love with you to the dear child, and tell her my heart is detached."

I visited the convent immediately after my return, and gave her mother's messages to Anne Veronica. She came quite close to the grating to hear them, and I saw her face more clearly than I had ever seen it before. It was an enigmatical face, severe, yet with an inexplicable softness. When she smiled, the severity was quite veiled.

"Why did you give me that red rose with the long thorns?" I asked.

"A red rose of love," she said smiling, "and the thorns of His crown," she added a look of immense suffering passing over her face. "You will understand some day." Then she withdrew quickly to her place in the background.

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

VIII.—FROM COBH TO DONERAILE.

And doesn't old Cobh look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?

THESE words were written by John Locke in his oft-quoted "Morning on the Irish Coast." And any one who has had the rare pleasure of viewing the little town of Cobh from its beautiful harbor will testify to the aptness of the poet's words. This little town, viewed by many a departing Irish emigrant through a thick mist of tears, and again by the returning exile through eyes as dim with tears of joy, deserves more than a passing glance from the traveller on his way to Cork or Dublin or Killarney. On every side,

the town is surrounded by the loveliest views of hills and river and sea. The climate is mild and delightful with its ocean tang. The town provides adequate accommodation for the visitor who would remain to discover the beauties that lie within his reach. Its business street and the majority of its hotels are on the quay, and rising above these, on the terraced hills, are lovely residences surrounded by gardens of luxurious blossoms, and dominating all, is the beautiful Cathedral, a masterpiece of Gothic architecture.

And not alone for its beauty, but for its memories linked with one whose love for Ireland should be the inspiration of his countrymen, is the Cathedral at Cobh famous. To the Cathedral parish, in 1881, came a little-known young priest, Father Patrick Augustine Sheehan. He was remarkable especially for his love of solitude and his rather studious habits. He loved to watch the sea in all its varying moods, and to note the signs of the changing seasons on the hills rising above the town. But he loved better the countless thousands of young Irish men and women who passed through the town on their way to the emigrant ships which would carry them out into a strange, unfriendly world, to seek a living denied them at home. Many an Irish emigrant who left Cobh during the years from 1881 until 1888 carried away with him the memory of the kindly young priest who listened with so rare a sympathy and understanding to tales of sorrow and loss of hopes and aspirations, and spoke so earnestly of the need of remaining loyal to the old Faith in the new land, of becoming, in very truth, "teachers of the world, not the pupils of its vulgarity and selfishness."

Few knew the zealous priest as the author of many short stories of Irish life, as well as of weightier essays on Irish education, for few had read either his stories or his essays. It was not

until the publication of "My New Curate," many years later, brought fame to the author that his earlier adventures into the realm of literature were recalled. Writing, studying, attending to his clerical duties, and, perhaps more than anything else, his mental unrest at the thought of that ceaseless stream of emigrants draining Ireland of its life, and of their fate in a foreign land, finally broke down Father Sheehan's health, never robust; and at his own request he was transferred to Mallow. For the second time he was curate in the dear parish of his birth.

Mallow was doubly dear to him as the home of his childhood and as the scene of his first priestly labors in Ireland. And the journey along the fair, fragrant banks of the Lee to Cork, thence between the Nagles and the Boggeragh Mountains to Mallow must have filled his heart with joy as he recognized dear familiar scenes, many of which are incorporated in his books, for Mallow ever remained a fertile source of inspiration.

Mallow is known to the majority of travellers from Cork as a railway junction for trains to the north, east, south, and west, a town of some commercial importance,—and to others as the inspiration of "The Rakes of Mallow." But in thus dismissing the little railroad town, one does it an injustice. About a century ago it was one of the most popular health resorts in Ireland, owing to its nitrogen-charged springs which have since fallen into disuse. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Blackwater, the Rhine of Ireland, in the heart of a delightfully wooded valley; and its many links with remote and recent history make it worthy a brief visit, at least. Not least among its attractions is the ivy-colored ruins of an ancient castle of the Desmonds, for many generations prominent in the annals of Ireland.

But it is as the birthplace of the poet-patriot, Davis, that Mallow is held dear.

Thomas Davis was born in Mallow on October 14, 1814, almost half a century before the birth of Patrick Augustine Sheehan, destined to bring new fame to the ancient town. The father of Thomas Davis was of Welsh descent and a surgeon in the Royal Artillery. His mother was a descendant of a Cromwellian family, but his great grandmother on the maternal side was the daughter of O'Sullivan Beare; and from this noble ancestry Davis undoubtedly inherited some of the patriotism which set him apart during his brief life. The family of the later patriot, Patrick Sheehan, were Gaels, and maintained in their happy home circle the traditional Gaelic love of learning. The children, of whom there were four, were sent to the National School at Mallow, and one of Patrick's classmates was a boy named William O'Brien.

That boy was destined to play an important part in Irish political life in after years, and around him was to gather one of the bitterest political storms of modern Ireland. An international figure for many years, he was at length to return to his native Mallow, and there in a lovely home on the outskirts of the town to spend his declining years in the peace and quiet denied the majority of Irish public men who either meet death in the full flush of youthful enthusiasm or go down to their graves in bitterness and disappointment, still struggling for an ideal, perhaps. From his pleasant retreat on the Blackwater, the Sage of Mallow watched younger men carrying on the age-old struggle for freedom, now and then speaking a word of encouragement or admonition, and enjoyed his literary pursuits and the intimate friendship of his classmate of long ago, now Canon Sheehan of Doneraile.

A few miles from Mallow is the busy, modern town of Fermoy on the Blackwater, just under the commanding Nagles Mountains. One of its chief at-

tractions is St. Colman's Seminary, occupying a prominent site overlooking the river. It is deserving of a visit, first, because of the notable collection of Irish manuscripts in its well-stocked library, and second because it was the scene of Patrick Sheehan's secondary studies. He entered St. Colman's at the age of fourteen, remaining there until he entered Maynooth at the age of seventeen. This was the period when the Fenian movement had reached its height, and echoes of the enthusiasm stirred in the heart of a boy by the drama of freedom are heard in the last book written by Canon Sheehan, "The Graves at Kilmorna," one passage from which is worthy of quotation because it explains so clearly the periodical "Risings" which have marked Ireland's history with glory and tragedy.

"Deep down in the hearts of the poor and the toiler and the worker; in the souls of young maidens, who love the chivalrous and the ideal, and mothers, who feel for all that suffer and are lost; and, in the hot breasts of the young, who adore bravery and worship on the track of the patriot, there was many a heart-throb of sympathy for the brave young soldier, who had . . . staked all, even life, for his country."

As a student at Fermoy, or later as curate at Mallow, it is almost certain that lovely Lismore, with its memorials of a rich and varied past, must have exercised a certain influence over the thought and genius of Patrick Sheehan. Here as early as A. D., 635, a monastery and school had been established by St. Carthagh. Some authorities assert that Lismore was a center of learning as early as the latter half of the Sixth Century. But whoever may have preceded him, it is definitely known that St. Carthagh was granted a tract of land by the chief of the Desii of Waterford along the "Great River" about the year A. D., 635; and that the saint and his monks immediately began to mark out

the site of their future dwelling. The site is said to have been on Mag Sciath, the Plain of the Shields, near a rath on the height to the east of the present city of Lismore. A holy virgin, Coemell, who had a cell near-by, seeing the monks at work, with the proverbial woman's curiosity, came to see what they were doing. When they explained they were building a little dwelling—in Gaelic, *lios-beg*,—she prophesied that the place would become known as the great dwelling, *lios-mor*. This prophecy was fulfilled as the years went on, for it is recorded that at one time there were as many as twenty churches at Lismore; and the fame of its school was second only to that of Clonmacnoise.

One of the brightest lights of the school of Lismore was St. Cathaldus, the Latin form of the Gaelic Cathal, of Tarentum, who, before leaving Ireland for the Continent, was a professor at Lismore. Although often ravaged by the Danes, the school continued to be held in great esteem down to the Anglo-Norman invasions. The town was burned several times, but was finally completely destroyed in the year 1207, when the lamp of learning at Lismore was extinguished forever, and the See united with the Danish bishopric of Waterford. Of its ancient churches and schools not a single vestige remains. The existing Protestant cathedral was rebuilt on the site of the great stone church of Lismore about the year 1663, and in it are preserved several stones inscribed in extremely ancient Gaelic lettering. The Castle towering above the river is a Twelfth Century structure, and contains many valuable antiquities.

About half way between Mallow and Fermoy, the River Awbeg, coming down through its green valley from the Ballyhoura hills, joins the Blackwater. In this valley, about six miles north of Mallow, lies the quiet little village of Doneraile. In this peaceful spot,

beautiful in its pastoral surroundings, gently rolling farm lands dotted with neat little white farmhouses, and here and there the deep green of rich woodland, Father Sheehan was to spend the last eighteen years of his life. Perhaps the most striking object in the village is the beautiful bronze statue of their beloved "Father Pat" at the entrance to the churchyard. The statue stands upon a chiselled limestone pedestal on which is a tablet bearing the inscription:

"Erected by his sorrowing parishioners and his very many friends and admirers at home and abroad in affectionate remembrance of the Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, P. P., D. D., Doneraile, 1895—1913."

It was unveiled in 1925 and stands as one of the few statues in Ireland erected to Irish literary genius. His grave is marked by a plain Celtic Cross.

But perhaps the most interesting spot in Doneraile, because of its intimate associations with the priest-novelist, is the rectory at the end of the main street at the west side of the village. It is a roomy, old-fashioned mansion near which flows the Awbeg,—*"the gentle Mulla"* of the English poet. In the rear is a little yard through which one enters an enclosed garden, the pastor's favorite retreat for work or meditation. But let the author, himself, describe it:

"Three high walls bound it, north, south, and west, and on the east are lofty stables effectually shutting out all possibility of being seen by too curious eyes. It is a secluded spot, and in one particular angle, at the western end, it is walled in by high trees and shrubs, and you see only leafage and grasses and the eye of God looking through the interminable azure."

In wandering about the countryside in the vicinity of Doneraile, scenes from *"Glenanaar"* rise to greet one familiarly. The book takes its title from the district toward the northwest, a broad, heather-clad plateau extending

toward the Mullaghareirk Mountains on the border of Cork and Limerick. Canon Sheehan was at his best as a novelist when depicting those scenes of simple country life with which his experience had given him a familiarity based on sympathy and understanding. The title *"Lisheen"* is taken from a district on the Cork and Kerry border, but this book is not so happy in its subject-matter. The simplicity and solitude of the life at Doneraile did not give an adequate background for the discussion of social problems. Canon Sheehan is not commonly known as a poet; yet he essayed both poetry and drama. Of his poems, *"The Canticle of the Magnificat"* and the *"Hymn to the Sacred Heart"* have the greatest claim to poetic merit.

Canon Sheehan turned to literature not for fame. He was often bitterly criticised and condemned by his colleagues, and his nature was too retiring to find any delight in popularity. Nor yet for wealth. We are told that every penny he received from his writings was given to charity. He saw in fiction a means of education, and his failings as a novelist are the failings of one who writes with a purpose. The purpose at times takes precedence over literature. But the lessons he taught are beautiful lessons of love of God and love of country, and may be summed up in that one phrase which should be engraved on the heart of every Irish man and woman: *"To do God's work however imperfectly, to serve Ireland however unworthily."*

FOR the first members of the Church it was necessary that their faith should be confirmed by miracles. *"These signs shall follow them that believe."* But now the Faith does not need to be confirmed by miracles, as in the beginning: it needs to be developed and strengthened by the exercise of Christian virtues.—*Anon.*

Boher-Na-Bwee.

BY LIAM C. CLANCY.

THE shadow and sun, they fall from the sky
on it;

The round o' the day, they sport from on
high on it;

The dews o' the dawn, their gems they let lie
on it:

My little green meadow in Boher-na-Bwee!

There's never a lark but lilts in the noon in it;

The winds o' the world are ever acroon in it;

The Fairy Wee Folk, they dance in the moon
in it:

My little green meadow in Boher-na-Bwee!

A glory of green, with buttercups gold in it;

There's rapture unknown and riches untold in
it;

All the hopes o' my heart are centred and
rolled in it:

My little green meadow in Boher-na-Bwee!

A joy to my heart, when grasses grow deep in
it,

To watch every wave when the winds are
asweep in it;

All the heaven I crave,—forever to sleep in it:

My little green meadow in Boher-na-Bwee!

“Behold, I Send My Messenger!”

BY HELEN TANN ASCHMANN.

“THE saints are not to be joked
about, Earle.” Agnes Anderson reproachfully thrust the toast at her non-Catholic husband, jerking out the toaster plug from its obstinate socket above the breakfast table with a portentous hint of long-tried patience. A second more of this misplaced humor of Earle's, and she felt that she would explode. She was getting her Irish up.

“Aw, gee! can't I kid you a little? I was just saying that I wish you Catholics had some patron saint of Business, one that could sort of guarantee my job right now. You seem to have saints to pray to for everything else you want

help in. There's that crazy little kid sister of yours with her:

Good Saint Ann,
Send me a man
If you can, Saint Ann.

Then your mother swears up and down that St. Anthony found her lost rent money for her.” Earle Anderson gulped his coffee with a grin and a wink at his small son in the high chair.

“Earle, please, please!” begged Agnes with a knowing look at her husband and a nod toward the solemn Bernard, toothlessly munching his swieback. “Can't you see it's on his account? He'll be big enough to understand you soon; maybe he does now for all we know. Nothing you could ever say would affect my own belief—I *know* that St. Anthony found Mamma's money—but for the baby's sake—” Her voice quavered and broke a little; the two red spots on her cheeks were not rouge; they were natural red danger signals. And Earle Anderson, who had switched freights before he had drifted into the stock-yards, saw them in time. Pushing back his chair, he rose and hurried contritely around to his wife.

“Agnes, I'm sorry. I just like to tease you. And that's the only thing that ever seems to bristle you. Say you forgive me, honey. Didn't I do what I promised? The boy's a Catholic, and I carried him to your Church in my arms, didn't I? And I was glad to.”

Agnes, her anger mercurially melted into a good cry, sobbed: “But I want you to believe, too, Earle. You know that's what I want.”

Gently Earle disentangled himself from his pretty wife's clinging arms, with an anxious glance at the alarm clock which had been transferred from the bedroom dresser to the kitchen table. “I've got to think of other things right now. If I don't get to work, we'll be poorer than we already are, if that's possible. So I'm off to the yards to bring home the bacon from those beef

steers." A couple of hurried farewell kisses on Agnes' wet cheek and Bernard's becrumbed one, and the head of the house was gone.

Slowly, unhappily, Agnes scraped and stacked the dishes. She was recalling how everybody had warned her when she had decided to marry Earle, and how she had tossed her head confidently and replied: "But Earle's not a Protestant any more; he's just not a Catholic—yet." And she had become engaged to him on January twenty-first, on the very feast of her patron saint, that blessed virgin martyr who had steadfastly refused all the rich Roman suitors for the One. This was the night that Earle had given her the diamond ring,—a ring far beyond his means. He had kissed her tenderly, and no sound had broken the enraptured silence until she had ventured shyly: "Nothing could ever make us have the tiniest quarrel, could it, Earle?" And he had replied huskily: "I should say *not*." But it had begun on their very honeymoon in the old roadster. She had fastened St. Christopher's medal in the shabby little car, the medal which gleamed as brightly as ever it did in a Vanderbilt Rolls Royce, and Earle had painfully astonished her by murmuring: "You don't think that's going to keep us from having an accident, do you? Say, honey, we won't have any accidents—because your old man's a swell driver."

Agnes mechanically took off the diamond ring now, putting it absently, in her unpleasant retrospection, on the edge of the sink drain board. She always took it off before putting her hands into water; she was afraid the two-carat stone might become loosened in the hot suds. Why, next to Bernard, it was their most valuable possession. It was all, really, that she and Earle owned. Money matters hadn't gone well with them since their marriage, and Bernard, with the concomitant doctor bills, had come along in the first year.

She glanced down now to where her boy was toddling two steps and falling in unconditional surrender at every third. His intelligent brown eyes, as eagerly curious as a fox terrier's, were already almost able to peer into the low-slung sink. As plainly as words they said to Agnes: "It won't be long now, Mother. Soon I'll be playing in that nice watery place, splashing all over myself and the whole kitchen." But little Bernard was forced to content himself for the time being with his kingdom on the floor, busying his chubby fingers with the empty milk bottles which Agnes had just put under the sink until such time as she would be stepping out on the back porch to place them on its edge in a neat little row.

It was that very gloomy morning, when things had started off unpleasantly, that Agnes lost her ring. She did not notice it was gone until noon when she suddenly realized that she had not put it back on after the dishes. She darted to the sink board where her subconscious mind bade her go, but the ring was not there. Frantically, with dry lips and wet eyes, she searched in ever-widening circles, first the kitchen and then the entire house. She looked everywhere, even with the faintest possible hope, gently prying open Bernard's small fists as they stretched above his head, where he lay napping in the crib. Then, desperately, she began all over again, feeling, looking, hunting. The ring must be in the cottage somewhere, but where—oh, where?

How could it have been taken out? Ah, there had been that peddler at the back door while Bernard lay screaming across her lap after a nasty tumble. She had looked up distractedly and shaken her head. Perhaps he had reached in in some way after her glittering ring. Oh, what would Earle say? He had always maintained lightly, but she knew more than half in earnest: "The ring's our last resort, Aggie. If ever we get too aw-

fully hard up, we can hock your sparkler."

That night, when Earle came home, he told her abruptly that he had lost his job before she could tell him that she had lost her ring. She had been wondering dully how she could find the words. Words—he was pouring out words of his own—"eight guys laid off, maybe for months. Market's bad. Hope we won't have to pawn that ring of yours at last, Kid. It'll be pretty tough if we do, honey. Why, you're not crying about that already, are you? Look, you're making the baby cry, too. You're scaring him."

"I—I'm scared, too, Earle. I haven't got the ring—I lost it."

It was then that Earle showed himself to be such a gallant gentleman. He alternately, while soothing and petting Agnes as though she were Bernard, declared emphatically that it didn't make any difference if the old ring were really lost forever, and then that it must be in the house somewhere and that it would come to light as sure as shootin'. They would hunt for it together after Bernard was put to bed.

But midnight found them tired and discouraged. They had all but torn out the very plaster in the walls. The ring was indeed lost. After the light in the bedroom was switched off, Agnes lay staring open-eyed into the dark as though still straining after that blue-white flash. Earle was padding about in the kitchen, locking the door, winding the clock. Then, to her amazement, Agnes heard him talking, whispering. She listened intently. What could he be doing? His voice trailed off into silence, but not before his wife had heard: "—Saint Anthony—ring—I'd believe—proof—" Agnes smiled.

But indigo blue days dragged by into a month. Earle had no work. The larder of the little house was lean,—there was oatmeal in the morning and potato soup in the evening. In her

prayers Agnes petitioned St. Anthony for his powerful aid. She asked him to find two things that were lost, her ring and her husband's soul.

And then, one night, the front and back doorbells rang simultaneously. On the front porch Tim Meaney, from the yards, grinned good-naturedly that the foreman had asked him to stop by with the news that Earle could report in the morning. In the rear doorway stood the milkman. "Did you lose something, Miz Anderson? A ring? When I was turning in the day's pickup of empties just now at the dairy, a diamond ring and a baby's rattle fell out of a quart bottle. And I remembered that I got that bottle here 'cause it was all covered with mud and had set out in the weather for weeks, I guess. I happened to see it under this here porch where it must've rolled when it fell off the edge. Bet it'd been under there for quite a spell, ma'am. Can you identify it,—the ring, lady?" For the ecstatic look on Agnes' face told him more than words. Earle, standing just behind her, was staring at the milkman in a sort of hushed reverence. He seemed to see something that wasn't there at all. And Agnes, looking up at him, felt that her happiness was now illimitable; and she knew that the good saint was smiling gently down upon them.

But it was Agnes who brought her husband back to domestic realities. "Tell the man we'll reward him, Earle, just as soon as you have a payday."

"Oh, sure," boomed Earle heartily. "What's your name, anyhow? It's the name of an honest man, I'll tell the world."

"Plain Smith—just like Al's. And my first name, my Christian name, is Anthony."

GOD likes *order* in our everyday actions; He wishes us to do what we do *under the rule of right reason*, not from *impulse*.—*Francis Neumayr, S. J.*

London Fog.

BY LOUISE MOULTON.

IF there is fog in Paris, or New York, or New Brunswick, one sniffs the air, exclaiming: "Just like a London fog!" But in London, fog is only fog. London is notable for many things—its aristocracy, its democracy, its strange medley of humanity, its antiquity, its architecture, its picture galleries; but its fog is notorious.

I sympathize with those who hasten away before the time of the fogs. Why stay, unless it is necessary, in the half-night and gloom, in the pinching cold, when one might be under blue skies and basking in the sunshine? At the same time, I should be sorry never to have experienced the piquancy and romance of a real London fog. One can but be the richer for knowing at first-hand something of the charm that Turner and Whistler found in this dense atmosphere, making it seem, if not desirable, at least lovable.

But one must not stay in to hug the fire. One must not keep exclaiming, "What a horrid day! How beastly cold!" No, one must accept the thing as a means of adventure, and sally forth in search of beauty and romance.

Let us take a sample day. I lie half-awake under my thick eiderdown, shivering and feeling as if my blood were slowly congealing. A gentle rap at my door; the maid with hot water. But how dark it is! Surely it is not morning!

"A nasty morning, Madam! Shall I turn on your light and close your window?"

How brightly the stars were shining when I went to bed! I stood by my window and looked out among our neighbors in space, exercising my mind in an attempt to conceive magnitudes, velocities, distances, the unwinding scroll of events and the sustaining reality in which time and space disport

themselves. And now, this morning, how my vision has been circumscribed! I can scarcely see the outline of the nearest houses. And the yellowish-grey vapor has been pouring in at my window, so that my room has been filled with it. Even the furniture appears vague and unreal. Things feel cold and clammy to the touch.

Half an hour with the morning papers by the cozy fire, and then I make my plunge out into the thick night of fog. How the cold dampness seems to take hold and fairly screw my nose, just at first! How cold the pavement feels, even through my thick shoes! But I walk briskly and am soon warm again. I can see only a little way around me; but what is close stands out in well-defined detail. Plane-trees border the street in which I live—not very large plane-trees; only one is visible at a time. As I pass under them I study the details of each with minute pleasure. I am glad of the fog against which, or in which, they show up their interesting, irregular lines with such charming distinctness. The decorative seed-balls hang in impressive stillness, and the spotted boles stand out with etched precision. As with the plane-trees, so with the street-lamps; one is lost sight of just as the next comes into view. I notice the shapes of the lamps—simple, chaste, classic.

I enter Kensington Gardens and proceed along the Flower Walk which, on fine days, is apt to be congested with the traffic of perambulators; now it is deserted. I meet no one except a keeper in uniform. But what is this "scratch, scratch, scratch," that I hear? I come close to the sound. Oh, it is a gardener at work in the shrubbery. Bent nearly double over his pick under the low branches of an ornamental tree, his silhouette, looming suddenly out of the vapor, appears grotesque and weird.

Now I am under the cedar of Lebanon, my favorite of all the trees along the flower-walk. It stretches out its flat,

irregular branches with distinctive grace, as if offering up all it possesses of life and beauty, at the same time imploring the blessings of heaven. Shut in alone with this tree by insubstantial walls of fog, I feel the majesty of its personality. A few steps along, and through veils of mist I discern a vague outline, in its effect spiritual and aspiring. By happily graduated stages it mounts up to a pinnacle surmounted by a cross. According to the standards of critics, it may be a thing done in execrable taste, with an intolerable mixture of styles. But surely it is a fairy palace that I see here this morning. I would not be disillusioned. Its silhouette through the fog is a thing of ethereal loveliness.

Beyond the moment, vaguely, vaguely, I trace the outline of the great dome of the Albert Memorial Auditorium. I suddenly remember a concert I attended there on a foggy Sunday afternoon. The great rotunda was thick with blue clouds of fog through which the lights glimmered but faintly, and the vast audience had an aspect of unreality. Mischa Elman was playing. As he slipped with impassioned sympathy through one of the unsurpassable passages of a Beethoven sonata, suddenly, in the audience, I saw distinctly the profile of Beethoven himself. Now and then he put his hand up behind one ear and waved it. I was able to make my companion see the same. We would have liked to believe that Beethoven was really there, it seemed so fitting. We were soon, however, able to trace the cause of the illusion. It was a delicate, flame-colored plume on a woman's hat that defined the profile.

Now I come to a holly-bush. Its bright-red berries and glossy leaves create a glow of cheer that spreads out in a little circle like the glow of a fire. Everything is very still. No breeze lifts a leaf or sets a single ball of a plane-tree in motion; even the birds are quiet.

Here and there a pigeon sitting in a tree looks like a sculptured bird.

Here is the famous Peter Pan statue by Sir George Frampton. I have come into the little circle of its influence. It is Peter Pan's world, and he pipes to the fairies and to the birds, the mice and squirrels, the toads and snails that whirl about him; and he pipes to me too. I hear you, dainty Peter, and I shall linger here under your spell for a little while, but not too long. One must keep moving in order to keep warm. I go across the paved Italian garden with its fountain-basins and its sculptured urns, and then turn right along the other side of the Long Water. I like the silhouettes of these tall teazles that have been so charitably planted for the benefit of the birds. In the Spring I shall pass along here and inhale the perfume of the new leaves of black currant, and see the swans nesting.

Now I come to the bridge that marks the dividing line between the Long Water and the Serpentine, and presently, turning to my left, come out in front of the Bird Sanctuary where stands that much-discussed memorial to W. H. Hudson, the basso-relievo slab by Epstein. Its lines stand out with clean-cut precision in the fog. In its simplicity, it reminds me of the design for a wood-cut. As time passes and the marble shows spots of weather-stain, the effect of the whole becomes softened and subdued, and blends with its leafy background. The purpose of the large hands of the central figure becomes more and more apparent. It is in that largeness that the artist has contrived to produce the impression of movement. Almost it seems that the hands and arms of the girl are ready to turn to wings. Her forehead presses the upper margin of the stone. What aspiration! Will the wings grow to carry her into that unseen country towards which her soul yearns? The movement of the piece is all in the same direction. The heads

of the birds point even as the eyes of the girl are directed, and their wings are lifted as if to fly.

Some stupid people can pass the serious work of a great artist like this without even trying to understand it, with a casual shrug condemning it for what seems to them ugliness. A favorite and stereotyped remark often heard from these superficial people is, "H—m, it is enough to scare the birds away!" I saw a working-man here the other day with a more sympathetic vision. He had lifted his little daughter up that she might see better, and was explaining to her that here dwells a spirit of reverence such as one finds nowhere else in the park. I wish Epstein himself might have seen and heard! How pleased he would be to know that his work had stood one of the tests of primitive art! For the purpose of all early art was not alone to please the cultured, but perhaps principally to instruct and inspire the unlettered.

I can not see much beyond this low slab. Like an altar in its form, it stands out against a background of white vapor. A pigeon, as still as a stone bird, sits at one corner on the top. At the margin of the long basin below a few sparrows are chirping rather dismally. I turn away and cross the bridge, the Long Water on my right-hand side, the Serpentine on my left. I come to the Rotten Row. No one is riding to-day. But yes, here comes a solitary horseman careering down the row, just emerging, like an apparition, from the blankness of the fog. I daresay that if I were to go farther along the row towards Hyde Park Corner I might encounter other apparitions like this.

But I must hurry along the Exhibition Road now to the South Kensington Museum, where I propose to read for a little while. I turn in at the Exhibition Road entrance, go through the turnstiles, and pass along that cor-

ridor lined with examples of wonderful ironwork—beautiful, delicately-wrought screens, palings, lanterns, gates, strong-boxes and shop-signs. Though I have been along this way many times, I never fail to respond to these things with a fresh sense of wonder and admiration. To work with such mastery in such stern materials seems to call for faculties that are almost sublime. What wonder that the ancients conceived a Vulcan!

In here, how warm and light it is! I glance towards the windows opening upon the court. The fog seems to press heavily against them, but we are quite secure. I go up the stairs, passing the tapestries from the William Morris looms, and designs for tapestry and stained glass from the hand of Burne Jones. Industry—art! Somehow, these things impress me more than usual this morning, standing out with fresh significance against the vaporous background outside. Man has always had to work more or less in the fog, pressing on little by little from this to that.

I do not like the fashion of belittling man and his handiwork. When one stops to consider that we are born into the world naked and without shelter, that in our earliest history we dressed ourselves in skins and dwelt in caves, it seems to me marvellous that we ever learned to spin and weave at all, or that we ever learned to fashion for ourselves houses that would withstand the onslaught of time and tempests. Through what progressive stages we have passed to the present complicated refinements of weaving and building! Perhaps most marvellous of all are the structures of ideas we have expressed in letters.

It has all been a feeling about in a sort of fog. How short is the span and how circumscribed the vision of one generation! How much more the wonder that the next relay of workers pick up the thread and carry on the work experimenting, and now and again

diverting the trend into some hitherto neglected channel! And so we go on, picking our way step by step from the thing nearest at hand to the thing just next.

This is the method of science and invention—a humble method and a slow; but each step has revealed more and more of the beauty and wonder of God's plan and law. The security of our civilization now depends upon the use we make of our present achievements. We speak round the earth; we travel in winged machines in a fashion almost to rival Puck. All this makes our planet seem small and intimate. As the purpose of human life must everywhere be the same, if, as we come into closer touch with one another, we establish a sense of unity in our common aim, shall we not together see the same light that guides us through the fog?

But here I am at the top of the stairs. I pass a case filled with examples from the Kelmscott Press, and turn in at the library door. I sign my name in the book, and find a seat at one of the long tables, facing the front of the room so that the light from the court shall be at my left. There is also a reading-lamp at my left elbow. Blotters and ink too are provided for the reader's convenience, and the chairs are large and comfortable. The attendant soon brings the books indicated on the slip I handed in and I settle down for two hours of reading. They pass quickly. It is almost one o'clock, and I must hurry home to lunch.

Out again in the fog, I am engrossed once more in the droll silhouettes of the plane-trees with their scrawling branches and pendant balls. My eyelids feel heavy as if the fog were weighing down upon them and trying to close them. But they shall not be closed. No, no. For I like to see, even though it is not very far.

And here is something I am delighted to behold—a splash of gold like sun-

shine. How warm and cheering it looks! Mimosa! I buy a bunch to take home to make sunshine for my afternoon's work. I feel happy as I arrange it in my Devon jug; I put it on the wide window-ledge between me and the fog. Then I stand for a moment looking out. On fine days I can see the spires of Richmond; but to-day I see only the fantastic, rather laughable shapes of chimneys and chimney-pots hunching up close around me. As I watch the columns of smoke rising up quite straight through the thick atmosphere, suddenly I seem to have an almost clairvoyant sense of the medley of homes from which it ascends. At least my imagination pictures vividly a great variety of family groups. My own fire adds no smoke to the confusion of the fog, for I burn only gas in my grate—not quite so warm and cheerful perhaps as a coal or wood fire, but still it is very cozy and convenient and clean. The more gas fires the better, for the more the smoke is diminished the fogs become less objectionable.

I settle down at my desk to work. I soon forget the fog, but I think the mimosa waving on my window-ledge keeps me in an optimistic mood. The afternoon goes all too quickly. Real darkness mingled with the fog presses against my window. Rat-tat-tat! Here comes the maid with my tea and well-buttered toasted scones. How refreshing and warming! And now I sally forth again into the fog, passing once more the vague masses of the Science Museum and the South Kensington Museum, where I was reading this morning. Omnibuses and motor-cars go along cautiously to avoid collision. Every now and then a pedestrian asks me his way here or there.

Just after the South Kensington Museum, I come to the memorial statue of Cardinal John Henry Newman in its shell-shaped niche, surmounted by

a statue of Our Lady. I stop to study for a moment that delicately chiselled face with its intellectual lines, the expression of which suggests a deep spiritual insight.

Here I am at Hyde Park Corner with its noble arches and memorials. I turn off to my right through Grosvenor Place, going towards Victoria. I can not see it down there through the fog and the dark—the beautiful tower of Westminster Cathedral,—but I have been thinking of it all the way. It is almost the loveliest thing in London, to my mind, on a clear day, with its rather Italian grace and strength, against the blue sky. But even on a fine day, it has a way of disappearing when one comes close, until one wonders what has become of that delicate *campanile*, which only a moment ago towered so majestically above everything else.

I like to think of the predominance of this comparatively new tower. Though it is so new, it belongs to the old realm of beauty—the same beauty that claims Westminster Abbey and the Duomo of Siena, of which it reminds me; and all the other great churches of the past and present, here and there, that have been erected in the spirit of whole-hearted love. It is only great love that can create anything beautiful; and such love means concentration and sacrifice. It was thus that came the magic of the old churches; and the magic of Westminster Cathedral has grown in the same way. Here is no makeshift, no half-conceived, hurriedly-erected, answer-the-purpose sort of thing. One feels at once its sincerity, its spiritual integrity.

As I approach through the fog I feel the magnetism of a powerful presence. What peace and strength vibrate from this vast shadowy structure! Inside, the polished marble columns glisten in the dim light; but the arches they support are not visible. I turn my eyes aloft; I discern no ceiling—only immen-

sity tender and brooding. The great mosaic cross hanging above the chancel shows no means of support. It is a glorious detail standing out against an uncertain background.

Turning into the left transept, I come to the tomb of Cardinal Vaughan, the great founder of this great Cathedral. What classic placidity, what undeviating purpose, are revealed in this sculptured face! It gives one poise and courage to pause here for a moment. Here is a steadying influence that will go on increasing. How the human eye loves a sweeping view, the far horizon, the distant sail, the vista leading on and on. But when a fog shuts out the remote and shows up with increased precision the immediate, we may contemplate a plane-tree, or even a single leaf, until our apprehension of abstract beauty is greatly enhanced. So when the mind is befogged and the abstract and the ultimate are for the time being shut out, to concentrate upon the details of a noble life, like that of Cardinal Vaughan, for instance, or Cardinal Newman, or perhaps some member of one's own household, brightens one's concept of the abstract virtues, and makes God seem more glorious and more real.

I cross to the other side and enter the Chapel of the Holy Eucharist, where that light glows which reminds us of the daily Food without which the soul starves. A mystic door seems to open. I am like a little wondering child in the midst of a glorious company. I am cheered and fed.

As I speed away home, I am not conscious of the fog, nor of the dark, nor of the street-lights, nor of the lovely details of near objects, but only of that transcendent realm which articulates with our life in time and space in a manner so mysterious.

HONESTY is good sense, politeness, and loveliness,—all in one.—*Richardson*.

The Catholic Atmosphere.

ONE of the reasons why we insist on our children's attending the parochial schools is that there is present always within their walls a Catholic atmosphere. But it is, too, the opinion of pastors of souls that this Catholic atmosphere is even more necessary in the home. Very little can be done in making the child genuinely Catholic, if there is not in his home that atmosphere which develops a Catholic spirit in the young boy or girl, and makes the work of nourishing and deepening it comparatively easy for the teacher in our schools.

But we may say, this Catholic atmosphere is a vague term. How can one recognize it? What are the homes like that are blessed by its presence? Our country is not a Catholic country like Ireland, Poland, or, say, Tuscany. We do not find the image of Mary, or Her Divine Son upon the Cross in wayside shrines as we tour through the country. Sometimes, in certain sicknesses, oxygen has to be supplied to the patient. We are in a somewhat similar position. We can not breathe freely in this atmosphere of the world; we need a spiritual oxygen, a purer atmosphere for the spiritual life of our souls. This atmosphere is composed of various elements which may be summed up in these three: faith, reverence and love.

But how shall we develop this atmosphere in the home? It is not a difficult matter if we have a good will. The very statement of what a Catholic atmosphere consists in will suggest the means of producing it. Faith, reverence, love,—we must first have them ourselves, as parents, as heads of the family. Faith—a firm, staunch faith in God and in all He teaches us by His Church; faith which will express itself in action,—in regularity at Holy Mass, at confession and Communion; in care about prayer; in observance of Catholic

practices. The Catholic home should be full of a faith made evident, so that one could tell that a house was Catholic as soon as one entered it. In some houses we can tell this; in others, every sign that the inmates are of the Faith is out of sight.

There should be a firm insistence on all the Old Catholic practices that were so familiar to the ages of Faith. The recital of the Angelus, morning, noon and evening; the saying of grace before and after meals, led by the father of the family, or, by appointment, one of the children; the common recitation of the Beads during the month of November or during Lent, and the practice of every one in the family doing some form of penance throughout Lent; the reception of Holy Communion together as a family on the great feasts of Christmas and Easter; attendance at the Way of the Cross on the Fridays of Lent; the encouragement of the boys to serve Mass; the practice of the children's making some sacrifice in order to give charity to the poor,—a practice too little in vogue in our day. There should be a crucifix in the bedrooms of the children and fonts for holy water at their doors with holy water in them instead of a dust-covered, dry sponge. All these things are a part of intimate and healthy Catholic life; and children who will grow up among them will remember them as important in their spiritual development.

The world is indeed irreligious; she smiles at these practices as futile superstitions; and if we are not trained at home to love and respect them, we can easily become indifferent to them in the face of the criticism of the worldling. But if parents love and respect all that is Catholic, and set an example for their children, the home will have a beautiful Catholic atmosphere, and the members will grow up in the Faith, loving it, reverencing it, and so living and defending it as to be examples to others.

Notes and Remarks.

We have not as yet seen the volume of Father Vernon Johnson, a recent convert from the Anglican church, in which he gives the reason for his leaving the Anglican communion, but a summary of the book in the London *Catholic Times*, by Mr. Stanley B. James, will interest American readers. Father Vernon's first stirring of doubt came through a visit to Lisieux. The evident supernatural character of the life of the Little Flower was something which he did not believe the Anglican Church did or could develop, and on a closer study he found this character was in the lives of most good Catholics,—a character similar in kind, though not in degree. It was the Holiness of the Church, then, that moved him; but he felt this holiness could not be developed unless it rested on an authority that gave to its members a feeling of real certainty in the doctrines of that Church. He returned home, re-read the New Testament in the light of his recent experience; and realizing that Anglicanism, with its divisions of opinion and belief, had not this authority, seceded from it.

It is the interesting belief of Mr. George Shuster, writing in the *Commonweal*, that with an "active audience" of one hundred thousand people any one could create a Catholic literature. By active he means people who will take up and buy and have concern for a literary statement of civilization and religion. One is impressed by the thesis, though there is not much prospect of seeing it proved. It supposes, to begin with, that the writers, the literary creators and critics, are at hand, or almost so, and only need encouragement to announce themselves. This may be true, but could be known to be true only in the unlikely event. What Mr. Shuster also notes, as

something already out of the field of theory and well demonstrated, is the fact that American readers more and more abandon the book and take to the magazine for their mental and artistic provender; and it is for this reason that a "literary journalism" is above all things needed. The question he asks, after study of the field, is this: Is the concern of American life for the finest Christian things, and not for the ways of the "successful chaps" and for feeding "its mind and its belly" on business? His answer is not a triumphant affirmative.

The President undoubtedly does his plain duty when he calls in railroad capitalists, business chiefs, and leaders of farmers and laborers in an honest effort to stabilize industry and the public mind. A panic is a good thing for scarcely any one, and is ruinous for thousands of defenceless people; so that it is wise to keep a weather-eye on even a remote danger or prospect of panicky times. This is a chief function, if not the chief function, of Government: to protect the interests of the people; not just to protect or advance business as business, and apart from the good that business can normally do the whole people. Indeed, we do not know that business, when and so far as it does not make for the good of the people, has any particular claim for governmental protection and encouragement. This is a point which, we believe, our national officials tend more and more to neglect and overlook. They seem to think that business, whether a blessing or a quasi curse upon the people, has a first call to governmental action and care. The present moment exemplifies our contention; for it is true that certain large sections of the people bled for a good long time, within this decade, before a hand of Government was raised for them. But when business was for one hour threatened, Government was at its

side, counselling and taking counsel. This action for the sake of business, and so for the sake of the dependent people, is plainly the thing that ought to be done; but the other ought not therefore to be left undone. Yet our American practice has been going steadily in one direction only,—toward big business and its sacredness; and it will take decades of careful Christian teaching on government's central function as furthering the interests of all the governed, to fully justify the ways and existence of government.

We have recently received a letter from a Sister in Kinkiang, China, which may appeal to the charity of some of our readers: "Our condition is very serious here in China. I do not know how we are going to pass the Winter without some special help. I have to get rice for over two hundred people every day, buy medicine dressings which are very expensive now, sheeting and bedclothes for a great number of poor who are without shelter." There was some hope for a while that the American Red Cross would undertake famine relief in China, but a recent decision reported in the *Fides News Service* says that the Red Cross would not undertake such relief. The Red Cross based its decision on the report made by a committee of investigation which found that political chaos was at bottom the cause of the suffering, since, they say, food was not lacking, but distribution was not organized. It is pitiful that there is not this organization, but the fact brings little hope to the starving millions.

The *Brooklyn Tablet* tells us that the new Catholic Premier of Australia, Mr. Scullin, owes much of his public success to the training he got as a member of a Catholic Debating Club. "There," according to the *Tablet*, "he not only learned things which have kept his faith intact, but he became familiar with

means to defend and uphold his position on current topics of the time." The emphasis is well placed. Never before has the man with the tongue had such a golden opportunity as at present. Even the humblest organization now has its meeting-place and its banquet hall and its convention date. The man who can talk stands a more than even chance of being pushed into some sort of leadership in his own organization and into the influence that such leadership implies. We Catholics have hitherto been backward in asserting our rights, because, in many cases, we could not express them. The future will tell another story, if, in our parish organizations and in our educational institutions, we furnish opportunities for study and practice, and if in connection with those opportunities we encourage our young men and women to cultivate the power of expression.

Several signs of the times in American education will be of great interest to Catholics. The noted scholar, Nicholas Murray Butler, declares that alongside the recent "astounding advances" in administration and material equipment, there has really been a decline in what is being taught and how it is taught. He believes it the business of the school to work with the home and the church to produce sound education; and he believes that the two latter have pretty well failed in their part of the work, so that an "impossible burden" is handed over to the American school. We agree with him that such a load can not be carried. For the school does but go ahead with the work of building character—a work that in almost every instance must be begun and well advanced in the home; and if the home does not function as the primal character-maker, the school is beaten before it starts. The conference of religious education, too, held in mid-month at Northwestern University, begins now to discover that

growth and strength of character is a central, if indeed not the main, objective of school work; which, of course, has been the practical theory of Catholic schools time out of mind. And coincidentally we have the statement of the young President of the University of Chicago, who says that the universities have "fallen far behind" the times by devoting themselves to discipline and instruction instead of organizing on a "basis of problems to be solved." There is food for thought in this declaration, for though discipline is a vital and chief matter in primary education, Mr. Hutchins is speaking about the work of universities.

Under the title "A Doctor's Drama," the South Bend *News-Times* comments editorially upon an unappreciated American hero of the past whose tragic life is revealed in "Isles of Romance," by George Allan England. The story is so touching and so revealing of the blindness of prejudice and of the power of charity that it should not be allowed to lie within the limited circulation of a single book, no matter how much of a "seller" that book may prove to be. We print the following quotation from that editorial as our contribution to a truly noble American, knowing that the example of his life will teach its own beautiful lesson to THE AVE MARIA readers:

After President Lincoln was killed, Booth, the assassin, fled for his life despite the handicap of a broken leg. After travelling some thirty miles he stopped at the house of a country doctor, one Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who, all unsuspecting, set his leg and sent him on his way.

The outburst of stupid fury that followed the assassination caught Dr. Mudd up as a victim, despite his obvious innocence; and the luckless man was convicted of being an accessory to the crime, and was sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Jefferson.

At Fort Jefferson, Dr. Mudd was treated

with fearful severity. He was kept slaving at mean tasks that ruined his health; his quarters were damp and dark, infested with vermin; his food was almost uneatable; his guards were brutal. His whole existence was one long horror; and, remember, he was innocent. If any man was ever justified in hating, Dr. Mudd was the man.

In the third year of his imprisonment came an epidemic of yellow fever. It swept Fort Jefferson with ghastly thoroughness. The resident surgeon died. Soldiers and prisoners alike fell victims. At one time there was a daily sick list of 500—a good third of the fortress prison's entire population!

It was here that Dr. Mudd showed a devotion, a heroism and a humanity that makes up for the brutal stupidity of the rest of the tale.

The only physician in the place, he offered to do what he could. For long weeks he worked, on an average, eighteen hours a day, treating the multitude of sick and doing his feeble best to fight the dreadful epidemic. Among his patients were the very men who had mistreated him. The organization of the place was so disrupted that he could easily have escaped, any day, to Cuba, where he would have been safe from yellow fever and safe from his unjust imprisonment; but he stayed, living day and night in the vast sick room.

And this, remember, was in a day when it was thought that yellow fever was spread by an infection in the air, exuding from the bodies of its sufferers!

There isn't much more to the story. Dr. Mudd's work eventually won him a pardon, and he returned to his home—broken for life. To-day he is forgotten.

What weaklings we moderns are! It was once the custom, more or less general, to rise at midnight on great feasts, in order to be present at the public devotions, which then began. This would be considered extraordinary nowadays, "dead pious," as an Irish friend of ours used to say. The French had an ancient proverb—"as dangerous as absence

from Matins"—to express the liability of meeting with an accident of some kind, or of being attacked by robbers, etc. "I rise at midnight," writes Petrarch, "to sing the praises of God, and commend myself to His protection. It is the part of my life when I am most myself." "To censure the vigils of others," says a bishop of the time, "is as foolish as to ridicule those who can run well, because we can not run ourselves. Though we have not the power, we ought to congratulate those who have." The Church prays that what we are unable to celebrate with worthy mind we may, at least, attend with humble service.

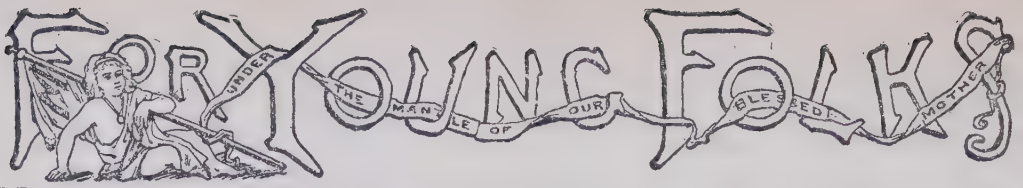
The same divine appreciation which valued so highly the widow's mite must have multiplied many times over the dollar-and-cents value of a donation which came to the Franciscan Sisters who have been laboring in the Molokai Leper Settlement for the last forty-six years. The gift (\$1284.43) was not a large one in terms of money. It came from the rather thin pocketbooks of the lepers themselves, however, and it was added to by the kindly contributions of Mormon and Protestant residents. We don't know how God will bless the distribution of that money, but we do know that He has marvellous ways of multiplying little gifts into great contributions. He usually performs that miracle when love accompanies an offering. Surely love prompted this gift, the finest type of love,—the love of His afflicted ones for the charity given in His name.

His Excellency, Doctor C. C. Wu, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, is not a Catholic, but he has had opportunities of noting the profound influence of the Catholic Church and of appreciating its work. He was formerly attached to the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, under that distinguished

Foreign Minister, Lou Tseng Tsiang, who sacrificed his high public position a few years ago to enter the Benedictine Order in Belgium. Recently Dr. Wu paid a personal visit to the headquarters of the Chinese Mission Society at St. Columbans, Nebraska, and showed an edifying interest in the intellectual and religious training given to the future missionaries to his own country.

The spiritual generosity of the Chinese convert has been a constant source of happiness and encouragement to the missionaries in that disrupted country. Work in the Chinese missions is difficult and dangerous, due to the poverty of the people and to frequent internal wars, but once the seed has been sowed it takes root deeply and flowers most generously. The latest evidence of the fine results that are beginning to show there comes by way of a news item telling us that the grandniece of the Viceroy of Cochin-China has taken the veil at a Carmelite convent. The viceroy himself, although a Buddhist, is said to be well disposed because of favors received from the Apostolic Vicar and because of his admiration for the work of the Christian missionaries. It may also interest our readers to know that a former Prime Minister of China, Dom Pierre Celestin Lou, is now a Benedictine monk in the Abbey of St. Andrew, Lophem-lez-Bruges, Belgium.

By way of confirming his contention that an abstemious life conduces to health and longevity, a medical writer quotes a Franciscan of the Thirteenth Century as saying: "If it were not for their life being sapped at the foundations, which are the feet, in consequence of the ice and rock and craggy paths which they have to pass over, I believe that our poor friars, from being so abstemious, would live to be so old that it would be necessary at last to knock them on the head."



Little Miss November.

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

"**L**ITTLE Miss November, gay and sweet,
Went skipping blithely along the street,
Her black hair blowing, her eyes aglow,
She hadn't missed school for a day, you know;
And, Katy Lou, in a wary way,
Her birthday was creeping up day by day."

"Her eighth, Grandpa?" asked Katy Lou.
"I'll soon be more than 'going on,' too."
"Heavens and earth!" cried grandpa dear,
"How ancient we are!" and his laugh was clear.

"Her eighth? Right you are, she was happy
and sweet,
As blithely she skipped along the street."

"Yes, she had a cake and a party, too.
Eight plates and eight candles and everything
new

Under the sun in the manner of gifts."
A fair little face Katy Lou uplifts.
"Oh, I hope, Grandpa," she softly said,
"She got a piano," and drooped her head.

"Perhaps," said grandpa. "This I know
'Twas a wonderful party,—she told me so.
Eight plates and eight candles, games, frolic
and fun,

A thing to remember when over and done.
And then what did little November do?"

"Played her piano," guessed Katy Lou.

"With a basket of goodies away went she,
Happy and gay as a girl could be.

In a poor little home she left a treat,
Candies and cakes for the kiddies to eat."

"Part of her birthday," breathed Katy Lou.
"That's just exactly what I will do."

TAPPING on the table with one's finger
a wearisome number of times, or tapping
with one's foot on the floor in a
similar manner, because it gives people
the fidgets or "blue devils," was known
as the "Devil's Tattoo."—Anon.

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

VII.—THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

THE Lost Property Office was conducted by a grumpy man with fiery red hair whose name was Mr. Bumpus. His name was Bumpus because he had a large bump in the center of his forehead; that bump, he said, showed exactly where his brains were, and indicated a strong aptitude for collecting lost articles.

He lived up in the very top of a tree. He lived up there for two reasons: one was because he didn't like visitors; he left people alone, and he wanted to be left alone. The other reason was that a house built in a tree was easy to find. In the beginning he had lived in a street with red-brick villas on both sides, but he was always getting lost in that street. He never could remember exactly which was his own villa; he would run into a dozen houses, and insist that each one in turn was his, and try to chuck the real owners out by the back of the neck. Finally Mrs. Bumpus would appear on the scene and lead him home, a nervous wreck, and as often as not she would have to make him lie down for the rest of the day, with a hot-water bottle at his feet and a cold-water bottle at his head; whether it was the heat or the cold that restored his calm she was not sure, but she was not the kind of woman to worry about a mere detail of that sort.

So, considering these attacks of nervous prostration for Mr. Bumpus, it had really been a very sensible move to leave the red-brick villa and build their house high up in a tree. As they lived in the woods and never went to see any

one, his wife did not have a very pleasant life of it; and neither did the three little Bumpus boys. But the boys made the best of things by pretending to be monkeys and hanging onto the branches with their feet as if they were tails.

Now, seeing what uneventful lives they led it can be imagined that Michael and his search party created a great impression when they arrived at the Bumpus tree, and came clambering in a body up the wooden stairway to the door of the Lost Property Office. So many people coming to their house at once made Mrs. Bumpus and the three little boys quite excited, but it only made Mr. Bumpus cross. He refused to open his door and poked his head out of the window to speak to them.

"Yes," he grumbled, "I am the Lost Property Man, and what about it? It's no use your coming to me if you've lost anything, because you'll never get round me. No, indeed,—indeed no! I know my job. When a thing is lost it stays lost,—I see to that. Nothing lost in this town since I've held office has ever been found. No, sir! A man in a million,—that's what I am, though I dislike to boast. I know my job and I stick to it. And I tell you it's *ab-so-lutely* no use your coming to me."

He disappeared into the office, and they could hear him arguing inside with an old lady. She was insisting that once upon a time she had had an idea in her head, and somehow that idea had got lost; and now, logically, the only place it could possibly be was in this Lost Property Office.

"That's *logic*," she said in her shrill voice, "and if you don't hurry up and return that idea to me—it was a wonderful idea, and consequently of great value,—I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Ho-ho! you'll force me I suppose? Not in ten thousand years, my dear Madam. I've got your idea all right,—trust me for that!—but *where* I've got

it you will never guess. That's *my* secret."

The old lady gave up her threatening tone and began to whine.

"Oh, you're a hard, hard man, Mr. Bumpus. My poor head is that light for want of something inside it, that it's more like a balloon than a decent ordinary head."

Mr. Bumpus chuckled with satisfaction. It was all pretence on his part; he did *not* have the old lady's lost idea; but he wasn't going to admit that. He liked the public to think of him as being *very* good at his job. Without any further talk he bundled the old lady out of his office, and then poked his head out of the window again, crying out to Michael to take himself and his search party off.

"If you've lost something it's your own fault, all you people. Whatever comes into this office remains here forever. Only one thing has escaped my hands, and that was an arrow; and anyway that arrow was clearly a trumpery toy and not worth my watching."

"What sort of an arrow?" Michael asked, remembering that he had never traced the one he had made at home.

"What sort of an arrow?" grumbled Mr. Bumpus. "An arrow isn't like anything else but an arrow, is it? But I'll tell you something, all you people, there's one article I would return to its owner now, or any day of the week, and that's the Governess' temper. She lost her temper the very first hour I was in office, and an unsightly, unpleasant article it is for me to keep in my house. Yes, indeed! However, I'm a man in a million, and I know my job and stick to it. I'm not like the man who had this job before me, and used to return all the lost things. I never return anything,—as you'd know if you could see inside my house."

The search party stood on tiptoe, and craned their necks in an effort to see over his head and into the Lost Prop-

erty Office, which so alarmed Mr. Bumpus that he jerked himself in and shut the window with a bang.

Michael said: "Let's burst his door open. He has no right to keep lost property. Together,—one, two, three!"

He hurled his shoulder against the door expecting the crowd to do likewise, but they only said mildly: "Oh, don't bother to do that. We'll go and see Mrs. Bumpus, and everything will be all right. She lives at the back-door."

And smiling with the assurance that everything would be all right they trooped round to the other side of the house and tapped on the back-door.

It was opened by Mrs. Bumpus. She was not at all like her husband,—not in the least a cross person. She beamed and shook hands with each member of the search party, welcoming them into her kitchen where her three little sons were doing their lessons while she cooked the dinner.

"Pray all be seated, and excuse me for a moment while I finish my children's lessons," she said.

She was preparing a stew, and she meant this stew to give nourishment to their minds as well as their bodies. "Now, my blue-eyed boys," she said, "if I put three carrots for each of you into this sauce-pan, and then I get economical and take out two of those carrots, and afterwards, when no one is looking, get extravagant again and put three or four more,—now, how many will each of you get at dinner time?"

"A whole lot," answered her three sons.

"Correct," said Mrs. Bumpus with a beam of pride. "Perfectly—perfectly correct. Show me your sums now, and that will end the lessons." She dropped the carrots pell-mell into the pan, and turned her attention to the little boys' slates on which they had been adding up their sums: $2+2=5$; $3+3=8$; $4+4=100$.

Mrs. Bumpus studied the answers,

and then she said very pleasantly:

"Quite right, my dears, very right indeed." But at the same time she confessed to the search party in a whisper that she had no head for figures.

"But if I tell them the sums are right it makes them happy; and that's the great thing in life. And anyway my little boys are going to follow in their father's footsteps, and they won't need to add up. Just see their foreheads,—see the big bumps. Those bumps mean Lost Property Offices in the future."

It seemed very likely that the little boys would follow in their father's footsteps, for as soon as the slates were put away they ran forward,—not to shake hands with the strangers, but to finger their clothes, their handkerchiefs, their shoes, and even dip into their pockets, saying hopefully all the time: "Is this lost? Or this? Or this? Can't we have anything of yours?" And how longingly they touched Michael's trumpet! "Oh, surely *this* is lost!" they cried.

The people of the search party were as polite as usual, but they kept a firm hold on their handkerchiefs and gloves after that.

"They're very advanced," smiled Mrs. Bumpus. "But tell me now, what lost articles in particular you are seeking." They told her. "The cousins of Grown-up Grisel,—five of them."

"Well, now!" said Mrs. Bumpus thoughtfully. She consulted a large book, and then she said: "Were they babies?"

"Yes, babies."

"One fair and one golden?"

"Yes," said all the search party together. "And one sandy, one black, one nondescript, brown with three curls down her back."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bumpus. "The very same."

"Has Mr. Bumpus got them?"

"Mr. Bumpus *had* them," said Mrs. Bumpus in a whisper, "but he hasn't got them any longer. He has all the

lost possessions in the beginning, but the nicest things I take away when he's not about, and I return them to the people here at the back-door. The nasty things like the Governess' temper, I let Mr. Bumpus keep. Those five babies I sent away."

"You sent away!" cried the search party.

"Yes, indeed; far, far away!"

"Then, of course, they're lost again!"

"No, not exactly," said Mrs. Bumpus placidly. "You see, among his lost possessions, Mr. Bumpus had a silver arrow that was really a very exquisite object, and as the babies were also exquisite objects I sat them all in a row on this silver arrow and sent them sailing to the West. It was a shiny silver arrow."

"That was my arrow," cried Michael. There could be no doubt about it. "I made it when the moon was full, and somehow it got all over silver."

"Well, your arrow is now flying towards the West." Mrs. Bumpus seemed very pleased with herself for what she had done.

"What country lies in the West?"

"In the West those funny long-ago people live, and still further west is the Earth country. *That's* where the arrow has flown."

"Then to find Grisel's children we must go to the Earth?"

"*You* can go to the Earth, but *we* can not go," smiled the people of the Land Time Wronged. "And will you go without your sister?" For of course Joan was not in the crowd. She had stayed behind to comfort Grisel.

"As it was a magic arrow," said Mrs. Bumpus, "those baby cousins are bound to be safe. Then why worry?"

Michael said: "Then at least we must go quickly to tell Grisel."

The search party was about to say good-bye to Mrs. Bumpus when suddenly she held up her finger for silence.

"Some one is at the front door," she

whispered. "You can not go yet. Please, be as quiet as mice."

They were all as quiet as mice, and in the silence they heard the well-known voice of the Royal Child complaining to the Lost Property Man at the front door.

"Where's the King? He's lost,—haven't you got him here? The King is lost, I tell you. Let me come in. I insist! Open the door and let me see for myself. As he's lost he ought to be here. Let me in, I say!"

Mr. Bumpus argued and argued. He assured her he had no King among his lost possessions, but the Royal Child was accustomed to having her own way, and she stormed on and on until at last she succeeded in storming her way right through the front door and into the Lost Property Office.

And once inside the office what havoc she played amongst the lost property! She turned out drawers, tossed the cupboards, pulled down the curtains, opened the clock, upset the chairs (and the ink), and then flew into a rage because the King was nowhere to be found and flounced out of the office,—leaving poor Mr. Bumpus distracted, for he was a methodical, tidy man. He liked every article labelled and the office neat and orderly,—and now! Where was neatness, where was order?

The Royal Child raced down the winding wooden staircase, and from the backdoor the search party watched her. Presently they, too, went down the wooden stairs only they did not race helter-skelter as she had done. No, they descended on tiptoe, and wended their way towards the cottage of Grown-up Grisel. If the silver arrow were really a magic one, her five baby cousins were safe.

Then having no longer to worry over Grisel's loss, it gradually dawned on them that the King also was lost.

"As we're a search party we'd better search for him now," they said.

They thought of going back to the Lost Property Office, and they turned round; but when they saw Mr. Bumpus with his head stuck out of the window, shaking his fist in anger after the Royal Child, they decided to let him cool down before paying another visit to his establishment. So instead, they accompanied Michael to Grown-up Grisél's cottage to give her what news there was of her baby cousins.

(To be continued.)

The Magpie.

BY MAUDE WOOD HENRY.

CHILDREN who talk a great deal are often told that they "chatter like a magpie." Sociable people always chatter and a magpie is a sociable bird,—a bird that does not like to be alone but loves company, preferring to be a member of a flock of fifty or more when he goes about the adventures of life. He belongs to the same family as the jays, those noisy, wide-awake fellows that do a good deal of pestering of other birds and people, too, but are pretty well liked despite their pranks. Like the jay, a handsome bird in his trig blue coat and crested cap, the magpie is splendidly attired. His coat is a bronzy black with iridescent hues, and with it he wears a fine white vest and white wing-patches. His tail is his greatest glory, a long plume of graduated feathers which he carries with pride.

The black-billed magpie is a westerner, and one of the most striking of our birds. We sometimes see a straggler in the east, but as a rule, the magpie keeps to his part of the country, which includes the Northwestern States to Arizona and New Mexico and the western half of Texas and North Dakota. In the range where he is known, "Magpie" is greatly admired for his beauty and great size—he sometimes reaches twenty-two inches—and sagacity. In the

matter of shrewdness, the magpie resembles the crow. He is a great lover of eggs, and woe to the hen who lays one within his hearing, for she is pretty sure to lose it unless it is well protected from this graceless scamp. Smaller birds, too, fare badly at Maggie's hands, or bill, I should say. Both eggs and nestlings are often on the magpie's bill of fare. However, he does some good in the world; when necessity arises he can and does catch a great many injurious insects, though from preference he is carnivorous. He is as great a thief as the jay and the crow, and is not liked by the farmer whose fruit and poultry are pillaged, any more than these birds that contrive to live off his efforts, and who dig up his vegetables and grains without a particle of conscience.

If you have nothing that these birds can pilfer, and can enjoy them for their good looks and alertness, you will not be apt to want them banished from bird-dom; for, after all, they do possess some pleasant qualities, add to the interest of the landscape, and make the most wonderful of pets. If you ever had a pet crow or bluejay you will agree to this.

Birds such as magpies are a good deal like humans, possessing both good and bad qualities; and as in the world we find all kinds of people, so in the feathered world we find many sorts of birds. Some, like the cedar wax wing, are altogether likable, mild and gentle of disposition, courteous and unselfish in their attitude toward others of their kind. Others show little concern for the rights of their fellows, and are occupied solely with their own affairs in life. In the study of birds one is struck with the great diversity of looks, habits and character, which, correspond with those in the human family where the just and the unjust live together as best they may.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Upstream," by Martin J. Scott, S. J., is the story of a boy who has two great inspirations in his life and one great obstacle. The inspirations are his musical genius which cries out for expression within him, and his widowed mother whom he loves very dearly. The great obstacle is the poverty which, under a variety of forms, is continually standing in the way of his progress. The story features the interplay of these forces upon a background of home life in which love is more than ordinarily present. While the story is unusually emotional in that sense, it may not be too much so when viewed as a possible antidote to the coldness of much of our modern family life. Publisher, Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2.00.

—"The World's Miracle," by Karl Reiland, Rector of St. George's Church, New York, is a book of observations on life. The author is very evidently a man of fine ideals and broad sympathies who looks at life with a thoughtful eye. He is a good headline writer, and he knows the power of the concrete. Unfortunately, he has, in a modified way, the usual misunderstandings about things Catholic; and still more unfortunately, for a clergyman, he glorifies reason entirely too much in matters which by their very nature are above reason, though not opposed to it. In spite of the defects recorded, the work represents the sincere efforts of a sincere man to reason his readers into an appreciation of spiritual ideals. Publisher, Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.75.

—Though we have many more books than our predecessors, it may be doubted if we are as industrious readers as they were. And they preferred solid literature, works like "*Mores Catholici*." It would be a surprise nowadays to find any one buried in that mine of wondrous learning and varied interest. The old copy in our possession bears evidence of having been much read, and the twelve volumes are carefully marked throughout. In the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, when, as is so frequently asserted, the Bible was a

neglected or unknown book, knowledge of it was a common accomplishment. For instance, Mabillon relates that the Duc de Montausier read the New Testament as many as one hundred and thirteen times. And a writer who lived in the reign of Alfonso of Naples and Arragon, bears witness that this king read the whole Bible, with commentaries, fourteen times, from beginning to end.

—From the well-known publishing house of Pierre Téqui come: (1) "*Une Histoire Pour Chaque Jour du Mois de Marie*," by R. P. J. Millot, a series of thirty-two readings for the Month of Mary. These readings are for the most part brief accounts of responses to prayer or of miracles wrought at Lourdes. Their value consists in the heightened confidence which they inspire in the intercessory power of Mary Immaculate. Price, 9 frs.—(2) "*Manuel d'Adoration du Très Saint Sacrement*," by L. Barret, S. M., will be helpful to those who find difficulty in spending an hour before the Blessed Sacrament. It is replete with citations from the great ascetics, and with directions that will enable one easily to fulfil the essential ends of prayer,—reparation, adoration, thanksgiving, impetration.—(3) "*L'Ami des Pêcheurs*," by R. P. Galy, S. M., is a treatise on the Mercy of God toward sinners. This divine attribute is traced through both the Old and the New Testament, and is vividly illustrated by a careful analysis of many of the parables of the Gospels. Later chapters are devoted to refuting the objections to the divine mercy based on certain poorly understood texts of Scripture, and to the special manifestation of divine mercy toward the dying. Preachers of missions and retreats will find much valuable material within its covers. Price, 12.50 frs.

—Those who have read "*Miss Princess*," by Esther W. Neill, when it ran serially in THE AVE MARIA, will welcome its appearance in book form as an opportunity to make it more widely known. It is a story by which old and young should be "exceedingly reached." The

Princess, a delightfully human young girl, did not know who she was until she was discovered as a nurse in the hospital by the observant Dr. Tom Gunning. She comes home to a wealthy and crotchety old grandfather, Colonel Pelham—autocratic, imperious, at times generous to the point of extravagance; and by her winning manner, her sympathy and enthusiasm, she melts the snows that had drifted about his lonesome heart, and lifts a score of years from his stooped shoulders. Mrs. Neill gives a delightful picture of convent school life, and the work of the young nurse in training. She introduces the reader to an interesting group of characters, each distinct and individual. There is the plump, well-groomed Ralph Pelham, who aspires to wealth without having to work for it, and his mysterious mother, Estelle, who has had a career on the stage; there is Andy Gunning, Tom's father, living among his flowers and experimenting with their perfumes; his son, Dr. Tom, who found the Princess the only remedy for his own heart ailment; there is Bowers, the butler, as formal as a calling card; and the motherly old housekeeper, Noodles, who forever is remembering to do some gracious kindness for the Princess or Dr. Tom, and forever forgetting her aitches. This volume, we think, should be a welcome Christmas guest at the fireside of any real home. Published by THE AVE MARIA. Price, \$1.50.

—Everyone who aspires to the perfection of his spiritual life has a few favorite books. They are his counsellors. He has read and re-read them, and he ever comes back to them with a sense of new appreciation after he has associated for a time with modern strangers whose greatest virtue is that they speak at times with the accent, and repeat some of the wise counsels, of these old familiars. After the Holy Scriptures, such books as "The Following of Christ," "The Introduction to a Devout Life," "The Spiritual Combat," and, perhaps, Walter Hilton's "Scale of Perfection," or the works of Tauler would fall into this class. But we should put no "perhaps" to "The Christian Life," compiled from the works of St. Augustine, by the Rev. Anthony Tonna-Barthet,

O. S. A., translated from the second Latin edition by the Rev. J. F. McGowan, S. T. B., O. S. A. (Frederick Pustet Co., \$3.00). Here are 688 pages of spiritual wisdom from one of the Church's greatest saints and doctors, and every page sparkles with some spiritual axiom or fundamental truth which a spiritual man might be glad to store away in his memory. To quote a few at random: "Believe, so that thou mayst understand, for faith is the stepping-stone to understanding; intelligence is the reward of faith." "It is no great thing to be heard by God according to thy desire—that is nothing great; consider it great to be heard by Him according to thine advantage." "Vainly dost thou think that thou hast conquered sin, if through fear of punishment thou do no sin. If thou fear hell, thou art afraid of burning, not of sinning; but if thou be afraid of sin itself, thou hast a hatred of sin like unto that of hell." These chapters, drawn from all the works of the great Bishop of Hippo, are arranged under separate headings so as to give a treatise on the Christian life. It is a book full of counsel that is pithy, sane, wise, fervent, simple, and full of the flavor of the Scriptures; a book that should provoke serious thought, that will be a helpful companion during days of retreat, and one that will furnish food in abundance for daily mental prayer.



Obituary.

Rev. Owen J. McGuire, Diocese of Des Moines.
Sister Maria Rosarii, Sisters of Charity;
Sister Mary of St. Gertrude, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Rose, Sister M. Josine, Daughters of St. Mary of Providence; and Sister Mary Assumption, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. David Babbitt, Mr. Peter J. Farrell, Miss Mary A. Gannon, Mrs. John Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Scully, Mr. Patrick Scully, Miss Nora Driscoll, Mrs. John W. Gaffney, Mr. Maurice J. Foley, Mr. Neal McHugh, Mrs. Mary Malloy, Miss Ada Dallett, Mrs. Anna M. Dawson, Mrs. Mary Jane Doyle and Mrs. Catherine Monaghan.

May they rest in peace!



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
(Murillo.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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The Immaculate.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

NO one so richly was redeemed as I
Who bore indeed no stain of Adam's fall,
Though due to bear it as the due of all,
And needing, therefore, that His Blood should buy

Even my soul. Judge, then, what Calvary
Of His own mind, within the inviolate wall
Of His eternity, He climbed, what gall
Of death impossible He drank to try
For this effect: that never body or soul
The least unloveliness one moment touch
Of her whose blood should make His own veins blue.

Oh, you were bought by what incalculable dole,
But I,—what secret price was paid, how much?
Only my Son knows as He always knew.

The First Fruits.

BY THE REV. J. P. WEBB.

HERE used to be among our non-Catholic brethren people who styled themselves Bible Christians, and who, no doubt, believed that this description of themselves was true. Perhaps in the general break-up of definite religious belief outside the Catholic Church these good people have disappeared or dwindled down to a mere remnant. At any rate, much less is heard of them than was formerly the case, when they not only proclaimed the all-sufficiency of the Bible as the source of revelation, but also denounced the Catholic Church on

account of its alleged un-Biblical doctrines and practices. Amongst these latter the whole theory and practice of devotion to Our Blessed Lady came in for no small measure of abuse; for, strange to say, they never perceived the tremendous Biblical fact that Our Lady occupies nothing less than a key position in the great events of Our Lord's career from first to last.

In the first fruits of Our Lord's divine life and operations, the active and operative hand of Our Lady is plainly to be seen; so plainly, in fact, that no other inference is possible but that she has place and position and pre-eminence above all others, and is entitled to the ungrudging and unstinted gratitude and praise and veneration of all the followers of Our Lord. The setting forth of this fact is something more than a corrective to the strange opinions of those outside the Church; it should be also no small help to the strengthening and deepening of devotion to Our Lady in the minds and hearts of Catholics.

God is never bound to the employment of any particular ways or means for the carrying out of the purposes of His divine will, but in the ways of His wisdom He determined that the redemption of man should be wrought by means of the Incarnation, Passion, and Death of His own divine Son. The fulfilment of His purpose is made known in the fulness of time by the great message of the Annunciation: "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God." To Our Lady did he come, and to her did he speak the

words of that salutation, so full of mystery and praise and power that it has entered into the very essence and substance of Catholic prayer, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." This is only the beginning, and the Archangel goes on to unfold to her the will and the design of God. "Thou shalt conceive . . . shalt bring forth a son . . . shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great . . . and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever: and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

Here was the will of God, but not yet was that will accomplished. "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" Somehow the consent of the creature must concur to the wish and the will of God. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." The grace and the power of God worked in her to will and to accomplish, as it worketh in all His creatures, but the assent that she gave was the free and unforced expression of her own will. Not till she said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word," did the overshadowing by the power of the Most High bring about in her the fact of the Divine Maternity, and confer upon her the unique and supremely privileged position of being the one by whom with God was wrought the mystery of the Incarnation. That mystery lies at the very root and foundation of the whole Christian religion, by it the whole fabric of Christianity stands or falls; yet see how that very mystery, the Incarnation itself, hung upon the concurrence and consent of Our Lady's will, so that she had her part, active and operative, in that first and greatest fact of the Christian faith,—*"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us."*

Our Lord came into this world by His Incarnation to take away sin, so that heaven, closed to man by sin, might be opened to him again by the taking

away of sin. This taking away of sin is a divine work, calling for the exercise of a divine power, either appropriate to or conferred upon him who possesses and exercises it. Now the very first act of the taking away of sin wrought by Our Lord after His Incarnation was brought about through and by means of Our Lady.

Of John the Baptist had it been foretold by the Angel of the Lord to Zachary, his father: "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." To be filled with the Holy Ghost necessarily implies the taking away of sin; in the case of John the Baptist the cleansing of that inherited stain, the cancelling of that hereditary privation, called original sin. The fact was foretold, but nothing was foretold as to the manner of the fact, how and when that stain should be removed, that privation made good, and the soul of John be made the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Our Lady, "Rising up in those days, went . . . with haste, . . . and she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth." It is the Visitation of Our Lady to Elizabeth; and that visitation means the fulfilment of the prophecy regarding John. "And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost; and she cried . . . Blessed art thou among women . . . For, behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears the infant in my womb leaped for joy."

Our Lady bears her Son. By her the presence of the God made Man is brought to the house of Zachary and Elizabeth, into nearness of approach to the child Elizabeth bears; and in that coming and that bringing and that drawing nigh the work of God is done in the soul of John the Baptist. The stain of original sin has vanished away, the privation of supernatural grace is supplied, the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth

from the Father and the Son, dwells in his soul. The prophecy of the Angel is fulfilled; it is fulfilled by means of Our Lady.

The first proof of divine power has been worked by the Word Incarnate; the first act of cleansing from sin and infusing of grace has been performed; and Our Lady has been the occasion of it all. John the Baptist is certainly to be reckoned among the first fruits of the Incarnation, and the gathering in must be attributed to the charity and zeal which prompted Our Lady to rise and to go with haste to the house of Elizabeth. "Blessed art thou among women," cries the mother of John; and the work that had been wrought in her and in her son proves the truth of her cry. "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," proclaims Our Lady; and all generations are witnesses to the fulfilment of her prophecy.

Our Lord's coming was for all men and for all nations, Gentile as well as Jew; and the first manifestation of Himself to people who were not of the children of Israel took place at the Epiphany: "There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem." Their confidence and lack of fear and suspicion were perhaps the outcome of ignorance, for they could scarcely have known what manner of man was Herod the Great when they marched right into his capital city, asking, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" They came seeking Our Lord; to find Him had they made their journey; for Him had they risked their lives; for Him had they brought their gifts.

Neither in their coming nor in their seeking was mention made of any but that One, "born King of the Jews"; but when at length they come to the place where He dwells in Bethlehem of Juda, the Gospel seems almost to go out of its way to state the fact that, "Entering into the house they

found the Child with Mary his Mother." They came seeking the One born, the Child. They found Him indeed, but not alone, for in finding the Child they found also the Mother; and the Epiphany of Our Lord, His manifestation to the Gentiles, is the manifestation to the world of His Mother also,—the revelation of her place and dignity in regard to Our Lord and in the scheme of His plenteous redemption of mankind. As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be; and they that seek the Child must find Him still, as did the Magi, "with Mary his Mother."

The Christian religion is the religion of a Child and a Mother, a Mother and a Child, that will not be parted one from another. The proof is plain. The non-Catholic Churches rejected the Mother, and have lost both. The Catholic Church never failed in her attachment to Mother and Son, and she has gone on with both through strife and stress and trouble and attack and persecution to a place of pre-eminence and power greater than that of any Institution that is, or ever was, upon the face of the earth: "They found the Child with Mary his Mother."

In the designs of His Providence and the workings of His wisdom, God had decreed that the redemption of man should be accomplished by means of the Passion and Death of His Son our Lord. The very first reference to that Passion and Death made after the Incarnation definitely associates Our Lady with Our Lord in the fact of His suffering. On the day appointed by the Law of Moses, Our Lady and St. Joseph take the Divine Child to Jerusalem, "to present him to the Lord." In Jerusalem dwelt Simeon, that man "just and devout," who had received the promise of God that he should not die until he had seen "the Christ of the Lord." When they brought in Our Lord, "to do for him according to the custom of the law," Simeon also came into the Temple, and,

"he came by the Spirit." He took the Child, and blessed God who had fulfilled His promise. The purpose of his life was accomplished: "Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord. . . . Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation." As Our Lady and St. Joseph wonder at his words, he turns to them, and blesses them. The blessing is for both, but for the Mother there are words of prophecy as well. To Mary he said: "Behold this child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign that shall be contradicted: and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

The allusion to the fate that awaited Our Lord is clear and forceful; the association of Our Lady with Him is no less plain: He, a sign that shall be contradicted in the death of the Cross; she, a soul that a sword of sorrow shall pierce at that same death. So, as it was foretold by Simeon in that first reference to Our Lord's suffering and death, was it in the working out of the fact, and so has it been in the unfolding of the ages. At all times is Our Lord to many "a sign that shall be contradicted;" and somehow, on the whole and in the long run, the thoughts of men towards Our Lord are revealed by their attitudes towards Our Lady.

One of the ways by which Our Lord intended to prove the divinity of Himself and His mission was the way of the working of miracles. The four Gospels give an account of many of these, and it is likewise clear that many more were worked of which no account has been given. Taken singly or together they constitute a tremendous fact in the line of proof, for they reveal in being and in operation a power that is not of man or nature but of God. "Be thou made clean," and the leper was cleansed; "Receive thy sight," and the blind man saw. So with the rest. In whatever way they

are wrought by Our Lord they transcend all proportion of means to end, and must be ascribed to a person and a power not human but divine.

It can not be doubted that these miracles were the principal attraction that drew the multitudes around Our Lord, and filled them with enthusiasm and love for Him. "A great multitude followed him, because they saw the miracles which he did on them that were diseased." As well as a revelation of power, they are even more a revelation of love, for they were always wrought to confer on someone or other some blessing, material or spiritual, or both.

It is a remarkable thing, and all the more remarkable the more it is considered, that the first in this series of stupendous happenings, this long list of miracles, should owe its existence entirely to Our Lady, and reveals in her that same double-attribute of power and kindness which they all manifest in Our Lord Himself. "My Son, they have no wine." The marriage feast of Cana in Galilee is in progress: Our Lord and Our Lady are there, and she has discovered that the wine has failed. It could be nothing but her goodness and kindness that made her state the fact to her Son and Lord; her perfect understanding and performance of the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." She makes no request, but only the simple statement, "They have no wine." Yet in these few words there is an implied request, and a request for nothing less than a miracle, for how would Our Lord, any more than any one else, be able to supply wine save by some exercise of that divine power which she knew was in Him. "What is it to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come."

However strange this answer may sound on Western ears, it was not a refusal, much less a rebuff, for at once

Our Lady gives her instructions to the waiters: "Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye," and in the sequel, the water is changed into the richest and the choicest wine for the refreshment of body and soul of those that had gathered to the wedding feast. "My hour is not yet come;" "Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye," this is the point that shows the place and power of Our Lady. The time divinely fore-ordained for the commencement of the working of miracles must be anticipated if the defect is to be made good and the implied request of Our Lady granted. And anticipated it was. The prayer of the Mother to the Son, the love of the Son for the Mother, prevail over all other considerations.

"Fill the water pots with water. And they filled them. . . . Draw out now and carry to the chief steward. And they carried." It has been done. They have wine and to spare,—wine so rich and rare that the master of the feast, not knowing what has been done, calls away the bridegroom from the side of the bride and the wedding guests and rebukes him for his seeming extravagance. "Every man first setteth forth good wine, . . . then that which is worse. But thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Perhaps in comparison with some of the other miracles of Our Lord, the changing of water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee may appear less impressive and important. It may not be so great a manifestation of power as the giving of sight to blind Bartimæus by the simple command, "Receive thy sight"; or the raising of Lazarus, dead and four days buried, by the word, "Lazarus, come forth." But this event of Cana in Galilee has a character and an importance all its own. It is unique, not only in being the first of Our Lord's miracles, but much more so by the fact that it was wrought out of due time in deference to

the wish, implied but not expressed, of Our Lady.

When or where Our Lord would have begun the working of miracles no one can say; but it is as clear as anything in the Gospels can be that the power of Our Lady's impetration determined that when and where to the day and place of the marriage feast of Cana, and that the miracle owes its existence as a fact, and as the first of a series of even more wonderful facts, to that same efficacy of intercession with her Son, who, by His emphatic assertion, "My hour is not yet come," makes clear beyond doubt or cavil the anticipation of time, and shows, as no one else could show, the place and position His Mother holds in the unfolding of the divine designs and in the bestowing upon men of the kindly works and gifts of the goodness of God. "This beginning of miracles did Jesus. . . . And his disciples believed in him."

When Our Lord hung dying upon the cross, the Gospel states: "There stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," and in this fact is to be seen the fulfilment of the prophecy of Simeon. In the very first reference to the Passion and Death of Our Lord, that holy man had definitely associated Our Lady with Our Lord in His suffering and sorrow. "This child is set . . . for a sign that shall be contradicted. And thine own soul a sword shall pierce." Not her heart but her soul; and the only sword that can pierce the soul is the sword of sorrow. Lo in her bitter grief and burning pain she stands by the cross. There, too, stands John, the disciple "whom he loved."

At the seizing of Our Lord in the garden, all the Apostles, John with the rest, had been overcome by fear,— "Then his disciples leaving him, all fled away." John alone had plucked up courage to return and take his stand by the cross of his Lord. As the end drew near, Our Lord looked down upon these

two, His Mother and His beloved disciple, and spoke those words that placed them in a relationship one to another that hitherto had been His own: "Woman, behold thy son . . . to the disciple, Behold thy Mother." John now holds the place of Our Lord in regard to Our Lady, "and from that hour the disciple took her to his own." It can not but be felt that, somehow, John, the faithful disciple, stands for the Church, which can not fail. At any rate, the Church and her children the world over have taken Our Lady to their own, and all the exuberance of Catholic devotion is only the manifestation of the reverence and affection which they know to be due to her who was so closely, intimately, operatively, and uniquely associated with the life and labor, the agony and death of Our Lord.

In the first step in the mystery of the Incarnation, in the first exercise and proof of divine power by the taking away of sin, in the first manifestation of Our Lord to the Gentiles, in the first reference to His Passion and Death, in the first working of a miracle, the place and position and power of Our Lady are plain to see; and she stands forth as one who had a part, active and operative, in them all, as one without whom they would not have been, at least as they are, in the ordered scheme of the divine wisdom. The first fruits of Redemption have been gathered by her hand, nor has that hand ceased to gather and bestow the gifts and graces of God. Whoever will look around in the Church of God will see for himself the evidence of all this.

A Candle to Mary.

BY EDITH TATUM.

BEFORE her shrine it burns,
With soft, clear light—
Like it, may my love glow
Through darkest night.

"Our Lady of Paradise."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

WE did not know her by that name before. We used to call her simply Our Lady of Good Counsel, or the Madonna of Genazzano; but when we learned at the shrine itself of that ancient title, which the mountain folk had bestowed upon her spontaneously in their first cries of greeting when she came among them, and when, after many years' absence, we beheld her mysterious and celestial beauty again, we felt with a profound inner conviction that this was her truest and most appropriate designation: "Our Lady of Paradise!" We had to come to her once in adolescence, with wondering eyes and hearts full of desire, and once again from far away, over deep waters. This of yesterday was to be our third pilgrimage. And we were almost afraid—afraid that she or we might have changed; that she would no longer seem so beautiful; that our eyes, grown too critical, might look upon her less devoutly. Vain fears and idle. We had remembered an ancient, quaint, pious image. We found instead a vision of delicate century-old color and sublime loveliness, and heard it called by that exquisite, inspired name of long ago: "Our Lady of Paradise."

Genazzano is piled upon its hill, compact as the townships were that were circled by walls, dominated by the high church which contains its famous sanctuary, grey with age, and relieved only by occasional dashes of red where the roofs are made of tiles. Ancient engravings accentuate the vertical lines of numerous towers, making the town look like a modern decorative presentment of a fortified Medieval castle upon a peak. And indeed the Colonnas, who were lords of Genazzano, did have such a stronghold, developed later into a Fifteenth Century palace, visible still, with

long, deep bastions of defence planted in the valley beneath, while turret and crenelled wall soared high into pure air. Like most of the towns of Latium, and indeed of all Italy, Genazzano has a background of classic history. The hills which stretch their arms around her, almost as if to embrace yet without touching her, were well known in the days of Cæsar.

Augustus had a villa upon these pleasant heights, and several famous Romans sought rest and refreshment upon their wooded slopes in Summertime. There was a noted spring which the emperor loved and which antiquarians think they can identify in the "Acqua Santa."

In the Middle Ages few remembered Augustus, and the Colonnas held the entire stage. The street beneath the castle walls is still called by the name of Pope Martin V. (1417-1431), Oddone Colonna, who was born here in A. D. 1368. Mark Anthony Colonna, who commanded the Christian forces in the great victory of Lepanto over the Turks, frequently resided at Genazzano; and Vittoria Colonna, the beautiful and cultured Marchioness of Pescara, has left the grace of her name and presence in the halls and gardens of the historic keep. She ranks among the poets of Italy, and Michael Angelo was her friend.

But to return to the sanctuary of Our Lady. Its history is so well known that it seems almost idle to repeat it; yet, for the sake of those who are not familiar with it, we will briefly refer to its principal points. The venerable picture called of Our Lady of Good Counsel is not one of those which from time immemorial have been treasured at the same spot. It came to Genazzano on a definite day, in a definite year, which is well remembered, and all the circumstances of its appearance were recorded. In point of time the advent of the sacred image occurred thirty-six years after the death of Pope Martin V., and

about one hundred years before the famous Captain Mark Anthony Colonna was born. If one could so tell it, the story should have two simultaneous opening scenes, the one at Scutari in Albania, where Our Blessed Lady had a church dedicated to her, and the other at Genazzano, where a poor widowed woman of large heart and small means had engaged in the brave enterprise of building a church in honor of the Holy Mother of God.

At Scutari, although the Blessed Mother had many faithful children and devout clients, there was a great deal of worldliness and even giddiness, until that continual threat of the middle centuries in Europe, the Crescent, advancing upon the invading, triumphant banners of the Turks, drove the terrified Christian populations before it. Christian churches and altars were horribly desecrated, and images of the Virgin Mother of God seemed to draw the particular hatred and rage of the savage invaders.

Meanwhile, upon the hills of Latium, the little church of Petruccia the widow was left half-built, because when the walls had attained a certain height, her puny funds ran out, and she was unable to complete the structure. The village wits were much diverted at her discomfiture, and even the wise and good criticised her imprudence. But Petruccia was calm in the midst of her humiliation and the gibes of her fellow-townsmen. How much she had wished to build that church in honor of Our dear Lady! But if she was ruined, God was not ruined; and Madonna, who was more powerful than any earthly sovereign, being above them all beyond compare, crowned Queen of Heaven, she could come to the assistance of any poor soul on earth who cried to her; and she would come, for she was most merciful, even mercy itself as her sweet Son Jesus is. The confidence of Petruccia was colossal, but she knew in whom she trusted.

One day that two of the most faithful lovers of Our Lady of Scutari, George and Selavis, entered the church to pray before her shrine, they found a blank upon the wall where her sacred image had been. Terrified, filled with consternation, they hurried out to make inquiries, but at once their gaze was arrested by what seemed to be a small floating cloud above them in the sky. In the midst of it they recognized their beloved picture of the Mother and Child. The little cloud was moving, and the two good men followed it, their eyes constantly uplifted lest they lose the precious sight. Over hill and plain it softly flew until it reached the Adriatic coast, and the eager pursuers found the sea before their feet. There was only one moment's hesitation. Madonna was taking her way across the waters and, to follow her, and not to lose her, they sprang forward, too, over the waves. The unstable element, which their unwavering faith spurned, under the hasting footsteps, sustained their weight. Thus, together, they crossed the Adriatic Sea.

Opposite them was Italy, and the little roseate cloud which veiled their treasure still advanced. George and Selavis, with eyes incessantly uplifted, pursued their way as the Magi did their guiding star. They traversed Italy from the eastern shore to Rome, Our Lady leading them; but when they reached the great city, with its walls, and towers, and gateways, its innumerable churches and its pealing belfries, the precious object which they had followed so far, disappeared from their sight. In vain they sought to behold it again, threading the crowded streets like half-witted men with their gaze incessantly directed skyward. The citizens thought these stranger pilgrims must have taken leave of their senses.

But while the two faithful Albanians waited in the Eternal City for a fresh sign from their Lady and Mistress,

Madonna, leaving them in the care of the Apostles and martyrs, continued her way alone. The day was the 25th of April, the day on which fifteen hundred years earlier, the population of the hill-towns in that locality celebrated the festival of the pagan deity Robigal, he who would preserve their harvests from the mildew and wheat-rust. The same day was held sacred in 1467, as it is now, in its dedication to St. Mark, Apostle and Evangelist. A fair was in full course, with booths and wagons, live-stock and outspread merchandise. The prelates and clergy who had officiated at High Mass in the morning, had just completed the solemn Second Vespers of the feast.

The square and village streets were packed with visitors and merry-makers, when a sudden running and crying-out were observed toward the crest above the valley, where the walls of Petruccia's would-be church stood abandoned. A small, luminous cloud was descending softly in that direction, and strains of music which seemed now voices singing, and now produced by rarest instruments, accompanied its mysterious flight. At the same time all the church bells in Genazzano began to ring, at full swing, as though it were Christmas or Easter morning. People stood and looked one another in the face. But those who were near the upper town ran fast to see what was happening. The small cloud had descended and seemed to have melted away, but against the wall of Petruccia's unfinished church, at the height of a man's eyes, was a small, exquisite picture of the Mother and Child, and there it hung, without touching the rude masonry behind it, and unsupported at any point. The Mother's face was exceedingly mild and gentle, gracious and full of mercy; and her Divine Son clung to her, with eager mien and caressing arms that drew her face down to His.

The running crowd, excited, voluble,

fell upon their knees, and many wept. And then they spoke again, asking, questioning, surmising. And then more came, until the space was packed tight with people and the familiar Italian cry: *Miracolo—Miracolo!* which has so often rung at the innumerable shrines of Mary, passed from lip to lip! Then and there, by spontaneous acclamation, the name was cried out which is certainly most fitting to her: "*Madonna del Paradiso!* Our Lady of Paradise."

Somebody ran to call Petruccia,—despised Petruccia—and the messenger, scarce knowing what he said, tumbled out the words: "Run, Petruccia, make haste—the Madonna has come to your church!" She did not know what the boy meant but she ran. She had been quite sure always that, in whatever way it seemed best to her, Madonna would certainly come. Her faith was rock and adamant, and big enough to fill the world. Madonna had come. The clergy were summoned from their churches and the Princes of Colonna from their castle. They knelt down and prayed. Then the sick were brought, almost as a touch-stone, to the sacred image, and they were cured. And, almost immediately, a vast wave of generosity swept the town. Men brought money in their hands, and women took the gold chains from their necks, and the earrings from their ears, to lay them in Petruccia's lap. "Finish her church, Petruccia, and make it worthy of her, that she may stay here with us and never wish to go away from us again." The church was built, and a spacious convent for the Augustinian Fathers attached to it. They were on the spot already, and have been ever since the faithful custodians of the shrine.

Shortly after the arrival of the holy picture, two travel-stained pilgrims reached Genazzano, and fell upon their knees with cries of joy when they recognized their beloved Lady. They had heard in Rome of what had occurred in

Latium, and hastened upon their way again, quite sure that the miraculous icon was their own Madonna of Scutari. They settled in Genazzano, and their descendants have been prominent there for centuries. The line of Sclavis became extinct recently, after having given a Beato, Blessed Peter de Sclavis, an Augustinian monk, to the Church. A lineal descendant of George is actually Podestà, or Governor of the town. And a very remarkable fact in confirmation of this story is that a blank space, of the exact size of the picture, still remains in the Church of Our Lady at Scutari; and that Albanian pilgrims come to Genazzano to visit the sacred image which was once theirs.

If legend and tradition have altered any of the circumstances of the narrative we do not know. These interweavings of fancy frequently occur in popular renditions. But we remember the grave rebuke of a venerable Augustinian Father to a distinguished visitor who spoke of the "legend" of Our Lady of Good Counsel.—"Madam," he replied, "it is not a legend; it is history." And it is certain that we read the life of Pope Martin V., who was born at Genazzano just a century before the advent of the picture, without the least doubt as to its authenticity, or as to the good faith of its compilers. There are contemporary documents in both cases. Rome was satisfied as to the good faith of the witnesses and the genuineness of the miracles reported, when two *Missi Dominici*, having been sent to Genazzano to investigate, brought back a full report to the Holy See. In fact the Sovereign Pontiffs have always been special protectors and benefactors of the historic shrine and devout clients of its holy Madonna.

We questioned the custodian with regard to the title which has become so specially dear to many faithful children of Our Lady, and he answered that, to his mind, the same is an inheritance.

The Augustinians had in their primitive church at Genazzano a small image which has now been transferred to their cloister, and which was known as "Our Lady of Good Counsel." When the precious image from Scutari arrived, the people at first, not knowing its proper name, called it spontaneously: "Our Lady of Paradise"; but presently habit reasserted its sway, and as the shrine tended by the Augustinians had always been "Our Lady of Good Counsel," so the shrine in the new church was still called by the familiar name. In reality the title was not unlike the former one of Scutari, "Our Lady of Good Offices." Petruccia, "Blessed Petruccia" she is now, sleeps where she would have wished to sleep, at the foot of and below the altar of Mary.

The feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel is celebrated on the 26th of April, the day after the traditional festival of the Apostle St. Mark, but it has assumed so vast an importance in the neighborhood that it has entirely superseded the latter. The two anniversaries of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the Annunciation are also kept at Genazzano with peculiar solemnity. But in April all the population of the various hill-towns, and indeed from very much farther away, stream toward Genazzano in endless pilgrim processions, and, especially during the night preceding the feast, they are passing continually on foot singing their hymns in honor of Our Blessed Lady. Many, when they arrive at the church, ascend the steps on their knees, and entire groups advance from the threshold to the chapel of the shrine, also on their knees, without ever putting foot to the ground. The number of confessions and Communions is enormous. And it must be said that Madonna is continually rewarding the fervor of her children by the bestowal of signal graces of every kind, both spiritual and temporal. She seems to have a special power to help

and comfort those who are suffering from interior afflictions, anguish of spirit, trials of the soul. Even copies of the famous picture, held in loving veneration, appear to share the privileges of the original authentic Madonna of Genazzano; and many persons have been found to testify that they had seen the beloved face, while they prayed, grow of a lovely rose-red color, a sign which is held to signify surely that the most gracious Lady is about to grant their request. Many grave and learned ecclesiastics have not hesitated to add their testimony to that of the simple faithful; and one would even be tempted to say that priests have been among the most favored clients of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The Augustinian Fathers reprinted some years since, in their booklet concerning the shrine, a very remarkable letter penned in Rome nearly two hundred years ago by one Father Andrew Bacci, a canon of the Basilica of St. Mark, setting forth the motives of his devotion toward the holy picture. This writing bears the date of the second of February, in the year 1748.

"To satisfy your pious and devout desire," he answers the Prior of Genazzano, "I must first ingeniously and sincerely tell you what happened to me in 1734, and I do this for no other reason than that the recital may contribute to the greater glory of God and of that most amiable and wonder-working Image to which I am attached with all my affections and from the depths of my heart. In the month of December of that year I found myself so troubled in spirit by certain fatal circumstances which perturbed my mind and soul that I no longer knew which way to turn to obtain some suitable remedy.

"One day, which happened to be the 7th of December, having gone to call upon a family whose young daughter, owing to a most painful contraction of the nerves, had been an invalid for eight

years and unable to stand upon her feet, I found the damsel well and sound and happy. Seized with sudden amazement, I asked her how and in what manner she had been cured of her dreadful infirmity? Then the good child, with great candor, told me how a few days previously she had insisted on being taken to Genazzano to obtain of this most wonderful Madonna the grace which she so ardently desired; and while she was at the foot of that sacred altar, gazing upon this Image of Paradise, which had been uncovered for her, and listening to the Litanies which were being sung, of a sudden she felt her nerves untie and her contracted members acquire vigor and strength; and so great an energy of motion ran through her that at once she desired to stand up and to be moving. She stood up in effect and found herself so vigorous, free, and sound that she then and there threw aside her crutches, and began to walk with her own active limbs; and so she returned to Rome after having offered up the most affectionate thanks to her merciful Deliverer of Genazzano.

"Upon hearing this sincere and artless narrative, I was seized at the same moment (a moment which was to be memorable indeed for me) with so lively a desire to visit the holy Image, together with a certain intimate secret sureness that there the most compassionate Mother of Good Counsel would grant me the salutary remedy for all those ills by which my interior peace had been so troubled, that at once, in spite of the severity of the Winter season, and without any thought of the perils of travel, that very night following the seventh day of December, the vigil of the Immaculate Conception, I got into a carriage unattended and set forth upon the way to Genazzano.

"And now I must tell you of a pretty incident which befell me on my journey. About twelve miles beyond Rome I heard my driver scolding a boy who had

climbed up behind the coach, and ordering him to get down; although the poor lad of eleven years, trembling with the cold, told him that he had sore feet and begged in charity to be allowed to remain. At the sound of the pitiful childish voice, I alighted immediately and found the poor young one lying in the road, unable to stand upon his feet, trembling and suppliant. Moved with pity and tenderness, I picked him up and took him into the carriage with me, covering him up as best I could. I insisted that he must dine with me at my table when we reached the inn of St. Cesario; and afterwards we recited the Rosary together in the coach. As we were about to begin the Rosary, he bid me, in a sweet, imperious voice, never to omit the recitation of it every day. When we had finished it, he addressed me in the most unexpected manner, saying: 'For all the charity that you have done me this morning, go your way, you will obtain the grace which you are going to ask of the Virgin Mary.'

"Amazed and astounded at words so unexpected, I said: 'Do you know where I am going?' Without the smallest hesitation he answered me: 'You are going to Genazzano to ask Mary, Virgin of Good Counsel, for a grace which you are very anxious to receive. Go your way for you will most certainly obtain it.' I was struck dumb, for the boy did not know and, humanly speaking, could not know whither I was going, nor for what reason. At length we reached the neighborhood of Genazzano, in the vicinity of the delightful villa of the Sonnini family, where the road branches, and one way goes to Genazzano and the other to Palliano and the Kingdom of Naples. There I gazed at the good lad again with wonder and tenderness, and gave him a small sum of money, such as my means permitted, for the necessities of his journey, and left him to pursue his way in peace toward the Abruzzi whither, he said, he was directed.

"We had not gone more than ten or twelve steps when I felt an intense desire to see him again and to take him with me to Genazzano. But for all the efforts I made, and my driver, too, we were not able to find him again; and yet, along the road which was long and straight, he could not have gone more than some four yards. Still more surprised, and disappointed, I got back into the carriage and went on to Genazzano where your Friars lovingly received me. Afterwards at the proper time, the holy, most blessed Image was uncovered for me, and I venerated and did homage to it with my whole soul and with an extraordinary inward tenderness, begging of the most clement Mother of Good Counsel the great grace for which I sighed and which I was so anxious to receive; then I saw—and very clearly saw—that the holy, most blessed Image, in the middle of the Litanies which were being recited, became ruddy and glowing as a red rose. I was all the more confirmed in my faith that I was not illusioned when, as I was taking leave of the good Fathers, one of them said to me that Our Blessed Lady would certainly grant me the grace for which I was begging within my soul, for the holy Image when it was uncovered, looked glad and showed a warmth of color.

"In fact as I returned to Rome with a most lively faith that I had been heard, and indeed with a very great inward sureness that it was so, I at once received the desired grace, and with so great and entire completeness that immediately the sad and difficult circumstances in which I had found myself most extraordinarily changed aspect; and for this reason there was born in me so much peace, calmness and quietude of soul that I deemed myself the happiest and most fortunate man in the world. Herein Y. R. now has most ingenuously and confidentially disclosed the motive, and a most remarkable motive it was, which led me to conceive so

great a love for this most blessed Image, which is ever present in my mind, and to endeavor to promote esteem for it, and devotion toward it, whensoever this has been in my power."

This good priest, who was instrumental in establishing the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel in the basilica of St. Mark in Rome, quotes several other favors obtained by other souls through the invocation of Our Lady of Good Counsel. In the course of the Nineteenth Century a pious Irish prelate, who resided in Rome, obtained so signal a spiritual grace at the shrine in Genazzano that he has left a good-sized volume in praise of the same. He, too, like Canon Bacci had been delivered of grave anxiety and tribulation of mind; and with miraculous swiftness and completeness. A small personal incident was told us by a friend. He had advised a young man who was deeply preoccupied by the final university examinations which were decisive for his career, to make a pilgrimage to Genazzano. They set forth together fasting and received Holy Communion at Our lady's altar, the picture being uncovered during Mass. While they were making their thanksgiving, the older man heard the younger gasp at his ear:

"Harry, Harry! She is changing color."—"Mighty lucky for you," he answered, "it means that she will grant your request." The student was amazed as he had never heard of the circumstance; but he found his mind set at rest, and he passed his examinations without the smallest difficulty.

Coming back to Genazzano ourselves after so many years, with only young, happy memories of long ago, memories perhaps grown vague, and impressions which, in all probability, were uncritical, we were half afraid to see the cherished picture again, lest we should be disappointed. We waited, actually in trepidation, while the candles were being lighted and the censer swung for

the unveiling. Then the priest knelt down and began to recite the Litany of Loreto. A picture almost square in shape, the delicate, faint color of fresco-painting of long ago, which still somehow keeps its powdery bloom. A demure, quaint face, inexpressibly gracious, inexpressibly lovely. A celestial expression which is part meekness, part sheer holiness. She was on the verge of smiling, as though she had read our thought. And the only word that came to our mind as we gazed, leaning forward to see her better, was the name which we had never known as hers: "Our Lady of Paradise,"—beautiful, mysterious, immeasurably near her Son, and bending her head to His secret counsels, even while she listens and knows the innermost, silent pleadings of our human hearts. Speech must cease before her, and almost prayer, for she is far above and beyond the puny need of words. "Our Lady of Paradise."

... Who now, being made God's minister,
Looks on His visage and knows all.

Canticle of Mary.*

Magnificat anima mea Dominum:—"My soul worships the Lord."

OUR Lady, Saint Mary, after the greeting of Gabriel, the conceiving of God's Son, and the blessing of Elizabeth, who called her the Mother of Our Lord, rose not in exaltation of thought, nor in swelling of pride, but in sweetness of heart and in most devout meekness.

She thanks God for all His goodness, and says: 'My soul, filled with His grace, worships—that is, praises perfectly—the Lord of heaven and earth, who has given this grace to me.' As who should say: 'I do not consider myself great, but I praise God for all His gifts with all my heart.'

That soul worships God which is not weighed down by wicked thoughts, nor defiled by unclean pleasure, nor puffed

up with improper bearing, but, with all virtues of nature and of grace, stands in enduring love and stable meekness.

Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo:—"And my spirit rejoiced in God my salvation."

Not only does this blessed Maiden and Mother praise God entirely, but she says also that her gladness and her joy are in having God in mind, in the loving and pleasing of whom she places all her salvation. She rejoiced not in herself nor in the vanities of this life, as our foolish maidens do now, who rejoice more in the things of this world which they love than in God, their Saviour.

But though the souls of holy men worthily and wonderfully worship God by rejoicing in Jesus, this blessed Maiden praised God before them all in privilege of burning love; and with singular joy she was glad in Christ. The songs of praise are sweetest in her mouth, and the notes of love are most delectable in the melody that she gives forth.

Now, that spirit rejoices in God which is verily kindled with the fire of the Holy Ghost, which, because of the greatness of the love of Christ, is pleased by no passing thing; and to which all earthly desire is vile and loathsome. But all its joy and comfort is in Christ, of whom it hopes for eternal life and salvation.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes:—"Because he looked upon the meekness of his hand-maiden; lo, henceforward all generations shall call me blessed."

The wretched women of this world love creatures which please them, and they worship them and rejoice in them. But Our Lady placed all her love and

* Transcription of a "Commentary on the Magnificat," by Richard Rolle, of Hampole, Yorkshire Hermit (died, 1349), from Harleian MS. 1806, collated with text of Univ. Coll. (Oxford). MS. 64 and other MSS. Modernized by G. C. Heseltine.

joy in God, and wholly in His worship. And because He looked with the kindly eye of grace upon the meekness of her that was full of all good dispositions and more obedient unto Him than any other handmaiden may be upon earth—'lo, henceforward,' she says, 'because of that meekness or that looking of God upon me as if He were taking in my love at a glance, all generations of Christian men in this world shall call me blessed.' And that is fitting.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est et sanctum nomen ejus:—"For He that is mighty has done great things to me and His name is holy."

He did great things to her in quantity of grace, greater in the ministration of the angel, and greatest through the wonders of the virtues of God. In the womb He made perfect her sanctification, in virtue He gave her purity of life, and in first offering the vow of maidenhood and in all these things that seem greatest [He gave her], deepest meekness.

Thus He did to me, that is mighty; and He whose name is holy hallowed me and all that are holy, by His goodness and not by their merit.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies timentibus eum:—"And His mercy is from generation to generation to those fearing him."

His mercy, delivering from sin and sorrow, is from the generation of holy men to the generations of sinful men, for so are they made the sons of righteous men. But this is only for them that fear Him. For without the fear of God may no man be made righteous.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo dispersit superbos mente cordis sui:—"He did might with his arm, he scattered the proud from the thought of their heart."

God showed that might is in His virtue when He placed the help of those who love Him in His Son. Then He did might with His arm, and so He scattered, that is, He sundered, the proud—

those who seek the way of superiority over others—from the thought of their heart, that they might not do indeed the wickedness that they sought in their will.

Deposuit potentes de sede, et exultavit humiles:—"He put down the mighty from the settle, and he raised the meek."

The mighty, that is those who rejoice in their might and use it wrongly and wickedly, He put down from the settle of their dignity and honor, that their last wretchedness might be to remember their former state. And He raised to the settle of the fellowship of angels, the meek—that is those who consider nothing to be lower than themselves, and who surrender themselves to be defouled under foot as the earth is, by all who will. And therefore they are worthy to be exalted because of that great meekness whereby they are not stirred to wrath if men say evil of them and do evil to them.

Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes:—"The hungry he filled full of good things and the rich he left empty."

Our Lady calls them hungry who greatly desire righteousness, wisdom, grace and strength in the Holy Ghost, who are ever stirred with the desire to receive more and continue in it. And such He fills full of gifts, profitable, delectable and honest. The first are an aid to merit, the second draw out yearning, the third make perfect to the work of virtue. These gifts have a sweet savour for the soul.

There are three kinds of mind that God does not fill. That is, those that desire the pomp of the world, earthly things, and the harm of their neighbors. The first hunger is of bitterness, the second of avarice, the third of backbiting. And the rich men of this world in wealth and ease who pretend that they are rich in spiritual gifts, He left empty of grace and joy. Though they be full

of favor and the vile pleasures of the body, yet in the Day of Doom they shall find nothing but pain.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum recordatus misericordix suae:—"He received Israel his bairn, mindful of his mercy."

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham, et semini ejus in sæcula:—"As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever."

Thus shall the letter(s) be joined: He received Israel His bairn, for meekness and purity, as He spoke to our fathers. And He did that, mindful of His mercy which He promised to do to Abraham and his seed—that is, to all His followers in truth and righteousness, whilst the world lasts. He adopted Israel in nature, in grace, in defence, in government. Through taking upon Himself the nature, He snatched us from death and from the ire of God; through adopting us in grace he drove sin out of us; through adopting us in defence He delivers us, that our enemy may not have the mastery over us; through adopting us in governing, He leads us out of the perils of this world; through adopting us in blessedness He brings us out of the wretchedness of sin and sorrow, and sets us in the joy of heaven. Amen. Jesus Christ, Saint Mary's Son, that is one God Almighty (have mercy on me!).

*Explicit Canticum Mariæ Matris
Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.*

Winter Landscape.

BY KATHERYN ULLMEN.

A LITTLE while ago, the snow was white; The sky was gray, and there was a gray light; I could not see the skyline: earth and sky Were one; and the fog came by and by.

But now the snow is blue, and sky and air Are blue, and the horizon, where Lights gleam, is a dark blue line, unbroke;— Mary has covered the whole world with her blue cloak.

Literary Journeys in Ireland.

BY A. J. REILLY.

IX.—AT THE FOOT OF SLIEVENAMON.

MULLINAHONE sounds like the fanciful name created in the imaginative brain of a poet to give rhythm to his verse. But it happens to be the name of a prosaic little Irish town in the southeast corner of Tipperary in the shadow of famed Slievenamon. Whether this little Tipperary town with the musical name has ever been the subject of the poet's art I do not know, but on September 2 of last year, it was the scene of a striking demonstration in memory of its famous son, Charles Joseph Kickham, author and patriot, the centennial of whose birth Tipperary and all Ireland paused to commemorate. The house where Kickham was born, in 1828, still stands, and there still dwell in Mullinahone those of the older generation who will regale the visitor with reminiscences of the best beloved of the Fenian leaders. Aged men walked in the procession which wended its way to the little churchyard to pay tribute to the memory of the author and patriot who, in their stalwart youth, had followed the coffin bearing the earthly remains of their beloved fellow-townsmen over this same route to their last resting-place amid the surroundings he loved.

Kickham has been described by his contemporaries as the "finest, ablest, noblest, and most lovable of the Fenian leaders;" and what we know of his life serves but to corroborate the testimony of a generation that is gone. In his thirteenth year, Kickham met with a tragic accident which sent him forth physically handicapped as few leaders of men have been handicapped. Some gunpowder he was handling exploded, so injuring the boy that he suffered complete loss of hearing and his sight was

permanently impaired. Such a tragedy might well have embittered and rendered useless his entire life had he been of a different type. But Kickham turned his personal tragedy to the service of his country, and died bewailing the littleness of his service to the land he loved.

For mine the sorrow is
That all I do seems but so little
That should be so great.

Mullinahone, which lies slightly off the beaten track of travel, is easily reached from Kilkenny, the Marble City, which undoubtedly often drew the studious youth by its relics of the great days and the tragic days that had gone. For, unfitted by that tragic accident from taking part in the normal activities of youth, the boy turned to the serious study of the literature and history of Ireland. This intense interest in the destiny of his country was, in a measure, the natural outcome of the activities of the times in which he lived, for his span of life carried him through some of the most glorious as well as some of the most tragic chapters in Ireland's history. He was but a year old when Catholic Emancipation, for which O'Connell gave the best years of his life, was passed. When he was ten years old all Ireland was stirred by the sincerity and eloquence of one of the greatest patriots in a land of great men and great leaders, Father Mathew, apostle of temperance, who, within a brief span, revolutionized Irish life.

The year 1843 was Repeal year, and a jubilant nation confident of victory, figuratively carried its idolized leader, O'Connell, upon its shoulders. Three hundred thousand people filled Kilkenny at one of the great Repeal meetings; and it is not beyond belief that the eager boy from Mullinahone was in the crowd. As a youth of seventeen, he must have burned with the hot indignation only youth knows at the failure of Repeal and the terrible tragedy of the

famine years of '46 and '47. By 1848 we know he had joined the Young Irelanders, and was already sending his patriotic ballads to national papers throughout the country. He was among the young men who waited "the word," while a hostile government was making plans to seize the Young Ireland leaders. Ten years later we find him occupying the niche he was to hold until the end, —a leader of the new revolutionary organization, the Fenians.

He had absorbed the beauty, the history, the patriotism of the country during his earlier years. His visits to Kilkenny revealed to him a city which traced its beginnings back to the Fifth Century and a monastery cell. St. Ciaran, "eldest of the saints of Erin," is believed to have been the founder in the Fifth Century of the See of Ossory, the oldest ecclesiastical division in Ireland, of which Kilkenny was a part. And the town is said to have derived its name from St. Canice, who established a church here in the Sixth Century, the name Kilkenny being a corruption of *Cill Cainnigh*, meaning the church or cell of Canice. This church is believed to have been on the site now occupied by St. Canice's Cathedral. The cathedral contains many interesting relics, among them what is known as St. Ciaran's Chair, apparently of Thirteenth Century workmanship.

Kilkenny Castle, once the seat of the Kings of Ossory, became part of the possessions of Strongbow after he espoused the cause and the daughter of Diarmuid MacMurrough, King of Leinster. Through the marriage of Strongbow's daughter, Isabel, to the Earl of Pembroke, the vast estates came into the hands of the Marshall family. To this family belongs the credit of establishing Black Abbey, the third Dominican house in Ireland, in which may still be seen interesting relics of those by-gone days.

Kilkenny's importance during the

earlier periods of Irish history may be judged from the fact that during the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries it was three times destroyed by fire and three times rebuilt. During the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries it was the scene of seventeen Parliaments, the Parliament of 1336 enacting the famous Statute of Kilkenny, which aimed to prevent the "settlers" from becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Even in Kichham's day Kilkenny was an educational center of note. St. John's College still breathed memories of the youth of men whose names had become a power in English letters.

Here Berkley, Congreve, Swift, in days of yore

Lisp'd the first accents of their classic lore. Learned masters still conducted the schools and colleges of Kilkenny. Distinguished personages lived within its ancient walls, and the distinguished leaders of the country often visited the city which was the scene of the powerful Confederation of Kilkenny, which stubbornly resisted Cromwell, and which played no unworthy part in the struggle of 1798. A Kilkenny poet tells us:

In the old Marble Town of Kilkenny,
With its abbeys, cathedrals and halls,
Where the Norman bell rings out at nightfall,
And the relics of grey crumbling walls
Show traces of Celt and of Saxon
In bastions and towers and keeps,
And the graveyards and tombs tell the living
Where glory and holiness sleeps.
There in that old town of history
England in famed "Ninety-Eight"
Was busy with gallows and yeomen
Propounding the laws of State.

Kilkenny had many a lesson for the youthful patriot, as did also the little town of Callan through which he would pass on the way. Callan was important enough to have been besieged by Cromwell, and to have resisted until its garrison were scalded to death, according to the local tradition. And the interesting old ruin in Abbey Meadow was once

an Augustinian foundation, noted for "its library rich in ancient manuscripts and rare books, for the richness of its church utensils, and for its care of the poor." Callan has another claim to distinction as the birthplace of John Locke, author of that well-known poem, "Mourning on the Irish Coast."

The historic and literary associations of the entire surroundings are such as would fire the imagination of any patriotic youth. Magnificent Cashel, second only to Tara in power during pagan days, and ecclesiastical center of Ireland in the early years of the Church, is between twenty and twenty-five miles west of Mullinahone. On its famous rock, towering some three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, are grouped the remains of Mediæval architecture, the best examples of this period to be found in the country. And in the valley just under the celebrated rock are the ruins of Hore Abbey, a Thirteenth Century Cistercian foundation, still in a fair state of preservation.

About the same distance to the south is ancient Clonmel, a corruption of the Gaelic Cluain Meala, meaning the Vale of Honey; and well it deserves its name set amid the richest fields and fairest scenery in the county. The exquisite panorama of river, wood, lake and glen, with Slievenamon towering over all, is one of the pictures that will long remain in memory's gallery, an inspiration for poet or painter. Seven miles south of Clonmel, on a bold and picturesque rock overlooking the River Suir, stands the ruins of Ardfinnan Castle. Ardfinnan was ancient before the coming of the Normans, who burned and plundered its castle and its churches about the year 1178. From the hill on the opposite bank of the river, which is here spanned by a picturesque bridge of fourteen arches, Cromwell in his day bombarded the castle.

Following the Suir toward its source brings the pilgrim to Cahir where again

an historic castle challenges attention, and along the foot of the beautiful Galtees to the Glen of Aherlow, celebrated by Kickham in his anti-recruiting ballad, "Poor Blind Sheehan of the Glen of Aherlow," whence the town of Tipperary is but seven or eight miles distant. Here a statue by the celebrated sculptor, John Hughes, has been raised to the memory of Tipperary's beloved novelist.

How dear to Kickham's heart were these Tipperary scenes may be appreciated from the little incident that proved to be the inspiration of his poem "St. John's Eve." Into the grimness and horror of the Woking convict prison came a letter to Kickham from a friend containing the remark, "Do you remember that St. John's Eve three years ago when we walked around to Ballycullen to see the bonfires?" Kickham's poetry does not at any time reach the standard set by the poets of the *Nation*, for, like Davis, he harnessed his muse to the service of his country, writing always with the purpose of rousing his countrymen to the needs and dangers of the hour. "You'll be a free man yet, my boy, says Rory of the Hills," the refrain of his most popular ballad. "Rory of the Hills" had the same purpose as Davis' "Self Reliance," and his pathetic little poem, "She lived beside the Anner at the foot of Slievenamon," was directed against the fearful stream of emigration that followed the famine of '48. In all his work he reveals a profound sympathy and understanding of his own people. This, together with his humor, his power of minute observation, and his gift of romantic feeling, would have placed him among the great novelists of his age had he devoted his talents to literature alone. But he was a patriot first, a man of letters after.

In 1863, he joined in the publication of *The Irish People* with his friend John O'Leary, of whom Yeats wrote: "Romantic Ireland is dead with O'Leary in

his grave," for O'Leary was for many years one of the most romantic figures in the life of Dublin, linking the present with the past. Although arrested at the same time as Kickham, in 1865, he survived him many years, living to write this beautiful tribute to his friend and fellow-worker: "For some twenty years before he went to prison in 1865, while in prison, and after we left it, I knew Kickham as probably no other man did. The better I knew him the more highly I valued his character and his intellect. Maimed and disfigured by an accident which would have crushed all spirit out of the most of men, he worked to his last day with an unselfish devotion that no man ever surpassed."

It was this friend who knew him so well within the Fenian councils as well as without who used to laugh when he heard Kickham referred to, as he often was, as "the gentle Charles." But whether he were more amused at the recollection of the fierceness of this gentle man in council, or the gentleness of the fierce warrior in everyday life, is a matter of speculation.

To-day in Ireland the older generation still speak fondly of Charles Kickham and his best-known novel, "Knocknagow," for he was loved by his contemporaries beyond the majority of men. Of him the brilliant A. M. Sullivan wrote: "He was the one man of his party for whom the fiercest anti-Fenian had kindly feelings and a friendly word." "Kindly Irish of the Irish," wrote another critic; and it is that simplicity and kindness which set him apart as a man, that gives him his place as a novelist.

(The End)

"THE great question which agitated the Fourteenth Century," observes Michelet, "was not the wars of the English in France, the battles of Creci and Poitiers, but that of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin."

The Little Flower Calendar.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, CULLED FROM
HER WRITINGS.*

DECEMBER 1.—St. Eligius, Bishop.

Though we must be free from all stain to appear before the All Holy, yet I reflect that God is justice itself; and this very thought which is a source of terror to so many souls is to me the source of firm hope and joy. For justice is not only stern toward the guilty, but takes account of our good will and gives virtue its reward, so I hope as much from the justice of God as from His mercy.

DECEMBER 2.—St. Bibiana, V. M.

This is what I think about the justice of God. Mine is the way of trust and love, and I can not see how there is room for mistrust in the case of One whose "goodness and kindness appeared," for "not by works of justice which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us."—Ps. 3:45. Sometimes when I read books in which so much stress is put on perfection, and a thousand obstacles block the way, my poor little head gets dizzy, my heart is dried up, and I turn to the Scriptures.

DECEMBER 3.—St. Francis Xavier, C.

I should love, O my Jesus, to traverse sea and land under the aegis of Thy mighty Name, and plant the glorious standard of Thy Cross on unbelieving soil. I should love to be a missionary, not for a few years only, but from the beginning of time to the consummation of the world.

DECEMBER 4.—St. Peter Chrysologus, C. D. St. Barbara, V. M.

When I turn to the Scriptures all is clear. A single word opens up endless new vistas; perfection is made easy; enough that we confess our nothingness and give ourselves over like little children into the loving arms of God.

I leave to "highbrows" the books I can not understand, much less follow, and I joy in my littleness, because only little children and those who are like them can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.—Matt. 18:2, 19:4.

DECEMBER 5.—Blessed Bartholemew Fanti, C.

As I grew up from childhood I loved God more and more, and often told Him to take my heart. I tried hard to please Jesus in all that I did, and took great care never to offend Him.

DECEMBER 6.—St. Nicholas, Bishop.

You ask me the way to attain perfection. I know of only one way, and that is love. Our hearts are made for love and for love alone. I sometimes try to find another name for love, but in this our exile words which "have a beginning and an end," as St. Augustine says, are quite inadequate to express all the emotions of the heart, and so I always come back to the simple word "love," "Love God," says the same Augustine, "and do what you will."

DECEMBER 7.—St. Ambrose, C. D.

Of course there are no enemies in the cloister, but, nuns, too, have their likes and dislikes. One may be drawn toward a Sister and feel like going a long way around to avoid another. But Our Lord teaches me that this is the one I should love and pray for, even though I may have reason to believe that she does not like me. "If you love them that love you what merit have you, for sinners also love those that love them."—Luke, 6:32.

DEC. 8.—The Immaculate Conception.

Virgin Immaculate, O thou Star of Morning, musical and bright, thou lightest the way to Jesus and leadest me on to Him. O sweet Mother, let me hide beneath thy veil, just for to-day!

DECEMBER 9.—St. Leocadia, V. M.

Seeing that I have two brothers (missionaries) as well as my little sisters, the novices, it would take too much time to pray for the needs of each

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Bishop A. MacD.

in detail, and I fear I might forget something of importance. I am a simple soul, and Our Lord has taught me a simple way of fulfilling my obligations in prayer. He has made me understand the words of Solomon: "Draw me; we will run after thee to the odour of thy ointments"—Ps. 1:3." O my Jesus, then there is no need of saying: Draw also those that I love. "Draw me" is enough, those that I love will be drawn after me.

DECEMBER 10.—St. Melchiades, P. M.

"The fashion of this world passeth away" (I. Cor. 7:31). Soon we shall see other skies. A brighter sun will light with its splendor seas of crystal clearness and vast horizons. Our exile will have an end; all will have passed; with our heavenly Pilot we shall sail upon a shoreless ocean. Now our harps hang on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and we sing not: for "How can we sing the songs of Sion in a strange land?"—Ps. 136.

DECEMBER 11.—St. Damasus, Pope.

The good God has dowered me with His infinite mercy. In this as in a glass I gaze upon His other attributes. And so all of them appear to me radiant with this light; even justice itself, perhaps more than the others, is clad in the armor of love.

DECEMBER 12.—St. Valery, Abbot.

I know a fountain of which if one drink one thirsteth still, but with a thirst that is wondrous sweet, with a thirst that one can satisfy to the full. This fountain is the Passion of Jesus brought home to one's mind and heart by dwelling upon it in faith and love.

DECEMBER 13.—St. Lucy, V. M.

"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away."—Matt. 3:42. I am not able to follow this counsel to the letter, for there are times when I have to refuse even what is asked. But when charity strikes its roots deep in the soul,

it makes itself seen and felt outwardly, and there is a way of refusing what one can not give which affords as much pleasure as the gift would.

DECEMBER 14.—St. Spiridion, Bishop.

I pray Jesus to set my heart on fire, with His love, and unite me so closely to Himself that He may live and act in me.

If by chance thou e'er shalt doubt

Where to turn in search of Me,

Seek not all the world about,

Only this can find Me out—

Thou must seek Myself in thee.

—St. Teresa of Avila.

DECEMBER 15.—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.

Oh, how simple seems to me the life of the Virgin Mary! People say that she is unapproachable and a paragon of perfection, but they should stress rather the fact that she is easy of imitation. She is more Mother than Queen.

DECEMBER 16.—St. Mary of the Angels,

V. St. Eusebius, Bp. M. St. Adelaide, Empress.

If iron and fire could think and love, and the iron could say to the fire "draw me," wouldn't this show that it wanted to be one with it? Well, such is my prayer to our God who is a consuming fire.

Search for Me without were vain,

Since when thou hast need of Me,

Only call Me, and again

To Thy side I haste amain,

Thou must seek Myself in thee.

—St. Teresa of Avila.

DECEMBER 17.—St. Lazarus, Bp. M.

God has told us that at the last day He will wipe all the tears from our eyes, and of course the more tears there are to be wiped away the greater will be the consolation.

DECEMBER 18.—St. Gatian, First Bishop of Tours, C. Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Remember, Love, the glory of the Father,

The splendors of supernal life divine,

Left far behind to dwell with us in exile,

That wretched sinners might be wholly Thine,

Descending to the Virgin's lowly home,
Thy glory veiled, my Jesus, Thou didst come,
Her sweet maternal breast,
Thy second heaven of rest,
Remember Thou!

—Translated by the Carmelites of Santa Clara.

DECEMBER 19.—St. Nemesion, M.

Jesus does not need our works, but only our love. When He said to the Samaritan woman, "Give me to drink," it was the love of His poor creature that the Creator of the universe was looking for. He thirsted for love!

DEC. 20.—St. Paul of Latra, Hermit.

A morning offering: "O my God, I offer Thee all that I do this day for the intentions and for the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I wish to make holy every beat of my heart, every thought, all works of mine even the least, by uniting them with His infinite merits. I wish also to expiate my sins, casting them into the furnace of His merciful love."

DECEMBER 21.—St. Thomas, Ap.

Remember Thou that in the hour of Thy risen triumph, Thou didst say: "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." In the dim light of faith I love Thee, I adore Thee, and tranquilly I await the dawning to see Thee face to face. Never have I longed for vision here below, remember Thou!

DECEMBER 22.—St. Ischyron, M.

Remember Thou the fields of golden splendor,
When to Thy vision other harvests came;
Lifting Thine eyes unto the holy mountain,
Of Thine elect Thou murmurest each name.
O that Thy wheat be garnered speedily,
I pray, I immolate myself to Thee.
That every joy and tear
Is for Thy reapers here,
Remember Thou.

—Translated by the Carmelites of S. Clara.

DECEMBER 23.—St. Servulus, C. St. Victoria, V. M.

My special patrons in Heaven and my favorites are those who have stolen their way in there like, for instance, the Holy Innocents and the Good Thief. The great Saints have won Heaven by

arduous ways, but I like to do as little ones do; I want to win it by subtle ways, for love will turn the trick and gain an entrance for myself and my poor sinners. The Holy Spirit encourages me in this, for He says in the Proverbs: "O ye little ones, learn subtlety, and ye unwise take notice." —Prov. 8:5.

DECEMBER 24.—Christmas Eve. St. Delphin, Bp.

May the little Jesus find in your heart a room perfumed with the odor of roses; may He find the lamp of brotherly love burning bright! It will warm His little hands that are so cold, and give joy to His heart, and make Him forget the ingratitude of men who love Him so little.

DECEMBER 25.—Christmas Day.

"On this day (Dec. 25, 1886) the love of God entered my heart together with the firm resolve that I should never think of myself, and since then I have been happy." O Jesus, Thou art the Lamb that I love; O Good Supreme, Thou art enough for me. In Thee I have all, the earth and Heaven itself.

DEC. 26.—St. Stephen, Protomartyr.

O Jesus, Son of God, in Thy love for us Thou didst become an exile in this vale of tears. Thou didst lay down Thy life for me, O my Beloved, I give my whole life to Thee; I wish to suffer and to die for Thee. Thou Thyself hast said: "Greater love than this no man hath that one should lay down one's life for one's friend." O my Jesus, the Sovereign Love of my life art Thou.

DECEMBER 27.—St. John Evangelist.

Remember Thou how, greatly daring, the Virgin Apostle drew nigh to Thy breast, and there reclining, felt how tender is Thy love. He learned Thy secrets. O Lord, I do not envy Thy Beloved Disciple; I, too, know Thy secrets, for Thy Spouse am I. O my Divine Saviour, I lay my head upon Thy breast: Thy Heart is mine!

DECEMBER 28.—The Holy Innocents.

As infant followers of the spotless Lamb, you go
In virgin white;

And you can sing what few on this sad earth
can know,

New songs of light.

Scions of glory, ye have come with smiles of
peace,

No cruel wars!

Your Lord for you hath victory that shall not
cease,

Fair Conquerors!

—Translated by the Carmelites of Santa Clara.

DEC. 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury.

I seek Thee now within Thy lowly
manger; 'neath swathing bands I fain
would hide away.

There would my song, angelic echoes waking,
Bid Thee remember grace of this glad day:

The shepherds and the Magi, Love, recall

With joy they gave their hearts, their gifts,
their all:

The tender Innocent,

Whose blood for Thee was spent,

Remember Thou!

—Translated by the Carmelites of Santa Clara.

DECEMBER 30.—St. Anysia, V. M.

We give thanks to God for making
use of us, who hold the place of His
Only Son to proclaim today from this
Chair of Truth and during this solemn
ceremony the salutary teaching of the
Divine Master. When the disciples
asked who should be the greater in the
Kingdom of Heaven, calling a little
child and setting him in the midst of
them, He uttered these memorable
words: "Amen, I say to you, unless ye
be converted and become as little chil-
dren, ye shall not enter into the King-
dom of Heaven."—Matt. 18:2 (From
the Sermon of the Holy Father at the
Canonization of the Little Flower, May
17, 1925).

DECEMBER 31.—St. Silvester, Pope. St.
Melanie the Younger, V.

The good God does not need years to
perfect the work of His love in the soul. A
ray of light from His heart can in one in-
stant make His flower bloom forever.

In a few short years—for the years

flit by like shadows—God perfected
His work in the Little Flower of
Lisieux. The reader will remember
the thought from her writings with
which we set out on the first day of
January. The shortness of life gave her
courage, she said: "It helps me to bear
the fatigue of life's journey. What mat-
ters a little hardship on earth? We are
pilgrims, and have not here a lasting
city."

It was on the last day of September,
1897, the goal of the pilgrimage was
reached. There dawned upon Teresa of
the Child Jesus the Eternal Day. The
Little Flower was taken up from this
sad earth to bloom forever in the para-
dise of God. As the convent bell rang
the Angelus at the setting of the sun,
she lifted up her eyes to the statue of
the Immaculate Virgin that stood by
her bed. In her heart she was singing
the words of the tender last song writ-
ten by herself:

O thou who camest to smile on me in the
morning of my life,
Come, Mother, once again and smile, for lo
'tis eventide.

Presently she raised herself up in the
bed, as though listening to a voice that
called her from the other world. Her
eyes shone like stars. Fixing them just
above the statue of Our Lady, she re-
mained in this posture for the space of
a Credo. Then her lovely spirit flut-
tered for a moment, and was borne aloft
on pinions to where her name is writ
golden in the skies of God. "Look, Pa,"
she had said to her father one night in
her budding childhood, as they gazed
where the stars in the Belt of Orion
form with those in the Hunting Knife
below a capital T—"Look, Pa, my name
is written in the skies!"

O BLESSED MOTHER! let him be silent
on thy mercy, whoever he is, if, in
his necessities, he can remember having
invoked thee in vain.—*St. Bernard.*

A Jubilee for Our Lady.

TO-MORROW, December 8, 1929, marks the seventy-fifth year since the declaration of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is a belief that was held from the earliest days by the Fathers of the Church, venerated throughout the centuries by the pious faithful, implied in the decrees of popes and councils, and finally proclaimed as a dogma of Catholic faith by the venerable Pope Pius IX. on December 8, 1854.

Soon after he had ascended the throne of Peter, Pius IX., petitioned by bishops from all parts of the world to define the Immaculate Conception of Mary as a dogma of faith, appointed a commission of eminent theologians, taken from the secular and regular clergy, to study the question of the Immaculate Conception; he also formed a commission of Cardinals for the same purpose. Then in a letter from Gaeta, where political circumstances had forced him to retire, he addressed a letter to the bishops of the Catholic world, demanding that they make known to him what was the piety of the faithful of their dioceses toward the Immaculate Conception, and particularly what were their own opinions and desires.

The commission of theologians, after serious study of the Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church, announced their conclusion that the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God could be defined, and that the definition was opportune.

In the meantime, six hundred and three replies were received from the bishops of the world, begging His Holiness, Pius IX., for a definition of the doctrine.

With these preparations made, the Holy Father invited to Rome a certain number of prelates from each country as representatives of the hierarchy, whilst he expressed his willingness to

receive as many others as could come. One hundred and fifty Archbishops and Bishops responded to the call.

A description of the scene in Saint Peter's at the moment of the definition is thus given by Bishop Ullathorne:

"All was ready, and on the 8th of December, the festival of the Immaculate Conception, in the ever-memorable year 1854, during the celebration of a Solemn Mass, which the supreme Pontiff offered up, surrounded by a hundred and fifty-two mitred Bishops, fifty-three Cardinals, more than two hundred prelates of an inferior order, a vast body of clergy from many countries, and some thirty or forty thousand people who crowded the vast Basilica of Saint Peter's, Cardinal Macchi, the Dean of the Sacred College, advanced to the Pontifical throne, accompanied by an Archbishop of the Greek rite, and an Archbishop of the Armenian Rite, and by twelve of the senior Archbishops of the Western Church, as witnesses and supporters, and addressed the Pope, 'petitioning him in the midst of the august and unbloody Sacrifice, in the temple sacred to the Prince of the Apostles, surrounded by the solemn assemblage of the Sacred College, the Bishops and the people,' to lift up his Apostolic voice and to pronounce the Dogmatic Decree of the Immaculate Conception of Mary."

The Holy Father answered that he willingly received their prayers; and after the *Veni Creator Spiritus* had been chanted by the vast assembly, the Holy Pontiff, amidst breathless silence, solemnly defined that:

It is a dogma of Faith that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her Conception, by a singular privilege and grace of God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of Original sin.

In commemoration of this Jubilee, THE AVE MARIA publishes this week a special Marian issue.

Notes and Remarks.

The practice of sending out Christmas cards can take the form of a social obligation, an act of friendship; or it may even be raised to the dignity of a Christian social ceremony on the part of those who surround their action with the proper spirit and accompany it with the right type of Christmas card. As Catholics, we should wish our Christmas greetings to carry some of the religious significance, and inspire some of the spiritual happiness, which characterize our own celebration of the Holy Season. We should, therefore, avoid the pagan type of card, and send to our relatives and friends some of the beautiful religious Christmas cards which are now so easily obtainable.

The demonstrations of Catholic faith which have brought over two hundred thousand visitors and suppliants in a single day to the grave of the comparatively unknown Father Power at Malden, Massachusetts, is now over for the present with the official closing of the cemetery, pending an investigation of the reported miracles by the Church authorities. Whether sufficient evidence of the right kind will present itself to justify an official ecclesiastical approval is doubtful. The Church is very careful about accepting as miraculous what even her accusers will sometimes easily acknowledge. Whatever the outcome Catholics will not be surprised. The discreetness of the Church in giving approval to what is apparently of God has been a constant warning to her children against the danger of allowing the eye and the feelings to draw the mind into wrong conclusions. On the other hand, they know also from the experience of the Church that it is very much within the range of possibility for a saint to have lived and died comparatively unknown back there a half century ago in the State of Massachusetts. Indeed it is

a part of Catholic faith that the lowliest labor and the most commonplace lives may be made into the materials of a sanctity so delicate sometimes that only God Himself is able to recognize its true value.

One of the places of pilgrimage in Ireland to-day, for instance, is the grave of Matt Talbot, a man, who, during his life in Dublin was looked upon as nothing more than the common workman that he seemed to be. At his death, however, evidence of his penitential habits was found upon his body, and after his burial a great number of spiritual favors were reported as coming through his intercession. Although he has been dead only four years, the life of this obscure Dublin workman has already been translated into thirteen languages, and his grave has become the pilgrimage place of thousands every year. No, we would not be surprised if it turned out that a half century ago a saint walked in the vicinity of Malden, in Massachusetts, without others of his time being as much as aware of it.

It is said that drinking tends to become a major sport now in the colleges, and that it is not unknown even among children in high schools. Recent "raids," which, we suppose, could be duplicated many times in many places, show that the noble experiment has gained a prevalence that is deplored by everyone interested in educating boys and girls. This result seems to come naturally enough from the ridiculous character that friend and foe have managed, by working together at this point, to give to the famous law. The popular attitude toward drink for children has been reversed. It has become quite a game to wade through prohibitions; and it is a good long while since youth was seriously taught that there is danger to character in promiscuous drinking. So boys and girls have come to look on the making or borrowing or stealing and

the tasting of bootleg liquor as entirely a matter of choice and as a matter of considerable fun. And, of course, one's way of looking at things easily becomes his way of doing things.

Although the horse is almost an extinct animal, so far as big city children are concerned, he is still the friend and companion in thousands of rural communities. The children in these latter communities particularly should read that great classic of animal stories "Black Beauty," so that they can properly appreciate this faithful friend of man; and if for no other reason than out of memory of what used to be, our city children should do the same. The American Humane Society has made this reading possible, according to the November issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, by offering free copies of "Black Beauty" to the various educational institutions that will agree to distribute them among their pupils. If our children readers want a fine book for a Winter's afternoon let them tell their teachers about this.

The record of murders in this country would almost convince one that we are the most wicked nation on earth. It has been stated in the public press, for example, that there were 12,000 murders in the United States last year as compared with 246 in England and Wales. During the same period the city of Detroit is reported to have suffered 383 murders, while Windsor, Canada, lost not a single life through violence. And yet in spite of this almost unbelievable record of killings, the American people, as we all know, is about the most generous and tender-hearted people in the world, where suffering and need are concerned. Why the apparent contradiction?

The *Saturday Examiner of Bombay* partly answered that question in a recent issue when it quoted an Ameri-

can judge as saying: "In England and Canada, when a man is deliberating whether he shall kill a man, he knows that in six or eight weeks he will expiate the crime with his own life. In the United States the chances are 6 to 1 that he'll not be arrested; 12 to 1 he'll never be convicted; and 132 to 1 he will never die for his crime." Undoubtedly such laxity is a real encouragement if not an active stimulant to crime on the part of the criminally minded. A little of the promptness and the severity of foreign courts would go a long way towards softening the violence of such American tempers.

But fundamentally mere punishment alone is a comparatively weak deterrent against the blind drive of human passion. The most effective defense against disorders of that kind has always been and will always be the controlling influence of religion. History has demonstrated that fact over and over again. Among the Irish people, for instance, where religion has been given its proper place in life, several prisons have been turned into radio broadcasting stations this year for want of criminals to occupy them. Compare that record with the growing prison population of our partly pagan nation. Yes, we certainly need swifter and more severe punishment of criminals in America today; but, above everything else, we need a more generous application of the influence of religion which alone can control the passions of human hearts and turn them in the direction of God.

Analyzing Catholic publicity in a recent issue of the *Commonweal* (of which, by the way, we feel proud), Mr. Michael Williams remarks:

If ever there was an institution whose history, whose principles, whose culture, whose methods and whose teachings were less known, more maligned or more misunderstood, its name is as yet unknown to history; certainly, to American history. The deplorable results

affect all American Catholics, and affect the nation as well. Only Catholics themselves can adequately remedy the matter. Publicity is the most effective instrument. But they do not employ it.

Not to any great extent, to be sure. But we are "getting there," as the saying is. Witness the recent publication, in five volumes, of "Catholic Builders of the Nation," by Constantine E. McGuire, K. S. G., Ph. D., and numerous others. It is the story of the Church in this country, a continuous panorama of wondrous activities and glorious achievements.

It would be interesting to know the authority for the consoling saying: "To accept death with resignation outweighs all other penance." At the request of the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, His Holiness, Pius X., granted on March 9, 1904, a plenary indulgence at the moment of death to all who once during life, on some day after Holy Communion, recite the following Act, our translation of which is approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne:

O Lord, my God! whatever manner of death is pleasing to Thee, with all its anguish, pains and sorrows, I now accept from Thy hand with a resigned and willing spirit.

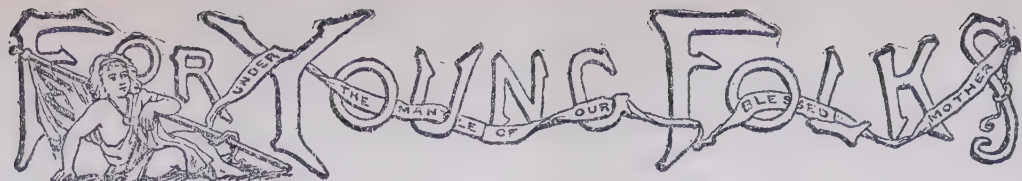
We are accustomed to think of the practice of Frequent Communion as something modern and contemporary; but St. Cyprian declares that the Sacrifice of the Mass should be offered daily, and that all present at it should communicate, according to the practice of the Early Church. With the Greeks, they who passed three Sundays without Communion were said to be excommunicated. As to the dispositions for receiving the Holy Eucharist, Pope Benedict XIV. says: 'If any one thinks that because of not having sensible compunction of heart, profusion of tears, fervor

of mind, and the like, he is unworthy, he walks uncautiously, and is often deceived. It may frequently happen that those who have no such things are in a state of grace, and that those who have them are without grace, though they do what is gracious.'

A belated church-goer, arriving during the sermon on a recent Sunday, whispered to an Irish friend in front of him: "Isn't he finished yet?" With an edifying effort to control his feelings, the friend answered: "Through, is it? Sure, he's through long ago, but he wouldn't stop." Which reminds us of another apt reply, made by an old pastor to a young curate, who asked how long a sermon should be. The deliberate answer was: "Well, if a sermon bears the slightest resemblance to Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, it may be a short one. I have heard somewhere that if a sermon is good, it needn't be long, and if it isn't good, it ought to be short."

From the single fact that ecclesiastical ceremonies were greatly loved and ardently followed in the Middle Ages, an important conclusion may be drawn with respect to the intellectual character of that epoch, so much derided by modern writers. They declare that in the churches there was too much ceremony for an enlightened people. A senseless assertion. An injury to the understanding when sight is employed as a medium of instruction! It is essentially an organ of the intelligence. "Wisdom hath built for herself a house," and in our churches that mystic edifice is to be found.

At a time when everyone seems to be interested in miracles—seeking signs and wonders—it ought to be remembered by Catholics that the things which faith holds are more certain than those which are shown by visible light.



Peek-a-Boo.

BY LILLIAN M. HOWARD.

G LOVE to go to bed at night.
I never cry or pout,
Because from where I lie in bed
I see the stars pop out.
And then I wave my hand at them,
And we play "Peek-a-boo."
I pull the covers o'er my head,
And then I peek out through
A tiny bit, and there they are
A-laughing at me so.
I almost always catch them,
Because they're awfully slow.
They can't jump back of clouds as quick
As I can hide in bed.
And when I fall asleep at last
I'm always 'way ahead.

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

VIII.—THE KING IS LOST.

THE King was lost,—completely lost. Town was searched, countryside was searched, but no amount of searching brought him back to the Castle. He took care of that! In the days when his royal daughter ruled the roost at the Castle things had been bad enough for him, but how much worse since the Brownie had cured her of her bad temper and made her as sweet as honey! Ough! the feel of her sticky fingers around his neck and her jammy kisses on his cheek,—such overflowing affection was not to be endured. The moment for action came, and the King acted; he disappeared.

And now for the first time in the history of the land there was no king; and stranger still, for the first time in the

history of the land there was a policeman walking the streets. He wore a policeman's uniform and a policeman's helmet, pulled well down over his eyes; and he carried not only one but two police batons.

The citizens—those calm, peaceful citizens—were shocked to discover what dreadful blows and bruises could be dealt by that policeman and his two batons. They had to dodge, they had to duck and skirt around corners to avoid him. They never knew where he was going to turn up next, except that he was almost sure to be just where they thought he couldn't possibly be. A startled expression began to show in the eyes of these unhappy people; and one lady's eyebrows rose so high in her amazement that they got lost somewhere near the crown of her head, and never were seen again. Cries of alarm rang out all day. "Oh, *mind!* He's coming! The keeper of law and order! The policeman!"

Certainly this keeper of law and order enjoyed administering the law. As he stalked the streets he muttered a great deal, but no one stayed near him long enough to find out what he might be saying: the noise of the blows he dealt was quite enough for them. And they only looked at his flourishing batons; not at his face, which was more than half concealed by his helmet and his turned-up collar. They never dreamed that this ferocious policeman was their lost meek and mild King. They never dreamed that he was muttering: "I may not have been much good as a king, but I make a jolly fine policeman."

The King felt at last that life was worth living, and he wondered how any king could be so foolish as to put up

with his lot when it was just as easy to be a policeman as a king. He liked to stand in the middle of the street and wait until a crowd was close to him, then give a sudden growl like a tiger and fling out his arms with a flourish of batons. "Fly for your lives! Fly for your lives! Down the next street! No thoroughfare here, no thoroughfare! Street closed!"

It was not the growl like a tiger that made the people fly for their lives, but the sight of those weighty batons beating so powerfully in the air, and descending so heavily on those who were slow to obey. They turned and raced back up the street hearing behind them the blood-curdling threats of the policeman. If only they had been brave enough to look round when they were some distance away, they would have seen that wily policeman scudding as fast as possible by a short cut to the next street; but they obeyed blindly and never looked back. Yet what reward for obedience! When they did arrive at the next street there he was again, heaving his batons and bellowing as before: "Fly for your lives! Street closed! Street closed!"

The people were bewildered. After a while those who were in a hurry to get anywhere had the bright idea of climbing up the sides of the houses and running along the roofs; but when they went to scramble down at the other end there was the policeman as before, waiting to administer the law.

Now a policeman so conscientious about his job meant a multitude of bumps and bruises for the public, and in the end it was necessary to open a hospital in the town. That was not difficult in itself. Yet out of the hospital arose a real difficulty. Nobody knew how to nurse. They asked one another questions, and the lady who wore her boots on her head gave advice. She said: "To be a real nurse you have to hold the other person's nose,—at least I

think so." A suggestion which almost led to a riot, for among all the sick there was not one obliging enough to allow his nose to be held.

At last Joan said she *knew* a nurse had to wear a white cap, and a general sigh of relief was heaved, for such definite information was considered by the people to help a great deal. So Joan wore a white cap and Grown-up Grisel wore another, and that made two nurses, which was very good for quite a new hospital. The only person to scoff was Michael.

"You can't have a proper hospital without having a doctor," he said. "I'll be the doctor, and I'll cut you all open to see how you look inside."

This sounded very much worse than having their noses held, and with one leap the bumped and bruised people were out of their beds and trying to escape through the windows. To calm them it was necessary for Michael to abandon his wonderful plan of examining them from the inside; but he let them know what a pity it was that he should have to lose such a splendid opportunity, and into the bargain he called them poor sports.

The new policeman never relaxed his severity; at the same time, however, he did not follow his official instincts altogether blindly. He respected ladies; he frightened them by his savage yells, but he never allowed his batons to descend upon them,—or almost never; for there was one sad and sore exception. The Governess was the exception. Of all the patients she was the most frequent in and out of the hospital. No sooner sent home as cured than she reappeared, a mountain of fresh bruises.

"We can always depend on seeing *you* again," said the doorkeeper pleasantly each time.

It seemed that she could not avoid the policeman. The truth was that she did not try. While everyone else flew at the sight of that blue-coated figure with the

two waving batons, the Governess invariably flew at him.

"Coward! Coward!" she hissed. "Bully! Bully!" she hissed. "Coward and bully! Bully and coward!" she hissed. "You stand and strike at a gentle lady of refinement—"

"Where is she, your gentle lady of refinement?" demanded the policeman, —and a few moments later the Governess was ready for another sojourn in the hospital.

During this period of national distress the Royal Child was not idle. She spent her time inside the hospital, sitting in turn beside each sufferer's bed. There she cooed and giggled and gushed and simpered; and as she was of the Royal family it followed that the sick people had to return the simpering and cooing and gushing in good measure. But oh, how glad they were to see her go,—how they groaned then and frowned to relieve their feelings!

The most serious case in the hospital was Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting. His nose was the size of a balloon; his ears were the size of turnips, his hands were the size of frying-pans. He was in a bad way, swollen beyond recognition.

He sat propped up in bed (being far too bruised to lie down), and his silver stick lay useless on the coverlet.

In came the Royal Child making her round of visits. She stopped at the first bed.

"Oh, how funny you look all bound up," she cried merrily, lifting the patient's hand which was swathed in bandages. "Is your hand painful?"

"Not at all!" answered the man politely. Was his hand painful!

"I would like to sit by you all day long, just stroking your bandages and smiling at you," piped the Royal Child sweetly.

"Oh, *not at all!*" repeated the man even more politely.

But his politeness failed to freeze her

away. She sat on the edge of his bed for what seemed an age, wriggling about and giggling, and of course he had to acknowledge her attentions by giggling too, and by bowing graciously.

But when at last she did move away to the next bed the two nurses, Joan and Grown-up Grisel, came hurrying to revive the poor exhausted patient, settling him into a comfortable position with his face to the wall, that he might look as cross as he pleased to make up for those forced smiles.

Mr. Silver-Stick, so swollen in his bed, was the last to be visited.

"And who is *this* gentleman?" asked the Royal Child in her merry joking way. "If it be a gentleman."

She made the Silver-Stick-in-Waiting so mad! He was perfectly certain that she recognized him.

"Oh, if only you could see yourself!" she gushed.

"Oh, if only I could not feel myself!" groaned Mr. Silver-Stick. He was not like the other patients. He would not smile when he did not want to.

The Royal Child made a grab at the hands as large as frying-pans. "What are these funny things?"

Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting pulled his hands away and tried to clutch at his silver stick lying on the bed, thinking in that way to regain his lost dignity; but how could frying-pan hands take hold of anything.

"Why, it's our poor old Silver-Stick-in-Waiting," screamed the Royal Child. "And he can't even hold his silver stick! Then of course he must give it to some one who can."

"Well said," muttered the deep voice of the Governess. Once again she was being carried into the hospital on a stretcher.

"And here's our funny old Governess too," cried the Royal Child in delight. "Welcome home, welcome home!"

The Governess ignored the welcome. "I always said he wasn't fit for a Court

position," she muttered between her groans.

"Now if I were as horrid as I used to be," said the Royal Child, "I'd say you weren't fit for a Court position either, Governess, but of course I can't say things like that any more, because I've become the sweetest creature alive, as the whole town knows. Do you remember how violent I used to be, throwing things at people,—like this, for instance?"

To show exactly how bad she had been in case anyone had forgotten, she seized a basket standing empty on a table and hurled it at the head of the Governess.

"That's what I used to be like," she finished sedately.

"Humph!" said the Governess. She had not bothered to dodge the basket. One bruise more or less could not matter in her present condition.

"And besides throwing things I used to tease people,—something like this." She leaped lightly on to Mr. Silver-Stick's bed, and there she jumped and danced, bouncing the patient up and down and landing on his feet.

He groaned and he moaned and cried. "Oh, what a plague!" he sighed—"What a pest!" But every word, every sound, was received by the Royal Child with a giggle of delight.

"Now, far from teasing, my one idea is to embrace and caress people," she said, springing down from the bed and throwing her arms around the next patient. In this way she flew from bed to bed, embracing the sick people.

The two nurses never had to work so hard. They fanned the patients, bathed their foreheads to revive them, and whispered hope of a calmer morrow to encourage them.

Kind Grown-up Grisel was particularly distressed. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, the people will die," she sighed; "they can not stand so much affection!"

"Then let the Royal Child be taken prisoner," commanded Michael in the

tone of a brigadier-general, "since there is danger of death resulting from her antics." As he could not be a doctor and cut people open he thought it would be some compensation to be a soldier and capture the enemy.

"Much good prison will do that sort of child," mumbled the Governess through the mask of bandages which Joan had tied around her head. "When we get back to the Court, young lady, you're going to be given Hamlet all day, all day, all day!"

"When we get back to the Court, dear Governess, I'm going to give you kisses all day, all day, all day, and hugs and squeezes all night, all night, all night!"

Brave as she was the Governess could not prevent an exclamation of horror escaping her at this dreadful prospect, and even a second exclamation, but this last was swallowed into the uproar coming from the passage.

(To be continued.)

Friends of Wild Animals.

Many of the saints were great friends of wild animals. St. Aventine, a hermit in the time of Clovis, had a cell on an island in the Seine River, which was exposed to the attacks of many wild beasts; but they never molested him. Once, however, in the middle of the night, a bear came to his door and made humble cries, as if in great pain. The saint opened the wicket, and saw the poor animal licking one of its paws, which was pierced by a large thorn. Taking his lantern, St. Aventine gently removed it. The bear expressed gratitude by wagging his tail, and then returned to the forest and was seen no more. Venerable Bede relates that wild animals used to fawn upon St. Cuthbert while he prayed alone by night on his desert island. A monk of the celebrated monastery of St. Gall, before his death, made a public confession, as if of a great sin, that he had once killed a wolf.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—St. Jerome is quoted as saying in a moment of gloom: "Authors, especially those who have no other means of subsistence than their writings, are animals that feed largely on vanity."

—Among inestimable treasures of jewels once in possession of the Abbey of St. Stephen at Troyes was a Psalter, written in letters of gold, that were fresh after eight hundred years. There were also old breviaries, in small letters, on separate sheets, for the use of monks who travelled.

—"A Garland of Saints for Children," by the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman, is a series of stories from the lives of the saints, told to children. There is the air of the fairy story to some of them, noticeably in the story of St. Christopher, but they are all realistic enough to point a useful lesson to the young people for whom they are intended. Published by Frederick Pustet. \$1.25.

—The *Extension Press*, Chicago, has published an attractive art Calendar for 1930, beautifully illustrated, with the saints' days indicated and all the days of fast and abstinence marked. Each day contains a Scriptural quotation, and the last page has a good summary of Catholic facts. Price, 40c. A similar calendar containing a large picture in color of the Oratory of St. Joseph, Montreal, Canada, may be obtained by writing to the Oratoire Saint-Joseph in that city.

—Those books of meditation that follow closely the Gospel story are, as a rule, the most fruitful. They keep the character of the Divine Model before the mind to encourage one to strive manfully to follow in the footsteps of the Master. Father Francis J. Hagganey, S. J., in the second volume of "The Saviour as St. Matthew Saw Him," gives a series of meditations on the Life of Our Lord according to the first Gospel. It gives the story of Christ's life and teachings as depicted in the book of the first Evangelist, from chapter IV., 7, to chapter IX., 35. This in-

cludes, of course, the Sermon on the Mount, three chapters of St. Matthew that summarize the highest moral teaching of Our Lord. Published by the B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.

—From Ireland there comes a series of short stories in pamphlet form treating of love and courtship and marriage and of various other aspects of life. The stories are spiced with humor, and carry faithfully the language and life of Ireland. We can not understand, however, how some of the cover illustrations ever got by the printer. Similar caricatures in this country would bring down the wrath of every Irish-American in the neighborhood. The titles and authors are: "The Crossing," "A Marriage of Convenience," "Wheels of Fortune," "Verbatim," by J. Bernard McCarthy; "The Adventures of Jeremiah," by A. McGann; "The Hills of Donegal," by Angela Francis; "The House of Arran," by F. S. M.; "Kate," by Mary McCartie; "The Misty Dawn," by Elizabeth Bawn Healy. *The Talbot Press*.

—The Child's Daily Missal represents a very laudable attempt to put into the hands of Catholic children a real aid to understanding and following the Holy Mass. The use of pictures to illustrate not only the parts of the Mass but also the equipment of the altar and the lessons of the various Gospels and the seasons of the year, is really quite effectively done. The prayer content is also good, but because of the intricacy of the Mass to lay eyes we would recommend that even the older children learn to follow the missal under a teacher-guide of some sort. We believe also that this admirable little book would not be rendered less useful for children by the elimination of the section devoted to Latin hymns and psalms. The missal is translated by the Rev. John Gray, from the work of Dom Gaspar Lefebvre, O. S. B., and Elizabeth Van Elwyck. Publisher, Benziger. Price, ranging from \$1.25 to \$3.25 according to style of binding.

—"The Parables of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by M. J. Ollivier, O. P., is an attempt, and,

we think, a successful one, to explain the meaning of Holy Scripture according to the mind of the Church. The central figure in each of the parables is, of course, Our Lord Himself. Yet one finds the message He intended to convey through them greatly clarified by the author's method of picturing "the natural features of the Holy Land, the historic peoples, and the social groups amidst which the Redeemer lived." M. Ollivier divides the parables into three groups, those propounded "by the shore of the lake," "on the road to Jerusalem," and "in Jerusalem." He considers six parables in each group. The original French edition has had a very wide sale in Europe. Because of its extraordinary merits, we hope that this translation, admirably done by Mr. E. Leahy, will find many readers in the United States. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$3.40.

—Since the publication of the new code of Canon Law, there has been a plentiful flow of studies and commentaries both on the text as a whole and on special sections of it. Duplications, though inevitable, are not to be deplored, for as there is in many instances wide room for divergence of interpretation, the presence of many learned opinions is an aid to arriving at safe and suitable conclusions. Many such works have appeared in the vernacular. The following are in Latin, printed in clear, large type, bound in paper, and published by Marietti (Turin, Italy). (1) "*De Matrimonio et Causis Matrimonialibus*" (pp. 535), by P. Nicolaus Farrugia, C. S. A.; (2) "*De Re Beneficiali Iuxta Canones*" (pp. 500), by the Rev. Marius Pistocchi, J. U. D.; (3) "*De Iure Religiosorum*" (pp. 600), by P. Ludovicus Fanfani, O. P.; (4) "*De Censuris*" (pp. 517), by the Rev. Felix Cappello, S. J.; (5) "*De Censuris Latæ Sententiæ*" (260 pp.), by the Rev. Albertus D. Cipollini; and (6) "*Commentarium in Codicem Iuris Canonici Ad Usum Scholarum*" (Lib. V., pp. 425), by the Rev. Guidus Cocchi, C. M. These volumes, since they are the work of scholars of repute, will make valuable additions to the libraries of seminaries and of clergymen everywhere.

—Our familiarity with the sacrifice of the Mass has begotten in many of us an indif-

ference to the real beauty and the overwhelming importance of this central act of worship in the Catholic Church. We have never learned the attractive hold it had on the Christians of the early Church, who risked all they had in order to assist at this Sublime Act of Worship in which Christ is again offered for the sins of the world. Fr. Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D., has tried to make live again those early days in a new volume, "*The Mass of the Apostles*" (P. J. Kenedy, \$2.75), and, we think, has eminently succeeded. It is a book of serious research, but it is written in a popular manner that will hold the interest of priest or layman. A few of the chapter headings will give some idea of the extensive treatment of the subject: "Christ and the Eucharist"; "Synagogue and the Eucharist"; "Eucharist in Apostolic Church"; "Setting for St. Peter's Mass"; "How St. Peter Said Mass." We believe a careful study of this volume will awaken a new appreciation of and a deeper devotion toward the Sacrifice of the Altar in the lay or clerical reader. The book, too, has a number of interesting illustrations from painting of early Christian times.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Lauth, C. S. C.

Sister Mary Aloysius, Sisters of the Presentation; Sister M. Bona, Sisters of Saint Dominic; and Sister M. Leocodia, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Richard Whalen, Mr. George Malhane, Miss Anna Shea, Mrs. P. J. O'Donnell, Mrs. H. Beyers, Miss Catherine Galligan, Miss Virginia Piatt, Mrs. P. W. Wernette, Mr. Charles Sander, Mrs. Johanna Dee, Mrs. Mary Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Bonefaut, Mrs. Sarah A. Gilman, Mr. John A. Meskill, Mr. Dominic Maichiodi, Mrs. Rose Dvitt, Mrs. Dominica Maichiodi, Master Thomas Concannon, Mrs. Rose Condon, Mrs. Mary Galvin, and Mr. Timothy Cluney.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Royalty.

BY C. J. LASKOWSKI, C. S. C.

FROM Nazareth to regal Bethlehem,
A princely man, a queen with kingly Child
Upon a donkey ride; before them filed
Unnumbered-deep are battle seraphim,
Their pinions flamed with light; by them
Age-silvered prophets march, old hearts gone
wild
With song, the while from tombs high marble
piled
Each mouldering king bends low his diadem.
Oh, surely royal lineaged Bethlehem,
With trumpet antiphon will send someone,—
Mayhap a purpled, Orient potentate
With dustward homages to welcome them!
This prince, this queen and King who made
the sun,—
Ah, yes—a twisted beggar huddles near the
gate!

Madame de Vignerod — Duchess d'Aiguillon.

BY GERTRUDE MARIE BRUCKER.

IT is a splendid example to see great
and generous virtues flourishing
amid poverty. The widow and the
orphan who give their mite, the
poor woman who welcomes the guest
sent by God asking for hospitality, show
forth, indeed, a spirit of heroic virtue.
A soul that can sympathize with the
sufferings of others is the sign of a
great and noble nature, and manifests a
magnificent victory over egotism and
misfortune.

Nevertheless, there is something still
more admirable in the sight of a woman
upon whom fortune smiles, who is as yet
uninitiated in suffering, who, unaware
of its bitterness and misery, seems to
feel it instinctively, and devotes her life
to its alleviation. Such has always been
the character of Christian charity; and
it was above all in the Seventeenth
Century, at that period when, amid the
grandeur and pomp of worldly honors,
a great many women of noble rank
seemed to bridge the distance separating
the different classes of society, thereby
rendering the wealthy and powerful
beloved and blessed by the poor.

The widowed Duchess d'Aiguillon
understood well the importance of this
work of kindness and love, when,
renouncing a new alliance, she wished
to remain with her uncle, Cardinal
Richelieu, in order "to be the support
of charitable hearts and the protectress
of good works."

Marie-Madeline de Vignerod, later
Duchess d'Aiguillon, was the daughter
of René de Vignerod and Françoise du
Plessis, the sister of Cardinal Richelieu.
At an early age she was married to
Antoine-Grimould du Roure, lord of
Combalet, colonel in the regiment of
Normandy, who was killed in the siege
of Montpellier, in 1622. Widowed before
her twentieth year and without children,
Madame de Combalet went to Paris to
join her uncle who had always had a
great affection for her. The Cardinal
was then at the height of his glory. The
young woman might well have aspired

to the most brilliant alliances, and the Cardinal himself insisted that she choose a husband from the number of young and rich noblemen who paid her their court; all his entreaties were in vain.

Unswayed by ambition, using her influence only to obtain benefits and favors for others, taking no part in the affairs of State, the Marquise de Combalet could not prevent herself from being envied and even hated by a certain number of base and selfish persons. Through some intrigue she lost the position she had held as lady of the bed-chamber to Marie de Medici, a service she had discharged with remarkable devotion and assiduity. The young woman, however, did not bemoan a disgrace which granted her a greater amount of time to devote to the service of God and her neighbor; but the Cardinal must have been deeply affected in seeing that the resentment that his inflexible justice aroused against him, was shown toward even this gentle and pious woman.

It was especially when the Duke de Montmorency was being tried at Toulouse, that the attempts made to render Madame de Combalet responsible for the actions of her uncle, took on an odious and menacing character: the project of abducting her was meditated; it was planned that she should be taken to Brussels, where she should be put to death in satisfaction for the penalty that cost the ill-fated Duke his life. Fortunately, before this conspiracy could be carried into execution, a truly providential circumstance happened to protect this devout servant of the poor from danger.

Nine noblemen, who had plotted against her life, were arrested, and would have been sentenced to capital punishment, had not the generous Marquise, by her prayers and tears, softened the anger of the Cardinal. The King himself wrote her a touching letter of felicitation, and the leader of

the conspiracy, the Count d'Apchon, owed her not only his pardon, but his fortune as well, that his relatives had seized during his imprisonment, and that was restored to him through the influence of the Marquise.

Given the rank and title of Duchess d'Aiguillon in 1638, she used her increased influence and fortune to found the most useful projects. She was president of the charitable assemblies of St. Vincent de Paul, often held in her home. No other woman displayed greater ardor in aiding this saintly priest in his noble enterprises. Her zeal, her help, her influence were felt in every important work of the epoch. A worthy follower of Madame le Gras, that tireless co-worker of St. Vincent de Paul, she went about in the outlying districts of Paris to spread there the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and to render fruitful the preceding missions given by St. Vincent and his priests. She was accustomed to lay aside her fashionable court dress eagerly and joyously, and, wearing the humble costume of a peasant, accompanied by another saintly and noble woman, to mingle with the rural population, living the life of the poor, in order to see at closer range their work and privations, learning to speak their simple language, so that she might give her lessons and counsels with greater ease.

Meanwhile, "having governed France for eighteen years with absolute authority, and having given a new direction to the politics of the kingdom and to that of all Europe, Cardinal Richelieu ended his career at the age of fifty-eight years." This able Minister of France has been judged in divers ways; we have only to state here his glorious deeds, the memory of the protection he accorded at all times to pious reforms, to useful institutions, and the admirable provisions of his will.

This testament is, in fact, remarkable for its religious sentiments and magnificent bequests. "Richelieu bequeathed

to the King £1,500,000, the Cardinal Palace he had built, and his church plate, set with diamonds. The Duchess d'Aiguillon, his niece, and the Secretary of State, Des Noyers, were to collect all the money left at his death, and to use it, after paying his debts, in works of piety for the public welfare. For this purpose, the Duchess d'Aiguillon was to enjoy for three years two-thirds of the revenue, without giving any account of her expenditures. The Cardinal recommended especially the completion of the church and buildings of the Sorbonne, and the establishment of the Priests of the Richelieu Mission."

The confidence placed in Madame d'Aiguillon by a man as capable of reading hearts as was the Cardinal, is an honor to them both; and it is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the way in which the Duchess conformed to the pious wishes of her uncle. She could not have used her fortune with greater generosity. "Her zeal," says M. Picot, "extended throughout the world. She endowed a hospital in Quebec, and another in Algiers; she established the houses of St. Lazare in Marseilles and in Rome, as well as missions in numerous places; she took an active part in sending bishops into India, giving considerable sums of money for this purpose. Pope Alexander III. addressed a Brief to her, commending her zealously with regard to these missions. The Duchess sustained those in Ireland, solicited aid for the Christians of Alep, displaying the ardent spirit of an apostle, and placing no limit to her liberality. She continued to make use of her uncle's immense fortune until her death in 1675."

Fléchier tells us, in his funeral oration for the Duchess d'Aiguillon, that she had the desire of entering the Carmelite Order, but that she yielded to the wish of her family to remain in the world. He shows her with her uncle, ceaselessly vigilant, as a living provi-

dence, for the victims of injustice or misfortune; he paints her then, redeeming what might have been reprehensible in the amassing of such immense wealth by the holy manner in which she used it; he points out her tender piety, that, amid the duties resultant upon the supervision of her vast bequests, enlightened her with regard to finding time to make frequent retreats in a humble convent, and gave her the strength to pass the night in solitude and prayer, after spending the day planning and assuring vast enterprises. An admirable eulogy to her is resumed in these words: "The Duchess d'Aiguillon was great only to serve God nobly, rich only to assist the poor generously, living only to prepare herself to die well."

Miss Millet's Young Man.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

MERPORT was full of visitors; the wide sandy beaches swarmed with people, and there were queues before the Palace of Pleasure, the Scenic Railway, and all the other haunts of gaiety.

Miss Millet much disliked the Merport "season." She considered the crowds of pleasure-seekers unrefined—as indeed some of them were. She resented the bands, the noise, the high prices in the shops, and the fairy bicycles which ran into her on the promenade.

This was Annie's day out, and Miss Millet had been obliged to issue forth in the full glare of the afternoon heat to replenish her canister of China tea, which she had discovered to be empty.

Miss Millet was fifty, her life was cut to a careful pattern to which she rigidly adhered. She had a horror of change, otherwise she would doubtless have left Merport for a quieter spot. She always had her meals at exactly the same time, and had eaten roast beef and apple tart

on Sundays ever since she could remember. She rarely made new friends, but she was very loyal to old ones, and asked them to tea with almost distressing regularity—never to lunch, that might have seemed rather extravagant. Miss Millet had a small but regular income and lived neatly within it, putting by the same tiny sum every year.

It was a very hot day, the flagged pavement felt quite burning to the feet, and the sun glare dazzled her. The streets were full of sight-seers, and inattentive women wheeling prams, and gazing into the shop windows.

It was necessary to dodge the prams which bore straight ahead in jugged-nautic procession; and Miss Millet soon tired of this exercise and resolved to make a detour by a side street. It was quite a relief to get away from the sight of the sea; the tide was up, and the low waves were dazzlingly bright. Here was cool shade between the tall houses, the street was empty save for a man with a baby in his arms who was pacing listlessly about. Miss Millet hoped he was not going to beg from her, and took the precaution of tucking her *pochette* well under her arm where she hoped it would be out of sight. But the man did not notice her at all; he was talking to the child, a pretty little boy of two, who looked very pale and tired.

As the faded, slender spinster stepped along carefully in the shade, a door was flung open just ahead of her, and a cloud of steam rolled out into the road. Miss Millet was startled at first, but quickly realized that these were the back premises of the Waterlily Laundry, which had a smart frontage in a more fashionable thoroughfare. A loud cry of "Mum! Mum!" greeted the steamy cloud, and out of it came hurrying a tired-looking woman, her hair, damp with moisture, hanging down upon her brow, her clothes sodden, her hands swollen and wrinkled with immersion in hot suds. She brushed past and went

clattering down the road in her loose pattens, and Miss Millet found herself doing what she had always considered extremely vulgar—looking round!

Having fallen from her own standard of good manners, Miss Millet continued to watch unrepentantly. The child was still calling out joyfully, the man was hurrying forward; then they met, and the woman snatched the baby into her arms.

"Poor little lad, he's tired out with the heat!" she cried. "Take him, Ted, my apron is that wet with steam. What's that you've got in your mouth, love? O Ted!"

And Miss Millet saw an unwholesome pink sweet go flying into the gutter.

"It is too hot for you to have brought him out so far in the sun," she went on. "I wasn't looking for you till this evening."

"Eh? but, Missus, the little chap couldn't take his dinner," said Ted anxiously.

Miss Millet forced herself to turn away, but she walked slowly and listened—yes, she actually found herself eavesdropping which she knew was most dishonorable.

"Did he have anything since his breakfast?" asked the mother anxiously.

Ted muttered something in reply, of which the listener could only catch the words "pineapple chunks."

Miss Millet did not know much about babies, but it occurred to her that pineapple was scarcely suitable food for an infant of two. She glanced back at the corner of the street; Maggie was just plunging into the steam again, while Ted and the baby had resumed their dreary march.

"Now, Edith Millet, don't meddle, this is nothing to do with you," she adjured herself; yet, nevertheless, she turned round and timidly retraced her steps.

The father was quite young she now perceived, a true Lancashireman, with a round, bullet head and fair hair,

straggling down below his cap. The baby was whimpering fretfully, and his parent, holding him carefully in his large, muscular hands, was dancing him up and down.

"The little fellow looks very tired," blurted out Miss Millet. "Perhaps if you have to wait for your wife, you would like to come to my house and sit down. It is quite near here. The little boy might like a cup of milk."

Ted stared. "Eh?" he said stupidly.

Miss Millet felt her face burning, but she repeated her remarks word for word.

"Lady!" interjected the child—"bag!"

And he stretched out imperative hands for Miss Millet's sacred hand-bag, which even Annie was never allowed to touch.

"For shame, Stanley!" exclaimed Ted. "Well, Ma'am, since you're so kind, I'd be thankful if I could get the child in out of the heat for a bit. He's rather upset to-day, and it's three miles back to our place. I'd be glad if I could wait awhile till the sun goes down a little."

"Bag!" wailed Stanley—"ba-ag!"

Miss Millet never knew what came over her, but when she inserted her latch-key into her front door, the bag was tightly clutched in Stanley's somewhat sticky little hands. What a mercy Annie was out! Miss Millet had intended to offer her visitors a hard, wooden chair in the kitchen, but the kitchen was so hot and reeked of cabbage—and the dining-room was cool and inviting. She led the way in.

"Put Stanley on the couch, Mr. ——"

"Alty is my name, Ma'am—Ted Alty."

"Well, put the little fellow on the couch, Mr. Alty, and perhaps he'll drop off to sleep. I'll get him some milk."

Alty obeyed in silence, giving the child a hug before he laid him down.

"He might be a burglar or anything," reflected Miss Millet as she hastened to the pantry. "And he's got my bag and keys and everything. There's not a

grain of China tea; and I can't leave him alone in the house while I go out to get some."

She felt herself being relentlessly pushed to a tremendous resolve. Could she—Edith Millet—sit down to tea with a navvy (possibly a burglar) in her own dining-room? At first flush the idea seemed preposterous, but second thoughts prevailed. After all, Annie need never know, reflected Miss Millet, and then blushed for her own duplicity.

It would be difficult to decide which was the shyer, Ted Alty, sitting with Stanley on his knee—a large, clean red handkerchief tucked under his chin,—or Miss Millet, dispensing a strong brew of Ceylon tea. Stanley was completely at his ease, however. A short nap had freshened him up; he was full of hilarious though incomprehensible chat, blew bubbles in his milk unrebuked, and looked up at Miss Millet with adorable smiles under his milky moustache in the intervals.

The elders laughed too, and constraint presently disappeared. Miss Millet's sympathetic questions elicited all poor Ted's little story. It was a sadly common one: he was a collier and had been out of work two years; he had tried every kind of odd job, but had been unable to obtain any settled employment. They had been put to all sorts of shifts to keep the tiny little "cot" in the sandhills three miles out of the town.

"I doubt the Missus didn't hardly have enough to eat while this little one was on the road," blurted out Ted. Tears suddenly leaped into his blue eyes as he added brokenly: "And now 'tis she is the breadwinner, and I can't so much as look after the house and child without coming moidering her."

"The little boy seems cheerful enough now," said Miss Millet, anxious to distract his thoughts.

"Ah," said Ted. He looked down, gave the child a little squeeze, and then

nodded at Miss Millet as he added shyly: "Thanks to you."

Such interests as Miss Millet had in her life were of the cut-and-dried order, and had not varied for the past twenty-five years. It was quite exciting to find a new interest and one that stirred her heart-strings. She did not even wince when Stanley, with a sudden, impetuous wave of his cup, flung a few drops of milk onto her sacred carpet. It did not matter at all, said Miss Millet—would that Annie could have heard her!—Annie, who had been taken to task that very morning for allowing a ray of sunlight to rest upon it! Ted was emboldened to relate sundry anecdotes of Stan's extraordinary knowingness. How everything had to be done the way Mammy did it, and how poor Dad could get nothing right.

Edith and he were laughing as Stanley chimed in, trying to give his own account, when they were startled by the sound of the front door bell.

Miss Millet half-rose to peer cautiously through the lace blind. There was a car in front of her neat doorstep—a car which she recognized as belonging to Mrs. Ormanby, the most exclusive and particular person of all her acquaintance. It would be difficult to go to the door and explain—in a mumbling voice so that Ted's feelings might not be hurt—whom she was entertaining. Mrs. Ormanby was not a woman who would accept such an explanation easily; she would make comments in her rather loud, incisive voice, and she might think it queer, or, worse still—funny.

"We'll just let her ring!" mouthed Miss Millet in a conspiratorial whisper. "I'm not going to the door, and the maid is out. She'll think there's nobody at home."

There was a buzz of conversation in Mrs. Ormanby's pleasant, rather overcrowded drawing-room, especially round the Bridge tables. Mrs. Ormanby was

"at home" on Tuesdays, and there was "a little bridge" after tea. No one took the game with uncomfortable seriousness, though it was played for money—twopence a hundred being the limit! Mrs. Ormanby's visitors belonged almost exclusively to the fair sex, and they did not believe in taking their pleasures too solemnly. On this particular day there was an interesting point to be decided: ought Mrs. Ormanby, or ought she not, to tell Miss Millet *what she had seen*?

Opinions were divided, but Mrs. Ormanby herself was quite decided as to her duty. When Miss Millet arrived rather late—it was her day for visiting the hospital—there was a fateful hush directly she appeared.

Would Mrs. Ormanby, or wouldn't she? The hostess appeared rather agitated as she piloted the late comer to the ravaged tea-table, sent one of her trim maids for fresh tea and the other to get out chocolate biscuits. Yes, evidently Mrs. Ormanby *was* going to tell, the bridge-players trumped their partners' aces recklessly, while some of the less scrupulous brought their rubber to a singularly abrupt conclusion.

So there was a little group about Miss Millet, nibbling biscuits and toying with a second tea, when Mrs. Ormanby came to the climax of her tale.

"I hate telling you, but I feel you ought to know," she said, in a voice mysteriously lowered, after a lengthy preamble. "I called on you last Thursday,"—Miss Millet, who had been gazing at her uncomprehendingly, suddenly began to redden. "And, dear Miss Millet, as I rang at the door I felt something unusual was going on."

"Unusual?" repeated Edith, faintly interrogative, while the telltale flush crept up to her brow.

"Yes. Peals of laughter issued from the house and I heard—distinctly—a *man's* voice."

"Oh!" Miss Millet was quite incapa-

ble of producing any further remark.

"I rank the bell several times," continued the other impressively, "and there was dead silence. Evidently the persons inside wished me to think that everyone was out."

The truth of this guess caused an intensification of Miss Millet's blush which made her feel as though her ears were ablaze.

"No wonder you are horrified," continued Mrs. Ormanby. "I am sadly afraid your maid is deceiving you—but that is *not all*. As I turned away I glanced at the dining-room window, and I distinctly saw, through the muslin curtains, a *man* sitting down at tea at *your* dining-room table."

"The best of girls will be up to tricks sometimes," observed kind-hearted Mrs. Dixon, with what she felt to be almost dangerous large-mindedness.

"But in the dining-room!" breathed Miss Pratt, deeply scandalized.

Miss Millet did not speak. She was assailed by a violent temptation to let them believe poor innocent Annie guilty of the charge. They were all looking at her—they would all disapprove so much. Perhaps they would think her a socialist, and perhaps Mrs. Ormanby would not invite her to her tea parties any more!

"I thought of your beautiful carpet," said her hostess, disappointed at the effect of her disclosure.

Miss Millet had a sudden vision of Stanley, gaily waving his cup. She opened her lips, and an hysterical giggle leaped out.

The ladies looked at each other in consternation.

"You shouldn't have been so sudden, Mrs. Ormanby," began Mrs. Dixon, but Miss Millet interrupted.

"It's all a mistake," she said, still fierily blushing. "I owe you an apology, Mrs. Ormanby, for I was there in the dining-room all the time. Oh, dear! Shall we go and sit down, for I feel I

must tell you all about it from the beginning."

Mrs. Ormanby struggling with a mixture of feelings—offence, curiosity and bewilderment—led the way to the sofa. Her friends hastily dragged the little gold chairs from the bridge tables, and sat round in a circle. Miss Millet's breath came rather quickly as she faced this attentive audience, but she did not falter. She had not much imagination, but somehow her plain, little tale was very graphic, and the characters in it seemed present to everyone in the pretty, flowery, comfortable room: the down-hearted young father, the tired, white-faced child, the overworked young mother, rushing out of the hot, steamy laundry to cuddle the baby!

"He walks six miles every day just to have five minutes with her," said Miss Millet. "And sometimes Maggie—that is, Mrs. Alty—has to walk home, for they can't afford the bus fare, and of course a young collier can't know anything about keeping a house. He breaks the dishes, poor fellow, and wastes the food, and gives little Stanley things that disagree with him."

"Why doesn't the man get a job?" exclaimed Miss Pratt testily.

"There are too many out of work," said Miss Millet. "And there are very few jobs going about here. Alty can do a bit of gardening but I have employed the same jobbing gardener for years—and I expect you have all done the same. Maggie is putting up a fight to keep the home—if they once let it go how will they ever get one again?"

"Would a little money be any use, Miss Millet?" inquired Mrs. Dixon, who was proverbially hard up, feeling anxiously in her bag.

Edith shook her head.

"The Altys are very independent," she said. "And anyhow, it would be no use. I had thought of getting her to do my laundry at home, but we do a good deal in the house, and it would only

come to a few shillings—she couldn't give up her regular wages for that."

"Me might all send our laundry," said Mrs. Ormanby impulsively. "She could get a girl to help her, I suppose?"

"But how does she wash?" inquired a more practical lady.

"And how could we send it out three miles?" demurred another.

"I have said it, and I'll do it," observed Mrs. Ormanby with Napoleonic decision. "If you will arrange it, Edith, my dear"—she had never before called her by her Christian name—"I'll undertake to give her all my wash. I'll leave it with the car," she added heroically. "Unless your young man could fetch it in a hand-cart?"

"I'd be afraid to risk Mr. Dixon's shirts," faltered Mrs. Dixon, "but I'll send my sheets and things, Miss Millet. Tell him to call at my house too."

Mrs. Alty felt dizzy with fatigue as she staggered out into the fresh air after her long day's work. She had been ironing, and her hand was still cramped, her back aching. That three miles home would seem like ten.

She was surprised to see a car drawn up at the curb! and still more amazed when one of the two ladies who occupied it got out and approached her.

"Mrs. Alty, my friend, Mrs. Ormanby, is going past your house, and we thought perhaps you would like a lift home. And we have a proposal to make to you."

Maggie raised her heavy eyes in wonder.

"Why, it's never the lady that was so kind to my little boy?" she said, smiling.

"Yes, that's Miss Millet," cried Mrs. Ormanby. "Jump in, and put that coat round you, and Miss Millet will explain while I drive. Which way is it?"

Mrs. Ormanby drove most erratically, being anxious to take part in the conversation going on in the back seat.

Luckily there was little traffic on the road, and by the time they reached the sandy lane which led to the Altys' home, Maggie had grasped the ladies' proposal.

"Maybe I shan't wash well enough for you," she faltered. "But, eh? it would be grand to be able to work at home and see to things. And my husband could be a good help to me. He'd do the mangling, and fetch clothes home, and all." Her face suddenly lit up. "There they are, coming to meet me," she cried eagerly.

"Well, you talk it over together, and we'll go for a drive and call back in an hour," said Mrs. Ormanby.

As they drove off, both women glanced back and saw Maggie running up the sandy track in haste to reach her husband. Ted was running too—or rather jogging carefully along, for Stanley was perched on his shoulder.

It was a month or two later, and Mrs. Ormanby's "at home" was in full swing. There was a gay clatter of tongues, but presently the hostess's voice rose above them.

"Yes, the Alty experiment has proved a great success," she cried. "Everybody envies us our private laundry."

"And the Altys have been able to take an extra piece of ground, and Ted is doing quite a good trade in vegetables," added Miss Millet.

Mrs. Ormanby burst out laughing and the other ladies stopped talking to hear the joke.

"Edith is continually reminding me of his name," she cried gaily. "But it is not a bit of good—I shall never think of him as anything else than *Miss Millet's young man*!"

"You had better transfer the title to Stanley," said Miss Millet, blushing happily and becomingly, "for he often comes to tea with me. He's a dear little boy and growing so sturdy."

"And you're a dear too," said Mrs. Ormanby, and suddenly and unexpectedly hugged her.

Plaint.

BY S. C. N.

WEARY, weary, weary, weary!
 Would that thought could cease!
 Even from the spell of beauty
 I would seek release!

Weary, all the joys that linger,
 Weary, all that flee.
 Oh, how empty and how dreary
 All that is not *Thee*!

Even music's melting magic
 Frets, and does not free,—
 Oh, to be dissolved completely,
 And to be with *Thee*!

An Ancient Architectural Gem Dedicated to "The Heavenly Queen."

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ONE of the most beautiful and interesting of the many beautiful cathedral churches in England is that of Exeter. It was not at first in the city itself, but in the open town, or "vil," of Crediton, some miles to the north; and it was not until A. D. 1046, when Leofric, High Chancellor and chaplain to the saintly King, was made Bishop of Devon and Cornwall, that the See was removed to the capital of the former county. The change appears to have been suggested by Leofric in a letter to the Pope, for we find that the Pontiff, Leo, "expressed surprise," in writing to the King, that, contrary to the established custom, the Bishop's See was "outside a city," and therefore undefended by its castle and walls.

Edward accordingly decided that, owing to the disastrous incursions of the barbarous Danes, who "had been able to plunder the Cornish and Crediton churches," a more sure protection for the Cathedral church of Devon should be secured. Leofric, therefore, transferred his See to Exeter, where he found an old Saxon monastery, built of

the lovely red sandstone one admires on the Devon cliffs. This monastery had been destroyed more than once by the Danes, but we know that at the end of the Seventh Century it was inhabited, because St. Boniface, a native of Crediton, and later, the illustrious Apostle of Germany, was educated within its walls.

In 928, Athestane rebuilt "the Minster to the honor of God and the Heavenly Queen, Holy Mary, Mother of Christ, and St. Peter." It was, however, burned by Sweyn, King of Denmark in 1003. Need it be noted that the dedication of this ancient church is a clear proof of how devout our forefathers were to Mary Immaculate and to the Chief of the Apostles? Love of the Virgin most Pure, and loyalty to Rome were not of the later growth some non-Catholic writers would have us suppose.

The monastery which Leofric found had been restored by King Canute. Here the bishop placed his episcopal "stool," and thus "the old Minster became the first Cathedral Church in the chief town of what has been truly called 'the Garden of England.'" The Charter of St. Edward definitely states the fact that the Bishop's See was "in the monastery of Blessed Peter within the city walls," and we are told in this precious document, still preserved in the Cathedral library, how, in 1050, "the King leading the Bishop by his right hand, and Queen Edgytha leading him by his left," placed him on his episcopal throne in the Cathedral. Leofric lived to see William the Conqueror enter the city, and died in 1072, being buried in the crypt of his church.

The Norman building was begun forty years later when the Conqueror's nephew, William Warelwast, was bishop. It was situated a short distance to the west of its Saxon predecessor; and the fact that Warelwast translated the

bodies of Bishops Leofric and Oswald into the new church is recorded on a blank page in that wonderfully valuable manuscript of Saxon poetry, the "Exeter Book."

During some excavations made in 1871, "the foundations of the eastern end, or apse, of this Norman cathedral were exposed," showing that the apse was five-sided, the only instance known in England, with the exception of one at Durham, now removed, and of one at Deerhurst, dated just before the Norman Conquest. Exeter is unique among English cathedrals in having, instead of a central tower, the north and south transeptal towers; and the view, looking down upon it from an eminence is one of extraordinary architectural beauty. The choir stalls are modern, but the *Miserere* seats fitted into them are "the finest series of early English wood-carving anywhere to be found." They represent foliage, birds and beasts, some of the latter fabulous animals like those depicted in the old books of the period called "Bestiaries." One amongst these noted seats shows us Lohengrin in his Swan boat.

The Lady Chapel enshrines the site of the old Saxon church where Bishop Leofric was buried. It held many a sacred memory associated with the prayers and devotions of centuries; whilst within it are grouped the tombs of several other bishops. Its builder, Bishop Bronescombe, a great architect and organizer, lies on his own exquisitely wrought tomb in the adjoining Chantry Chapel of St. Gabriel, his patron saint. This bishop's effigy is said to be "one of the most perfect works of English sculpture extant." It is painted with the "highest skill of the image-painter, and in this is unrivalled."

In the retro-choir, on the south side, just outside St. Gabriel's Chapel, is the Chantry Chapel of Bishop Oldham, who founded Manchester Grammar School.

It is curious and very interesting to note his carved rebus, "Owldom," and to discover amongst the number of owls, one with "dom" in its beak, near the northeast corner of the roof.

Bishop Peter Quivel succeeded Bishop Bronescombe, and is specially famous as the founder of the "New Work." Another Bishop (Bitton) followed him. It was during the latter's time that the vaulting with its lovely carved corbels of oak, nut and vine was carried out. The corbels were done by Master William Monteacute of Somerset; and two years later Master Walter le Verrier was filling the windows with glass. It requires no practised eye to see that the men who carved the corbels were indeed skilled craftsmen, and, what is more, men who must have loved their work and spared no time nor pains to make it as perfect as willing hands could make it. On one is wrought the Blessed Virgin with the sweetest little figure of the Holy Child in her arms. On another is that most charming legend of "The Tumbler of Our Lady," and so on.

The old stained glass in many of the windows is typical of the early glazing. The bells, of which we read so much in the ancient Fabric Rolls, have all been recast. "Great Peter" hangs in the North Tower, and weighs over six tons! On it the hours are struck; it is also used for Curfew. Of the eleven bells in the South Tower, "renowned for their purity and volume of tone," ten are rung in peal, and this is "the heaviest peal in England."

The Fourteenth Century "horologium called klokke," is most interesting. It cost £10:6:5 in 1376, and many entries prior to that date, as well as in succeeding years, tell of work upon it. There are only three like it in England. It has two dials, the lower of twenty-four hours showing the sun and moon moving round the golden ball of the earth. The black and silver ball of the moon turn-

ing with its phases, marks its age; the *fleur-de-lis* of the sun marks the hours, and a star marks the minutes.

Much was done during the episcopate of the next bishop (Stapledon). He was extraordinarily munificent, lavish in gifts, and wonderfully wise in his choice of craftsmen. We read of the altar, with its silver "table" wrought by Master John, the goldsmith (*aurifaber*), of the silver corona for lights, of a richly-colored pyx, to hold the Holy Sacrament, in the form of a dove, with an angel on either side of it suspended by cords. All these treasures are gone, destroyed wantonly by the insensate bigotry of those who broke down the carved work of the vaultings "with axes and hammers"; but the reredos, sedilia, and bishop's throne remain. The carved oak spire of the latter rises to a height of 60 feet, and "Master Thomas of Winchester," we are told, "came to choose the oak cut from the Bishop's woods at Chudleigh, to begin the construction," in 1316. Master Robert de Galmeton carried on the work. Originally the throne had six images costing 32s.; these, however, have gone, but the upper part remains as perfect as when it left the carver's hands.

The carved screen must have been beautiful with its images and richly carved panels, though much of it has unfortunately been replaced by later paintings. We can, however, gain some idea of what it once was from the squirrels eating nuts on the northwest corner bracket.

Bishop Stapledon was killed by a London mob in the reign of Edward II., and Bishop Grandisson succeeded him (1327-69), carefully following the general design of his predecessors, who had begun the gradual transformation of the Cathedral from the "Norman" style to the lovely "decorated" church we see to-day. It was this bishop also who, when the west front was complete,

planned and partly finished the exquisite "Frontispiece," which fills one with amazed admiration at the forms of kings, apostles, prophets, confessors, martyrs and evangelists. Standing below this marvellous work, if we look high up above to the gable, we descry the figure of the Prince of the Apostles, once heavily gilt and beautifully colored. This figure is called in the old documents sometimes "St. Peter," and sometimes "the Bishop in the Gable"; for the statue was a likeness of Bishop Grandisson.

We have sufficient grounds for believing that the "Minstrels' Gallery" in the nave, one of the few in existence, was added during the Fourteenth Century, though some authorities think that the Angel musicians may be a little later. We see them represented with all sorts of instruments—citole, bagpipes, harp, organ, timbrel, cymbals, gittern, viol, trumpet, etc.

But mere words are powerless to give even a faint idea of the beauty and stateliness, the harmony and perfection of detail, which prevail everywhere in this glorious "God's House," for it is glorious still, reminding us how lovingly the Medieval carvers toiled and wrought to make the whole a fitting shrine for that Sacred Presence which was the Keystone of their holy Faith as It is of ours to-day, though heresy has torn down the sculptured forms of angels and saints, and left the once glowing altars cold and desolate and bare.

It must not be forgotten that Exeter possessed an early Anglo-Saxon Guild. It was, according to the old statutes, "Assembled and collected in Exeter for the love of God and for our souls' need, both in regard to our health of life here and to the after-days, which we desire for ourselves by God's doom. Now we have agreed that our meeting shall be thrice in the twelve months: once, at St. Michael's Mass; secondly, at St. Mary's

Mass, after mid-winter (Purification, 2d February), and thirdly, at All Hallows' Mass." Mass was to be said at each meeting for the living and for the dead, and the brethren and sisters were to pray for each other, "to sing psalters of psalms," both for the living and dead members of the Guild. If a brother died, Masses were to be said for his soul, and if a member's house was burned, each man should give one penny. Malt and honey were to be provided out of the funds; and thus it will be seen that a guild served the purpose of charity, conviviality, and piety. "It was an association for prayer, whilst the malt and honey tell of the sweet ale which our Saxon forefathers loved so well."

The Shrine.

BY DAGNEY MAJOR.

PEDRO was a fine-looking lad. He was poor, and often went hungry to bed, but he did not mind that. He was born near Lisbon in the month of blue June. Perhaps that was why his eyes were so bright, and his brown skin so soft, and his shapely limbs so strong and supple. He lived some miles from the capital, along the banks of the river.

The old priest, Tacino, told Pedro that there were other lands beyond the oceans, but though he never dared to contradict the *Padre*, Pedro scarcely believed it. Pedro could not quite grasp the fact that there were other shores besides his own. But there was, of course, The Promised Land, about which the priest had told him.

Pedro's mother sold fruit under an orange tree on the outskirts of Lisbon. In order to help her, Pedro sometimes walked nearly eight miles, and got one of his fishermen friends to take him out to in-coming liners. When he visited the steamers he took oranges, a tambourine,

a long coil of rope and a basket. He sold the fruit, got money for his songs, and went home happy. But sometimes Pedro was greatly troubled when his mother looked so white and gasped with pain. The doctors gave her malady some high-sounding name, shrugged their shoulders and smiled. What did it matter? She was only a peasant woman.

One day Pedro, his clothes wet with his swim, ran home, and breathless with running and excitement, burst into his mother's tiny home.

"Mother!" he cried, "the good God has been caring for us to-day. I have made five *pesetas*."

With pride he placed his earnings in his mother's lap, but his eyes filled with tears as he saw her face drawn with pain.

"Poor little mother," he whispered. "Do you think that you could manage to walk with me as far as our mountain Shrine, and pray before it with me? It might make you well again."

Then Pedro spoke with enthusiasm of the small orange grove, from which they obtained their supplies of fruit, and which they had to pass on their way to the Shrine. Secretly, the Shrine was Pedro's real goal. It was the most desirable and miraculous out-of-door emblem of his faith that Pedro knew.

Lovingly his mother looked at her son.

"Pedro mine," she whispered, "it is beyond my strength to attempt such a thing. You must go for me."

For a moment Pedro was silent; he felt disappointed. If his mother could not manage to walk up the steep ascent which led to the Shrine and the two blessed figures therein, why should he not go alone for his mother's sake?

"Mother mine," whispered Pedro, "do you believe that if you could kneel before the Shrine on the mountain and ask to be made well, the same would be done unto you?"

"Yes, yes," she replied.

Then, worn out with pain, she fell asleep, while her son watched beside her.

Within Pedro's home it was dark and still. Bending down to catch the now even rising and falling of his mother's breathing, the boy thought all was well. Then he crept out of the hovel, closed the door softly, and, clad in his rags, with bare legs and feet, ran down the village street. As he hastened along he met Father Tacino. He intended visiting his mother before he sought his rest. The church clock was chiming the hour of nine.

"Well, Pedro," said the priest, stopping the lad as he ran, "whither away so fast? And how is your mother to-day?"

"Reverend Father," panted Pedro, "I am anxious about her. She seems ill to-night."

The *Padre* patted his head. The lad was excited. His eyes were unnaturally bright.

"You are a good, brave boy," murmured the old priest. "I will look in and see your mother this evening."

"Oh! not to-night," pleaded Pedro anxiously. "She is fast asleep, and I fear you may wake her even by turning the door handle. She has had no rest for days."

Never before had Pedro asked the *Padre* to defer a visit to his mother. It caused the good man to wonder.

"Well, well," he said at last, "I would be the last to disturb your mother's rest. But I shall come to see her soon. Tell her that I have been talking to a clever doctor about her illness. He is going to try and cure her."

"Oh!" gasped Pedro, his face glowing with excitement, "how wonderful! Father, I have never ceased to pray for her at our Shrine."

The old man patted Pedro's head. "Who can tell," he murmured under his

breath, "what faith can accomplish?" Then, smiling kindly at the boy, he walked on.

Pedro sped up the hill. His way was by a mountain path, past orange groves, a tinkling stream, glinting like silver as it caught the moonbeams.

After a stiff climb, there burst upon Pedro the glorious sight of the wonderful Shrine. At the summit of the winding path was a great slab of rock, into the lower part of which was cut a seat where travellers might rest awhile, and pray.

Some three feet above the stone seat, backed by solid rock, was cut a small niche. In this aperture, protected by two slender iron bars and a pane of glass, were the beautifully carved figures of Our Lady and Child. The figures were scarcely eighteen inches high, but richly dressed in silks and brocades, embellished with jewels. With reverential awe, Pedro prayed before the Shrine. He petitioned that his mother might be restored to health and strength.

The Shrine had been erected as a thank offering by a wealthy but pious Lisbon lady in gratitude for a wonderful cure of her only child, who had suffered from a supposed incurable disease. The peasants firmly believed that if they prayed with fervent faith and hope before this Shrine, petitioning that this child might be cured of his or her complaint, that wife, husband, brother or daughter of his malady, so it would be done.

Pedro recalled some of the miraculous cures effected by the Shrine. There was old Garcia's son, afflicted with bad leg trouble. Garcia had prayed before this Shrine, and lo! his boy had been cured. There was laughing, gay Bracino, formerly a cripple, who had crawled up the mountain path, had said her prayers where Pedro now prayed, and had been healed.

As Pedro knelt before the sacred images, he thought it hard that his mother could not manage the walk. Since she could not reach the Shrine, he devised another method. He did not think that he would be doing wrong or committing sacrilege were he to touch the holy niche. His purpose was so pure, his faith so strong, that these attributes obliterated every other consideration.

Presently Pedro rose from his knees. The moon shone on the trees, the Shrine, the path. Everything was very still. It seemed as if Nature had fallen asleep, and that the moon was looking at a dream picture of her imagination.

With a quick movement, Pedro dashed his fist at the thin bars of the Shrine and through the glass frame. The blow cut and bruised his knuckles, but he heeded not the smart. Quickly he snatched the figures. In another moment he was running down the mountain path with his precious burden hidden under his coat. There was no time to be lost. He would have to return quickly and replace the figures. Breathless, Pedro reached home.

"Mother," he cried, catching sight of her as she sat at supper, for she had awakened from a fitful slumber, "see what I have brought you." He held up the images.

His mother paled, stifling an exclamation.

"Pedro, my Pedro!" she cried. "What have you done?"

"You could not reach the shrine, mother," said Pedro, "so I've brought the best part of it to you."

His mother was horrified. Pedro was too young to grasp the enormity of his crime. She began to sob, her hands pressed against her face.

"Mother!" cried Pedro, "you don't understand. I have only borrowed the figures, so that you could pray to them. I am going to take them back. Come, little mother, I will put them on the

table and light two candles, and we will pray together to the sacred figures, and ask them to make you well and strong. Have they not been especially blessed by the priests for the purpose of healing?"

The boy lit two candles, and placed one on either side of the figures.

"Mother," whispered Pedro, "let us pray together."

Both became absorbed in prayer. As they knelt, a gnarled hand clutched the edge of the door, pushing it noiselessly inwards. Then there peered round the aperture the furrowed face of an old man. He looked desperate, agitated. Still mother and child prayed, oblivious to all.

In a moment the thief took in the situation. He made no sound. Hesitating, he waited breathlessly for the first indication of suspicion. Then he crept stealthily to the table. Inch by inch, scarcely daring to breathe, he grasped the two valuable images, and hid them beneath his cloak. Then stepping back towards the door, he went out quickly. For some moments after the intruder's departure, Pedro and his mother remained wrapped in silent prayer.

Suddenly the woman rose. A horrified exclamation escaped her. Frightened, the boy rose, and turned swiftly in her direction. Pedro's mother was gazing at the table, pointing a shaking hand at the empty space between the candles.

Pedro had kept his eyes so tightly shut that when he first opened them and blinked at the candles he did not at once realize the figures were missing. Slowly it dawned upon the boy that they had gone.

Pedro's mother gave vent to a low moan of anguish. Then the full force of the loss and its consequences swept over the boy.

"Mother," he gasped in an awed whisper, "a thief has entered whilst we prayed, and I know not what will become of us."

With a sobbing cry he ran to her side.

Vainly she tried to comfort him. She stroked his face and head, and called him by endearing names, rocking herself to and fro in her misery.

"Oh! unhappy are we, my Pedro," she moaned. "Pedro, why did you do this rash thing? God will surely punish us as well as this man. We shall have the police here. There will be a hue and cry when the villagers discover that the sacred figures are missing. The thief who crept in here and stole them will sell the jewels. How can we clear ourselves of the charge of theft, when it was you, my Pedro, who took the images? If the *Padre* learns of it he will surely excommunicate us. And if the village folk learn that it is you who robbed the Shrine, they will kill us."

Then her maternal instinct for protecting her son from harm became her dominant thought. As Pedro sobbed with remorse and terror, his mother's brain was busy with plans of escape. They must leave the village.

She crept towards the door, cautiously opened it, and looked out. All was silent. Then she returned and locked the door.

"Pedro," she whispered, tightening her arms round her boy, "you are sure no one saw you open the Shrine?"

"Mother, there was none to see, except God, and I don't think He was looking just then."

"When it gets later, my Pedro," whispered his mother, "we will flee."

"But where shall we go?" asked the boy.

That was the unsolved problem. She had a vague idea of leaving her native village—to escape the vengeance of the populace when they learned of the theft. Somehow they would contrive to reach a place of safety.

Presently Pedro dried his eyes. Considerate thoughts were flashing through his mind. He must protect his mother at all costs. Their plight was his doing, and his only.

Meanwhile, Pedro's mother prepared

for flight. Quickly she collected a few necessities and put them in a bundle. By the time all was ready a golden beam of light had filtered through the door, proclaiming sunrise. Then, taking Pedro by the hand, she undid the catch, and together they crept out into the radiant morn.

Without any definite idea of which route to take, mother and son stepped out towards the road that led to a mountainous path that cut through the heart of the lonely hills beyond which safety lay. Pedro urged his mother not to go too fast, but she paid no heed. They ascended the mountain path, but not without many halts. Frequently Pedro pushed his mother up the steep places, for at times she became faint and spent.

At last the Wonderful Shrine burst into view. It was a glorious sight. The rising sun struck the little silver cross on the summit of the rock into which the shrine was built, making it radiantly dazzling. Then nothing could keep Pedro back. With a glad shout he sprang from his mother's side and ran to the Shrine. When there, he stood for a moment, spellbound. Reposing as of old in the little niche, behind undamaged glass and bars, were the two images, looking mystic, wonderful.

Amazed, Pedro ran back to his mother.

"Mother! mother!" he cried. "A miracle! A miracle! Come and see."

Then, seizing his mother by the hand, he dragged her to the Shrine. She could scarce believe her eyes when she saw what had been accomplished. Then mother and son knelt in thanksgiving.

As they prayed, a black-cassocked figure stood watching them from behind some trees. Presently, he removed his shovel hat, and his lips moved in silent prayer. Then Pedro opened his eyes, and beheld Father Tacino.

The old priest stood for a moment, gazing at Pedro and his mother, deeply

pondering. Presently the priest left the trees and came to mother and son. He sat down on the stone seat cut into the rock, and waited. At last, the two rose to their feet.

"Oh, Father, Reverend Father!" cried Pedro, with joyous face, "have you heard of the miracle? The wonderful miracle?"

"And what miracle is that?" asked the old priest.

"Why," echoed Pedro, involuntarily giving the priest a clue to his deed. "The figures in the niche were stolen last night, the glass case and bars broken; this morning mother and I came here and we found the figures restored."

"Aye, what is that?" asked the priest, looking at Pedro with his keen eyes. "A miracle! The blessed figures stolen! The glass and bars broken, and no one has told me of it!"

Pedro flushed and hung his head. He could not meet the *Padre's* gaze.

"Father," he whispered, "I have sinned."

"Sinned, little lad," echoed the old priest softly, with compassionate tenderness in his eyes, "I'm thinking we all do that. Come, tell me everything."

Motioning Pedro's mother to move some distance away, the *Padre* made Pedro kneel down. Then Pedro confessed to Father Tacino what he had done in the hope that his mother might be cured. Pedro thought it strange that Father Tacino imposed no penance. When he rose from his knees, the boy saw that the priest's eyes were glistening. Father Tacino beckoned to Pedro's mother.

"So," began the *Padre*, "we have all been permitted to witness a wonderful restoration of the blessed figures. We must see that none of us ever tell any one. It is just our secret."

When Pedro's mother returned from

the hospital to which Father Tacino sent her, his friends, the doctors, declared that hers was indeed a miraculous recovery. They could not quite understand the operation doing all that it had done.

Father Tacino wondered whether the good God had guided him to Pedro's house that night when he had seen and stolen the figures between the lighted candles.

The priest was thanking God that by grace he had once been a glazier and blacksmith, and had, unseen and unmolested, been permitted to restore the Figures to the Wonderful Shrine.

More Links with the Past.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.

RECENTLY it was announced that Lulworth Castle, residence of the distinguished English Catholic family of the Welds, had been destroyed by fire. The catastrophe does not seem to have arrested the attention of many American Catholics, though Lulworth Castle was the birthplace of the American hierarchy. Here was consecrated on August 15, 1790, the Right Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of the United States. Lulworth was also the birthplace of the first English cardinal who had sat in a Papal Conclave since the pontificate of Clement IX. (d. 1699.)

Father John Carroll was appointed Bishop of the United States by the Brief *Ex hac Apostolicæ*, of date, November 6, 1789. This, possibly, is the most venerable papal document affecting the American Republic, and it has been well termed the crowning act in the development of Church organization in this country. But where was the bishop-elect to be consecrated? There were three possible places—Havana, Quebec and England.

The See of Havana was vacant at the

time, Quebec was nearest; but it is surmised that there were political, or personal, reasons which deterred Father Carroll from going there. An experience which he had in Montreal, in 1776, must have been fresh in his memory. He had accompanied, at the request of the First Continental Congress, Franklin, Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton to Canada to interview the leaders of Church and State in that country. Father Carroll received scant hospitality, even from ex-Jesuits, and Bishop Briand had issued a mandate that no friendliness should be shown to the American priest. He even suspended *a divinis*, a priest who had granted Father Carroll permission to say Mass. Apart from this, says Dr. Guilday, author of "The Life and Times of John Carroll," "a further reason may have been his unwillingness to meet the Bishop of Quebec at a time when the frontiers of their respective jurisdictions were under discussion before the Holy See."

Dr. Carroll's choice of England as a place for his consecration was due presumably to the promise he had made to Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth Castle, near Wareham, Dorsetshire, that, in the event of his being raised to the episcopate, he would come to Lulworth for his consecration. Archbishop Troy of Dublin wrote to Dr. Carroll on January 25, 1790, inviting him to Ireland; but this letter reached him after he had accepted Mr. Weld's hospitality.

Dr. Carroll, after arrival in London, wrote to Archbishop Troy, explaining the reasons for his choice of Lulworth: "When the subject of an American bishopric was first started, I received so pressing an invitation from a most respectable Catholic gentleman in England, that I unwarily promised to be consecrated in his chapel, if the appointment should fall to my lot. Had it been otherwise, I should have hesitated between Ireland, the land of my fore-

fathers, and Canada; though, on the whole, I flatter myself that my going to England may be attended with some advantages to the cause of religion within my extensive diocese." Possibly the presence of a former Liège colleague, Father Charles Plowden, an ex-Jesuit, then chaplain to the Welds at Lulworth, also had an effect upon his choice.

The chapel at Lulworth, being situated in the Western District of England, came under the direction of Bishop Charles Walmesley, a Benedictine, who graciously offered to perform the ceremony. By special dispensation of the Holy See, the consecration was performed by one prelate only; and three priests, Fathers Plowden, Porter and Forrester, were present as assistants to Bishop Walmesley. The only contemporary account of the event is contained in a pamphlet printed in London the same year. A reprint was made for the Historical Society of New York, in 1876. Thomas Weld, who was missal bearer at the ceremony of consecration, studied for the priesthood after the death of his wife, in 1815. He was consecrated Bishop of Amyclæ, in 1826, and appointed to the Vicariate-Apostolic of Kingston in Upper Canada; but ill health prevented him from taking possession of the See. He was elevated to the cardinalate in 1830, and died in 1857. Lulworth Castle was not only a link between Catholic England and America: it was for centuries an outpost of Catholicism in England, and holds an honored place in the land consecrated by Augustine and Bede.

It is quite remarkable that Bishop Walmesley, who consecrated the first Bishop of the United States, may be termed the spiritual progenitor of the hierarchies now ruling in England and Australia, as well of the Catholic hierarchy of America. Father C. Roger Hudleston, O. S. B., of Downside Abbey, in England, demonstrates this quite

ingenuously in Vol. II. of the *Catholic Historical Review* (1916-17).

There is still another singular link between Bishop Carroll and the great Religious Order of which Bishop Walmesley was such a distinguished member. Father Hudleston says: "It seems clear that what Bishop Carroll saw of the Benedictine monks during his visit to England must have impressed him very favorably, since, in 1794, he began negotiations for a foundation in Maryland, to be made by the community of St. Gregory's Douai. Unfortunately, the Reign of Terror supervened, the monks of St. Gregory were imprisoned for nearly two years; and when eventually they were set at liberty and allowed to return to England, the struggle for their very existence was far too severe to permit any thought of making new foundations."

Providence has ordained that the desire of Bishop Carroll be fulfilled; and his successor in the See of Baltimore has had the distinction of establishing the Benedictines in Maryland. In 1924, on the invitation of Archbishop Curley, a group of American priests, who had made their novitiate at Fort Augustus (an offshoot of St. Gregory's), made a foundation at the Catholic University of America, and it has become firmly established. The foundation is known as St. Anselm's Priory; and it is already radiating an influence that in time will produce great results. It is a singular happening that the present prior of St. Anselm's is a member of the family of the Welds, under whose roof was performed the consecration of Bishop Carroll.

Beggary.

BY C. J.

SOMETIMES to beg for farthing-love,
He comes in beggar's guise,
This King whose coffers spill red gold
Into the western skies.

The Origin of the Christmas Tree.

BY M. GURNEY.

WHEN God placed our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, He set two trees there; one for the trial of their obedience, and one for its reward. These were the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the Tree of Life. Having made us in His own image and likeness, He knew there was no possibility of goodness or happiness or eternal life for us, except by our being like Him, and one with Him—our Father from whom our nature came. Therefore, they were told that if they ate of the fruit of the first of these trees, they "should surely die." Soon by their disobedience in eating the forbidden fruit, they brought this punishment of death upon themselves. Then God said they must be driven out of the Garden of Eden, lest they should take of the fruit of the Tree of Life also, and eat and live—unhappily as it would have been—forever.

So they were banished from Eden, their beautiful Earthly Paradise, and God set angels—Cherubim with flaming swords, at the closed gates,—“to keep the way of the Tree of Life,” which never since that day has been seen on earth again.

Yet through all the ages, when the nations of mankind had become heathen, and worshipped idols, and fell lower and lower in sin and ignorance, until they had nearly forgotten all that Adam and Eve had taught their children about the one true, good God, they still kept a dim memory of that lost Tree of Life, and the hope of one day finding it again, in some far-off Spring to come, when the world would grow young, and warm and glad once more. And little children eating of its fruit, should never grow old, nor sick, nor sorry; and those who were there already, should be perfectly cured; and none that ate the

wonderful fruit should die, or ever ail anything any more.

And some, before they knew the world was round, and that if they travelled far enough, they must come back to the place they started from, sailed away and away, far over the seas, seeking "the Islands of the Blest," beyond where they saw the setting sun dip down beneath the great rolling waters, where they hoped to find the beautiful Tree with its golden apples that shone afar, and would give perpetual life and youth to the happy finder; if so be he could overcome the ancient serpent that lay coiled watchfully at its foot. But for all they sought, they never found it, and still they hoped on and on.

Such were the Grecian heroes of old. Later on, the Romans, still keeping in mind the world-old tradition, whenever they won a victory, planted a tree in honor of it; and also in memory of the Tree of Life, the finding and gaining of which was to be victory for the whole race of men over that old serpent the enemy of mankind. They piled the spoils of victory at its foot, first as an offering to the divinity to whose favor they believed they owed it; and then joyfully divided the spoils between the conquerors, to each his share.

Yet again, the hero Vikings of the North, whose blood runs in some of our veins—or perhaps in all—they too, had their Sacred Tree, *Ygrasil*, the mysterious world-tree, the roots of which went deep down below *Nifleheim*—the dim abyss of mists and darkness, where abode the Giants, or Powers of Evil, enemies to men. Where also an ancient serpent gnawed ceaselessly at its root to kill it, but never prevailed, because it was forever refreshed with the Water of Life, from the Rainbow-fountain in Asgard, the abode of the gods.

The stem of this wonderful tree upheld all the world of Mannheim—the earthly abode of men. The stars hung like golden fruit in its branches, or like

the tapers on our Christmas tree, and reached above them all to blossom and bear fruit eternally by that radiant Fountain of Life in Heaven, to be reached at last by those who should be found worthy to pass over the Rainbow-bridge which led to it.

Our forefathers, who were rather a good sort of heathen—brave and true, though very much puzzled with the many gods and goddesses invented by foolish men since the Fall, yet believed in One great, good God above them all, whom they called "the All-Father," and believed would one day lead all His children back to that lost, never-forgotten Tree of Life. In order to keep this hope alive in their hearts, and teach it to their children, they used, year by year, to fetch home a tree from the great forests, and set it up, and dance round it, and sing of the good time coming some far-off day.

They chose the darkest and dreariest time of the year, when the cold snow lay all around (as it did in those days more than in ours), and all the trees were leafless, and looked dead—all but one, the fir-tree evergreen, which they chose as the emblem of the never-fading Tree of Life, and hung it with gifts for all. And because death and darkness go together and light and life are one, they chose a day at the turn of the year, just after the longest night in the year, when they had found out that the sun had begun to come back for a little longer each day; and they lit up the tree as well as they could,—first for joy that the shortest days and longest nights of the Winter were over, and then, and still more, to remind themselves, and make their children understand, that when the real Tree of Life was found, all the poor world's dark, troubled days would be over; and the long, bright day of a never-ending Springtime, which we call Heaven, would have begun.

Meantime God had Himself been teaching one nation—the people of

Israel—to expect that Day also, and a great Deliverer with it. He chose them out, the weakest and saddest of the people of the world with no country of their own, and very cruelly treated by the Egyptian people, in whose country they had taken refuge. He brought them out of that cruel place of slavery into a pleasant country of their own that He gave them. But as they were still very broken-spirited, and afraid to move, He spoke to one of them first, called Moses, whom He made their captain and leader, and told him what to do.

In order that Moses, and all the people whom he told, might be sure it was God Himself who had called them, He spoke to him out of a green tree that was all on fire and burning, so that Moses was afraid to go near it. Yet they saw, that although it burned, it was not consumed, but remained fresh and green in the flames, as only the Tree of Life could do. So Moses led the people of Israel into their Promised Land; and there after about 1500 years more, the True Deliverer, our Lord Jesus Christ, was born in Bethlehem, when the world had come to its darkest and saddest time; and just at the time of the year, too, which our own forefathers had chosen for their Fir-tree Feast, when the nights were longest and darkest. But the longest of all was just over, and the sun was beginning to show himself a little earlier each day, and to stay later each evening.

“In Him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it” (that is, could not take it in). Men’s hearts had grown so dark that they did not understand that Jesus Christ was “the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world”; nor believe Him, when He told them He had come that they may have life, and “may have it more abund-

antly.” So they put Him to death on the Tree of the Cross; and by suffering that death for us, He brought back life—never-ending life in Heaven for all of us—if we will have it from Him.

And when He had gone back to His home and ours in Heaven, He let His best-beloved disciple see up into Heaven, for a little moment and tell us what he saw. He described what he saw as a beautiful City; with streets of gold and gates of rainbow-pearl, shining brighter than the sun. And yet there was no sun, and no need of any, nor yet of the moon, nor of any kind of lamp; for Jesus Christ Himself shining in the midst of it, gave it light. He saw, too, a pure River of the Water of Life, clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God, right through the shining golden City. And beside it—oh, at last, the Tree of Life growing on both sides of the River, so that all the happy people could get at it! Its leaves were always green and were “for the healing of the nations,” making all sick people well. Also it had twelve kinds of fruit; a different kind for every month of the year all the year round.

That Tree of Life was Jesus Christ Himself who has said, “To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.” Those who have made their first Communion, have tasted the life-giving fruit already; and if they go on faithfully receiving it, their souls will never die; nor even will their bodies die forever, but like the seeds buried under the dark ground, they will rise again beautiful and glad in the sunshine of Heaven.

Once there, where the Tree of Life is, they will find themselves in the Heavenly Paradise, a thousand times better and more beautiful than the earthly one in the Garden of Eden long ago. And when St. John saw all sorts of fruits for all the year round, it was to remind us that

God has said, that "having given us His own Son, He will with Him also freely give us all things."

So when the longest night of the year is over, and the birthday of the Lord comes round again, we still bring home the fir tree evergreen. It reminds us that God's prophet of old foresaw that joyous birthday, and said that when it came, the "desert of this world should rejoice and blossom as the rose"; and "instead of the thorn should come up the fir tree."

So we light up our beautiful Christmas tree with all the candles we can put on it to remind ourselves that Jesus Christ is the true Light of the world. And we cover it, or pile round it, the little gifts He gives us to give to each other, that all may know and remember, that "Every good gift and every perfect gift cometh down from Him who is the Father of Lights." The little Child born at Bethlehem has pleasures and playthings for the little ones as well as crowns for His saints and graces for us all.

We look again beyond our Christmas tree on earth to the Tree of Life in Heaven, which means Our Lord Himself. Not one kind of fruit only shall we find on that Tree, nor only one happy evening in the year, but every day every imaginable delight beyond all that has entered into the heart of man to guess, forever and ever.

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the world began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been
And that future years shall see
Evermore and evermore.

Oh that Birth forever blessed!
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred Face:
Evermore and evermore.

Some Practical Suggestions.

CHRISTMAS is gradually presenting more and more a materialistic aspect. The load of gifts, and the anxiety of the givers to surpass one another in the luxury of giving, are hiding out of sight the real meaning of this glorious and lovely feast. Advent is made a season of meditation—not on the lessons of the time, but on worldly things—the cost of this and that. It is too often not a season of spiritual joy, but of worldly anticipation. 'What shall I get' succeeds 'What shall I give?' The spiritual is hidden in the material; and even for little children, the Christ-Child and His Crib are obscured by the piles of costly toys and fragile ornaments. People who are not poor are very luxurious at Christmas; and even people who can not afford it burden themselves for the whole year that they may rejoice in gift-making at Christmas.

When the Third Order of St. Francis was founded, it was as a protest and an antidote to just such luxury. Simplicity of life, the putting of the spiritual first, and the showing of the Crib, the humble Manger, to the people as a reminder of *this* humility,—we need these now. Why should not all children that have a Christmas-tree see the Manger beneath its branches, and the kneeling animals, and the grave St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and the Star in the East? Why should the beautiful symbols of St. Francis be replaced by the glittering gew-gaws of the toyshops? Christmas must be kept symbolically, or we destroy, as far as we can, its true value.

And as to gifts: Emerson, who in his blind way, said many true things, wrote this: "The artist should give a drawing; the author his book; the weaver, of the web he has woven, the gardener, the flowers he has raised;—each one should give part of himself." Every gift is beautified by the glory of Charity.

Topics for Forty Carnegie Reports.

THERE are but two ways, so we think, by which 'higher' education can grow up: by experiment and criticism. And these two are one,—criticised experiment. It must like these. They are as good for it as a sour soil for the rose, or wind for the hickory. Both theory and practice of education must like criticism. It was not a wild, airy shot at all, when a noted thinker said that a university exists to criticise cultures and civilizations; and what they give they must take, for criticism is a two-way road. To sift and see ways of living, as they are and as they might become,—this is of the work of universities. The school or school system that runs away from sincere, good-willed criticism of itself and by itself, or the neighbors, is like the starving man who will not eat; it has no great germinal quality in it, no warm life, and hardly the promise and potency of life.

With such preface we put down some of the questions, 'topics for discussion,' that are recurrent now partly because of the Carnegie Report. We do not propose answering any question or solving any problem; but, given the century and the army and the millions, perhaps it could be done.

Will the colleges act now, with the public eye deliberately on them? (This is a question that investigators would spend years on; actually, it will answer itself in a year or two.) It is 'all the go' to have an athletes' fund or salvific provision of some kind; is it, therefore, 'good?' Do or do not athletes, as a rule, get what they come to college for? Are athletes students, and are students ever athletes? Is firsthand sharing in athletics common or uncommon at school? Are athletic alumni of as much consequence as non-athlete alumni? Is it true that the American college, because of an 'unethical' athletic system, is missing its

chances to build toward mental and moral betterment? What are the ideal things that colleges try, or should try, to make real? Does athletics, as now conducted, help or hinder the venture? Is American 'higher' education, athletics or no athletics waived, justified? Is it going anywhere? Was the college the last stronghold against commercialism, and is it indeed surrendered now and for good and all? Are people, some within and some without the colleges, very jealous of the fun and the so-called success that the athletes seem to have? Are investigators and critics of athletics quite old people, physically or mentally? Is our chief fear not that boys are being made or unmade but that they are having a good healthy time? Are the movie, the radio, and the auto, even to this day, as well integrated with and worked into cultural pursuits as is athletics itself? Are educators so red in thought and action as sometimes painted? Or are they of a conservative hue? Have they tasty and nourishing provender that feeds and ever keeps hungry the minds and characters of young men and women? Have we national, and religious, and artistic ideals strong enough and real enough to catch and hold very tame young persons? If 'yes,' can we think what these are, definitely and in practice?

An Old-time Counsel.

As quaint as pious is the advice given by Lydgate to his subjects:

"And then every daye when ye shall go to do ony thyng aske this question of yourself, wheder art thou goyne, wheder ye be in the way of virtue or wyckedness, following Cryst or the Devyll, in the way to heven or to hell. If it may be, here Masse every daye, for by that ye be made the more able to do al good workes in the daye folowyng, and prosper the better in everything ye do undertake."

Notes and Remarks.

A cartoonist has the President handing the annual message to a boy, and saying this ambiguous word, "You needn't wait for the answer." Is the meaning, 'It will take so hopelessly long for that awkward, slow-moving body to answer'? or, 'Its answer will be quite trivial, little to the point, useless'? or, 'I do not care what the answer may turn out to be'? At any rate, there is something ambiguous in the President's just now sending a 'message' to a recalcitrant and practically idle Senate. For the people are just finding out, it seems, that this august body can be very petulant, small, bickering and dickering, with an eye on almost anything except the public welfare. The Message might be excellent and pointed, and yet the answer not worth waiting for. And what can the people do about a useless, costly, clumsy national body? Not much of anything. For in the first place, 'Representatives' do and can but poorly represent the people: no man can very well be asked to 'represent' twenty diverse sectional interests on such a question as the tariff. Nor can we, as the English do, turn out at once a group of spokesmen who do not serve us. We can only wait around until the next election, and then look to see whether *our* representative has served *us*,—since it is unthinkable enough that he should have gone far toward serving the nation.

We must say that the editor of the *Challenge*, a new monthly whose mission is said to be the unmasking of intolerance, writes in a vigorous, straightforward manner. He finds the Methodists themselves, and most of them from the Southern States, challenging Bishop Cannon's high status as a churchman; they believe that if he wanted to stay in his church, he should have kept out of big speculation and underground politics. The new editor also asks cer-

tain Senators to carry the inquisition of the lobbying business all the way into the famous anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board and "kindred church-dry lobbies;" and he thinks the brazen Mr. Grundy, who wants the land a plutocracy, or nation ruled by money (as if it were not now that)—not so wild a goose, since Hamilton fought for the belief that "the destiny of the United States should rest in the hands of men with property, or with ability to create property." We suppose the former might be the butter-and-egg men, and the others, "with ability to create," might be the cold-storage people.

A deep sympathy for all things human will forever mellow the kindly wisdom of Abe Lincoln. No prejudice blinded his vision. He looked on life with a kindly eye, and he always had an understanding heart for his fellow-man. Hence his almost more than human power of penetrating pretence and seeing real worth beneath simple and unaffected exteriors. Hence also the growing love of Americans for the kindly wisdom of this gentle giant. We venture to assert that no tribute was ever more truly eloquent, because of the sincerity of its giver and the worthiness of its recipients, than the words of Lincoln concerning the service of the Sisterhoods during the Civil War:

Of all the forms of charity and benevolence seen in the crowded wards of the hospitals, those of some Catholic Sisters were among the most efficient. I never knew whence they came or what was the name of the Order. More lovely than anything I have ever seen in art, so long devoted to illustrations of love, mercy and charity, are the pictures that remain of those modest Sisters going on their errands of mercy among the suffering and dying. Gentle and womanly, yet with the courage of soldiers leading a forlorn hope to sustain them in contact with such horrors. As they went from cot to cot, distributing the medicines prescribed,

or administering the cooling, strengthening draughts as directed, they were veritable angels of mercy. Their words were suited to every sufferer. One they incited and encouraged, another they calmed and soothed. With every soldier they conversed about his home, his wife, his children, all the loved ones he was soon to see again if he was obedient and patient. How many times have I seen them exorcise pain by their presence or their words! How often has the hot forehead of the soldiers grown cool as one of these Sisters bathed it! How often has he been refreshed, encouraged, and assisted along the road to convalescence, when he would otherwise have fallen by the way, by the home memories with which these unpaid nurses filled his heart!

Sufficient reply to the Catholic, evidently one of weak faith, who characterizes the devotion to recently canonized saints as "somewhat excessive," are the words of St. Augustine to those pagans who ridiculed the honors paid to the martyrs of the early Church: "We do not erect temples to the martyrs, but we honor their sepulchres as testimony to the truth. The Holy Ghost reposes visibly in the relics of those who have died in the grace of God, until He appears visibly to them at the Resurrection; and it is this which renders the relics of saints so worthy of veneration. For God never abandons His own, not even in the sepulchre, where their bodies, although dead in the eyes of men, are more alive before God, on account of sin being no longer in them, the roots of which at least must have been there during their lives."

Much of our Christmas giving has become so formal and commercialized that it has lost the Christian spirit of charity which first inspired it. The gift of the United States Steamship Line and the Uncle Robert Foundation to the blind and crippled children of New York breathe the spirit of true

Christmas feeling. We quote from the *New York Times*:

More than 3,000 blind or crippled children, many of whom seldom leave the confines of hospitals or tenement homes, will be entertained at a Christmas party on the "Leviathan" on December 24. Preliminary plans were announced yesterday by "Uncle Robert," philanthropist. The children will take possession of the ship at 10:30 o'clock in the morning, and remain in command until 3 o'clock in the afternoon as guests of the United States Line and the Uncle Robert Foundation.

Busses, donated by Albert Goldman, Commissioner of Plant and Structures; the Fifth Avenue Coach Company and the Automobile Association of the Bronx, will visit hospitals and homes all over the city to transport the children under police escort to the dock, where they will be carried across the gang-plank by ship stewards.

Aboard the boat a long schedule of entertainment has been mapped, with toys and souvenirs to be given each child. A Christmas dinner will be served under the direction of the chief steward.

The Oblate Sisters of Providence, affectionately known as "The Colored Sisters," celebrated the Centennial Jubilee of their foundation on November 24, in the city of Baltimore, where their mother house is located. A small army of friends took advantage of the occasion to pay a well-deserved tribute to the noble work of these kindly and cultured colored women of God. Among those who participated in the procession were delegations from distant parish societies, representations from the various Sisterhoods, groups of Xaverian Brothers, Brothers of Mary, Brothers of the Christian Schools, Josephites, Jesuits, Sulpicians, Redemptorists, many priests of the Archdiocese and several Monsignori. Señor Cayetano de Quesada, of the Cuban Consular office in New York, represented his Government, and his Grace Archbishop Curley pontificated

at the Solemn Mass in the Cathedral, to which all the colored congregations of the Archdiocese were invited as special guests. The Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, Professor of Church History at the Catholic University, preached the sermon. How different that spectacle from the one in New York recently when colored worshippers were publicly forbidden a certain Protestant church! The Baltimore attendance was an eloquent testimonial, not only of the high esteem in which the good colored Sisters are held, but also of the sincere affection which the Church has always had for her dusky children. No finer tribute could be paid to the colored Catholics of America than the enthusiastic praise which comes from the pastors and nuns who labor among them. From these colored congregations has come this remarkable group of nuns who so richly deserved, by a century of service, the public tribute given to them in Baltimore. May this Catholic Colored Sisterhood and our Catholic Colored laity continue their fine work of edification before the world and before God!

We may be sure that religious hatred always has the devil as chief councillor. Therefore, the violence and the ingenious methods of torture that have always attended persecutions. Modern civilization exerts but a poor restraining hand when the hatred of God runs rampant in a nation. We know something of the persecutions which have already ravaged Russia. Now comes the following report of a staff correspondent of the N. C. W. C. about the unhappy conditions in Soviet Armenia. He writes:

In Soviet Armenia, churches have been desecrated, priests have been whipped, publicly humiliated and reviled, and in at least one case buried alive. The residences of Apostolic Administrators have been broken into, and papers confiscated, translated and published in an effort to embarrass priests. Mock pro-

cessions have been staged with hoodlums dressed as Jesuits and Dominicans, and others wearing sacred Church vestments. Extreme measures have been resorted to to break down the children's faith in Christ and to build up a reverence for Lenin.

Truly to-day, as in the early centuries, the Church finds in herself the fulfilment of the prophecy: "If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you."

Time was when the title United States Senator carried an aura of dignity. Occupants of the visitors' gallery in those days listened with respect to the deliberations of that august assembly, and went away from the Capitol with a wholesome respect for the workings of government. The great majority of our Senators to-day conduct themselves in a way worthy of past precedents, but unfortunately the antics of a few have just about ruined the reputation of this fine old body. It is generally known in Washington that whenever a question with any kind of a Catholic angle at all is up for discussion the galleries are sure to be crowded with those who come with a great deal of hilarity to see the "free show" which a certain Senator will almost inevitably put on. Very recently we were treated to the spectacle of another member of that body reading an anonymous letter which suggested the possibility of a K. of C. plot in a certain crime situation, because of the Irish names of a number of law-enforcers concerned. Investigation showed that at least four of the eight so-called K. of C's were members of various Protestant denominations. However optimistic one may endeavor to be, the sight of a United States Senator publicly reading an anonymous letter carrying such an insulting charge upon such absurd evidence is matter to weep over. We can understand now why our representative Senators blush with mor-

tification and shame, as we have heard they do, when certain of their colleagues arise to speak on certain topics. We can even understand the attitude of an everyday citizen who answered the *Chicago Tribune's* daily questionnaire: "If I were President of the United States," by some such words as these: "The first thing I would do would be to abolish the Senate."

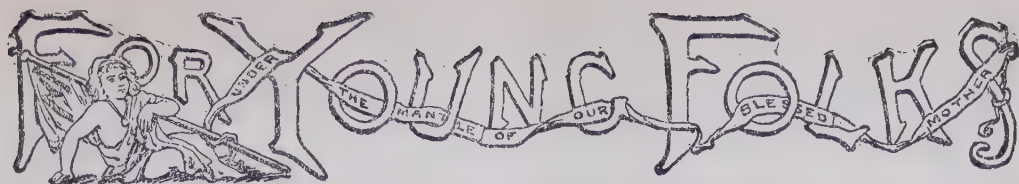
As a rule, the best lives of the saints generally leave something to be desired. One of the latest of them (a life of the Curé d'Ars) seems to be utterly lacking in—what, let us call—the sense of humor. The biographer writes: "It is beyond dispute that he had a very considerable fund of natural intelligence, and his supernatural intelligence knew how to draw on it easily and with advantage; it seemed that the natural intelligence was enriched by and gained direction from the supernatural. There are on record countless of his retorts—pleasant, humorous, cutting very deep. For instance, he was once asked for relics for a lady of rank. His retort, not untouched with malice, was; 'Let her make some for herself.'"

We fail to discern any malice in this. It is humorous instead of being malicious. We are reminded of a saintly, old Irish priest, who, when dying, smilingly directed that, immediately after he had breathed his last, the stones in his bed should be replaced with *boiled potatoes*; for fear, we suppose, that it might be thought he had practised penance all his life, and would not need many prayers for the repose of his soul. His sense of humor was lively even in death.

We wonder whether, despite the little attention given to it by the American press, it is not a very serious human and religious matter when hundreds of Mennonites come streaming across Russian borders on their way to Germany.

It is true that they are descendants of German people, but it is a good century and a half since their ancestors went as colonists into Russia. They managed for so long a time to live as they thought people may and should live, and they did not return. But now it seems that they are being forced by the Soviet government to take train for Siberia, and their only alternative is to flee the country, leaving behind any bit of property they possess. And so they come nearly naked, quite penniless and famished, to the borders of their adopted land, and are glad to get out alive, for they have not had a full meal for years. Now, no matter who the Mennonites are we should think that Americans, fed on at least a theory of religious and civil freedom, would go so far as to inquire into any tyranny or inhumanity that may be abroad in Russia.

It is but natural, remarks the author of "*Mores Catholici*," that before the invention of printing, the use of books by the people in the churches should not have been general. However, a prayer-book for the laity, entitled "*The Festival*," resembling those in present use, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the Fifteenth Century. There were also, in separate form, the Psalter, Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, Collects of the Mass, the Gospels and Epistles for the whole year, etc. Manuscript leaves, to assist the memory of those who did not know by heart many things which worshippers nowadays hardly know at all, were common. "How early the use of devotional manuscripts prevailed in secular life," says the author above quoted, "is attested by ancient sepulchres, as on that of a young princess in the Abbey of St. Denis. She is represented in the attitude of death, with her little book of Hours pressed against her breast." To-day when prayer-books are cheap and numerous, they are far from being in common use.



Belle Marie.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

I AM dressing you in your spangled gown,
Your silver slippers with tassels gay,
A hat of blue and a coat of brown,
For to-night, I am putting you away—
For years, how many, I can not say.

The gift of Santa, you came to me,
The dearest doll that I ever knew,
But now I am grown, as you can see;
Too old for dolls. Would you weep if you
knew
I am leaving my childhood here with you?

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

IX.—A COUNCIL IN THE HOSPITAL.

SUDDENLY the door was flung open
and into the midst of all these poor
victims of his rushed the policeman.
He was growling more ferociously than
ever, more like a tiger, and still flourishing
his batons.

“Gr-r-r-r! Here I come! Fly for
your lives! Street closed, street closed!
Hospital closed! The whole town closed!
Here I come, here I come! Gr-r-r-r!”

He swooped down the aisle between
the long rows of beds, and the
patients huddled under the bedclothes,
shivering and shaking with fear. They
all expected a blow from the policeman’s
baton, and no doubt a good many hard
knocks would have been showered upon
them, but for the intervention of the
Royal Child.

She tripped down the ward after the
policeman, simpering sweetly.

“Now,” she said, “if there remain
any subjects in this kingdom who don’t
believe that I have become the very

essence of sweetness, pray let them take
their heads from under the bedclothes
and witness my present action.” She
tripped up to the policeman, and before
he could prevent her she had jerked a
kiss on to his nose.

It was the most unexpected thing
that could have happened to him. Now
it was *his* turn to fly for his life. But
with the Royal Child barring the way
escape was impossible. She clung to him,
she hugged him, she twined her arms
about his neck; and all his struggling
could not free him. If he had given in
and submitted meekly to these embraces
it would have been a good deal better
for himself in the long run. But instead
of submitting he went on struggling and
struggling; and although he failed to
free himself from her grasp, one
terrific wrench on his part did free
his policeman’s cap and send it hurtling
to the ground.

With his cap gone, the policeman
stood exposed—the King!

“It’s—Papa!” exclaimed the Royal
Child.

“It’s—the—King!” gasped everyone
else.

The King collapsed. All his happy
days had come to an end. He sank into
a heap on the floor trying to disentangle
himself from his daughter and muttering
feebly: “I’ll find a way, you’ll see! If I
can’t be a policeman I’ll be a—I don’t
know what, but I’ll be something and
give you all more than enough to think
about.”

Now all this time, and for hours and
hours before, the Hobgoblin-Brownie
had been hiding under a bed. He felt
very miserable. He was sick of being
a hobgoblin, of having taken upon his
shoulders the weight of the Royal Child’s
bad qualities, of being dreaded and

disliked because of the amount of mischief he had done. In the whole town Grown-up Grisel was the only person with a friendly glance for him, in spite of the fact that he had stolen away her five baby cousins. Even Michael and Joan, the Earth children had turned against him.

Before making this exchange with the Royal Child how happy he had been! Not a care in the world. And how kind and friendly everyone had felt towards him. Very different from now! And the worst of it was he could not go home in this condition; he was too ashamed. Whatever would his mother think if she saw him like this? At the same time how very badly he wanted to run home and make sure that his family was getting along all right. Thinking all these things he had lain hidden under a bed for hours and hours. He was afraid of being seen by the patients, for of course every one of the patients feared and disliked him now; yet he had chosen this hiding-place in order to be close to Grown-up Grisel. He felt more lonely and wretched than ever when he was out of her sight.

Indeed, he did not want to cause any further trouble, but, being a hobgoblin, at the King's words he simply could not resist crying out in a rasping hobgoblin voice: "If you can't be a policeman why not be a butcher and butcher everybody, or a fireman and set the town on fire, or a hangman and hang everybody."

This string of horrible suggestions coming from under the bed produced an enormous effect. Absolute silence fell; and while all the patients sat up in bed (their mouths wide open in alarm) only one person had been quick enough to catch sight of the Brownie in his hiding-place. That person was the Governess. Those ill-natured eyes of hers fastened themselves onto the Brownie; but before she had time to do more than clear her husky throat, there was a slight confusion at the door, and then the Seven

Days of the Week came marching into the ward.

Dignified Sunday led the way, and green Wednesday, always so beautiful, followed him. For the rest, the family was tousled and cross, jostling one another even in public. They wanted to hold a council, Sunday said; and since everyone was here in the hospital, why, the council would have to be held in the hospital.

Sunday took up a position in the center of the room and asked the patients please to shut their mouths, because at a council one had to look dignified. So the sick people shut their astonished mouths, and propped themselves up among the pillows in what they considered a dignified manner, and then in a few stiff words Sunday explained the situation.

Something had to be done, he said; something had to be dealt out to the Brownie, since their own confused state, and the confusion of the whole town, was due to his pranks. And that something which would have to be dealt out to the Brownie was *banishment*.

"It is the King's place to preside at this Council," declared Sunday in a solemn tone. "Pray step forward, Your Majesty, and pronounce the sentence of banishment."

"Oh, but I don't know how," stammered the King still sitting on the floor; "I never banished anyone in my life."

"Allow me, then," said the Governess, catching the Brownie by the ear, and drawing him out from beneath the bed, "nothing would give me greater pleasure. I'll pronounce the sentence all right; and once the Brownie is out of the way we shall return to the good old order at the Castle."

"Hear, hear!" applauded Mr. Silver-Stick,—the old order of tease and torment,—for others."

"It is the King's place," repeated Sunday very dignified.

"Oh, I resign, I resign! Pray, do it yourself, Sunday," said the King nerv-

ously. "I'm going to be a policeman or a fireman. Anyone who likes can be King."

"Does every citizen consent to my taking the King's place in this matter?" Sunday asked looking around at the patients. And they all said "Certainly," most agreeably.

Sunday raised his solemn hand. "Then I proceed: Let the Brownie, who wilfully turned himself into a hobgoblin, stand in the center."

But the Brownie never budged. He had wrenched himself free from the Governess' hand and crept to Grown-up Grisel's side, and there he crouched on the floor, scowling at everyone in real hobgoblin fashion.

Sunday continued. "In the King's name I accuse you, Brownie, of endless mischief in this land. You have tormented the townsfolk, you have confused us Days of the Week, and set my brothers quarrelling. By taking away the Royal Child's Bad Qualities and making her so horribly sweet you left no restraint on the King, and in consequence he became a policeman. Here in this Council are enough witnesses to the havoc wrought by the policeman. More than that you stole. Where are Grisel's children? Still more than that, where are the songs Grown-up Grisel used to sing? For all these offences I pronounce on you the sentence of *banishment*."

"Well, thank goodness that's done!" sighed the patients, and they smiled at one another.

Sunday went on: "Therefore, most mischievous Brownie, leave this hospital, leave this land."

"Never!" grunted the Brownie.

Sunday frowned and raised his voice. "Hobgoblin! Go, I say,—in the King's name, go!"

"Never!" repeated the Brownie.

"Sunday, you don't seem to know any better than I do how to banish anyone," observed the King. "You see, he's not going."

"Oh, I'll go," muttered the Brownie suddenly. "Where's the fun in staying when you're not wanted." He got up from his crouching position and hobbled towards the door; but Grown-up Grisel was quick to stop him.

"Please," she said in her silvery voice, "please let me do the banishing. I know a much better way than you, Sunday."

"I said I'd go," muttered the Brownie, "you needn't trouble any further, Grown-up Grisel."

"It's no trouble," said Grisel, "it's a joy. Indeed it's a very great joy to banish the hobgoblin. Please, give me your hand, Brownie."

He didn't want to give his hand, but finally he thrust it out with a shrug. "Take it," he muttered.

Grisel took the ugly hairy hobgoblin hand and stroked it. Then she said: "Through great kindness of heart the Brownie exchanged his own Good Qualities for the Bad Qualities of the King's daughter. The King's daughter benefited; but how the Brownie has suffered! None of you think of *that* side of the bargain. None of you care that he has been homeless since that moment; none of you know that his only bed has been among the holly bushes in my garden since that night. Therefore, it is not for the sake of the townspeople, nor for the sake of anyone but himself that he must be given back his own Good Qualities, and that the Royal Child must take once more on her own shoulders her own Bad Qualities.

"Excellent, excellent!" cried the Silver-Stick-in-Waiting. "A naughty Royal Child, and we'll have the happy old régime of tease and torment at the Castle."

"Excellent, excellent," cried the Royal Child. "If you people think it's fun being made of sugar and spice and all things nice I can tell you it suits me better to play a few pranks occasionally. So take your Good Qualities, Brownie. It was nice enough to get them, but

it's a good deal nicer to return them."

She pulled the Good Qualities pell-mell out of her pocket very glad to get rid of them, and tumbled them onto the floor at the Brownie's feet. "There they are for you! Now give me back my nice Bad Qualities. Quick!"

Awkwardly and without a word the Brownie handed over her coveted possessions, and slowly he gathered up his own Good Qualities. Then he murmured to himself: "That's all very fine for her, but I'm still all out of shape,—a hump on my back, crooked legs, bent arms. I'm in a pretty fine way to go home to my family, amn't I?"

"We're not going to leave that hump on you," said Grisel kindly. "The hump must be banished too. Come with me, Brownie."

"What is the use," mumbled the Brownie, but beginning to smile; he wanted to go with Grown-up Grisel.

All the patients and the Days of the Week wanted to come with Grisel also, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"Only Joan comes with me," she said. "Michael can stay and look after the patients."

"Fine!" cried Michael, "and if anyone dares to stir I'll cut him open with the scissors."

So Joan and Grown-up Grisel laid aside their nurses' caps, and with the Brownie hobbling between them they left the hospital, and made their way to the cottage all covered with flowers which was the dwelling of Grown-up Grisel.

But how curious the patients were, how curious the King's daughter was,—most of all how curious Michael was! He ordered the people to shut their eyes and go to sleep under penalty of being cut open, and then he ran out of the ward and climbed up the flagstaff on the roof, from where he could see, far off on the other side of the town, Grisel's house and garden.

The moment he was out of the ward

the Royal Child (very much herself again) began ordering the people back to their homes, and the Days of the Week back to work.

"And if you Days of the Week get muddled or lazy any more—" she threatened.

The Days of the Week did not wait to hear the end. They left the hospital in a hurry.

The patients all went limping home and the King, meek and mild once more, walked at the tail of the procession. He apologized to everyone, even to the lamp-post when he bumped into it, and he started to sniff in a way which suggested that the tears were not far off.

Meanwhile in Grisel's cottage the hobgoblin hump and ugliness were being banished forever.

(To be continued.)

Memorials of Saints.

In Rome, among a great many other sacred memorials, may be seen the prison where Saints Peter and Paul were confined; the rooms which St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Aloysius occupied; the altar at which St. Charles Borromeo said his first Mass; in the Church of St. Andrew on Monte Cavello, a chapel, formerly the chamber in which St. Stanislaus Kostka died. It contains a beautiful statue of him, in white and black marble; the sculptor of it, a non-Catholic, became a convert when it was finished. In Florence, the house in which St. Antonius was born is still pointed out; in Milan, the spot where St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine; the cell of St. Anthony in Padua, which was inhabited at various times by five other saints; in Siena, the house in which St. Catherine was born and in which she had many ecstasies, etc. A list of such holy places would fill volumes, they are to be found in many countries.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Sheed and Ward of London announce "An Outline of Scholastic Philosophy," translated by G. I. Watkin from the French of Jacques Maritain. It will be ready early in the New Year.

—Perhaps the most desirable edition of the "Imitation" in English is the one by Charles Kent. It is spoken of as the best translation that has ever been made. Kegan Paul and Co., London, publishers.

—An autograph manuscript of Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison" sold last week in London for 4800 pounds; and a manuscript—fifty-two pages in the author's autograph—of Washington Irving's "History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" brought about \$3000.

—Two volumes of poetry recently received from the Talbot Press are "Brown Earth and Green," by Michael Walsh, and "A Cluster of Oak Leaves and Other Poems," by Amo Nesciri (Price, 1s.). The poems of Michael Walsh are short lyrics that sing of the Irish fields and Irish friends. There is tender sentiment and a "taking" lilt to all of them.

The poems of Amo Nesciri are Irish, too, but there are a number of them that are religious in character. They are simple, devout, natural in structure, and full of that witching music that seems an essential part of certain Irish metres.

—A very interesting paper, by the Reverend Joseph Kramp, S. J., that deserves a wide reading by Catholic teachers, is "Eucharistic Education," published in pamphlet form by the E. H. Lohmann Company, Saint Paul. It points out the importance of the Eucharist as the central fact in religious education, noting that the Sacrifice of the Mass logically should come first in teaching about the Eucharist, since from the Sacrifice comes the Sacrament, and this Sacrament of the altar has the peculiarity of being an abiding one. The Mass should be studied, not only from the point of view of its dogmatic teaching, but as a liturgical action. This paper is but one

chapter of a larger work, "Eucharistica," by Father Kramp.

—An ingenious method of interesting children in study has been devised by a Catholic priest in the form of a game of cards. One set is made up of questions and one of answers. At present there are available: (1) A game for Christian Doctrine, Part 1—On the Creed; (2) History of the Catholic Church in the United States; (3) United States History. These games are not intended to take the place of text-books, but rather to whet the curiosity of the students and make them go more eagerly to their books for further information. Published by the Game of Knowledge Publishing Co., Racine, Wis. Price, 50c.

—Translation from one language into another is a difficult task, particularly if it is a work of a humorous kind. The humor is so frequently the result of a turn of phrase peculiar to one language that it is quite lost in the translation. A Frenchman may enjoy for its novelty "Les Aventures de Monsieur Pickwick," by Charles Dickens, translated by Marion Gilbert, but the translator, we think, in following the text too closely, has sacrificed the French idiom, and the reader will not find the finished expression which he looks for in literature; and constructions that are foreign to the French language appear here and there in the translation. Published by Edition Spes, Paris.

—The second volume of the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge has just been published by the Herder Book Company. It is a translation by Mother M. Reginald, O. P., of the work of Abbé G. Bardy, under the title "Greek Literature of the Early Christian Church." One comes away from a reading of this book with a renewed sense of appreciation for those early workers who took to the written word, not always by choice or from the promptings of ability, but because of the necessity of multiplying themselves, as it were, in the explanation and defence of Christian doctrine. The book, in addition to sketch-

ing the life and works of each writer individually, presents also an interpretation of the combined influence of the entire group who wrote so lustily for the faith in the old Greek tongue. Price, \$1.35.

—Pádríac O Conaire was a man who loved the land of Ireland—her hills, and woods, and the streams where he cooled his feet, hot with long tramping. "He leathered through the thirty-two counties from the beginning of the European war, making his bed in the woods, in lowly homes and even in jails, where the English lodged him in days of suspicion, after many a one-sided controversy in Gaelic with the old police." He wrote in Gaelic exclusively—seven volumes of short stories, two novels, and a play, "Bairbré Rua." The little volume we have before us, "Field and Fair," translated from the Irish by Cormac Breathnach (The Talbot Press Limited, 3s. 6d.), is all too short. There are brief sketches, the frank reflections of this man of nature as he lies stretched on a strip of canvas in the pine woods, looking up at the stars; the story of his buying the little black ass who, "if he got a handful of oats once a month there wouldn't be a race-horse in the land that could hold a candle to him—not a horse;" the little old widow who, after fifty years, grows young for a day and rides into the town. All of them will make delightful reading because of their frank realism, and the glow of beauty that covers all the countryside as seen by this man who loves the Irish hills and roads and woods and skies like they were live men.

—That the child is father to the man is well illustrated in the autobiography of Alfred E. Smith, "Up to Now" (The Viking Press, \$5.00). A man who from his earliest days lived and grew up close to the common people, sharing their homely joys, and sympathizing with them in their needs and sorrows, Governor Smith never ceased to regard the people of the Commonwealth as the body to whom he was responsible for his conduct of government, and in whose name he exercised a sacred trust. As a very young man his heart went out to the neighbors on Oliver Street. He was active in every project to which they put

their hands; and as he advanced from one political office to another, the "neighborhood" widened until it took in the boundaries of the State, but it was always the people's state, and he worked and fought for their interests. He was always, too, the head of the family. No business of government was ever so absorbing as to crowd out from his attention his wife's or his children's birthdays, or the other home festivities that make up the circle of the domestic year; and this beautiful human trait, this love of his family and his fellows, bore abundant fruit in the humane legislation he promoted for destitute children, the sick, the insane, and for the education of the youth of the State of New York.

The story of his campaigns for the governorship and for the presidency of the United States, is an old tale re-told again and again of an honest fight by the "happy warrior" in the interest of the common people he loved, and whose approval he valued above all else.

The book makes no pretence to literary excellence, but is an honest story frankly told, and has a power to grip and interest the reader far beyond many books that lay claim to literary excellence. Its interest is heightened by a number of excellent illustrations.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Sister M. Ernestine, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Pius, Sisters of St. Ursula; Sister M. Dorothea and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. Mary Richardson, Mr. Michael Walsh, Mr. Paul Darcy, Mr. Henry O'Dougherty, Miss Etta Wierichsm, Miss May Ennin, Mr. E. J. McNeil, Miss Mary Marnin, Mr. Joseph Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. James P. O'Brien, Mrs. Catherine Gunning, Mr. John Fitzsimmons, Mr. William Gray, Mr. Harry Robinson, Mrs. Mary E. Durbin, Mrs. Bridget Douglas, Mrs. F. Roniger, Mrs. Dennis Mullen, Mrs. Arthur Mislar, Mr. Henry Thomas, Mrs. Bridget McDonald, Mrs. Alice Berry, and Mr. William Joseph Keyes.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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The Minstrel in Belem.

BY WILFRED CHILDE.

I MADE a golden mantle
For a Nativity Play;
The most terrible of the Magi
Wore it on Christmas Day;
I gave words to say.

I made three golden finches
For the shepherd Hobbinoll,
To give to his Dear Darling,
Who is the King of us all,
To play withal.

I made of my sorrowful heart
A gorgeous crystal cup,
And I pressed the grapes of the world
For a wine to fill it up—
Mary, give Him to sup!

The Pilgrimage of a "Twentieth Century Mind."

BY A. BURFORD WATTS.

THE last four years have sounded many alarms in the Anglican communion. But nothing has stirred me to such an indignation of soul as the attack upon Father Vernon in the *Church Times* of November 1st, the day of All Saints. I have never spoken to Father Vernon personally, and have been privileged to hear him speak but once, at an Anglo-Catholic Congress. The impression he produced upon me, as he walked to the front of the platform in his poor-looking, monkish habit, was a strange one.

The flower of the Anglo-Catholic clergy were gathered there. As Father Vernon began to speak I saw the platform literally as a garden. (I hope the learned and the scholars will bear with me!). Here were gathered in opulent and gorgeous display tulips, roses, hollyhocks, peonies, carnations, stocks,—and more than one dandelion! The whole was supported and presided over by one or two spikes of the stately, slow-flowering yacca.

In this garden, Father Vernon appeared as a single, strange white flower. His message given with the utmost quietness, and with a sincerity that glowed like a white flame, was as a breath of the "winds of God," in that distinguished assembly. And the memory of the platform, as a garden, with the strange, white flower in their midst, seen for a timeless moment, has never faded. It has survived through storms and stresses of soul, that have almost shipwrecked faith.

I do not know if I possess that "Latin mind," of which Dr. Goudge speaks with such abhorrence. It seems strange this dark streak was not seen in Father Vernon in his Anglo-Catholic days. And it will without doubt add to the spiritual discomfort of many Anglo-Catholics, lest they, too, should be unknowingly possessed of this dangerous spiritual weapon. As far as I know I am English of the English. My ancestors for generations (since 1400) have been that typical product of England—yeoman farmers. If I have acquired a "Latin

mind" it has crept upon me unawares. I was educated at a high school with a very efficient mistress, but certainly religion played very little part in school life, while my religious instruction at home, although we were rigidly "Church," was of the sketchiest and vaguest description. But at eighteen I was converted to Anglo-Catholicism. The circumstances that have combined in the last four years to almost force me into taking a small part in the public life of the small community in which I live began at least fifteen years ago. Looking back, I can trace them, step by step; and how each step played its part, when I was brought before things which were as dark and strange and forbidding—as precipitous cliffs.

My "Twentieth Century mind," plain and ordinary, considering these things, said: "Here are certain things before your eyes. How does the Anglo-Catholicism you have so steadfastly clung to, agree with them?" Blaming myself for ignorance, I resolved to make use of every opportunity for enlarging my mental horizon. We possess a few good books, but access to modern books was almost impossible. I had one reliable contact with the world at large—the *Times*. And I began to study with attention the daily pages of the *Times*, especially the foreign page. And I correlated and compared and considered them in relation to the daily events around me. "For," said my plain "Twentieth Century mind," "it is reasonable to suppose God will not condemn me for not being of wide and deep learning if He has not placed me in the circumstances to acquire it. But I shall be justly punished if I do not make use of whatever intelligence I possess to understand the things which are daily accessible." And the more I observed, the deeper became my bewilderment and perplexity and spiritual distress. I consulted an Anglo-Catholic clergyman, a "die-hard" of the movement, and one of

the most well known. I was adjured to be silent, and dismissed with unceasing ridicule and contempt.

All this time, the plain workingman, with whom I often came in contact—and even less fortunately placed than myself to acquire deep and sound learning—met me with fierce and scathing contempt when I referred his problems to the guidance of the Anglican Church. One instance is a vivid memory. Here is the answer I received. "The bloomin' parsons! They're in it up to the neck! The Roman Catholic bloke? He's all right, but I ain't one."

Then my "Twentieth Century mind," priding itself on being free from all prejudice, and thereby including the Roman "complex," said: "It would be a reasonable thing to speak to a Roman priest, and get knowledge firsthand." I chose, not a leader, or famous man, but a slum Mission priest. His courtesy, his knowledge, his desire to help, but *not* to proselytize me, together with a complete absence of contempt or ridicule for my painful bewilderment, made a deep impression.

Then came an event of what seems to me a supernatural character, too sacred to discuss publicly, and which scholars would treat with scorn. With some fearfulness, because I understood from the sneer of an Anglo-Catholic it was the way of a heretic, I began to read my Bible in the light of the modern wisdom I had so painfully acquired, with such spiritual distress. I was adjured by Anglo-Catholics to study History as a cure for my spiritual maladies. And the more I read and studied, the more convinced I became that I should never be cured thus. *Always I must take my facts secondhand.* Unless there was a golden thread somewhere, that was pure and unbroken, perhaps it would be as well to give up religion altogether as too hard. "Just watch your step," said my "Twentieth Century mind," "go as straight as you can and leave the rest

to luck. If there is a home at the end you'll stumble on it somehow."

My Anglican Vicar, during this period of stress—domesticated and briskly efficient—so unlike my memory of Father Vernon as to seem of another race, was always impressing upon me the great privilege of being in a Church, Catholic and comprehensive. To myself, with my "Twentieth Century slangy mind," I began to appear as a "Roaming Catholic" of the "May or Can" Church.

"I *may* fast before Communion,—it was a pious practice of great antiquity; but I could break my fast if necessary, without troubling myself about scruples. I *may* get a Divorce, if, unhappily, it could not be avoided, or I may have and keep scruples which would not sanction Divorce. Undoubtedly this was the harder way, and to be highly commended, but not possible for everyone. I *may* go to Confession, it was certainly not forbidden; and even in certain circumstances, encouraged, under safeguards. But it weakened the will, and must *never* be taught as binding. I could leave Confession alone, and yet be a model Anglican." Truly, I thought, if the Roman way seems stern and forbidding and compassed about with anathemas the Anglican way is a tight rope!

Strangest of all was that while I was commanded to treat the Mother of Our Lord with a ceremonious and distant politeness, she was excluded and courteously cold-shouldered to her "proper place" in Church life. And to love her was dangerous, lest we should substract some rightful feeling from her Son. A significant variation of the "may-or-can" method here. It was "positive" against love or devotion to her. Here and there a few churches—all honor to them—poured out treasure for her, but they were isolated and ignored. And it was with the thrill of being "agin the law," I joined in the services.

Once more I acknowledge my debt to the *Times* as a spur to my reading of

History, and of contemporary life both here and abroad; and especially of those who acknowledged the Roman obedience. There came the publication of a supplement on "Old London." More truly, it might be said "on the glory that *was* London." "Here," said my "Twentieth Century mind," "is History!" And, together with the conviction of a glory that had vanished, came unbidden the memory of Father Vernon and his strange isolation in that Anglican "garden." It lingered as a forgotten perfume.

And there came into my "Twentieth Century mind," still unsullied, I hope, by any Latin admixture, the vision of the Anglican Church, Protestant and Reformed, as a strange, dark phenomenon in History. *How* to read History aright? *How* to trust History? If Rome, whom even her enemies admitted *was* a Church, and *had* produced saints, could stoop to such things as forgeries and deliberate falsification of documents—mere trifles in a welter of evil to gain her evil ends—what was a young Protestant Church capable of doing to further bewilder the simple?

History, I reflected, is a great thing. But the things of to-day, which I can touch and see and handle, are History manifest to my eyes. How is it that Rome, with her evil history, is speaking in stern and clear condemnation of the evils of to-day, not in England only, but everywhere, *and* in plain, unequivocal language, understood by the people? That while the clamor arises on all hands for an easier, more reasonable religion, more freedom of belief, her answer is to narrow the path to ensure its safety, and hedge it yet more tenderly with safeguards.

And if the utterances of the Anglican Communion, taking her stand upon History, were disturbing and bewildering, her silences, dark and mysterious, were sinister. Her voice, among the problems of to-day, was a plaintive whine, even

when it was loud enough to be heard. Once more, in the weariness of my soul, my "Twentieth Century mind" (still not defiled by a Latin admixture, I hope) urged me to see a Roman church "working" for myself. And I began to attend a small, very poor, Mission.

How these obscure, hard-working people became possessed of this sinister "Latin mind" is a mystery. The newspaper man, with a "pitch" outside a big factory, was one; a tramp whom I met on my way to Midnight Mass last year, and inquired for the "Catholic Church," was another, and a midnight Mass in another large, slum church in 1927 is a third spiritual landmark. Even Dr. Goudge would admit, I suppose, that it is possible to have a real love for Our Lord, even if unlearned, and unable to read the true implications of History. Such an one would have rejoiced and given thanks in this Church.

Packed to the doors, this poor little church presented an arresting sight. Policemen, soldiers, scavengers, fried-fish men, still in their white coats, organ grinders (is this where the "Latin" infection has crept in?), Jews; rows of tired, weary, patient, yet devoutly serene looking women in decent, humble, unfashionable clothes, many being obviously the "char lady" of to-day. Men well and fashionably clothed; slum boys, with their clothes not innocent of string, and apologies for boots; two women, obviously come from an evening festivity—in modern evening dress—cloaked and their heads "decently covered,"—all kneeling together without any effort at "sorting" or "placing of seats."

Here were "all sorts and conditions of men," all illumined by a kind of serene cheerfulness, and all with but one thought: To see the Child, and worship Him. I have attended many Anglican Midnight Masses. None have left on me such a shattering impression of unity as a living, breathing thing.

My "Twentieth Century mind," proud of its reasonableness and freedom from prejudice, compelled me to acknowledge something that could not be dismissed as a mere ebullition of religious fervor by ignorant people. And I wondered if it was just this indefinable thing that was missing from History as generally read. And if it *had been deliberately excluded by a force of evil, as old as the world*, and as subtle as old? And if that force were functioning *now*, disciplined and organized, as never before in History?

My next landmark was the mastering of an encyclical by Pius X. on "Modernism." Here I found my thoughts almost shouted at me; and myself on the brink of an abyss. Shivering at the unknown, dreading the change, hating the upset, fearing to cowardice the severing of ties with nearest and dearest. The Face of Our Lord was before me, and I knew I had come to the choice: Our Lord—or these familiar things? Silence, and acquiescence—or—battle under the banner of Christ the King? But first I must return to the "rock whence I was hewn."

Remembering my Midnight Mass, I can comprehend without incredulity or contempt the reaction of Father Vernon to a living contact of sanctity. Remembering my Anglican Vicar, domesticated and brisk, I can understand the contempt of Dr. Goudge for the "Latin mind," and his insensibility to the flower-like beauty of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. What comparison *can* there be between a living flower of sanctity, blooming humbly and accessible to all, and the proud Colossus of History only the few may dare to approach? And even those few, mighty in wisdom and learning though they be, can only bring back to those "daisies of God," the patient, hungry multitudes who wait outside the Temple of Learning, each one his own impression of the Colossus and its bewildering intricacies. Roman Catholic

scholars are there, but they too are human.

But a child can understand, and shout for joy, One who says: "Thou art Peter, and on *this* rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it!"

The pilgrimage of my "Twentieth Century mind," reasonable, proud of its freedom from prejudice, is ending. I was brought up strictly "Church," was "converted" to Anglo-Catholicism at eighteen. For the clergyman who instructed me in "Anglo-Catholicism" I have a deep and abiding love and gratitude. No words of mine can pay any part of the debt I owe him for his patience, his wisdom, goodness, faith and charity. Without the light I received from him, I should never have reached the place where I now stand. Of his utter sincerity I have not the faintest doubt; and yet, when I went to him with my horror and mistrust, still smarting from the wounds I had received, I was met with an ignorance as complete as it was shattering. And with a sigh I turned again to that city "where all men are at home."

The Hands of Mary Britton.

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

MY mother would have been glad if she had known that I would meet you," the boy said with a diffidence that Pierre de Laennec found appealing. "She has always loved your music, and once she told me that she had known a French gentleman of the same name as yours, and she wondered whether the composer were her friend."

"She was American?" the old man asked eagerly, and at the boy's nod, he remarked:

"I never knew but one American girl, and that was thirty years ago. She had beautiful hands, soft, firm and white, hands that seemed made for music, not only actually, but also to draw the ut-

most music from life. Their touch seemed to cling, to linger." He drew a last breath on his pipe, knocked out the embers with his own slender, nervous fingers, and laid the pipe aside, as he continued: "One felt, sometimes, as though one's whole life were caught up and held in the dimpled, fragrant, hollow of those little hands."

"My mother's hands were like that," the boy confided: "little and warm and sweet. Oh, did you know her? There couldn't have been any one else like her. Her name was Mary Britton."

"I knew her," the other said quietly. "You speak of her as though she were dead?"

The boy nodded, sombrely this time, and Pierre de Laennec went on:

"Shall I make you a confidence? Since she was your mother, and since you, too, appreciated her, it may be that you will like to hear how I have loved her for thirty years. She never knew, I think, that I loved her. Indeed, I only saw her perhaps seven times in all my life, and the first time it was not to talk with her, nor to touch those little hands, and the last time was only a hasty moment, with others present." He leaned back in his chair, and his fingers moved gently on his knee, as though he were playing some long-remembered melody, evoked by the thought of Mary Britton.

"I had finished my military service, and had come to Paris for a little holiday before I went home to take up life at Laennec, and marry my father's ward. Ah, to be young in Paris is the most beautiful thing in the world!"

"I know," the boy began timidly; then, as the other smiled at him encouragingly, he went on eagerly: "That is, I think I know. I know it in my heart, though I have scarcely begun to experience it. I have long dreamed of it, ever since I saw the opera 'Louise' at home once. You know the scene in which one looks down from Montmartre and sees the myriad

lights of Paris?" He paused, abashed at his own enthusiasm.

"Yes, you know," the old man approved. "We speak the same language, you and I. We do not mean the Paris of the cabarets, but the ancient city of François Villon, of Cyrano de Bergerac, of Marie Stuart, of Henri Quatre, of Richelieu, of Marie Antoinette, of Napoleon. That was the Paris!—" He broke off, and picked up his pipe and refilled it, trying to speak casually as he continued: "It was in Notre Dame that I first saw your mother. She knelt near the high altar, her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the tabernacle. I knew at once that she was American from the poise and the unembarrassed independence of her bearing, aside from the fact that she was alone. It was perhaps that which first drew my attention to her. Here was a foreigner who prayed, instead of rushing from shrine to shrine as though to see all the famous works of art in a certain length of time. Then, as I regarded your mother, I saw the loveliness of her hands, and the desolate sadness of her gray eyes. You are surprised? She was always happy when you knew her?"

"She always seemed very happy," the boy reflected; "but as I think of it, I do remember that some of the pictures of her as a girl seemed sad enough, and those that were not sad had a wistfulness that went to one's heart."

"That was it, that longing of one who looked for kindness in an unkind world.

"I was no more devout than any Breton, yet that day I remained for an hour in the church, my eyes bent on hers, as hers were on the tabernacle. When at length she left the cathedral, I saw that there was fortitude in her face and serenity in her warm grey eyes. I knelt a space longer, making my prayer that I might see her again, that I might once clasp those little hands, and try to bring a smile to that wistful face.

"Later I saw her in the Louvre, standing before 'La Cruche Cassée,' and talking with Madame de St. Foye, an American lady who had married a friend of my father's. She finally moved on to another picture, and I approached her and begged her to present me to mademoiselle.

"'I'll be glad to,' she said in her brusque way, 'and, Pierre, please do all you can to make things pleasant for her. She's just become a Catholic, and her parents are very much displeased.'

"I did not understand then that prejudice existed in the United States, but Madame de St. Foye told me that some Americans, otherwise well-bred and intelligent, had a great dislike for the Church. Monsieur and Madame Britton were such, and this made their daughter very unhappy.

"'She is devoted to them, and tries in every way to please, except in the one way of giving up her Faith,' Madame de St. Foye told me. 'They are severe, but not unkind from their point of view. They believe that they are acting for Mary's good. They are giving her this trip as a part of her education, but their coldness prevents her from enjoying it. Of course, she does not tell me of these things; but I am much with them, and I have eyes. Give her a good time, Pierre. She needs a friend.'

"You can picture to yourself that I was only too eager to be a friend to Mary Britton. I knew that American girls were permitted friendships with young men, such as were undreamed of for French girls, such friendships as those of which I had read in Plato; and it was with great anticipations that I followed my father's friend to where Miss Britton still stood, studying the 'Greuse.' She was all unconscious of the comparison that might be drawn between herself and the young girl of the picture, with her sweet, wistful gaze, her delicacy and innocence that yet held a promise of rich warmth.

"We talked for a moment or two. What did we say? Not much that first meeting, but I obtained permission to call at her hotel and meet her parents.

"They received me with a casual, matter-of-fact air, that showed me that they were accustomed to finding young men in their daughter's train; and they promised to go to the opera with me. We went within a few nights. I had always loved music, as you know, but that night I felt as though I had never heard it before, since I heard it for the first time with Mary beside me."

"I know," the boy acquiesced. "We have a poem beginning:

Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than
bread."

"And you have experienced that, too?"

"Not in the way you mean, Monsieur, —never with any girl. Every one felt that way about my mother. In the family we felt that nothing was really complete unless she was with us, and even outsiders enjoyed things more when she was present.

"Between the acts, of course, the conversation was general, but part of the time Monsieur and Madame Britton talked to each other. There seemed to be a strong companionship between those two, and that left me more free to devote myself to Mary. For the most part, however, we sat in silence." He caught his breath, and added: "Once, in the excitement of the moment—it was during the '*Che faro senza Eurydice*,'—Mary caught at my arm with her little hand. I knew it meant nothing, that I might have been her mother, the arm of the chair, anything, for all that Mary knew, yet I have never since heard any music that moved me greatly without feeling on my arm the touch of that vital, exquisite hand.

"I saw her one more time in Paris. We met at luncheon at Madame de St. Foye's, and I escorted her home. We stopped on the way for Benediction;

Mary had so seldom an opportunity to go to church without angering her family. She went always on Sundays, understand, but she hesitated to anger them unnecessarily by going when it was not of obligation. They never objected, strangely enough, if she wished to visit a church that was famous for its paintings, its statues, its architecture; but a visit of pure devotion, they resented.

"After Benediction at Notre Dame we went to the Sainte Chapelle, which, Mary said, she loved best of all French churches. For myself, I love best Notre Dame, then and always, and the reason is not hard to guess, but I was happy to gratify any wish of hers, and she wished to go there once more. Then we went to a quiet, very respectable little place for tea. There we had our best talk. I told her of Laennec, of my parents and my young brother, of my life in the army, of my love for music, and of Yvette, who had just come from her convent school and who waited at Laennec. She in turn told me of her childhood in the United States, of her conversion to the Faith, of her desire to reconcile her parents to her belief. We spoke of how easy it was, sometimes, to make others happy; of what little things give pleasure at times, and she said to me seriously:

"You must make Yvette happy. There are so many little courtesies, so many little things that make a woman's happiness, that men so often forget in the passing years. When a man is first in love he can not do enough, but later, he takes his wife for granted, and she misses the devotion that he himself has accustomed her to."

"I explained to her that Yvette had not grown accustomed to any devotion from me, since I had not seen her for a number of years. I told her how marriages were arranged by the parents in France. Yvette, you see, was my father's ward, and the daughter of a man who had once done him a great service. Her

dot was but little, but since it was a piece of land that joined 'Laennec,' it had value to our family that it would not have to another. My father was in honor bound to arrange a good marriage for Yvette, and in duty bound to protect the interests of his son; and, since her *dot* would not make her a good marriage elsewhere, and would, indeed, be of no use to me—then, too, one took into consideration the character of the young people. Yvette and I had been brought up in the same circumstances, with the same traditions, the same beliefs, almost the same memories,—my father believed that we should be congenial.

"'You will be very happy, I hope,' Mary told me. 'I have heard that these marriages often turn out better than love matches. I shall pray for your happiness, Pierre, and if you try to make her happy, you will be happy yourself.'"

"'I will do all in my power to make Yvette happy,' I promised. I would have promised anything in the world that day. It was our last meeting in Paris, for the Brittons were to leave the next day.

"They expected to be in Brittany in a fortnight, and were to stop in a little village on the coast, only a short distance from my home, and we planned that I should go there to see her once again.

"I went home and tried to interest myself in Laennec and in Yvette. She was sixteen, and a gentle little creature, save when she was in one of her rare wayward moods, or in one of the moods of merriment in which I could scarcely bring myself to share.

"You spoke a while ago of 'Louise.' Have you ever seen another of our modern operas, 'Sapho?'"

The boy nodded.

"My mother took me to all the French operas that were given at home."

"Do not misunderstand. I say this in all respect to your mother, but do you

remember how insipid the little cousin in 'Sapho' seems, beside 'Fanny?'"

Again the boy nodded, a quick look of comprehension in his eyes.

"The comparison is, of course, not perfect, since your mother was as innocent as Yvette herself, and her goodness was more heroic in character, and 'Fanny' was, indeed, not good in that sense. But I had learned that a young woman who was good could also be charming, even fascinating. The innocence of *la jeune fille* and the poise of a woman of the world, the brilliant mind of a *savant* and the tried virtue of one who was almost a martyr to the Faith, the womanly sweetness combined so piquantly with an almost boyish *camaraderie*,—all this that I had found in Mary Britton did not make me the more contented with the poor little Yvette, with her talk of the convent and the Sisters and her school fellows. Her childish fancies, her interests, which seemed limited to the peasants and the animals on the place, and the flowers, perhaps, in my mother's garden, wearied me, though I tried to be kind. Her silences, that seemed to hold nothing, wearied me, and her wilful moods. I think, though, that I liked her hands least of all. They were not ungraceful, in their brown slenderness, and they were deft enough about the house; but I could not imagine myself clasping them, or wanting to feel them cling to mine.

"I tried again and again to be good to her, to win her liking, to interest myself in her, but I felt like a prisoner until the time came for my visit to the coast. When I returned, I told myself, it would be different. I would have seen Mary Britton for the last time, and I would settle down, and apply myself to the task of moulding the young character of my future wife. One so young must surely be pliable, and if I showed myself her friend, she would commit her unfolding mind to my guidance. With a young wife, and then children in

the cradle, I would find contentment in the dear old home that had sheltered my family for generations. Meanwhile there was before me a brief space of happiness.

"I told my father that I was going to see some Americans, to whom Madame de St. Foye had asked me to show courtesy, and with a light heart I made my escape. I did not know, even then, that I loved Mary Britton. I believed that it was friendship I felt for her, and that I would learn to love the little Yvette when once we were married.

"When I reached the coast and called at the little pension where the Brittons were stopping, I found Madame Britton busily packing. Her husband had received intelligence from his business that called him home without delay, and they were leaving the next morning. He was then busy with his papers, and Mary, she told me, had gone for a walk along the shore. She suggested that I follow Mary and return to dine with them.

"From the villagers I learned the direction that the young American lady had taken, and I set out with alarm. I was sure that she must have gone to the little church a mile down the coast, and I knew that she had started along the path at the foot of the rocky cliff. She would not know that the tide would soon be in, over the path, and seemingly scaling the very cliff itself. There was another path which wound up the hill and went along the top of the cliffs. This I took, hastening along, and looking downward for her slight figure on the lower path. At length I saw her, about half way back from the church. The tide had almost reached the spot where she was, and ahead of her it already lapped the lower rocks. About five feet above her was a narrow ledge that extended for many feet. The tide seldom reached the ledge, but there was a sheer drop from it to where she stood. Fortunately there were many jagged rocks

between the path I had been following and this ledge. Hastily I climbed down, and bidding Mary hold her hands as high as she could, I reached down and drew her up beside me. It was a precarious task, for I had little foothold, and I could not reach far enough to hold her in any way but by her hands. There was only the smooth rock for her to brace her feet against, but by the grace of God we succeeded, and at length Mary stood beside me on the narrow ledge. We rested there a moment, gasping for breath, too spent to attempt the climb back to the upper road without a short respite. Mary was nervous, as I saw by the quivering of her body and the trembling of her lips, as well as by the panic in her clinging hands; but her courage was magnificent. She made no complaint, and the look in her warm gray eyes was as direct and unfaltering as ever.

"For myself, I was in a daze. At the very moment when I had felt those little hands clinging in mine for safety, I knew unmistakably and forever, that it was Mary whom I loved, and would love always. With that knowledge came despair. I could not ask her to be my wife. My parents would never allow me to break faith with Yvette; that much I had realized during my fortnight at home. It would have done no good to defy my parents, for under French law a young man could not marry legally without their consent. Even could I, at some future date, gain their consent, I could not expose the woman I loved to the insult of their reluctance, their probable refusal, especially as I had nothing to offer her but my love and faith. I could not, in honor, try to win her love; and even if I could have won it, the situation was hopeless.

"For that one beautiful, bitter moment, we clung, panting, on the ledge; then, with pain in my heart I helped Mary up the cliff, talking of indifferent matters, as one does when one's heart is

breaking. One must never let others hear the cracking, or watch the shattered pieces fall.

"Have you, perchance, heard a study of mine called 'The Heart that Breaks'?"

"Yes, and I never quite understood the conception before. It seemed too merry, almost frivolous on the surface. I can understand now that you meant that as camouflage for the rumbling that one barely discerns."

"I dined with the Brittons that night, but I hardly knew what I ate, or what was said. The next morning, early, I saw them for a hurried good-bye, but I had no word in private with Mary; and I regarded that one, breathless moment on the ledge, when I knew that I loved her, and that she was not for me, as my farewell to happiness and to her. I stayed in the village a week, sitting hour after hour on the cliffs writing music, and praying in the little chapel that Mary had visited. The music—my first attempts at composition,—was poor stuff, and that I burned; but in the chapel I found a measure of peace.

"I knew that I would never see Mary again, never hear from her. I had not dared to ask her address, nor to ask her to write to me. I loved her too much, and I knew that if I were to hear from her, even occasionally, I could never keep my promise to make Yvette happy. I tried to hope that in working for another's happiness, I might find my own, as Mary had suggested; and it was with this resolution that I returned to Laennec.

"I applied myself to assisting my father with the business of the estate, since he had decreed that I must learn my duties before I was married. My music was burned, but, now and again, I wrote other songs, and burned those in their turn.

"At last the time for our marriage drew near. My brother came home on leave one Summer night. After a space I grew too restless to talk with the

family any longer and wandered off by myself. When at length I came back to the terrace, they had gone in. I could hear my father in his office, and my mother giving directions to one of the servants. Going into the library for a book I came upon my brother and Yvette and heard Loic say:

"'I can't bear to think of your marrying, Yvette,' and my fiancée replied drearily: 'Oh, don't! What can one do? Your father has arranged it. Pierre is kind, and I must try to be a good wife to him.'

"'I'll never come home to watch it; I couldn't.'

"'Oh, hush, Loic. You'll get over it,' her childish voice was distressed.

"'Will you?' Loic demanded, and the hurt in his voice wrung my heart.

"'I must try, when I'm married. It would be a sin if I didn't,' she protested between tears.

"'I've tried to forget you, but I can't,' my brother told her, miserably. 'I'm not a thief, you know; and I've told myself you were Pierre's; you were not for me, but it did not help.'

"I could not restrain a sigh. Here was an end of my plan to try to absorb myself in a wise marriage and the founding of a home. I thought of my promise to make Yvette happy, and as I cast in my mind for a way of keeping it, the two, startled by my sigh, turned to the doorway and raised troubled eyes to my unwelcome face.

"'You love each other?' I questioned quietly. I felt I must make very sure and proceed slowly.

"They nodded, Loic grimly. Yvette fearfully.

"'You are sure? You want to marry each other?' I continued.

"'Yes, but you know it's impossible,' Loic said sullenly.

"'Not with Pierre on our side. He has some plan, I know. Oh, Pierre, I'll love you always if you help us,' Yvette pleaded.

"I went straight to my father and told him of what I had learned, and asked him to give Yvette to Loic instead of to me.

"But her *dot*? What can Loic do with that? How can it be done?"

"For her to marry Pierre, with love in her heart for Loic, might lead to great sin,' my mother said, 'and we can not banish Loic from his home forever.'

"Loic would banish himself, I think,' I told them. 'Let Loic take my place here; if he and Yvette still love each other when his military service is finished. Let me resign my inheritance to him. I will go to Paris and become a musician; I have been writing much music as it is. If you wish to make me an allowance, it will help me. If not, I will manage as best I can. One thing I know,—I can not marry Yvette while she so greatly loves my brother.'

"My father was slow in coming to a decision. He could see that the marriage between Yvette and myself might be a dangerous thing, but he did not want me to resign my inheritance.

"You must give up, then, not only wife, but Laennec; that is not just,' he told me sadly.

"I can always come back for a time,' I reassured him. 'I need not cut myself off from the family as Loic thinks of doing.' After much discussion, the matter was postponed until Loic finished his military service. When that time came, however, he and Yvette still loved each other, and were married. My father made me what allowance he could, though we were never a wealthy family, and my mother left me her *dot* when she died.' Loic and Yvette have been very happy and have had many children, for most of whom I am godfather.

"It was many years before I established myself musically, or had enough money to afford a wife, had I wanted to marry. I never heard from Mary Britton. By the time the affair at home was settled, and I had gone to Paris,

Monsieur de St. Foye was dead, and his wife, the only person I knew who knew Mary, had gone back to the States, so I could not even learn where she was.

"All my music was written for her, and my one dream was that somewhere, from some pianoforte, my music would be drawn from the keys by the lingering hands of Mary Britton."

"It was," the boy smiled, adding gratefully: "Thank you, sir; it's good to know that my mother was appreciated. She had the highest regard for your music; and, as I told you, she often wondered whether you were not the good friend of her Paris trip. I wish she could have known. I wish, too, that I might hear you play one of the things you wrote to her."

"She knows now, I hope," the old man's clear eyes were full of faith, "and I'm sure she will hear if I play to you."

He moved to the piano and began to play. In absolute stillness the boy listened to music that fell on the warm night like the clinging, soothing touch of soft, fragrant fingers on an aching head.

A Mother at the Crib.

BY N. B.

© MARY, when you watched your Son

And sang a lullaby,

Did you behold the shadow-cross

Upon the hillside nigh?

And did you hear the rabble call,

Or glimpse the lonely tree,

The steep, rough way that He must walk—

The road to Calvary?

Ah, no, I only knew this joy:

His head upon my breast,

His little, restless, wavering hands

That found my own in rest.

His tiny feet—I kissed them with

No thought of bitter years—

I was content with loving Him;

I had no time for tears.

The Cenacle Chaplain.*

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

THE French Congregation of the Ladies of Retreat, or the Cenacle, was established at La Louvesc in 1826. Its foundress was Mother Thérèse Couderc, who in memory of the first Cenacle, where Mary and the Apostles were persevering in prayer, desired to unite with the work of retreats and teaching of Christian doctrine, the contemplative life, strengthened by the recitation of the Latin Breviary and the observance of the Rule of St. Ignatius. During the Nineteenth Century the Society of Our Lady of the Cenacle spread throughout France and foreign lands. A House was opened in Milan, in 1882. It required a chaplain. The head of the diocese appointed Achille Ratti, who was then Professor in the Grand Seminary. The religious saw this establishment show such progress—to which their spiritual Father was no stranger—that a few years later they were installed in the vast Palazzo Pissalacqua of Via Monte di Pietà. In 1889, Mgr. Calabiana, Archbishop of Milan, blessed its magnificent chapel, where, for more than a quarter of a century, a priest, as correct as he was fervent, exercised the holy ministry.

A memorial plaque bears the following inscription:

"Here, amid the outpouring of an enlightened piety, in the mystic bosom of a new Cenacle, placing at the service of a varied and constant activity, the treasures of a keen intelligence and a noble heart, Achille Ratti, minister and dispenser of heavenly gifts, diligent preacher of the Word of God, edifying souls by precept and example; unconsciously prepared himself for this day, February, 1922, when elected to the Chair of Peter he became under the name of Pius XI., Supreme Pastor of

the Church and infallible teacher of truth."

A simple enumeration of the achievements of Don Ratti would show how he acquitted himself at the Cenacle as minister of the Word. Moreover, with the assistance of the religious, he instituted a preparatory course for First Communion, and thirty-five children were prepared by his care for the Eucharistic banquet. Every Thursday he had the Catechism of Perseverance for young girls; every month he assembled the Association of Catholic Teachers, which was "his crown and his joy."

Need we recall the months of May, the months of the Sacred Heart, the Pentecost novenas, the Easter retreats which he preached from 1882 to 1912, the fifty sermons for the clothing or the profession of religious? Even the little chimney sweeps, who came from the Tyrol and Lombardy every year, profited by the preaching of Don Ratti. Outside of the Cenacle he was frequently called upon in regard to difficult cases of conscience. He preached Lenten sermons to the German colony from 1892 to 1894. But what words can not express was the power and at the same time the sweetness, the sustained fervor, the solid piety, the sovereign respect for souls with which his priestly functions were imbued. We long for something to furnish echoes of it all.

Those sermons, devoid of all literary artifice, but so filled with doctrine, with mystic shades of thought and of delicacy, would lift a corner of the veil over the interior life of Don Ratti, for the priestly Jubilee of the Holy Father. In him the scholar never did violence to the priest. Next to the society of books and of men, he aspired after contact with souls. The Cenacle was to him an oasis where his priesthood was refreshed: "Here, I feel myself truly a priest." Whether in the pulpit or in the confessional, he displayed an untiring, supernatural devotion. After Mass, he gave

* From the French of Mgr. R. Fontenelle.

Bible readings, and if some late comer came and interrupted him, asking for Holy Communion, "Certainly," he would say, "nothing can rejoice me more than to give Jesus to souls." This anecdote will illustrate his spirit of duty.

In May, 1898, Milan had a taste of the Commune. A long period of closed mills brought about a workingman's riot; the city was in a state of siege, battles took place in the street, religious services ceased everywhere, and even the Cardinal Archbishop had to leave the place. One priest alone resolutely continued his ministry: it was Mgr. Ratti. On one occasion the brave chaplain even dared offer his services as mediator. The rioters having invaded the Capuchin monastery, clothed themselves with the brown habits, and thus disguised, fired upon the regular troops. The poor friars, who were crouched in their cells, were nevertheless arrested as rioters, and undoubtedly would have been put to death but for the courageous intervention of Mgr. Ratti, who gave information as to the facts of the case, and procured their release.

Another illuminating trait of Achille Ratti was his love for his mother. Having lost his father at an early age, he placed all his affection in her to whom he declared that he owed everything under God. He went every Sunday to visit her in her little apartment at Via Nirone, and never failed to carry her some delicacy. He also dedicated to her one of his books: "To you, O mother of venerable and rare virtue, for your feast day, with the happy hope that some scholar, even in the distant future, reading this name, will find a tribute of affection for you." When Pius X. called him to Rome in 1912, as Vice-Prefect of the Vatican, one thought disturbed Mgr. Ratti—his aged Mother. But the benevolent Pius X. took one of his photographs and sent it to her to console her for the absence of her son.

Achille Ratti also knew how to play

the part of friendship. He instinctively allied himself with Professor Contardo Ferrini, the Italian Ozanam, the cause of whose beatification has already begun at Rome. One day, in the company of a few intimate friends, at the summer-house of the Cenacle, a Sister who was serving at table, hesitated, not knowing whom to serve first. Mgr. Ratti indicated Contardo Ferrini, saying with prophetic playfulness, "Show him the first honor, he will be first to be raised to the altar."

On one occasion, being in haste to go to Milan, Mgr. Ratti did not hesitate, in spite of stormy weather, to cross Lake Major in a small boat. When all sorts of dangers were pointed out to him, he said with a smile, "Reassure yourself: the boat on which I set my foot does not sink."

Was it already the bark of Peter?

Home for Christmas.

BY NANCY BUCKLEY.

SPINNING along Main Street at midday in his red roadster, Bob Merton smiled softly, wondering what the boys at the office would say if they knew just why he was in this Rip Van Winkle of a town. On the twenty-fourth of December, too, of all days in the year! Probably they'd call him a sentimental fool.

Bob smiled broadly as he remembered how surprised Benson was when he refused his Christmas dinner invitation. Of course, Bob didn't tell him about the little house and his promise to Dad. It would have sounded silly to hard-headed Benson, and he would have poked him in the ribs, and asked him how he got that way.

At that, Bob was going to miss Benson's hospitality. His home made a perfect background for the holiday gaiety: fires singing cheerily on the wide hearths, low, inviting chairs,

golden candles in tall silver holders, a big tree, star-tipped and gift-laden, Benson's hearty voice, his wife's gentle laughter, the shouts of his kiddies,—yes, Bob was sure he would miss it all; but he'd given his word to Dad.

Now he felt the sting of the snow-beaten wind on his cheeks; he heard the crunch of gravel under his tires. Main Street was crowded with cars of various vintages, mostly pre-war. Bob's eyes shone proudly over the sweet perfection of his roadster, built on the long, clean lines of a slim racer. When the street abruptly ended, he slowed up and hesitated a second. Yes, he remembered now, he was to turn to the right for a quarter of a mile, then to the left. He wondered if he'd have any difficulty in finding the house. Of course not, for Dad had so often described it minutely; and then, the little chapel directly opposite, was going to help.

Here was the turn. He would have known it even if it had been surrounded by a million houses. But it was standing alone, a little back of the road, as if shrinking from the curious eyes of passers-by. It looked like a timid child hiding behind its mother's skirts, giving the appearance of never having been lived in. Yet, Bob knew that a great love had planned and built it.

He sighed softly, then stepped from his car. The hinges of the front gate were broken and rusted, and uttered a protesting sound when Bob entered. The windows, with their square, narrow panes, stared at him as if he were an intruder. The three steps leading to the front door were sagging under the weight of drifted snow.

It didn't take Bob long to open the door. Just for a moment he hesitated upon the threshold, then entered and closed the door. It certainly was cold, that penetrating chill that settled on unopened rooms. The first thing was a fire. Plenty of wood piled neatly upon the hearth, ready for that first fire

which had never been lighted. In no time, Bob had a blaze crackling gaily. He held his half-frozen hands to its grateful warmth, pulled off his heavy coat, then lighted a cigarette. So this was Dad's house of dreams, dreams that had been pricked by the sharp needle of a broken faith.

How queer and old-fashioned it was! Over the tan carpet impossible scarlet roses rioted in crazy confusion; the chairs and sofa were of horsehair. Curious little ornaments were strewn upon a walnut table, surrounding a glass globe under which blossomed stiff wax-flowers. Over everything lay a grey film, as if the hand of Time had lightly touched each object and left the impress of bony fingers.

Bob pulled an armchair to the fire, and tossed his half-smoked cigarette into the flames. He felt tired—it was easily sixty miles from the city. Thinking of Dad, and being here, sort of pulled strongly at his heart-strings, and left him emotionally spent. He stretched his legs to the blaze. It was good to rest now. He'd go around the house later on. The fire was burning brightly and filled the shadowed room with a comforting glow. Things came into clearer view. Bob strained his eyes. Was that a portrait over the mantle?

Yes—and hers, too! By the light of the fire Bob looked long at the girl whose small hands had crushed the flower of love and changed it into an ugly weed. She was so lovely, it seemed impossible to believe those things about her. Bob studied the dark eyes shadowed by a sweep of darker lashes, the tender curves of her young mouth, the rounded perfection of her cheeks, tinted softly as if from the reflection of a pale rose. So lovely! It couldn't be true—all the things Dad had told him. Yet, he had seen the letter she had written before going away.

Bob rested his head against his hand for a brief second. Poor Dad! What an

ending to his brief hour of happiness! Again he looked at the portrait, then stood up and moved closer to it. It seemed now as if her eyes were pleading, as if her lips were forming words, as if her hands—two slender lilies were stretched out for help. Bob shook his head. An illusion, of course, of the fire, of the thick shadows; but for a moment how real and alive she seemed!

Feeling a bit jarred, Bob lighted another cigarette, then piled more wood upon the fire, and settled again in his chair; but his eyes, fascinated again, sought the girl's face. Dad had loved her with the love that comes to a man once in a lifetime. With his own hands he had built this house for her. It was to be their home, and she was to step across this threshold as his bride. And then—!

Bob recalled the night his father had told him the story. He was spent and worn from his last illness, but it seemed to give him a certain pleasure to dwell on the past, talk about the girl of his heart, and to describe this house and the little town and the cronies of his boyhood. How quiet the room seemed, too far away for the noise of Main Street to penetrate it. Then Dad's voice, thin and frail, like his wasted body: "Two days before we were to be married, she went away without a word—just this note:

"I must go, I can't tell you why now. Some day you will know. My heart is broken. Will you still believe in me and in my love? Good-bye to you and to our little House of Dreams."

Dad's voice had broken. Bob had urged rest, but no, he had more to tell: "She was seen talking to a stranger once or twice at dusk. Neighbors said they could hear him pleading with her, and that she was crying. They were seen on the train together, leaving town. I guess I went a little 'off' after that. I had to get away. I couldn't bear the sight of the house; I hated it. I guess

my mind was broken, like my heart. Father Collins, the priest at the Chapel of St. Mary's, just opposite, he was her friend and was to have performed the ceremony. He talked to me, begged me to wait awhile, and said he believed in her. I came to the city, desperate and lonely. After five years, I married your mother, she was so good and kind. Now, Bob, I want you to go back this Christmas after I—promise you will live in the little house for a few days, a week perhaps. I've got a funny feeling that you—I don't know, it's just a sick man's notion—that through you love will come again to that house,—love and happiness and faith, and dreams come true."

Bob stirred in his chair. The fire had become red ashes now. Was that the door? The wind opening it, probably. He got up to close it, and then with a gasp of surprise stood rooted to the spot. There before him was the girl of the portrait! The same dark eyes, tremulous lips, the same lovely flushed cheeks!

"You!" he exclaimed, looking at the portrait—"it can't be!" He moved closer to her. "It can't be true!"

She smiled softly and nodded her head. "My mother." Her voice had all the beauty and haunting tenderness of exquisite music.

Bob listened, his heart pounding. What was it Dad had said about love coming again to the little house? It was all too good to be true, like a chapter in some romance.

"And you are his son?" the girl continued. "I knew you the minute I saw you. She always kept your father's picture on her desk."

"Isn't it the strangest thing?" Bob pondered. "Think of our being together here? And on Christmas Eve, in this house my father built for your mother."

"Strange!" she replied, looking around the room. Her face showed weariness, her eyes were dull.

"Forgive me," Bob begged; "you are

tired. Please, sit here. I'll have the fire going in a jiffy."

When she took off her coat, Bob noticed that the dress underneath was black, with a lace collar circling her white throat.

"Your mother," he asked gently, "is she—?"

Tears darkened her eyes. "Yes, six months ago. And your father?"

"About that time, too. Did she ask you to promise to come here this Christmas Eve?"

"Why, yes! How did you know?"

"And did she hope that through you love would come again to this house?"

She nodded. Was it the flame on her face that made it seem the color of a red rose? A great wave of joy overwhelmed Bob's heart. Love at first sight! How often he had mocked that saying. Now it was all true! He looked down at her in the big chair, like a weary child, her lashes curled over her eyes, her lips parted in a half-smile that promised—what? Bob dared to hope for great things.

"Please tell me your name. Mine is Bob Merton."

"And mine is the same as hers, Margaret Ainsley. Pull your chair to the fire—Bob." How quickly she smiled. "We're marooned here for a few hours, if I can judge that storm."

Bob hoped they'd be here forever, but he didn't tell Margaret.

"How much of the story do you know?"

Bob told her.

"There's a sequel to that. Too bad your father died, not knowing."

"What? Tell me, please."

"That the man the neighbors thought she ran away with was her brother, that he'd stolen funds from his company; that he came to her to save him from prison; that she beggared herself to pay back the money; that she was too proud to let your father know; too hurt by his silence; that she told no one."

"It's all so strange," Bob said again. How many times had he remarked that same thing!

A flurry of snow blew into the room. They turned. An old man, with silver hair sparkling with snowflakes, a thick cape thrown over his cassock, was smiling at them.

"I saw the smoke from the chimney, and was curious. You don't mind me, do you? I'm Father Collins of Saint Mary's."

Bob looked at Margaret and smiled.

"Why, no, Father, come in and welcome. Two guesses who we are."

Father Collins guessed right the first time. What a chat they had around the fire! How quickly friendship ripened! And when, an hour later, Father Collins left, there was an understanding smile on his kindly, wrinkled face.

"Merry Christmas to both of you!" he called from the doorstep. "Many of them in the little house!"

Bob gave his hand a good squeeze. "Merry Christmas!" It was going to be the happiest one of his life. Eagerly, he turned to Margaret. Her eyes were on the fire, filled with dreams that would come true this time.

"BECAUSE the Son of God is man and because the Infant born in Bethlehem was a Divine Person, the Immaculate Mary was declared to be the Mother of God; infinitely below God because she is a creature, infinitely above all other creatures because she is the Mother of God; her dignity exceeding that of all the creatures that God has ever made; her union with Him the closest than can be conceived save only the union of God-head and Manhood in the one person of her Divine Son; her sanctity surpassing that of all other creatures of His hands; immaculate in her conception and sanctified with an immensity of grace. Here is a dogma, and from this the Catholic Church has never suffered one hair's breadth of deviation."

Some Curious Christmas Customs

BY N. TOURNEUR.

THROUGHOUT the nations that are within the fold of the Catholic Church there are many curious Christmas customs. All of them have either a symbolical or directly plain meaning.

Of all kinds of music, vocal or instrumental, unsuitable for religious service, whistling would probably be put down by the majority of people as the most inappropriate. Yet in the Abruzzi district of Italy, it is the custom of the men attending the Midnight Mass to keep up a continual whistling during the services. Loudest of all do they whistle at the Elevation of the Host, in memory of the Shepherds' pipes at Bethlehem. In some of the Abruzzi villages the effect is still more increased by whistling through reeds dipped in a vessel of water placed in the church for the purpose.

In Rome, again, the same custom is kept up in some of the churches, particularly the church of Ara Cœli. There the voice of the priest and the soft music of the organ are almost drowned by the blowing of penny whistles specially bought for the same reason as inspires the efforts of the Abruzzians.

All visitors to Italy know of the *pifferari*, who, early in Advent, forsake their native mountains to wander through the towns and villages of Southern Italy to pipe and warble consolation and comfort to the Blessed Virgin in her expectation, and heralding with their strange, wild melodies at Christmastime the birth of the Prince of Peace.

Europe has an infinity of quaint Christmas customs. Thus throughout Northern Germany tables are spread and lights are left burning during the entire night, so that the Blessed Mother

and Child, with their attendant angel-escort, who pass when all are asleep, may find something to eat. In some parts of Austria, folk place candles in the windows in order that the Christ Child may not stumble as he passes on his way through the village. And in the Tyrol it is a general custom after the Christmas Eve supper, and before going to Midnight Mass, to leave a great bowlful of fresh milk on the table with spoons set around. Rather similar customs are observed in parts of Ireland and in the Catholic parts of the Scottish Highlands.

During the Holy Night, as it is called, the Christ Child is lighted on his way by candles burning in thousands of Irish homes, rich and poor. And the door is left ajar lest He seek within for food and shelter.

The Star of Bethlehem is connected with an interesting custom in Holland. The young men of the various towns get together and go from house to house, carrying a huge illuminated star, typical of the Star which lighted the Magi to the Holy Child. From the crowds which follow, as well as from each house, they collect alms. Afterwards they carry the collection to the burgomaster to be used for the poor of the district.

Perhaps, most curious of all, is the blessing of the boats, which takes place in several fishing villages and seaports of Greece on Christmas Morning. No seaman who happens to be ashore for the holidays will go to sea again before this has been accomplished. The priest goes to the end of the quay or pier, holding aloft a wooden cross, then tying a stone to it, he throws it into the water. Instantly all the men and boys who have gathered to witness the ceremony jump into the sea, with splashing dives, after the sacred emblem. There is a spirited struggle, and the cap is passed round for the benefit of him who, amidst great rejoicings, comes to the

surface bringing the cross. And he hands both to the priest.

In the south of France great happiness and good fortune are taken to come to him or her who is lucky enough to find a blossom of French honeysuckle. Of all Christmas legends the loveliest concerns it. Did not the French honeysuckle win its exquisite rose color when the Blessed Mother laid Our Lord in the Manger? This little plant was growing there, and as soon as the Infant rested upon it, the tiny flowers flushed with happiness, recognizing in Him the Creator of the world. And who of us does not recall the old, old belief that at midnight the bees awaken from their Winter sleep to hum songs of gladness in honor of His Coming, and that by the pure in heart they may still be heard just as the clock has struck the hour of His birth?

Next to Pure Reading Matter.

A lady, who was placed between a bishop and a rabbi at a public function, remarked, during a lull in the conversation: "I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testament." To which the rabbi, who had his wits with him, replied: "That page, madam, is usually a blank one." The editor of the *Southern Messenger*, who tells this story, does not mention anything that the lady may have said in reply. Probably she didn't say anything, because she couldn't think of anything brighter to say. For once, a woman didn't have the last word; it would have been hers, though, had there been one left.

MAY each Christmas as it comes find us more and more like Him who at this time became a child for our sake, more simple-minded, more humble, more holy, more affectionate, more resigned, more happy, more full of God!

—Cardinal Newman.

Are Catholics Also Indifferent?

BY L. R. W.

THE Catholic Rural Life Conference in its recent sessions did at least two remarkable things: It met for a serious and honest discussion of farm problems. This itself is an achievement, in view of the fact that the farm problem has seldom come before representative groups, except in an academic fashion. Of course, no one is so uninformed as to think that this Catholic society has a panacea for rural ailments or a way out of a financial crisis; but it has some exceedingly interesting human aids and palliatives to offer: for instance, it aims at a strong home life for rural people and a religious life well ministered to. Then it also made a plain statement of Catholic principle on temperance, and in this way reiterated the truth that good Catholics have always been for intelligent and sane temperance movements. Mindful of the best educational and psychological as well as religious experience, it recommended total abstinence to young men and women: "To protect our young people in the most susceptible period of their lives, we recommend the ancient and laudable custom of inviting our boys and girls to abstain from intoxicating liquor in honor of the Sacred Thirst of Jesus Christ on the Cross, to a period extending to manhood and womanhood."

Farmers themselves have in the past pretty steadily refused to organize, and even now are organized only in some areas and in some departments. You might say: "This is their own fault and their own loss." But it is partly the result of the scattered rural population, partly the result of the farmer's native independence and self-initiative; and it comes in part, too, from the farmer's distrust and dislike of labor as organized and capital as organized; an atti-

tude which, in the light of the financial strain that the farmer has thought that industry has kept him under, is explicable, and which, in the light of the historic war and the recent battles between capital and labor, is not exactly to be reprobated. What we should certainly like to see is some propaganda by Catholic weeklies on just this farm question.

Politicians need not take the problem up seriously, and aren't always in a position to take it up intelligently or disinterestedly, because the farmers form no closely-packed lobbying organization, and can generally be got to vote in view of some irreligious or wet-dry issue. Nor do the secular papers, big or little, bother their heads about farm problems; for example, during the milk war in Chicago and vicinity last Winter, even the W. G. N., if we remember rightly, did not carry an editorial line about the perilous procedure. And the farm journals, themselves, like the farm societies, naturally reach only farmers, and are unknown long before you get so far East as Pittsburg. How then is the nation to become rural-wise? How is the whole people to be informed on this group of large and central problems of American life? Not long ago we met an intelligent man who said he had not the slightest idea of what the farm problem is all about, and we can not think of any way in which such an honest man could find out the farm status.

Can anything, therefore, be done? Remember that the politicians and city dailies and weeklies are concerned only when they are 'concerned,' only when concern means votes or sales. Can the Catholic press do anything, or must Catholics in their great numbers and national unity do nothing? It is highly thinkable that, because of the largeness and intricacy and the relative newness of the problems, they can not. But we should like to think them willing to try, not waiting for votes or sales. Indeed,

we are happy to see at least one mid-western diocesan weekly say something on the subject. And the *Commonweal* and *America*, though their articles have not begotten any follow-up talk or discussion, have also said a word or two somewhere in the area of the problem. Well, for one thing we shall probably have the farm problem a good while with us, and it is reasonable to say that here is a wide open field for some strong organization, Catholic or not, religious or not, to do a religious and human work. The uphill, though, we hope, not impossible task, is to create a national interest in this national problem.

Peace.

Peace is the virtue which the Church implores for her children at this time. It is threefold—peace with God, with ourselves, and with our neighbor. The degrees of this virtue are quaintly pointed out—in curious order—by St. Bonaventure, to show how deeply the foundations of peace should be laid. He says:

"It is a high degree of peace to spare inferiors if they are in fault; it is a still higher degree to converse benignly with equals; it is the highest of all to conform one's will, in all things, to that of superiors. Again, it is a high degree of peace to trouble no one by our actions; it is a still higher degree to trouble no one by words, either to his face or behind his back; it is the highest of all to give no just occasion of offence to any one by signs or nods. Our Saviour Himself was in all these degrees, for He said: 'I am not come to do My own will.' Again, that man is in a high degree of peace who does not make known the faults of his neighbor; he is in a still higher who does not depreciate the virtue of his neighbor, but extols it; he is in the highest degree who compassionates his neighbor in his adversity and rejoices with him in his prosperity."

Notes and Remarks.

THE AVE MARIA extends to all its readers, contributors and patrons cordial greetings for Christmas and the New Year!

The Holy Father, Pius XI., in an address to the parish priests of Rome, complained bitterly of the attitude of the Fascist press in its discussion of Catholic subjects, and stated that Catholic newspapers in Italy are finding it more and more difficult to discuss Catholic interests. He described recent Fascist publications concerning the sphere of the Church and State as "reaching the heights of indiscretion and discourtesy." To the priests of Rome he appealed to see to it that good Catholics should lose no occasion to speak in defence of the rights of the Church, for "to be with Jesus Christ, one must be with the Pope and the Church with mind, heart and deeds." Our American press, we are glad to say, shows a willingness to make corrections when errors are pointed out.

The note of this country to Russia, advising that nation to make peace with China, has caused much comment here and abroad. Soviet officials answered with firmness and clearness that, peace terms being then under way, it seemed as if America wanted to bring pressure to bear and to dictate, that Russia fully respected international agreements, which, however, no nation nor group of nations was appointed to enforce, and that America had least right to speak since she had never particularly honored the Soviet Government. Our interference was termed "unfriendly" and our action was thought "amazing." Perhaps we were strictly on our own ground; some have offered defence of the pro-

cedure. We would only point out that if America made any mistake in the matter, or was imprudent or dictatorial, then the only possible way to begin righting the wrong is to admit it. We do not understand why a nation, or its first representatives, should resent criticism when this is warranted; and we do not understand why an official, as Secretary Stimson, for instance, should be afraid of either public criticism or self-criticism. It is an unhealthy and unnatural attitude that says that a high official can do no wrong, or that if he has done wrong the proper thing is to call the wrong right. Confession is decidedly good for the soul, and they are few who do not need it. If a nation or a group or an individual makes a mistake, the first step on the road toward correcting it is to say a mistake has been made. Befuddlement follows any other course.

The world moves. Two Minneapolis priests have obtained the approval of Most Reverend Austin Dowling, Archbishop of St. Paul, to popularize what will probably be the first Sunday edition of the Roman Missal. The service to subscribers will consist of a complete translation of each Sunday's Mass in its proper sequence from the first prayer at the foot of the altar to the final prayer after Mass, a presentation which could not be attempted in regular prayer-book form without the penalty of prohibitive bulkiness. The booklet will be mailed quarterly, but will be in separate Sunday units under the general title of "The Leaflet Missal." The novelty of this newspaper type of prayer-book service may not appeal to all, but it will certainly bring relief to the many who have been trying to solve the combinations of some missals now on the market. Any Catholic who can read can follow a leaflet-missal of this sort easily and with great profit. Not only

will it enable him to unite himself most intimately with the priest in the Holy Sacrifice, but it will bring him also into firsthand contact with this treasure house of prayer and of Catholic history, which has hitherto been somewhat of a mystery to Catholic eyes. If we may be allowed a word to the good Fathers who devised this service for the laity, we would like to suggest a study of the possibilities of a similar service for the clergy in their daily recitation of the Divine Office. Catholics who are interested in this latest help in following the Sunday Mass, can address the Editor of the Leaflet Missal at the Chancery Building, 244 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

One will turn many pages and listen in on many programs before he finds a more direct and intelligible statement of the duty of nations to recognize God than the following passage from the sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. John Cartwright, of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, at the Pan-American Mass there on Thanksgiving Day:

The State, constituted as it is, is clearly bound to act up to the manifold and weighty duties linking it to God, by the public profession of religion. Nature and reason, which command every individual to worship God in holiness, bind also the civil community by a like law. For men living together in society are under the power of God no less than individuals are; and society, not less than individuals, owes gratitude to God, who gave it being and maintains it, and whose ever-bounteous goodness enriches it with countless blessings. It is a public crime to act as though there were no God.

We have from time to time had occasion to warn our readers of impostors who in the guise of a priest or a religious have preyed upon the innocence of nuns and devout persons in the world.

Not long ago such a man, impersonating a priest from Notre Dame, was collecting Masses to be said in the Novitiate. We have recently received a letter from the Rev. Provincial of the Passionists asking us to warn our readers—Sisters in particular—that a man, garbed as a priest, is going about the country posing as a Passionist priest. He has been using the names of "Father Berchmans, Provincial of the Passionist Order," and "Father Timothy Hurley, C. P." He preys upon convents, selling relics of the Little Flower and other saints, requesting Gregorian Masses, promising to bring prospective candidates for the various Orders, and suggesting that he give spiritual conferences, etc. He also claims to have power from the Holy See to impart Plenary Indulgences on crucifixes.

Sisters and lay people can be safe in such cases by calling up the chancery office of their dioceses, and acting only on the advice of that ecclesiastical authority.

One of the most convincing and most dramatic proofs of the divinity of God's Church is the spectacle of the martyr's tribute. Hence the conversions which have generally followed in the wake of persecutions. Catholics who think that the days of persecution are over must live in a very Catholic community indeed. Ordinarily every Catholic must suffer some persecution for his beliefs. That persecution is all the more difficult to withstand because it is a constant and wearing thing, with little of the romantic or the heroic about it to thrill one with his own accomplishment. Eyes are watching, however, and ears are listening for heroic professions of faith or for just as cowardly denials when peace or plenty are concerned. Ordinarily the results of that watching and listening will register themselves in the growing or decreasing list of con-

verts in a particular community. Those converts in turn must give their own testimony to Christ, and often it is a painful testimony they must render. Only those who have actually walked the Calvary that converts frequently have to walk, can appreciate how really cruel this modern, bloodless form of martyrdom can be. Sometimes the saddest thing about it all is the indifference and the little, thoughtless cruelties which Catholics all unknowingly visit upon the sensitive souls of converts. A word of welcome, a kindly direction, a neighborly call will frequently soften the pains which converts must suffer as a penalty for changing their religious affiliations, particularly when that change is in the direction of the Catholic Church.

It is a bit amusing to find that French students, who proverbially are so much more accurate in their knowledge than the American who divides his study time so generously with dancing and dates, sometimes nod and return strange answers in their examinations. A French magazine lists a number of such answers which surprised and amused, if they did not painfully shock, the professors.

One question asked was: "Can you tell why Napoleon I. detested the English?" The young candidate replied: "It was because they were responsible for his death at St. Helena."

Another student, apparently not familiar with the geography of the New World, was asked: "How long does it take to go by rail from Halifax to Vancouver?"—"That depends," he replied, "on the speed of the train."

It is a good thing that God Himself determines the membership qualifications to citizenship in heaven. If it were left to some of our fellow-citizens, the regulations would probably require that all entrants be white, Protestant, and Nordic, with perhaps a certain rating

in the social Blue Book. Fortunately, God isn't quite so particular about the pigment of one's skin, or the particular degree of latitude and longitude in which one was born, or about the skill with which one can handle the lorgnette. And so, from our slums, our prisons, our colored districts, from savage villages and leper hospitals, a steady line of souls are marching to glory on the single ticket of having white souls, or at least of having cleansed them white by penitential practices. Some church people, however, would like to draw the color line on salvation. About a month ago a certain church rector announced on Sunday that thereafter Negroes would not be welcome as a part of his congregation—and would the Negroes please attend the churches that had been provided for them? On that occasion a colored woman arose and left the church in tears—and then the services of those people who called themselves Christian, went on under the leadership of a man who called himself a Minister in a building which somewhere on the outside was labelled a church.

And now the Associated Press tells us that the council of a church in Detroit refuses the petition of membership to two Negroes who for years have been faithful worshippers along with the regular congregation. In this case, however, the Pastor dignifies his office by rebuking his errant parish officials for their very unchristian action, which he apparently has not been able to prevent. In offering his resignation he says: "To refuse church membership to any one not of the same race is to deny the most obvious teaching of Jesus, and to give the ethical sanctions of Christianity to race prejudice." While there are conditions which sometimes recommend the encouragement of Negro congregations, there is never any excuse for any white man to even suggest that he has any rights or privileges spiritu-

ally which are not equally the rights and privileges of the colored man. There is no color line in the Catholic Church, and while we may have colored congregations in colored districts, we have no Jim Crow churches anywhere. So well is this known generally that when Wendell Phillips once visited St. Peter's and heard a colored priest preaching there, he wrote the following to a friend in this country:

I listened to the music, and as it died away, standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon, pronounced in faultless English; and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a full-blooded Negro, preaching the Gospel; and I said: "Nowhere else could I have witnessed such a scene but in the Catholic Church." All honor to such democracy! all honor to the College of Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization!

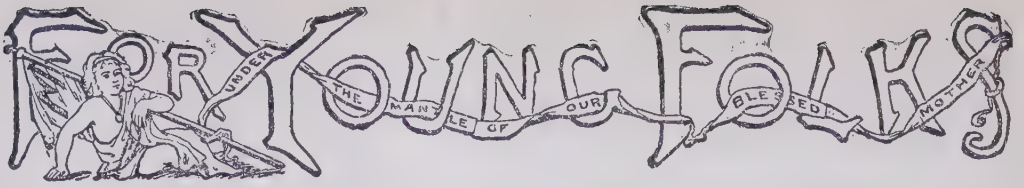
One wonders whether in the vivid and fine peroration of his message, the President did not have in mind an ideal and far-off America, or maybe some foreign country. He touched lightly on topics of which we are tired, but on which perhaps something was expected, such as Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, Grazing on Public Lands, Floods, Foreign Debts, and Postoffice Deficit. He had leaned long and heavily on Prohibition and the need of larger Federal prisons, the present ones being overloaded and the post-Volsteadian being a "criminal." Then he sailed into that smooth and packed conclusion which leaves us inquiring whether Mr. Hoover does not try to turn December into the Fourth of July. He announced:

The test of the rightfulness of our decisions must be whether we have sustained and advanced the ideals of the American people; self-government in its foundations of local government; justice whether to the indi-

vidual or to the group; ordered liberty; freedom from domination; open opportunity and equality of opportunity; the initiative and individuality of our people; prosperity and the lessening of poverty; freedom of public opinion; education; advancement of knowledge; the growth of religious spirit; the tolerance of all faiths; the foundations of the home and the advancement of peace.

A painting, done by Shreyer and reprinted by the W. G. N., of horses running madly from a flaming barn, seems to represent the very opposite of what horses in such an instance, as a matter of fact, do. The mistake is the equal of the painting that has horses getting up on the hind legs first, or cows getting up on the fore legs first. Such things simply are not done in life, though they have a place in a false sort of fiction. Horses stay within the burning barn, and perish with it. The owner can perhaps succeed in dragging them out and tying them at a safe distance, but if they can they will break loose and run back into their stalls. This is what they do in nature; and we think they ought to be given credit for abandoning on this one occasion what is known as good horse-sense.

The diamond jubilee of the announcement of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated by special articles in nearly all Catholic papers. But we have not yet seen a weekly that surpassed the *Baltimore Catholic Review* in this matter. It carried articles by Bishop Shahan, on Mary as Queen of Art; Father Garesché, S. J., on Sodalists of Mary; Father Wm. Maddock, C. M., on Mary's Medal; a Sister of Mercy, on Hymns in Mary's Honor; Father J. H. O'Sullivan, on Shrines of Mary; Father Bernard A. McKenna, on the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception; and Father Ignatius Smith, O. P., on the Meaning of the Immaculate Conception.



Children's Night.

BY RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS.

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,
I think the children knew;
They could not come with gifts of spice,—
That was not theirs to do;
But in their cradles, soft and white,
I think they smiled on Christmas night.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
The children's hearts were gay;
They could not follow where the Star
In golden glory lay.
But when, afar, they saw its light,
I think they smiled on Christmas night.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
It always seems to me,
The little children knew He slept
On Holy Mary's knee.
And while their mothers held them tight,
I think they smiled on Christmas night.

"Waste."

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

IVILL locate mine market across from a bank. Come Saturdays und in dere goes pay checks und out dere comes money; then by mine market can it be spent!" A strong disbeliever in waste motion was Mr. Gonorowsky. His shrewd foresight had as usual paid him dividends. But no Saturday trade throughout the whole of the year had equalled this certain Tuesday evening, for it was the night before Christmas.

"I need an extra poy, a goot voiker vat vill vaste by me nothings," he was informing a pale-faced applicant. "You look more young, but not so healthy as mine other clerks."

"Let me try, Sir. You won't regret it, and—I need the money."

"Vell, then, with a dollar und a half I hires you for this evening's voik. The store closes at nine unless customers still are coming."

The advertisement said two dollars, but Micky gratefully accepted the chance to earn. A week ago when he had been dismissed from the County hospital a position was offered him in the office of a new law firm opening on the twenty-sixth. "But unfortunately," Micky was thinking, "there is still this evening and Christmas Day to live through, and I am hungry."

Staunch friends had he back in his home town, but Death had taken his remaining relative just one year ago to-morrow,—his dear old mother. They had been such pals that the lonely son found himself dreading this succeeding Christmas Day as he had never dreaded anything before in all his life.

Mr. Gonorowsky's voice broke in upon his thoughts. "Mind I vill stand for vaste in nothings," he cautioned.

So Micky, who had not eaten in over twenty-four hours tackled the job of weighing and dispensing groceries to happy, well-fed families intent upon their morrow's feast.

"Cranberries?—Two pounds for a quarter.—Yes, Madam, I'll be glad to wrap all your bundles into one.—Poultry seasoning?—Ten cents a can.—Sorry, lady! Yes, I know you've been waiting a long time. I will be with you in just a minute." Thus it went.

During the first two hours, Micky's every customer was met and dismissed with a smile. Then his ebbing strength became unequal to the added effort. His face grew whiter, his breath shorter.

Scenes from long ago Christmas Eves passed through his mind like pictures on a screen. Himself a child, his little mittened hand clasped in his mother's larger one as they walked home from Midnight Mass. Beneath their rubbers the squeaky sound of munching snow; beneath the snow the thought of Spring peepers lying there asleep; above them, the starry sky where angels faithfully kept watch from out their countless windows.

Reluctantly his mind came back to this present Christmas Eve, but particularly to his haunting dread of spending to-morrow—the first anniversary of his mother's death—alone. If only he had some friend in this strange city, ran Micky's thoughts, some one who might offer to let him share the warmth of his Christmas fireside, as his mother had so often shared hers in days gone by. But he knew no one.

From across the room the boy's dazed eyes encountered the frowning gaze of Mr. Gonorowsky. Abruptly, then, his thoughts returned to his customers, as he surveyed them with reel-ing senses. "Why did they find it necessary to buy so much? What a *waste* it was! Hadn't they ever known hunger?" Micky wondered. "Stark, gnawing hunger, such as he was knowing now. Didn't they realize that there waited in a loaf of bread, a hunk of meat, a cup of coffee, a most glorious satisfaction?"

Just then a striking looking pair entered the market for a last-minute purchase. They were brother and sister on their way to confession next door at Saint Agnes'. They carried their fair heads high and radiated youth, but they had been blind since birth. As it was near closing time and the people hurried, the blind Barabeau twins, as they were called, received little notice. Besides, they were not an unusual sight around the neighborhood, having

attended regularly at St. Agnes' for years.

But with Micky, it was different; he thought them the bravest, and most beautiful sight he had ever seen. It was an almost personal pride he felt in these two strangers, so near his own age, as he watched them, arm in arm, tap their way to a secluded corner, and there quietly stand, prepared to wait in patience upon the pleasure of some clerk.

The swallow Micky gave was no longer due to viewing groceries on an empty stomach; neither was the sudden contraction within him caused from hunger. His face transformed, he made for the pair only to bump into the interfering figure of Mr. Gonorowsky.

"Und didn't I tolds you not to vaste mine time? They can't see, those blind twins! I vants you should vait on mine customers mit eyes, so that they don't get mad by me, und to someone else, their money take. Und one more thing—I vants that you safe that so pleasant smile for mine customers mit eyes. It makes by them a free-er feeling in their pocket-books. This last hour your smiles they got lost. Now mind you don't vaste a single vun on *blind* peoples!"

Micky stared aghast at his heated employer. He remembered how great was his need of money. If he deliberately disobeyed this command, perhaps his wages might be delayed. He didn't have the strength to knock Mr. Gonorowsky down to get them either. He must have money for food. If he could hold tight only a few moments more, his wages would be due him.

Mr. Gonorowsky was watching, without seeming to, the opening and closing of Micky's fists. Then he was brusquely pushed aside while the boy, descendant of a visionary mother and soldier father, strode past him.

"Something I may do for you?" Micky

asked as he bent his gaze upon the sightless pair; and never before had his smile been so brilliant. Its penetrating warmth carried a secret message to the blind twins whose finer sight, unlike the other customers, was unblunted by enforced encounter with exteriors.

While Micky departed for their purchase, the girl asked her brother, "Do you feel as I do, that we have found our Christmas guest?"

"Yes," he answered. "Let's ask him if he wouldn't like to come for dinner, and stay for carols in the evening."

"Mother and Dad have always approved of our choice before, but I believe they will do more than that this time," the girl murmured enthusiastically.

So Micky, upon his return, accepted with amazement the Christmas invitation which his smile had brought, while across the room the glaring Mr. Gonowsky fumed: "Oie! Oie! Vat a vaster!"

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

X.—THE KING GETS RID OF HIS CROWN.

JOAN lifted a big white bag down onto the kitchen table. "Lots of starch, was that what you said?"

"Yes, lots of starch and hot water and clothes-pegs," said Grown-up Grisel. "That's all that we need to banish forever the hobgoblin hump. We'll starch it away, Joan."

Grisel drew the curtains close because the children of the town were hanging over her garden wall, so full of curiosity they were to know what was happening inside her house. And when the water was hot she dipped the Brownie into it and then she starched him, pulling him gently into his right shape, and after that she carried him out into the garden and hung him up on the clothes-line to dry. There he swung gently to and fro in the breeze, only waiting to

dry in order to become once more a real Brownie,—but he had to be *thoroughly* dry.

In their homes, the townspeople were cheerfully plastering their bumps and their bruises. Their bodies might ache still, but at least their minds were at peace now that there was no longer a stealthy hobgoblin lying in wait to play tricks on them, or a violent policeman ready to belabor them with his baton. On the strength of this contented frame of mind they paid one another compliments, and said how well everyone had acted during that most distressful period in the history of their town. And moreover they said what a comfort it was to see the Days of the Week behaving properly.

Thursday, it seemed—greedy Thursday—was really turning over a new leaf and giving the other Days a chance. He had retired into his house to let Friday walk abroad; and as soon as Friday's turn was over quite in order came Saturday,—and after Saturday, Sunday.

And all this time the Brownie swung back and forth on Grisel's clothes-line, for he was not yet *thoroughly* dry. He enjoyed himself on the clothes-line, and indeed he had plenty of company to make the time pass quickly. The children came from far and near to inspect this curiosity,—a Brownie washed and starched and hanging up to dry just as though he were a pinafore or a petticoat. They amused him by pulling faces and making up songs, and they gave him the news of the hour. Grisel stayed with him, too, all day, all day; and in the night Saturday came because he had a fat, comfortable shoulder, and that was how the Brownie slept—leaning his head on Saturday's shoulder. Oh, he had quite a nice time on Grisel's clothes-line!

Then it was Monday and then it was Tuesday, and then at last it was Wednesday (beautiful Wednesday), with

the sun shining and the birds singing.

At the first light of morning Joan jumped out of bed and ran to waken Michael and Grisel. "The green Day has really come at last."

"Wake up, it's my little mother's birthday. Oh, hurry and come to my mother's house,—she expects us!"

"I can not leave the Brownie, little Miss Honeybunch," said Grown-up Grisel.

"Then the Brownie must come too, because my mother mustn't be disappointed. She expects us," Joan insisted, "and we won't go without you, Grisel."

She hurried out to the garden to tell the Brownie about her mother's birthday, but the Brownie himself had something very important to tell and gave her no chance to talk. He was wriggling with all his might to get his shoulders free of the clothes-pegs and bubbling over with delight.

"I'm as dry as a bone, as dry as a bone—I'm starched and stiff and dry as a bone. Oh, look and see how beautifully Grown-up Grisel has starched me! I'm into my right shape again, and there's no hump. Oh, who wouldn't be me if they could!"

What an amount of fuss he made when Joan released him from the clothes-pegs, and put him standing on his feet! He pranced round the garden, he puffed like a steam-engine, he brayed like an ass, he whistled like a canary, and in between all these funny noises he never stopped talking, he never stopped running. He blew kisses to Grisel and confessed himself ashamed of his badness, promising to bring back her five baby cousins with all speed. He ran to the Days of the Week and apologized to Sunday, but laughed at the others for having been so silly as to listen to his hobgoblin whispers. He raced to the Castle and at the nursery door bumped into the melancholy Mr. Silver-Stick-in-Waiting.

"Congratulate me," he shouted, "I'm a real Brownie again! How's everything here?"

Mr. Silver-Stick sighed heavily. "Capital—capital! The Royal Child's ideas become more and more original. The people are being teased and tormented in the most advanced and up-to-date manner. All is well!" And he sighed again.

"Then why sigh, Mr. Silver-Stick?"

"Merely in happiness, I assure you, Brownie,—merely in happiness. I rejoice to see the Governess allowed so much unnecessary freedom. But who knows! In the Royal Child's new zeal, the Governess may yet find herself banished, perhaps to Denmark. Oh, yes; all is well here! The Queen has ceased to appear at Court. Once more she considers it imperative to drown her sorrows in the dancing-class. And the King,—well, see for yourself his Majesty."

The Brownie turned and saw the King. He was creeping along the passage on hands and knees, his new crown dangling on a piece of string around his neck and the old comfortable one perched on the back of his head.

"I'm a bear," whispered the King in a feeble, un-bearlike voice. "I'm a lion, I'm an elephant, I'm the whole zoo. I'm going to eat everyone up, I'm going to—oh, dear me, here I am at the very door of the nursery! Much too dangerous a place for any wild animal."

He was making off as fast as he could on all fours, but it was not quite fast enough. The Royal Child flounced out of the nursery just in time to catch him.

"Ah, there you are, Papa! The very person I'm looking for. Come quickly! The tapioca pudding is being served; it's all burned to-day and there's lots of pepper in it."

"Wild beasts don't eat puddings," mumbled the King over his shoulder.

"I'm a wild cow, You'd better beware of me."

"A wild cow, Papa? That's lovely! I've never had any sort of a cow in my nursery. Come, Wild Cow."

This time the King's growl was pitiful to hear. The Brownie felt sorry for him.

"Let me come into your nursery too, Royal Child," he said.

Until the Brownie spoke the Royal Child had not noticed him, but now with a cry of surprise she dashed back into the nursery, and slammed the door after her, so much did she dread being invited to make another exchange of her Bad Qualities for his good ones.

The Brownie chuckled. "I thought she wouldn't welcome *me*. Come, Wild Cow, let's get away in safety while we can."

He leaped on to the King's back, shouted good-bye to Mr. Silver-Stick (who was still sighing and moaning), and left the Castle at an unsteady gallop.

Indeed, this Wild Cow had such a peculiar stride that the Brownie was in danger of being pitched onto his nose any number of times. However, he managed to cling on until they reached the Lane of Long Ago. There he cried "Wow!" which jerked the Wild Cow to a standstill.

"We must wait now for Grisel and the Earth children. What do Wild Cows do to pass the time while they're waiting for people?"

"If nobody's looking they weep," sniffed the King, and evidently accounting the Brownie for a nobody he promptly took off his old crown and wept into it, lamenting the wonderful life he had lived as a policeman. It was better to be a Wild Cow than a King,—but oh, the darling lost joys of being a policeman!

During the recital of these woes who should come hurrying down the lane but the Lost Property Man. He was very

excited, very worried and he was saying to himself: "Lost again! Lost again! Did anyone ever hear of such a careless King. Always getting lost. And here am I interrupted in the midst of my busy morning and made to tear around the town looking for him. Oh, wait till I find him! I'll put him in the cupboard with the Governess' temper, and that'll keep him in order if anything will!"

He had a high-pitched voice, and so every word was heard by the poor King, who trembled and did not know whether to run for his life, or to wipe away his tears and resume the dignity of a Wild Cow.

But he did neither. Instead he whispered desperately to himself: "I'll pretend to be brave." And he started showing off, ambling along the pathway in front of the Lost Property Man, and snorting and bucking.

"Ha-ha! So here you are!" yelled the Lost Property Man, very excited; "I've tracked you, have I? You come straight away with me to my office. Follow behind! Do as I say,—follow behind!"

Pretending to be indifferent to these words which really terrified him, the King increased his antics, leaping up into the air right over the Lost Property's Man's head, and then racing around him on hands and knees, thus hoping to scare him away.

He did not scare him away, but he did make him dizzy. The Lost Property Man shut his eyes, he reeled from side to side, but he never forgot his job.

"I'm the Lost Property Man, one in a million. I'll get you home to my office all right, and there won't be another escape in a hurry. I'll tie a label on you, that I will."

But he was so dizzy that when he went to tie the label on the King he found himself tying it on the Brownie's neck, or on to the Brownie's ankle or on to the Brownie's elbow; and by the time he had untied these knots quite a lot of

people had gathered,—Grown-up Grisel and the Earth children among them.

"Who wants my crown?" asked the King, pitching it into the centre of the crowd. To himself he said craftily: "Without my crown he won't recognize me,—he's too dizzy."

Which was perfectly correct. The Lost Property Man made a grab at the crown, but gave a whine of disappointment on finding that there was no head inside it.

"He's escaped me! Where is he? Don't let him get away, you people! Oh, he's gone again! But anyway I'll find *someone*, I'll march *someone* home for my collection of lost articles. Whose head fits this crown? Whoever fits into it is the King."

"Try my head," said the King promptly, knowing that the crown had never been a good fit.

The Lost Property Man placed the crown on the King's head, and everyone laughed to see it flop down over his ears.

Then all the people tried it on. It fitted ten of them.

"Ten kings!" worried the Lost Property Man. "What in the world am I to do with ten kings? That's worse than having none at all."

"Give me the crown, please," said a small voice, "it's my birthday to-day, and if I had a real crown like that we could play kings and queens at my birthday-party."

"What's that?" demanded the Lost Property Man. "Who spoke?"

"Why, it's my mother! I mean, my little mother," cried Joan, awfully excited to see her little mother again.

Betty it was, only six years old to-day in this strange land, but at home a grown-up lady and their mother. It was very peculiar.

"I thought you might forget to come," explained Betty catching Joan's hand, "so I came to look for you. Please ask the man to give me the crown and

then we can play kings and queens."

"Here, my dear," said the King readily, handing it to her. "Take it and be happy."

At this a howl of annoyance rose from the ten who wanted to be kings. They would have snatched it away from the little girl only that the King protected her by his capering and bucking; that was quite enough to startle them and cause them to edge away to the side of the road. The King delighted in frightening them, but at the same time he knew it was wiser for him to be moving off; he could not feel really safe so close to the Lost Property Man.

"Please will all of you come to my party?" Betty asked politely in her small voice.

"Charmed, my dear," said the King.

Nobody else accepted her invitation, for the general interest of the crowd had swerved to the Lost Property Man, who had just discovered that he himself was lost.

He was wringing his hands. "Good gracious, however in the world did that happen. I haven't an idea where I am. Oh, please, someone tie a label on me; that will be some kind of security."

The King gave a satisfied wink over his shoulder. "What a good thing! If he's lost himself he won't want to bother any more about me." In his relief he tossed Betty onto his back, and behaving again like a wild cow he careered and bounded along the road. The Brownie raced beside him, turning somersaults every now and again for Betty's amusement; Michael and Joan and Grown-up Grisel followed after.

To keep the King in sight they had to move pretty quickly, for he was going at a furious pace; but no speed was too quick for Grisel now. She knew the Brownie was on his way to fetch her cousins, and so she danced instead of walking, and dropped curtsies to Joan, and danced again, and all but blew

along the road that presently led them out of the Lane of Long-Ago.

All of a sudden the King stopped. He had reached a closed gate. It was the same gate which had given Michael and Joan admittance to the Land Time Wronged, and on the other side of it lay the garden of their own house.

"Hullo! We're home!"

"So soon," murmured Joan, disappointed.

Michael suggested: "Let's bring Betty up to the house and introduce her to mother."

Joan agreed that that would be fun all right. To Betty she explained: "It would be fun to introduce you to our mother because you see you *are* our mother. And let the King and Grown-up Grisel come too."

But Grisel hung back. "I would be afraid, little Miss Honeybunch."

Joan was in the act of lifting her little mother over the gate when all at once a pounding of feet echoed behind them, and they turned to see the little girl's powerful nurse come striding towards them. She looked more than ever like a soldier, with her stiff man's collar and her line of brass buttons down the middle of her dress.

"A nice way to galavant this is," she scolded in her hollow voice, "on your birthday too, when you know you have to have your hair put up in rags. Home, madam,—hear me? Quick march, left-right, step it out,—left-right, left-right, left-right, left-right!"

It happened so rapidly—her coming, her grabbing Betty (so astonished!) by the shoulder, her marching off with the little girl,—that she was away up the road with her before anyone had time to say a word. And then it was too late to do anything, for Betty was fading out of sight, the sound of her little footsteps—left-right, left-right,—echoing faintly above the heavy tread of the dragon.

Joan wept in her disappointment.

"I've waited so long for Wednesday,—and there she's gone again!"

"Cheer up," smiled the Brownie; "now that you know the way you can easily come and see her lots of times. She's always having birthday parties,—every Wednesday at half-past three." He was jiggling impatiently from one foot to the other, so badly did he want to hurry and find Grisel's cousins.

"And I shall be waiting here too, another day for Michael and you, little Miss Honeybunch," said Grown-up Grisel, "and then you shall have the exceeding great pleasure of meeting my five baby cousins."

She kissed Joan's tears away and shook hands with Michael, and then Joan climbed the gate wondering what her father and mother were going to say to this long absence.

She followed Michael and the Brownie across the grass, while behind her at the gate Grisel, happy in the anticipation of regaining her lost treasures, tilted her head and sang in her sweet, high voice, and all the rabbits popped up out of their holes to listen, so beautifully did Grown-up Grisel sing.

Then the King, feeling himself now neither wild cow nor tame cow, got up on to his feet, and from force of habit (and also because he found Grisel's voice so touching), took off his battered crown and wept into it.

(Conclusion next week.)

As time rolled on, all through His hidden life, during those thirty long years, divided between the exile of Egypt and the obscurity of Nazareth, Mary shared with the God-Man who dwelt beneath her lowly roof and loved to humble Himself before her as His Mother, every sentiment, every desire of His heart. But it was upon the heights of Calvary that Mary truly consummated her claim to the title conferred on her, "Our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

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—"General Confession Made Easy," by Rev. A. Konings, C. SS. R., a second revised edition of which is published by Benziger Brothers, is a small booklet giving in the form of question and answer the Catholic teaching regarding general confession. Price, 25c.

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—"The Sacred Passion," by the Rev. Charles F. Blount, S. J., is a slim volume containing fifty meditations on the Passion of Our Lord. It is a handy volume for Lenten meditation or for spiritual reading. Running through the book are a number of hymns that suggest affections for the meditations. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Anyone who has read the delightful paragraphs printed weekly over the name "Nestor," in the London Catholic *Times* will be glad to hear they have been published in permanent form. They are from the pen of the Rt. Rev. Sir D. O. Hunter Blair, Bt., O. S. B., Abbot of Dunfermline, and are published in book form, under the title "Memories and Musings." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) The book contains eighty-three short essays,—delightful, chatty comment on a wide variety of subjects, full of erudition, scholarly criticism, good-natured raillery and a contagious humor that gives sprightliness and interest to the driest subject. A few of the chapter headings will give some idea of the variety of the subjects treated: "Some Mid-Victorian Converts"; "Cathedral Concert Halls"; "On Centenarians

—and Nearly"; "English Wine from English Grapes"; "Why Don't Men Go to Church?"; "A Prospective Pope in Scotland"; "The Creative Faculty in Woman"; "Chalices in the Apostolic Age"; "Immortality, Limited."

—"Soldiering for Cross and Flag," by Celestine N. Bittle, O. M. Cap., is a narrative of life behind the lines as seen through the eyes of a Catholic Chaplain in the World War. The Capuchin author, in presenting his experiences, does so with a real understanding of the finer qualities of manhood which existed so sincerely under the somewhat rough exterior of our soldiery. The book is singularly lacking in what we might call the gruesome, chiefly perhaps because the author never actually realized his ambition of getting within the range of the big guns. It is replete, however, with the heroism of suffering which the Chaplain was privileged to observe in his hospital and prison-camp service. Perhaps the best thing about the book is its intimate glimpse of soldier life which enables us to look deep into the healthy heart of the American soldier boy. Father Bittle writes well throughout, but his description of the armistice celebration of the soldiers and citizens is particularly well done. Publisher, The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee.

—The valuable work of the United States Catholic Historical Society in publishing from time to time monographs dealing with interesting phases of Catholic American history can not be too highly recommended. The result of careful historical research by specialists, these papers give to Catholic readers trustworthy documents telling the story of the Church's struggle in this country, and the noble achievement of the Catholic clergy and laymen in days that were pioneer. The nineteenth volume edited by Thomas F. Meehan, Percy J. King and Henry Ridder contains a number of very interesting papers. There is the "Codex Saville: America's Oldest Book," done in hieroglyphics and giving the story of the Mexican rulers from 1422-1520. It is now

published for the first time by the Rev. Mariano Cuevas, S. J. There is an interesting paper on "The Centenary of American Catholic Fiction," by Thomas F. Meehan, a survey of the first story writers in prose and poetry; an essay on the "Beginnings of Government in Maryland," by Grace H. Sherwood; and the story of Prince Gallitzin, and Mother Elizabeth Gallitzin, who was prominent in connection with the founding of the first Sacred Heart convent in New York, is contributed by Thomas F. Meehan under the title "Two Pioneer Russian Missionaries." This is a volume that should be in every Catholic library. It is the story of the Catholic heritage of heroic example that our Catholic forefathers have left to inspire and energize the men and women of this modern day. Published by the United States Catholic Historical Society.

—There is no study that has occupied the minds of men more continuously or more absorbingly than the life of Our Divine Lord. His character and the record of His words and deeds have stirred the hearts of His devout followers, and given eloquence to their reflections upon them; while the unbelievers and the enemies of Christianity have made that record the target of their attacks from the earliest days of the Church. Every year finds that story told anew, sometimes by scholars, sometimes by devout writers or preachers who are not specialists in Scriptural study. The B. Herder Book Company has just published the third and last volume of "The Life of Christ," by the Rev. L. C. Fillion, S. S., translated into English by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S. T. D. This work is a distinct addition to our Biblical literature, bringing, as it does, the result of long and patient study and research by a thorough Biblical scholar. The author follows strictly the sacred text; but his vast knowledge of Eastern tradition and Jewish custom, his familiarity with the Greek and Semitic languages, with the commentaries of the Greek and Latin Fathers, interpret the text fully, and fill in the picture in a masterly way. There is not, perhaps, the balanced style and rhythmic eloquence of, say Fouard, Didon or Le Camus, but there is a simple solemnity like the Scriptures them-

selves; and one feels a sense of completeness and thoroughness in the whole narrative. The objections of rationalists are considered and answered with cool but destructive criticism. Preachers will find valuable material in these volumes; and a table giving the references in the "Life" to the Gospels of the Sundays and the principal feasts of the year will be of great help. We hope this work will find a place in every seminary library and on the shelves of the clerical bookcases. For the layman, these books offer a wide reading in apologetic, dogmatic and moral literature. Price, \$4.



Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Sister Mary Elizabeth, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary of St. Marguerite, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Euphrasia, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary of the Dolours, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Gertrude of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Bridget McDonald, Mr. Thomas Keegan, Mr. Harry Reilly, Mr. R. J. Sheehan, Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, Mr. Henry T. Thomas, Mr. Louis Meyer, Mr. Patrick Heery, Mrs. Mary E. McLoughlin, Dr. John L. Kelly, Mr. John J. Coyle, Mr. Daniel Shea, Mrs. Ellen Smith, Mrs. Mary Shieler, Mrs. Margaret Crowley, Miss Helen E. Riordan, Mr. Harry J. McCormack, Mr. P. F. Kelly, Miss Nellie Murray, Mr. John Griffin, Mr. John McGreeny, Mr. Michael Griffin, Mrs. William Daley, Mrs. John McGreevey, Mrs. Heduman, Miss Anna O'Connor, Mr. Leon Guidry, Miss Mamie Guidry, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. L. F. Voigt, Mrs. Alice Berry, and Mrs. J. A. Jefferson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



Our Contribution Box.

For the Sisters of Charity in China: J. E. Mulhall, \$3.50; Helena Holthouse, \$2.50; A. Friend, \$5; Antoinette Demuling, \$10; M. A. Ryan, \$5; A. W. Redman, \$10; Emma M. Steiner, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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Heritage.

BY SARAH LITSEY.

WHAT more could earth have given him
than these

Gifts that are older than the age of man?
The comradeship of time-leaguered trees,
A wide horizon that his eye may scan
Calm and untroubled by what lies beyond;
The pulse of sunlight in the flower's stem,
The flood of life that stirs the fern's slim frond,
The eager seeds—and he is one with them.

These are his heritage, nor will he ask
More from the years that knew his stubborn
toil.

Here is his reaping from the patient task,—
This firm, unfaltering answer of the soil,
This ageless hope of ever-yielding sod,
The eternal promise which—at last—is God.

Columba: "The Dove of the Cells."

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ST. COLUMBA, who, "after St. Patrick, was the most striking figure in Celtic history," is almost too well known for his story to need repetition here; it is, therefore, with some of the very interesting and charming Irish legends that we chiefly concern ourselves; for these same legends, which linger so lovingly upon his childhood and youth, and indeed upon his whole wonderful career, are always distinguished by "a high and pure morality." They tell us, too, how this chosen soul, whose entire life has been called "a miracle of grace," was

accustomed from his earliest years to the heavenly visions which occupy so large a place in his existence here below. We read that his Guardian Angel often appeared to him; and the child asked if all the angels in heaven were as young and radiant as he. When older, Columba was invited by the same angel to choose among all the virtues those he would like best to possess. "I choose," he immediately replied, "chastity and wisdom."

About a quarter of a mile from Gartan, in the barony of Kilmacrenan, County Donegal, a slab of stone is still shown, "and there can hardly be any doubt," says the learned Dr. Healy, "that the tradition fixing this as the spot where the Saint was born is continuous and trustworthy." ("Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars, p. 293.") The stone is worn now by the feet of countless pious pilgrims, for the place began to obtain celebrity soon after Columba's death, and thousands upon thousands of his devout clients must have knelt here in fervent prayer, and perhaps agonized supplication, since then, because the illustrious missionary monk, though he sprang from a race which had reigned in Erin for six centuries, and by virtue of the ordinary law of succession, might himself have been called to the throne as the High King of all Ireland, yet gave up his native land for the love of God and human souls. It is touching to learn that "the poor emigrants who are about to quit Donegal forever come to

sleep on that flagstone the night before their departure from Derry. Columba himself was an exile; and they fondly hope that sleeping on the spot where he was born will help them to bear the exile's—and especially the Irish exile's—passionate longing for home and country, which is not the least part of the burden of sorrow they will have to bear in some strange and far-off land.

From the charge of the illustrious priest who had baptized him and instructed him in the first rudiments of his own and the Latin language, Columba passed into the great monastic school of Moville; from there he went to the still more famous college of Clonard, founded by St. Finnian. The immediate purpose of Columba's studies at Clonard "was," says Dr. Healy, "to prepare himself for the priesthood." There, too, "he was trained by the most celebrated master of Erin in all the virtues and learning necessary for that holy state." In spite of his many gifts of nature and grace, he was as attractive in person as he was in mind and heart; he was ever humble, and notwithstanding his royal lineage, the first to take his turn at grinding corn for the next day's food. He neither expected nor desired any exemption from the hardest tasks, and did his work so well and so quickly that "his companions suspected him of having been assisted by an angel."

After having been raised to the priesthood, and "before he was twenty-five," he had founded many monasteries in his own country. Durrow—where a cross bearing his name may still be seen—and Derry are the most ancient and important, though Kells must not be forgotten. In Scotland he established as many as a hundred religious houses, and it is extraordinarily interesting to read how he embarked from his native land with his "twelve companions" in one of those great boats of osier covered with hide which the Celts employed for their navigation. One legend as-

serts that he first landed on an islet called Oronsay, but that having climbed a hill near the shore, "he found that he could still descry afar off his beloved Erin." The sight was too bitter a trial, even for one who had made the supreme sacrifice. He could not dwell day after day in view of the homeland he had left forever, so he came down and, taking boat once more, sailed to Iona, where from the highest point he could discover no trace of Ireland upon the horizon.

The bay where he first set foot is still called the "Bay of the osier bark." Sometimes these early Irish boats were hollowed out of the trunks of trees, like those which are still found in the bogs; but generally they were made, as was Columba's, of osier covered with hide, their size being in proportion to the number of skins required to cover them. As a rule, they were small, and if covered with only one or two skins were portable. It was a boat of this description, called in Celtic *Currach* (a coracle), that was used by our Saint when on his missionary journeys from Iona to convert the Picts.

It was, moreover, in such frail skiffs that he and his monks navigated the dangerous and stormy sea which dashes on the coast of Scotland and Ireland, and penetrated boldly into the numberless gulfs and straits of the gloomy Hebridean Archipelago, facing perils which to our view seen simply appalling, especially when the wind carried them towards the "Caldron of Breacan," a terrible whirlpool, named after a prince of the Niall family, who had been drowned there.

Monstrous shell-fish, unknown at the present time, then swarmed in the Hebridean Sea, and attached themselves firmly to the oars and sides of the boats, making holes in the hide with which the framework was covered. Sharks, too, ascended even into the rivers, and one of the companions of Columba, swimming across the Ness was saved

only by the prayers of the Saint when "within an oar's-length" of the fish's fearsome jaws.

Space forbids any detailed account of the wonders of healing performed by Columba on his visits to the neighboring islands. His pity for suffering in every shape and form was truly Christ-like. Indeed, his "prayers, his special and ardently desired blessing, and his constant and passionate intercession for his brethren," were not only the safeguard of his own monks in their perilous sea-voyages, but were a protection to all around.

He had immense sympathy also for all who toiled in the fields. Seated in a little wooden hut, which served him as a cell, he would pause in his studies or transcribing and put down his pen to bless the brethren as they returned from the fields, the pastures, or barns; and the younger monks who had been milking the cows of the community knelt down with their pails of new milk to receive from a distance the holy Abbot's blessing. It is recorded, too, that when carrying back their sheaves in the evening after reaping, the monks felt a strange sense of peace, happiness and absence of fatigue, despite the weight of the sheaves they were bearing; rather did they "breathe a delicious perfume, as though all the flowers in the world were growing there, and a delightful something like a flame of the hearth which did not burn but gently warmed them," and they said one to another: "It is our venerable master Columba, who is disturbed to find us so late and anxious at the thought of our weariness, and being unable to come to meet us in person, sends his spirit to refresh, rejoice and console us." (Adamnan i. 37.)

Thus we see that the Saint interested himself in all that went on around him, and in everything which he could turn to the profit of the poor, or any other of his fellow-creatures in distress. But

it was not alone to human beings that his immense charity and compassion extended, as we see from the following story which gives us yet another proof of his deep, tender, and enduring love of country.

Years after he had been living on his lonely, rock-bound isle, the passion of regret for Ireland breaks forth again and again in word and song: "Carry my blessing across the sea," he poignantly cries—"carry it back to the West. My heart is broken in my breast; if death comes to me suddenly, it will be because of the great love I bear the Gael! Ah! how my boat would fly if its prow were turned to my Irish oak-grove!" Durrow, his first monastery, let it be remembered, was built on the slope of an oak-covered hill, and these trees were always very dear to him. But to return to the story which shows what a solicitude he had for all God's creatures.

On a certain morning, he called one of the monks and said to him: "Go and seat thyself by the sea, upon the western side of the island; there thou wilt presently see arrive from the north of Erin and fall at thy feet a poor stork, beaten by the winds and exhausted by the fatigue of its long flight. Take it up gently and pityingly, feed it and watch it for three days. At the end of that time, refreshed and strengthened it will no longer wish to stay in exile amongst us; it will fly back to sweet Erin, the beloved land of its birth. I bid thee guard it thus because it comes from the land where I, too, was born!"

Everything happened as the Saint had said and ordered. He asked no questions, but on the evening of the day when he saw the monk returning to the monastery, after having been to the western shore to receive the wandering bird, he said to him: "God bless thee, my dear child, thou hast cared for the exile; in three days thou shalt see it fly back to its own land." And so indeed it proved. For at the time men-

tioned the stork rose from the ground, and having circled around for a moment in the air, seeking its way, it went straight across the sea towards Ireland. Till quite recent years—they may do so still—the fishermen of the Hebrides all knew and told this tale.

The heavenly visions and celestial visitants in connection with St. Columba have already been referred to, and as his years increased so also did these miraculous happenings. They seem, indeed, to have been intended to give him a foretaste of that eternal happiness to which God was presently to call him. "Let no one follow me this morning," he said one day to his community. "I would fain be quite alone on the little plain to the west of the isle." He was obeyed by all but one brother who, more curious and less obedient than the rest, followed Columba afar off, and discovered him standing erect and motionless on a sandy hillock, with his hands raised to heaven; and soon the watcher saw a crowd of angels surround him. Hence that hill has to this day been called the "Angels' Hill." Again, it is recorded that his monks saw the solitary cell which he had made for himself in the Isle of Himba lighted up every night by a great light, "while the Abbot remained in solitude chanting unknown canticles till day-break." Then, after having stayed in that lonely place three days and three nights without food, he returned to his monastery, "full of joy at having discovered the hidden meaning of several texts of Scripture which before he had not understood."

He was accustomed to spend many hours of the night in prayer, and everywhere he went, it appeared that a mysterious radiance from the land of light towards which he was hastening clothed him, as it were, like a garment—the nimbus of his holiness. One Winter's night a young monk who was destined to succeed Columba as Abbot

of Iona, stayed on in the church while the others slept; suddenly he saw the Abbot come in preceded by a golden light which fell from the vaulted roof, and lighted even the distant corners of the building, including the small side chapel where the young monk had hidden himself in alarm. But these are only a few of the stories in connection with a saint "as singular as he is lovable—a man capable of, and worthy of, the supreme honor of holiness, since he knew how to subdue his inclinations, his weakness, his passions and his instincts, and to transform them into docile and invincible weapons for the salvation of souls and the glory of God."

The Beautiful Gift.

BY ROSEMARY FERGUSON.

EVERYONE knew Mad Margaret. She was as much a part of our village life as was the little church at the top of High Street, or the solid, important figure of our sole representative of the law. Oh, yes, everyone knew Mad Margaret! You could see her familiar figure almost any day in any weather, walking along in her old felt hat and black cape, a smile on her weather-beaten face, and her arms always full of flowers.

Why was she called Mad Margaret? Well, there was a story woven around her youth—a broken love affair—who could say whether it were true or not? Ever since then, like Ophelia, her mind had been "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune"! and all her power of loving she dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, and to the flowers she could be seen laying on her altar every morning after the early Mass.

And how she loved her flowers! Why, I have known her to sing to a bank of early primroses, in her melodious contralto voice, for the best part of an hour, and even then their fragrant love-

liness held her eyes until she could see them no longer. And watching, myself, the expression of mystical contemplation in her eyes, I have felt that in some way beyond my everyday comprehension Our Blessed Mother, in reward for her love and devotion, was allowing her a glimpse into a world beyond—a glimpse of something beautiful—somewhere, which those of us who are normal are unable to understand. Poor as she was, flowers were to her far more satisfying than food. So everyone gave her flowers, even the men in the market; and she would take them to the little room which she called home and care for them as tenderly as a mother for her children.

A queer old soul was Margaret. "Mad" they called her, but how beautifully poised, how calm and serene she was in reality! How perfect her faith in God! I often think of Margaret in connection with a story told of Pasteur. When, in the evening of his years, Pasteur was asked whether the knowledge he had acquired had in any way weakened his faith, he replied: "My faith, thank God, is that of a Breton peasant. I hope that before I die, it may be that of a Breton peasant's wife."

This may not be our lot, for the faith of the Breton peasant's wife has almost ceased to be faith—hers is a faith which has almost melted into sight; and, somehow, I feel that this was true of Margaret. Hers was a happy nature, made quick to sympathy through suffering. One of my loveliest recollections of her, and one which illustrates this side of her character, is an incident which I was privileged to watch almost from start to finish. We have always called it the story of The Beautiful Gift.

It was a dull, miserable day, drizzling with a fine, soaking rain, when I was forced to go to town. And when at last our ancient, bone-shaking country omni-

bus came along, it was so full that I was obliged to go outside. We jolted off, and as we journeyed along the narrow lanes, I mused upon Nature in her clinging garment of damp mist. Never had the charming country ways looked less inviting, never had the forlorn trees dripped so monotonously, or the drooping flowers looked so grey. The whole aspect of the country-side was cheerless, miserable, un-beautiful.

In a mood like this, physical discomfort overshadows all other feelings. Had I been striding along warmly in the rain, I should have delighted in the swift flash of those falling particles of light, and seen beauty in the æry wreathing of the mist. But I was imprisoned on the top of an uncomfortable 'bus, and I was wet and cold. On and on we went, round the Inn turn, and then the 'bus stopped for a moment, quite near to a roadside bench. On it was seated Mad Margaret, and beside her—a tramp; and, surely, the dirtiest, unhappiest, most destitute tramp that had ever walked the roads. They were deep in conversation; in fact, they were so engrossed as to be entirely oblivious of the 'bus which drew up, with a squelch, in the mud quite near them.

As Mad Margaret talked, the rain dripped from her old felt hat, and she held her black cape out over a large tissue-paper parcel. Scraps of conversation floated up to me. I prayed hard that the 'bus would stay a moment longer, and my wish was granted.

"It ain't no use! There's no chance for the likes 'o me. Besides, I've forgotten 'ow ter pray, I 'ardly remember even the Hail Mary. It's more than twenty years since I saw anythin' but the outside of a church."

And Margaret's deep voice: "Too late, my dear? Why, it ain't never too late! It's folks like you He's waitin' for. If you'll only go an' speak to Him for just a minute, He'll count it an hour."

Mad Margaret had stopped speaking,

and was taking the parcel very carefully from under her cape. Slowly she stripped off layer after layer of tissue paper, watching them as they fluttered down by her side in the rain; slowly and gently—oh, so gently!—she removed the last wrapping, and took out—a pure white rose!

So beautiful was the flower that it might easily have come from some prize exhibition. Pure white—a dazzling spot of light in that grey day. Holding it reverently in her cupped hands, she gazed at its cool, perfect loveliness for a full minute, and her dark eyes, full of a great tenderness and love, reflected the light of a dawning hope in the sad eyes beside her. One long gaze, then she turned—and laid her treasure in the outstretched hands of the tramp.

"Come! we'll go together," said Margaret.

And the 'bus moved on.

We journeyed on again towards the town, and somehow, the day seemed brighter for that beautiful little scene. Some of Margaret's uplifting faith and intense appreciation of every manifestation of Nature had communicated itself to me. I no longer saw a grey, cheerless countryside. I saw the yellow lane, meandering between two dark green hedgerows; my eye was struck with the picturesque setting of a ring of trees against the distant horizon; the clear depths of the little stream reflected a patch of azure sky—a precious stone, set in its fluffy bed of cotton wool—the flowers glimmered in the mist which was itself transfused with a myriad of colors by the soft gleam of a solitary sunbeam. Shelley's superb description in his poem written in the Euganean Hills occurred to me; and I found myself repeating the rhythmic lines:

... A soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved star,
Mingling light and fragrance, far

From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky.

Yes, the earth is beautiful; and the pleasure its beauty affords us sometimes is not unmixed with pain.

But the 'bus lumbered into the bustling main street of the little market town, and I forced my mind to return to the mundane matters of everyday life. There was the post to catch, this to be bought, that to be remembered; but throughout all my transactions my thoughts wandered continually back to the scene by the roadside. Why had Margaret given her beloved flower to the tramp? Why was she so interested in him? Did she know him? Was he—? Could it possibly be—? Why was it too late, and for what? And where were they going that they must start immediately? My mind revolved around the last two points in particular, and gradually, a half-formed thought became a conviction. Hurriedly finishing off my marketing, I began to walk home.

Quicker and quicker my thoughts led me, and I found myself hastening homeward, filled with an eager longing to go in search of Margaret and discover what had happened to them both. The perfect spire of the beautiful old Pugin church came into view at the top of the hill, and I quickened my pace still more. Then, very softly, I walked up the narrow flagged path and into the porch. Gently, I pushed open the heavy oak door and the sweet odor of incense reached me. My eyes gradually became accustomed to the gloom, and then I saw a picture which will remain with me all my life. There was a soft footfall as the priest knelt for a moment at the altar rails, and then passed on into the sacristy.

The poor wanderer—home at last, and poor no longer—rose from his knees, a look of absolute happiness on his face, and walked slowly towards the altar of Our Blessed Lady. Before that

tenderly smiling figure knelt Mad Margaret. Quietly he knelt down beside her and gently took her hand. And there I left them, kneeling together, a feeling of joy in my own heart, an inaudible *Deo gratias* forming itself on my lips.

Lit only by the dim blue of Our Lady's lamp, the white rose—Margaret's beautiful gift—shone and glimmered like a jewel in the dusk.

Visiting the Little Flower's Home.

BY THE REV. C. BARKER.

SO much has been written with Thérèse of Lisieux for its inspiration! It is true, that such souls offer continuously new discoveries hidden beneath their humility; but to explore them one needs to be a saint himself, or at least to understand well the paths of spirituality. Authorized pens writing on Saint Thérèse have long since set our hearts on fire,—her own pen, as it unfolded "The History of a Soul," most of all. How, then, shall one conscious of great incompetence write?

I took the road to Lisieux simply just as one of many. Like others I looked, I listened—held by a religious atmosphere which I know not how to analyze, but which penetrated to the very depths of my being. At Lisieux we are compelled to forget material things. One loves certainly to seek out and study its exterior beauties, the *chef-d'œuvre* of which is a Saint; but this is placed so high, so very high, in a sphere where secondary things annoy one, where mere earthly considerations fade away, to give place to consoling thoughts which wing themselves above and around one as the circling of doves. If, however, one has come to Lisieux to discover greater faith, greater courage, hope, resignation, love, one's journey has not been in vain. In my incompetence then to analyze the deep things of Lisieux, may Saint Thérèse guide my

hand to write of her and her surroundings in words simple and pleasing to her.

The afternoon was bright and clear, in the glow of golden sunshine, as I stepped on to the railway station at Lisieux. My journey had been from Rouen—where Saint Jeanne d'Arc reigns,—by way of La Londe and Serquiry. Travelling leisurely in "train omnibus," I had six hours in which to admire this fertile stretch of fair Normandy. Hills are few, but the country is pleasantly undulating, richly wooded, and the valley lands, following a Summer of exceptional sunshine, replete with the produce of farm and orchard. The town of Lisieux pleases the visitor as soon as acquaintance is made with its streets. It is not large, it has no noisy trams or busses. It has an Old World atmosphere of feudal times. There are its Gothic Cathedral of St. Peter and its churches, its Norman manor houses, its winding streets.

One feels that at any moment, a company of horsemen, clad in military dress of the Conqueror's time, will appear in the market square, for Lisieux is Old World still. And this is all the more accentuated by some hideous modern advertisements posted close to the Gothic cathedral, and by one particularly vulgar phrase announcing a "Revue." With a shudder one passes on, for he realizes that within a stone's throw lived the "Angel of Lisieux," whose pure spirit seems now to hover over this city, and make of its every part a sanctuary of holiness.

But here we are for the first time at the Rue de Livarot. Of all Lisieux, it is this street that now attracts the world, for in this street is the Carmel of Lisieux. But let me say first of all, that on walking along it, I thought there must be some mistake, the Carmel of Lisieux could not be here; for this is only an ordinary narrow street; there are no trees, no surrounding gardens, no flowers, no birds, no space, even the

sunshine has not much play in this narrow street. And the Convent! This surely can not be the Carmel of Lisieux! It is so unprepossessing, it has no decorative work, its window frames are plain squares, its walls rise from the pavement, and are mud-splashed by the traffic. Could it have been in this unprepossessing building that Thérèse became a great saint? Yes, it was here; and this building and the memory of the love that Thérèse gave to Jesus Christ within its walls, holds you with a fascination like that of the Grotto at Lourdes.

One must now realize that Thérèse, poor, chaste, and obedient by the vows of religion, made for herself by her heroic love the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, whereon the angels of God were ceaselessly ascending and descending. The heroism of it shines forth, as we stand before this stern building; for we know that within its walls is followed the Carmelite Rule. The Divine Office is diligently chanted in choir, to which these nuns hasten while the rest of the world sleeps. Continual abstinence from flesh meat is observed. No chair and no back support for them in cell or choir; no shoes, but simply homespun woollen stockings to cover their feet. A habit of plain material, unchangeable in fashion. "Strict enclosure," with all that it means of silence and seclusion. The small cell with a window that is there but to admit light. Narrow horizon says the literal minded; but that it is immense in its spiritual perspective is proved by the life of Saint Thérèse. We feel that it is rather a seraph than a human being who composed the following sublime act:

"An act of oblation of myself as a Victim of Holocaust to the Merciful Love: O my God, O most Blessed Trinity, I desire to love Thee and to make Thee loved; to labor for Holy Church by saving souls upon earth, and by delivering those who suffer in Purgatory! I

desire to fulfil perfectly Thy holy will, and to reach the degree of glory Thou hast prepared for me in Thy kingdom. I desire to be holy, but, conscious of my helplessness, I beseech Thee, O my God, to be Thyself my holiness. Since Thou hast loved me so much as to give me Thy only Son to be my Saviour and my Spouse, the infinite treasures of His merits are mine. Gladly do I offer them to Thee, imploring Thee only to look upon me through the eyes of Jesus and in His Heart aflame with love. I offer Thee all the merits of the saints who are in Heaven and on earth, their acts of love and those of the holy angels. I offer Thee, O Blessed Trinity, the love and the merits of the Blessed Virgin, my beloved Mother, to her I commit my Oblation, praying her to present it to Thee. . . . I can not receive Thee in Holy Communion so often as I would; but, dear Lord, art Thou not Almighty? Abide in me as in the Tabernacle."

This act of oblation rises through exultant love higher and higher, as the soul of Thérèse pours forth its longings; and the climax: "O my dearly Beloved, I desire at each beat of my heart to renew this offering an infinite number of times, 'until, when the shadows retire,' I can everlastingly tell Thee my love face to face."

What generosity and what enthusiasm there is in this nun's soul! She dreams only of immolation and sacrifice! To live by love did not suffice for her; she longed to be spent in a martyrdom of love. 'Twas where her "little way of spiritual childhood" led her. So pleasing was she to the Blessed Trinity that as a reward her heaven is now spent doing good upon earth, and a "shower of roses" will be scattered wherever Thérèse shall ask for them.

One has but to enter the new convent church at Lisieux to be overwhelmed with evidence that Saint Thérèse has brought a heaven of happiness into this world of ours. The impression this

sacred building makes upon one, no words can describe.

From offerings sent from the entire Catholic world, artistic minds have designed, skilful hands have built and decorated for her saintly remains, a church and a shrine, temporary though they be, which are captivatingly beautiful. At the shrine itself, life-sized angelic figures, scrolls in hand, guard the jewelled crystal casket, which the people of Brazil gave to shelter these treasured bones.

Within that casket robed in her Carmelite habit lies a plastic figure of the saint, resting on cushions of silk. She holds in her right hand a golden rose, her canonization present from Pope Pius XI., and with her left hand she clasps the crucifix to her heart. The mosaic floor is covered with fresh roses. Other flowers are there also, for her pure heart opened itself to all things beautiful, and they make for her a bouquet of perfumes. The walls are covered with rose-tinted and white marble which show the most delightful markings. Some have judged this shrine too richly decorated. But they forget that for Thérèse the days of suffering are past, and that now she has come to her triumph.

A ceaseless flow of devout pilgrims—for her feast day will be kept here three days hence—is visiting the shrine. Kneeling by my side is a cardinal and his secretaries. Many priests and nuns are here too. Catholics from Chicago are here. Men, both young and old, give strength by their numbers. French mothers with their little ones approach, a look of glad astonishment in their eyes. Eleven hundred pilgrims, accompanied by sixty-two priests of Beauvais, on their way back from Lourdes, have just arrived after an eighteen-hour railway journey, in order to spend a few hours with Saint Thérèse. A happy pair are here, an Irish lady with her convert husband, for to-morrow is the

anniversary of their marriage, and Saint Thérèse made them one in religious belief. A glowing message to Jesus from Pope Pius XI. has the place of honor near the Blessed Sacrament. "We thank Thee, O Lord, for allowing us to gather the promises of this dear Star, Thérèse of the Infant Jesus, miracle of virtue and prodigy of miracles."

Around and above me droop the silken flags of the nations—the green, white and gold of Ireland, surmounted by its Celtic Cross, standing out remarkably by its close proximity to the sanctuary. Side by side are the proud banners of Great Britain and America; for the Catholic hearts of these sister nations have lavished of their treasures to make the shrine worthy of their homage. Britannia's bright colors never proclaimed so truly the religious freedom beneath her Flag as do those colors at Lisieux. The side altars, most touching, are like two encircling arms, just without the gates of the shrine, for they both bear inscriptions fashioned from the heart of Catholic Scotland.

"Altar erected in honor of the Infant Jesus, and as a testimony of gratitude to the Little Flower of Jesus, to hasten the conversion of Great Britain, and to implore for her and for sweet France, mother of saints, the shower of roses, from Thérèse of the Infant Jesus."

"Altar erected in honor of the Holy Face of Jesus and as a testimony of gratitude to Saint Thérèse of the Infant Jesus, in memory of my two brothers, priests, to obtain for all priests the grace of personal holiness, and for missionaries zeal for the salvation of souls."

It was my privilege both mornings of my visit to offer Holy Mass at these altars. All around me in their glass cases is a military guard of honor to Saint Thérèse, which must be unique in the world. The "Little Saint" was the extraordinary protectrice and advocate

of the soldiers during the Great War. And now in their gratitude, they have left at her shrine their greatest treasures, the insignia of their nations' recognition for their bravery. Every grade of the military Legion of Honor is here. I counted forty-nine with the *ruban d'or*, 133 with the *ruban rouge*.

There are 468 *Croix de Guerre*, many of them blazing with the stars and palm leaf of "citations," four, five, and more, till one arrests the attention with the amazing number of thirteen citations. A silver cornet rests side by side with a general's sword. Then one sees an admiral's sword and naval officers' epaulets of every grade. The decorations of a British ex-Ambassador are here with this initialed message: "Homage and thanks to the Blessed Virgin and to the privileged Little Flower, Sœur Thérèse of the Infant Jesus." The walls of the church testify by "Ex-Voto" souvenirs of gratitude from the wide world over.

You read, in large golden letters as you enter the church, "To Saint Thérèse all my thanks for a grace obtained through her intercession.—Queen Amélie of Portugal, Princess of France, May-September, 1923." Hundreds upon hundreds of such inscriptions reach from floor to roof.

My pen must hasten on, yet it gravely reproaches me for leaving this church and shrine with only a hundredth part written of what one might write.

Attached to the church is the "Bureau de Tresors." My time here was limited, though I had religiously arrived at the time it was opened to the public. Yet, owing to a service for the Feast, we were told by Monsieur l'Abbé in charge that all should be present for the sermon.

Of these treasures, which one holds us most? Her long, rich tresses of brown curls are here, her baptismal robe is here, her First Communion dress,—is it these that will be most in our mem-

ory? No, there is one that will pierce the heart and bring the tears. It is inscribed, "Instruments of penance used by Saint Thérèse"—her discipline, her steel armlets, one for each arm. I felt my eyes filling with tears, and I could not look closer, for I understood the part they had played in winning the "Shower of Roses."

One other place to visit. What tender memories here! Thérèse's home, "Les Buissonnets," or, as we would say and as is often said of English homes, "The Shrubbery." This, however, does not sound so well as the pretty French word; but as we stand here in the garden by the side of Thérèse's "own little plot," an English phrase comes to our mind, and we feel that Thérèse herself would smile approval when we rename "Les Buissonnets" as Home, Sweet Home."

'Tis Mary Frances Teresa Martin, "the last shall be first," with Marie, Pauline, Leonie, Celine and their wonderful father, that come to us here in "Home, Sweet Home." Teresa, "the little Queen," as her father used to call her, reigned here, for the courtiers around her throne still exist through every room of the house. Her first little chair, her dolls, her toy shop, her bird cage, her skipping rope, her catechism, her lesson book, her prie-dieu, her miniature crib just as she had dressed it for Noël, her bedroom and little bed.

But where is the statue of Our Lady, "which all of a sudden seemed to come to life and become beautiful," whose enchanting smile in this room brought back Teresa Martin from the brink of the grave on the 10th of May, 1883? It was too precious to leave even in this precious house. It has been taken to the Shrine, and there it is placed aloft, so that Mary still looks down on her Thérèse, and watches over the earthly resting-place of our "Little Queen." *Au revoir!* "Les Buissonnets," we leave you, happy for our visit, even for the sadly

happy words you have made us just read. "Monday, August 9, 1888, was the date chosen for me to enter Carmel. The evening preceding we found ourselves united around the family table, where I knew I was seated for the last time." *Au revoir!*

And now in conclusion we must bring Saint Thérèse with us from quiet Lisieux into the big busy world of to-day. What is the message she is giving us all from Lisieux? Is it not surely this, "God is Charity and he that abideth in Charity, abideth in God, and God in him."

Saint Thérèse loved God, because God is Love. She has proved to us all that there is a safe road to Heaven in our love for God; and to attract us all she has called it "the little way of spiritual childhood." This little way has two outstanding principles: First of all, it is a way of love; love of God is to be the motive impelling us to act, love is to lead us by successive steps in the practice of virtue.

And secondly, it is a way of absolute abandonment to the Divine will and pleasure. All our happiness, even amidst pain and affliction, consists in conformity to what God wills for us. A great love of God, and an entire abandonment to God. The "Shower of Roses" is but the result of fidelity to her "little way." As His Eminence Cardinal Bourne writes in the preface to Father Reany's translation of Giloteaux' scholarly treatise, "Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus": "It is surely God's will that the life of Saint Thérèse should become more and more widely known, for it is His act alone that has caused a brief existence, so simple and hidden in its own nature, to attain a world-wide fame, culminating with unexampled rapidity in the highest honors that the Catholic Church can bestow. The essential lesson of her life is for all, in the cloister or outside, married or single, for the very busy as for those enjoying much leisure."

When Christ Was Born.

BY TERESA BRAYTON.

MARY'S eyes were softly blue

As twin violets in the morn.

Mary's hands were swift to do

Service for her Son new-born,

Mary's spirit meekly knew

Gabriel's message had come true.

Shepherds stood beside her bed;

Light, they said, had lured them there
From a star above the shed

Where she lay in voiceless prayer.

Mary knew that light would be

Theirs for all eternity.

Mary kissed her Baby's hands,

Soft as rosebuds dew-emppearled;

Mary knew that His commands

Yet would rule a sinful world.

Mary bent her head before

Angels hovering by her door.

Deeply wore the night away,—

Dawn came in on eager feet,

As if all the hours of day

Hurried on to touch His feet,

Who was Lord of heaven and earth,—
Christ, the Saviour, come to birth.

Great Orion drooped his sword,

Mars his flaming banner furled,

For, behold! God's mighty Word

Had been flashed upon a world

Small as a sun speck in the sky

Where the planets thundered by.

Over David's city broke

Daylight in a golden tide,

Where a little lamb awoke

By its patient mother's side;

A young lamb to be sacrificed

On the birthday of the Christ.

THE Christmas customs of America at the present time appear to have been drawn from all the nations. The Christmas tree is German, Santa Claus is Dutch, the stocking is Belgian, and "Merry Christmas" is English.

A Bowl of Bean Soup.

BY ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

WHAT awoke in Joe Pavuli the sudden desire to visit the old country was remembering the incident of the bowl of bean soup. A Winter noon, as Joe leaned back in the swivel chair before the mahogany desk in his office in San Francisco, he felt suddenly conscious of wanting a bowl of bean soup. Why not? On a cold day like that bean soup was exactly what Joe craved for lunch.

This desire having taken root, Joe's thoughts catapulted backward into the past, somersaulting the gap of forty-five years in America. And through a trick of associations, Joe, now one of the richest Italo-Americans in 'Frisco, saw himself a little boy with bare feet stuck into wooden shoes, sitting on the stone steps of that hovel he called home, beside his little sister Mariuccia, both spooning thick bean soup out of a wooden bowl. Every noon, Joe and his little sister would sit in the sun, eating their bean soup, while their mother, poor soul, would be singing in the kitchen. She, whose bowl did not hold as much as her children's or her man's.

The Pavulis were poor. Peter Pavuli was a *contadino* on the Nobili Gavuzzi's estate, working there as his father had done, and his father before him. Working, working, working—for what? For a hovel and a bowl of bean soup!

The Gavuzzi did not eat bean soup: they had servants, horses, and dogs. Gino Gavuzzi (the "proud one," as the *contadini* called him in whispers) had a horse which cost him what a dozen of the *contadini's* families earned in a year's work. He was the "Signorino." He was rich and Pavuli was poor as the other *contadini* were poor. The bowing and the uncovering of heads when the Signorino passed on his horse,—he, who disdained to even look down at them! *Sua Eccellenza*, they called him.

And it was this Gino Gavuzzi that now came out of the years to stand before Joe Pavuli's desk as he was thinking of the bean soup, for the Signorino was vitally connected with the incident of the bowl of bean soup.

One noon forty-five years ago, Joe and his little sister had been sitting on the stone steps before their little home in the sun, spooning the thick, warm soup out of the same wooden bowl, smiling, whispering, their heads bowed. Suddenly, a crack of the whip had sounded. It cracked down on the bowl, sending it rolling into the dust.

The children leaped in terror to their feet, staring pale-faced at the Signorino, who loomed before them tall and threatening upon his horse, sneering down at them.

"Learn your manners, you ignorant rabble!" he cried, as he pulled at the reins. "Rise when I pass!"

The horse trotted away; Mariuccia clung to her brother, trembling, weeping, frightened. A red welt appeared across her little hand, where the tip of the whip had lashed it.

Joe gathered the child to him, and stood staring down at the bowl, upset in the dust, spilling the brown soup smoking upward.

In Joe's heart lashed a dull, impotent rage for that Signorino who had frightened his little sister and spilled their dinner. The little fellow's lips tightened, his face flushed. "He'll pay me for that!" he muttered. But he knew the Signorino could not be made to pay for the soup, nor the red mark on Mariuccia's hand. In fact, the children did not even dare tell their mother about what had happened. Why worry her? They went hungry that day.

And now—forty-five years later—that spilled bowl of soup floated before Joe Pavuli's eyes as he sat before the mahogany desk in California.

Times had changed since his father had emigrated, selling all he had in

order to bring his little family to America. Poor Dad, how he had worked, how he had struggled! Too bad he had not lived to see his son "make America," for Joe had *made America*. In fact, in the old country they would have called him "a millionaire." Half a million dollars is not to be despised, and he had worked for it, too. He was the only one of the Pavulis alive, but he had made good.

Joe rose from his seat. "*Gino Gavuzzi!*" yes, that was the Signorino's name. It occurred to Joe that he hadn't pronounced that name in a long, long time.

"*Gino Gavuzzi!*"—Joe kept musing as he took the elevator on his way to lunch. "*Gino Gavuzzi!*—well, well—I'd like to go back to that little town—never been back. I'm going back! I want to see the Signorino."

And so it was that in April the gigantic "Roma," in sailing from New York, had a first-class passenger on board by the name of Joe Pavuli.

A financier of 'Frisco going on a little vacation. When Joe landed he hired a chauffeur and a Fiat limousine, and started to the little town of his youth. He would stop there for a day, look around, then go on through Italy and take in the sights in comfort and ease. That was Joe—easy going. As the auto purred over the wide road leading to Azurecchio, Joe reclined in his seat, smoking a slim Toscano, his mood receptive, his lips smiling. "A bowl of bean soup—hum—strange! If that day I had not desired a bowl of bean soup I would not be here now," he mused, half aloud.

On sped the machine over the Stradone. The country spread at the side of the road like a checkerboard of carefully cultivated vegetation. The hill-sides sloped, well combed, every inch cultivated. Trees rose in bloom, their branches cut almost to the trunks. Fences, stone walls, long rows of vineyards, a flock of sheep in a pasture,—

all rushed past Joe's vision as the machine sped on.

When they reached the little town and rode through it, Joe looked about and could not remember any special place he wished to stop. He saw a cobbled street, a few stores, a *trattoria* with tables out in the yard. Joe motioned to the chauffeur, and the car halted before the *trattoria*.

Faces stared at the luxurious car; barefooted children ran forward attempting to open the limousine door; women with babies in their arms looked on curiously.

Joe tossed some *soldi* to the children, stepped down from the car and walked briskly toward the door of the *trattoria*. Two waiters and a large man popped simultaneously out of the door. The waiters advanced smiling, white napkins hanging from their arms. The large man stood bowing before the door.

"*Si, accomodi, Sua Signoria,*" he was saying deferentially. Joe looked about and sat himself at one of the tables in the open.

The waiters busied themselves whipping imaginary specks from the tablecloth, readjusting the napkins standing up like folded cones upon the plates. The large man, doubtless the proprietor, came forth: "How many in the party, Sir?" he asked, curling his black mustache.

"Just myself," replied Joe in Italian. Then pointing to the machine: "And you can feed the chauffeur anything he likes," he added.

"Certainly, certainly. Rather hot today and dusty," the man rambled on taking a pad and pencil from his pocket and asking, "What is your wish?"

"Bean soup," said Joe snappily.

The Innkeeper stared. "Bean soup?" he stammered. "And what else?"

"Just bean soup," replied Joe.

"We have much better to offer," anxiously prompted the man, the pencil poised above the pad, "*Salloppine ala*

Marsala radichi—Fettucine al brodo—spaghettini al buro—birds in pastry, canapes—”

“Just bean soup,” laughed Joe, interrupting the flow of words.

The Innkeeper became serious. “And to drink?” he queried.

“A bottle of champagne,” said Joe. Then, smiling: “Sit down, I want to talk to you. How long have you lived here?”

“All my life, Sir,” answered the host, still standing.

“Zat so?” mused Joe. “Many of the old-timers left here?”

“Practically all, Sir. We do not emigrate.”

“Is there a family here by the name of—of—Gavuzzi?”

“Yes, Sir,” seconded the host; “a son and two maiden daughters are still alive.”

“Gino Gavuzzi?”

“Yes, Gino,” nodded the host.

“Does he live at the Palazzo?”

The host shook his head. “You must remember him a long while back, Sir. The Gavuzzis have left the Palazzo, now going on thirty years. Times have changed.”

“I came all the way from America to see him. Where does he live?”

“Not far. In fact if you have come from such a distance, you must be anxious to see him. I’ll go and get Mr. Gavuzzi myself right now,” volunteered the man.

“You can go in my machine,” said Joe, motioning to the chauffeur.

The Innkeeper left in the machine and Joe sat waiting for the bean soup.

It was soon after the Fiat came to a stop before the *trattoria*. Joe slanted forward on the split-bottomed chair and stared. He saw a little, old man, dressed in a shabby gray coat, being helped from the car and supporting himself with a cane as he came limping down the walk. Could he be the Nobile Gino Gavuzzi, the arrogant, Padroncino?

Obviously he was, for the host was bowing as they stopped before the table, “Here is the Americano, Signor Gavuzzi, he who wishes to see you.”

The withered old man gazed at Joe through near-sighted eyes, and said in a jerky little voice:

“Now, now, that’s awful nice of you to wish to see me. An American, they said?”

Joe took the extended hand and pressed it cordially.

“An Italo-American!” he said jovially as the little man seated himself at the table, “Sorry to disturb you,” went on Joe. “But I thought you could help me by telling me something of the town and its needs. I want to do a little good here.”

“Well, now—that is a commendable impulse—but I might not be in a position—the Mayor, others—”

“No one else will do—I wish to confer with you and *you* alone,” declared Joe, then as if suddenly remembering, “but I have not as yet introduced myself! I am Joe Pavuli,” as Joe said this he leaned back in his chair and watched eagerly the face of his interlocutor. It showed no surprise.

“Glad to meet you,” bowed Gavuzzi.

Joe’s eyes batted. “Do you not remember a certain Pavuli, Peter Pavuli?” he asked.

Gavuzzi squinted his eyes, “Pavuli—Pavuli—now let me see. Pavuli—” he tapped the table meditatively with his long thin fingers. “It seems to—me—I heard—the name—” he whispered.

“He worked for your father—went to America—” reminded Joe.

“Oh, yes!” cried the old man, “my father often wondered what had happened to Pietro—”

“I am his son!” said Joe proudly.

“His son? Well, well,” said the little man, regarding the five-carat diamond on Joe’s finger. “And you have come back?”

“Yes, I wanted to see the old place.

Thought I'd do something for the town in the way of a memorial—"

"Oh—oh," said Gavuzzi, a smile spreading over his withered face. "You made a fortune, I guess!"

"Well, not exactly a fortune; yet I suppose one could call it that," laughed Joe. "Worked, made money, struck luck. Father died. I live in California now—thought I'd come back to the old place on a little visit—"

"Well, well, that's America for you!" smiled Gavuzzi, "And you remembered me? Well, well—"

"Of course, I did! How could I forget the Padroncino?"

"Don't call me that," whispered Gavuzzi sadly. "Things have changed in half a century. The war, reconstruction, the Fascisti government. Things are not what they used to be: the rich went down and the poor came up. I've come down, considerably, my dear Mr. Pavuli. You see it was this way, the family—"

The old man leaned over the tabletop.

"Two glasses of your best Vermuta," ordered Joe.

"You see it was this way," went on Gavuzzi, and he began a long tirade narrating, with the obstinate mania of detail in which old men indulge when retrospecting, the story of the downfall of the Gavuzzi, till now, he and his two old maid sisters lived in a little house on a little starvation pension from the board of charities.

Joe listened, his eyes steady upon the face of the old man before him. He had never imagined "the Padroncino" could have grown so old. But now that he thought of it, Gino Gavuzzi had been a man about twenty-five, when Joe was but six—forty-five years ago.

Now, Gino—the Proud One—was feeble, poor and old. His arrogance was gone; and to think Joe had come all the way from America to humble the pride in this wrinkled and trembling old man who lived on a beggar's pension!

The waiter stepped forth bearing on

a tray a tureen of bean soup from which the smoke curled upward as if in challenge.

"By the way, I did not ask if you would partake of food," said Joe to the former Padroncino. "What will you have?"

"Anything—anything you partake of yourself," smiled the little man politely.

"I have a queer taste," laughed Joe. "You see, I ordered bean soup!"

"Bean soup is mighty good, and this smells delicious," seconded Gavuzzi, his mouth watering.

The waiter hastened to bring another plate and silver. Joe himself dished the soup into the guest's plate. The waiter bent forward, the champagne bottle in his hand.

"Champagne and beans?" smiled Gavuzzi.

"Yes," laughed Joe. "Funny combination, hey? But kind of links the past to the present. I remember how I liked bean soup when I was a boy and how I like champagne now. Will you partake?"

"Certainly, certainly," stammered the old man, as the waiter poured the sparkling golden liquid into the glasses.

It was later as Joe and Gavuzzi drank that Joe asked: "What would you suggest I do for this town in the way of memorial? You know conditions here." And then, "I don't mind expenses. I want to do something that will say to the natives, Joe Pavuli does not forget!"

Gavuzzi began to make tentative suggestions: A library, an addition to the old church, a clinic, a high school, even a public fountain came in as a probability, but Joe kept shaking his head. And it was later still, as Joe stood on the very stone steps of the hovel where forty-five years before he and Mariuccia had sat, that an idea struck him.

"Say, could a person buy this place?" he asked of Gavuzzi.

"Money buys anything in this town," smiled the former "Proud One."

"I've got an idea," smiled Joe. "Listen, you say there are many poor here, and some have hardly enough to feed on polenta? Now it seems to me that—in these parts you know how to make some mighty good bean soup—"

Gavuzzi nodded.

"My idea is this," went on Joe: "I'll buy this hut, add to it, improve it." Joe's hand swept outward, his eyes sparkled with that enthusiasm for action which had made him a winner in the United States. "A well-ventilated kitchen here; a long line of tables there in the open; a wide dining-room with open fires for the Winter, right there; a rest room, a chef, helpers, dishwashers, and *free* bean soup, at all times and for all time, for everybody!"

"Oh, not *everybody*!" cried Gavuzzi.

"Yes," went on Pavuli enthusiastically, his plan unfolding before him in American fashion,—*"free to everybody, and a host to welcome them; a fellow with a smile like we have in the Y's,—a fellow to act as host to make everybody feel at home; a fellow who could sit here in the sun in Winter and smile. He should be paid a good salary, a mighty good salary; in fact, let him name his own salary!"*

"Oh, not let *him* name the salary?" cried Gavuzzi.

"Why not? How much would *you* want to act as host, Mr. Gavuzzi?" asked Joe directly.

"I?" There was stupefaction in the old man's face. "Not me?"

"Now, why not? Listen, awhile ago you said that you wanted work. This is dignified; this is human. You will be looked upon as a philanthropist. How would two hundred dollars a month strike you, old top?"

The little man's mind made a hasty acrobatic in arithmetic. Four thousand liras a month! "This man must be crazy—*dementia Americana!*" he thought, but aloud he said: "Why, splendid!"

But Joe was not crazy. In fact, he

proved he wasn't when, a month later, his plan stood materialized, and Joe himself walked at the head of the long line, to be served the first bowl of bean soup from the immaculate kitchen.

Above the door of the Pavuli memorial swung a huge wooden bowl, the exact shape and color of the one out of which Joe and Mariuccia had spooned thick bean soup forty-five years before.

And sitting under it was the former "Proud One" bowing a welcome to the poor that came in crowds to that door.

Our Lady of Carthage.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IT was on June 21, 1881, that the First International Eucharistic Congress assembled in the French factory city of Lille. It was a small gathering, that passed almost unnoticed at the time, so far as the great world was concerned. It was briefly reported even in the French and Belgian Catholic press (for nearly all of those present came from Belgium and northern France), and it received some passing notice, here and there, in Catholic papers in other countries. But in the general press of Europe and America it passed unmentioned, as a mere local event of no great interest. But it was the beginning of the long series of International Eucharistic Congresses that have proved to be such a marvellous feature of the new world-wide development of Catholic devotion to Our Lord in His Sacramental Presence and a tremendous force in the Catholic revival of our time.

Primarily the Congresses are wonderful public manifestations of faith and devotion, and at the same time demonstrations of the world-wide unity of the Church, its essential Catholicity and its close union with the Holy See. They are events on such an immense scale that they are now described, more or less adequately, in the press of all

the world; and these reports broadcast the message of Congress after Congress, influencing not only the Catholic reader, but also thoughtful non-Catholics, to whom they bring a realization of the Church's vitality and her power to unite men of all nations in a brotherhood of faith and love. They have thus a high missionary value, and also contribute to the progress of the movement for peace that has followed the great war.

But amongst Catholics themselves they have also a notable educational effect as a means of incidentally diffusing a better knowledge of the past records and the present situation of the Church, now in one country, now in another. Many even among educated Catholics have only a very imperfect knowledge of these subjects. Some day, perhaps, teaching of the Church's history and of her triumphs in our own time will form part of the curriculum in our secondary and higher schools and in our colleges. Meanwhile the Congresses supply, not only to those who are present at them, but to those also who read the accounts of them in the Catholic press, some useful information on these subjects.

At the Eucharistic Congress of Amsterdam I met not a few American, British and Irish Catholics, who till then had imagined Holland was a typically Protestant country, and were surprised and delighted to find that two-fifths of its people were Catholics; that its government was then directed by a Catholic Prime Minister; and that the Dutch provinces in the south of the little Kingdom were as Catholic as Connaught or Munster. They heard of the martyrs of Holland in the penal times, and of the glories of its earlier Catholic past. Some, for the first time in their lives, learned that we owe the "Imitation of Christ" to a Dutch teacher of the spiritual life in pre-Reformation days, and that Holland gave to the Church St. Peter Canisius, the leader in

the Catholic reaction that stayed and rolled back the onset of the Reformation in Central Europe.

This is a striking instance of the way in which many of the Eucharistic Congresses have come with a revelation, even to Catholics, of the Church's story in the past and her triumphs in the present. Next year's International Catholic Congress of Carthage will bring (and indeed is already bringing in the published accounts of the preparations for it) a wider knowledge among Catholics of what the Church of northern Africa was in the early centuries, and of its restoration in our own time.

The olden Carthage that was Rome's rival for the dominion of the western seas and coast lands went up in flame more than 2000 years ago after Scipio's victories. About a hundred years later Julius Cæsar founded a restored Carthage, to be the capital of Roman Africa. The new city lasted for just over seven centuries. It was laid in ruins by the Arab armies in 698, when the tide of Moslem conquest swept westward,—a tide soon to roll over Spain and the Pyrenees, and begin its ebb only when it reached the Loire. The Arab conquerors founded, close by the ruined Roman capital, the new city of Tunis, built partly of brick and stone quarried from the wide tract of land where the remains of the Phœnician and the Roman Carthage overlay each other—stratified history only to yield its record to the excavators of our own time.

Roman Carthage had been first a pagan, then a Catholic city. Its Christian record begins with the names of its martyrs. Newman's story of "Callista" (a classic that is less popular amongst us than Wiseman's "Fabiola," on which it was modelled), gives us a picture of Christian Africa in the time of St. Cyprian and the persecution of Decius. For some three centuries after the peace of Constantine, Carthage was the chief Catholic centre of Northern Africa.

Throughout the lands that are now known to us as Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripolitana and Cyrenaica, the temples were converted into churches, new basilicas were erected, and councils of bishops met at Carthage. Catholic Africa gave to the Church the greatest of the Fathers, St. Augustine.

Its glories ended with the Moslem conquest at the close of the Seventh Century, and then for more than a thousand years there was darkness over all these lands between the Mediterranean and the Sahara. The old churches were in ruins. In some few places the sons of St. Francis ministered to a handful of natives and some European traders, or to Christian captives carried into slavery by Moorish and Algerine pirates.

With the French conquest of Algiers, in 1830, the downfall of the Moslem rule began, and though at first the new masters of the land discouraged any missionary effort, the Second Spring of the Church of Africa soon began. Perhaps the celebration of the International Eucharistic Congress and the Fifteenth Centenary of St. Augustine in the coming year will prompt some competent Catholic writers to give to English-speaking readers the story both of the early Church of Africa and its revival in our time. In this revival the most illustrious figure is that of Cardinal Lavigerie, Bishop of Algiers and then Archbishop of the See of Carthage (restored by Leo XIII.), and Primate of Africa.

His life work, still bearing rich fruit, extended far beyond the old lands of Northern Africa. He took a leading part in the international movement against the terrible internal slave trade of the "Dark Continent," and founded the new order of the "White Fathers," wearing for their habit the Arab dress, and laboring at first in Algeria and its desert borders, and then in many other African lands. He sent them to Tunis, and there one of them, Père Delattre,

became famous in the learned world for his researches and excavations on the site of Carthage. His long years of successful investigation may well give him the claim to be the rediscoverer of the Phœnician, the Roman and the Christian cities of Carthage.

To link the present with the Christian past of Africa, Lavigerie proposed and Leo XIII. accepted the plan of making, not Tunis but Carthage the Primate See of the revived Church of Northern Africa. Its cathedral, dedicated to "Notre Dame d'Afrique," "Our Lady of Africa," was erected on the hill of Byrsa, once the citadel of the earlier cities. The ruins of its ancient basilicas, where only foundations, pavements, bases of columns and fallen pillars marked the site, were cleared, and historic churches rebuilt. Carthage, with its new Catholic foundations, came to life again, just as the new houses and villas of Tunis were beginning to spread over what had been once the southern suburbs of the old Roman capital.

When Newman published his "Callista," some of his non-Catholic critics objected to his representing devotion to Our Blessed Lady as a practice of the early Church of Africa, and asserted that this devotion was a much later development. In a preface to the edition in his collected works, Newman replied that if he had left out of his story "all mention of devotions, representations and doctrines declaratory of the high dignity of the Blessed Virgin," he would "have been simply untrue to his idea and apprehension of Primitive Christianity." And he added: "I gave good reason long ago, in my 'Letter to Dr. Pusey,' for what I believe in this matter and for what I have in 'Callista,' described."

Since then the position that he took on this matter has been amply justified by the results of discoveries made by Delattre at Carthage, confirmed by similar evidence from other sites in North Africa. These give most interesting ob-

jective evidence, showing how widespread was the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God in the early African Church.

At Carthage there have been found a considerable number of discs of lead, circular in form and an inch or less in diameter. They usually have impressed upon them some conventional symbols and brief inscriptions. These are impressions of seals on lead, a metal still often used in many countries for sealing a parcel, and in earlier days widely used for sealing documents. Those found in Carthage may be taken to be the seals of documents which accident or the decay of centuries has long since destroyed. Buried in earth or sand among the ruins of the city, the seal survives, and in numberless cases is evidently of Christian origin. The inscription is usually a prayer to Our Lady. In many cases this is in Greek, long used in the churches of the Mediterranean lands, and even in their everyday business. The same formula occurs again and again, usually preceded by a cross. In Greek it runs: "+*Theoteke boethei tou doulou sou*—Mother of God, help thy servant."

Some of these seals are to be seen displayed on two marble tablets in the cathedral of Carthage, and a large number of them are shown in the adjacent "Lavigerie Museum." In some the inscription is shortened, and the name of the owner of the seal added, as, for instance, in one where, preceded by a cross and followed by a pair of crossed palm branches, appears the inscription "*Theoteke boeti Ioanne*—Mother of God, help John." The verb is spelled incorrectly here, as is the case, in various ways, on several seals, suggesting that Greek was not always correctly classical in Christian Carthage. Other seals have an inscription omitting the invocation but describing the owner as Our Lady's servant, as, for instance, a seal with the cross and palms, and between them

"*Doulou tes Theotokou*—Belonging to the servant of the Mother of God." Inscriptions are also found in Latin, and the same invocation is used, or with a variant that generalizes it, such as "*Sc. Maria adjuva nos*—Holy Mary, help us."

Hundreds of these seals have been discovered, but they are, no doubt, only a few amongst many more, which have been destroyed or are still hidden in sand and earth or under fallen stones on the site of Carthage. These seal inscriptions alone are abundant proof of widespread popular devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. But there is further evidence: Numbers of these seals, besides the inscription, show on the other side of the leaden disc some sacred symbol or actual images of Our Lady.

These last are of two leading types: there is that known in our treatises on early Christian art as the *Orante*,—an Italian word used to denote "one praying." Our Lady is shown standing with arms extended and hands raised level with or above the head. This is still the attitude of the priest as he prays at some of the most solemn parts of the Mass. The other type shows Holy Mary seated facing the spectator and with her Divine Child in her arms or on her knee. He is not represented as the Infant of Bethlehem, but as a little boy, clad in a robe that comes down to the ankles. This is a favorite early Christian type, still surviving in the "ikons" and Madonnas of eastern Europe, and often described as "Byzantine." It is familiar to us in the well-known picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Succor."

Father Delattre has traced on lamps, vases and fragments of mosaics from the ruins of Carthage, what he shows to be symbols of devotion to Our Lady, and he identifies numbers of little earthenware statuettes as pious images of her. One of his most important discoveries is a sculptured slab of white marble found when excavating a ruined basilica, and

now displayed in the new cathedral of Carthage. It is sculptured in high relief by a master hand, and its subject is one familiar in early Christian art—the adoration of the Magi. Experts agree that its date must be at least as early as the Fourth and may even belong to the Third Century. It must have been deliberately defaced, probably when the basilica was laid in ruins after the Moslem conquest of Carthage. The heads of all the five figures—those of Our Lady and the Holy Child and of the three Wise Men—are battered with hammer blows, but the rest of the composition is intact. The whole of the sculpture belongs to the best style of classical art. The Virgin Mother is shown enthroned on a cushioned seat, supported by miniature columns, with a footstool of the same type. The Holy Child is on her knee. Both figures face the spectator and are clothed in robes falling in graceful folds to their feet.

An artist of our own day has made this early representation of Our Blessed Lady enthroned the model for a new type of a devotional image of the Virgin Mother and her Child, restoring the heads on the lines of the earliest representations of the same sacred subject. It has been set up in the cathedral of Carthage in the Lady Chapel, and reproduced in statuettes and pictures for private devotion, under the new title of "Our Lady of Carthage." In her chapel already many ex-votos tell of favors granted through her intercession to clients praying to her under this invocation, which links the devotion of to-day with that of the far-off centuries of the African Church—the times of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine. The preliminary literature of the International Eucharistic Congress suggests the use of the invocation "Our Lady of Carthage, pray for us and for the coming Congress," and no doubt that event will make this latest development of Marian devotion widely known in the Catholic world.

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

ONE of the remarkable events of the month was the statement made by Henry Fairfield Osborn that after years of sincerely believing that man arose, body and soul, from animal ancestry, he concludes that the theory of our ape-like ancestry is a "myth." This was not an easy statement to make. Mr. Osborn is a distinguished scientist, director of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, and for some years President of the American Society for the Advancement of Science.

Quite a strong tide of belief that man is of animal ancestry had been running for a full half century; and even rather noted scientists, working in other fields than that of the origin of living things, had come to take it for granted that there is just one side to this question, and that this one believable side is that man comes up from the animal. And of course the littler scientists, as most of those teaching in American colleges, had gone on announcing to their devoted hearers and adherents that no evolutionary comma was any longer to be put in the way of believing that man is more than animal or of other parentage than animal. Mr. Osborn quite sincerely believed this himself. He was militant, and lectured and wrote to prove that it is indeed so. As a matter of fact, he was a leader of the movement in that same direction in our times, if it needed any leader; and because of his great scientific learning he, if anyone, perhaps had a right to lead. So, now after prolonged studies of the other side of the question, he is worthy of honor and praise for the mental honesty and freedom that allow him to change views.

As is very well known, this is something that the small-gauged scientist or theologian or philosopher never does: he never looks squarely and fully at what is to be said for the other side. He

is mentally hide-bound, and unable to study, let alone to admit, anything that might tell against his own theory. And the older he grows, the more hopeless it becomes that he will re-consider the merits of the case upon which he has built not only his thinking but, perhaps his manner of life. It takes a large-minded man to back down after he has committed himself for a long time and with popular success to a particular point of view; for we like success and applause, and old men's minds tend, in spite of their owners, to become set, and are with the gravest difficulty, if at all, taught new outlooks. All the more credit then to a man of Mr. Osborn's open-mindedness.

Whatever may be the shakiness or the soundness of the theory that man's body has originated from that of some lower animal, Dr. Osborn's saying that it did not do so does not make it more or less the fact; his statement, so far as the fact or reality goes, makes no difference. But he had written so much and so entertainingly on the 'animal side' of the question that many persons who would perhaps have remained aloof were certainly influenced by his glowing expression and great learning. Well, they will have a chance now to retract the views that they may have accepted on his authority, for he says: "I have finally come to the conclusion that the Ape Man is a myth," and have changed my opinions for many reasons "which I hope to elaborate and set forth in a special volume." Just a year ago, in the American Biological Quarterly for December, 1928, Dr. Clark, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, came to the same conclusion, that there is no evidence that man is in any way of animal origin.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

Notes and Remarks.

We wish to commend to the charity of our readers a new society which, though little known, is deserving of much encouragement and assistance. The organization is called The Apostolate of Suffering, and its purpose is to lend good reading to the Catholic sick of the land. Although only a little more than a year old, the society has grown vigorously, now having 570 books on its shelves for distribution, as well as pamphlets of various kinds. Like the Christ Child Society which furnishes the same type of service to the Catholic inmates of various penal institutions, this newly organized Catholic charity deserves every assistance. We all have the Christian duty of visiting the sick and the imprisoned, but personal visits are often impossible and even inadvisable for one reason or another. We can visit in an indirect and even more effective way, however, by helping to furnish through contributions of money or books, entertainment and encouragement and spiritual consolation which the unfortunate in life so often and so woefully need. The Apostolate of Suffering has its international headquarters in Milwaukee, where the Rev. Dr. J. A. Muench, of St. Francis Seminary, is spiritual director, and Miss Anna Catherine Tiry is assistant librarian.

A Catholic, says a man of great experience and wisdom, is the only person wholly free with regard to the marvels and reputed 'miracles' happening at Lourdes or Malden or elsewhere. For the Catholic may believe them miracles or not, as the instance seems to warrant; but the non-Catholic must believe that they are not miracles. So the Catholic, so far as apologetics and dogma are concerned, can look on at what occurs at Malden and shrug his shoulders and wait. He can say: 'If

they are miracles, good; I'm for them. If they are not miracles, very well, too.' Certain other believers and unbelievers must at once make out a case. To protect themselves they must build up an argument of some kind on the premise that there can be no miracle. Of course, if there can be no miracle, then what goes on at Malden is obviously not a miracle. The cures effected there are abnormal, it is admitted, yet they can not violate the law that there can be no miracles. They are, therefore, a type of hypnotic healing, says one; they are an event in an international "publicity stunt on the part of the Catholic Church," says another. It is "distressing," a reversion to pre-Christian, pagan idolatry that people should crowd into a graveyard and steal away handfuls of the soil. Meanwhile, the Catholic may remain calm, and merely remark that the truly marvellous is before his eyes.

A writer in one of the magazines argues that a man of spirit and grit can make his individual money problem take care of itself. The young man, he thinks, should learn to do some important work that he likes to do; because he likes to do it he will do it well, and because it is important and done well he will be paid for it. But the primal money problem, he says, is rather spending than making or having: it is a question of spending wisely, much as the problem of living is not mere living, for we are given life, but it is the problem of living wisely and excellently. And the quite convincing item in the argument is, that it is not theory; the author has carried it into effect. Blest as a youth with neither health nor wealth, but really blest, he says, in having a mother of unconquerable spirit, in having a vivid sense of God's nearness, and in escaping the mentally drugging routine of the elementary schools, he early puts his ideal program before him-

self, and he has gone through with it. He dares in this age, and at this day, to conclude that a man may not save until he is either so fully educated, or with the years has so lost mental suppleness, that he can not spend to advantage, that is, for a larger human experience. We think the report of this man's successes might well be a practical challenge to young men, and at least a mental stimulus to oldish people.

The automobile and the aeroplane and the growing convenience of railroad service, along with our American travelling instinct, have broken down those barriers of distance which, under other conditions, might have kept us a divided people. At the same time the uniform content of our newspapers and the national distribution of our magazines have habituated us to a certain catholicity of interests. The resulting unity of thought and sentiment has solidified in many directions, so that now we frequently find ourselves allied to certain groups which, instead of state boundaries, have only the boundaries of the particular interests concerned. Thus, for instance, we belong by feeling and conviction to societies made up of individuals with common interests along certain limited lines of recreation or religion or employment. According to their nature, these organizations can do much good or evil by picking up and applying the accumulated power of even a scattered membership when that membership stretches over a territory as vast as ours, and when it is selected from a citizenship of one hundred-odd millions. If our various national organizations would properly appreciate the opportunities of united effort, we would not suffer as we sometimes do from the tyranny of less respectable minorities. A fine example of what co-operation can do along less ambitious lines is the National Carpen-

ters' Home, near Lakeland, Florida. According to *The Echo* of Buffalo: "It cost \$3,500,000 and has accommodations for several thousand occupants. The farm includes 1,876 acres, with 900 acres in orange trees. The institution was built from a fund created by contributions of 15 cents a month given by 350,000 members of carpenters' unions in all parts of the country."

A statue of the famous composer, Giuseppe Verdi, in a little park at Broadway and Seventy-third street, New York, has become somewhat soiled by dust and the action of the elements. The Park Commissioners of the city were asked recently to remedy the situation, but replied that a lack of funds in the treasury prevented them from assigning workmen to the job of restoring the statue. Therefore, the *New York Times* tells us, De Wolf Hopper and a number of Metropolitan Opera folk, have arranged to sally forth on the next balmy day with soap and water to restore the replica of their beloved Verdi to something like its original appearance. All of which is very edifying, but what about that strange attitude of mind which will see nothing but what is praiseworthy in such an action, and yet condemn roundly the good Catholic for the respect which he shows to the representations of Our Lord and His saints?

The editor of the *Chicago Tribune* dares to suggest that "Possibly there hasn't been a philosophy of government in Washington in recent years, but merely expediciencies of politics." This condition, he believes, is not new, but belongs to our Government "as a continuity, whether it is of one party or another." Mr. Hoover, "the very competent man of business affairs," is said to add nothing novel or important to the movement, but only to carry it on and to head directly, whether he knows

it or not, toward federal standardization and control: "the federal schoolmaster will hold the switch, the federal health officer will test the drinking water." This means that the several States, as individual units, are passed by as incompetent to take care of matters of local import, or that the national state or the international state as a high merger, is to take affairs into its own hands. The great trouble is that the President "has lived a life detached from theories of government," and the American people "are doing things they have not thought out." This is an unfortunate circumstance,—a nation without a thought-out program of government; it slides along, taking its chances. It is like a driver who has no map and no goal; he might get somewhere, but most persons would not care to ride far with him. For people live according to a thought-out philosophy, and without it they merely muddle along. In the words of a wise man: "Philosophy is merely thought that has been thought out. It is often a great bore. But man has no alternative, except between being influenced by thought that has been thought out and being influenced by thought that has not been thought out. The latter is what we commonly call culture and enlightenment to-day."

Two Eastern clergymen in their Sunday sermons following the recent prison outbreak at Auburn, made a pulpit plea for more "old-time" religion in our penitentiaries. We would certainly cast our vote with the two clergymen for almost any kind of a devout substitute for what ordinarily passes in these days as the "new-time" religion. We have seen some extraordinary results of preaching real religion to prisoner listeners, just as we have seen some rather discouraging failures to touch the sensibilities of those who have been

hardened by years of criminal living. More real religion in our prisons will most certainly help the prisoners, the prison discipline, and perhaps some of the guards; and it is therefore to be most heartily commended. In connection with the preaching of the "old-time" religion within the prison, however, we would like to suggest a national revival everywhere outside of the walls in the same direction. If we can only get those who occupy our pulpits to preach more religion and less politics, for instance, we will not have to worry so much about the problem of our prison population.

A publicist, who probably considers himself more liberal-minded than most people, admits that the Catholic religion deserves to be looked into, there are so many intelligent, good people who profess it. "Come to think on't, that's true," remarked a venerable farmer, in whose hearing this observation was made. "Lemme tell you, something," he went on: "There's a Catholic man I know of that never gets mad, or says a cuss word, no matter what happens. I was at his house one day when the wind blew the chimney down, and the roof began leaking like a sieve. Naturally, I was expecting to hear some remarks, the kind that peels the paint off the fences. But all he would say was, 'Amos, I can't do justice to it!' You may be sure I would have made a try myself, though I do attend prayer-meeting pretty regular."

The distribution of national water power was one of the subjects that gave rise to considerable controversy during the presidential campaign. The question of the disposition of the water power at Boulder Dam is about to be actualized, and from this disposition the attitude of the Hoover administration toward the future of the country's

power resources will be known. The issue is between public and private development. In a recent meeting, at which Secretary Wilbur's plan of distribution was offered, city after city uttered its protest against the Secretary's proposal. This was to give the Southern California Edison Company one-fourth of all the power to be generated at the dam. The only man who spoke in favor of this part of the plan was Mr. Mullendon, attorney for the Southern California Edison Company. Under this plan, the Edison Company would receive half of the power available for use in Southern California. This has startled the cities that fought for the passage of the Boulder Dam bill, because they naturally expected a fair amount of the power, at cheaper rates, for themselves. Whereas now, it would seem that the Edison Company who used all its resources to defeat the bill will profit more than the cities. Citizens will watch closely the outcome of this dispute. If the private power companies are given the power in preference to municipalities—or, in a word, the people—we may be sure that the Hoover administration are set upon pursuing the policy that Mr. Smith condemned so vigorously during the campaign.

The selection of Dublin as the meeting place of the next International Eucharistic Congress is likely to make plenty of us think in terms of the 'Irish Eucharistic Congress.' Of course, this would be as great a mistake as to call the Church the 'Irish Church.' The Church is as big as the world; she is Catholic, and not American, or French, or Irish, or Italian. It just happens that the International Congress is held in only one place at a time, and that Ireland is chosen for the year 1932, because that will be the fifteenth centenary of the coming of Saint Patrick to Ireland.



A Prayer.

BY LOUISA CREW.

"GOD make my life a little light
Which in this world will glow;
A little flame to burn quite bright,
Wherever I may go.

"God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

"God make my life a little staff
Whereon the frail may rest,
So that what health and strength I have
May serve my comrades best.

"God make my life a little hymn
Of gentleness and praise;
Of faith—that never groweth dim
In all His love and ways."

The Magic Arrow.

BY SARAH KATHERINE MAYNARD.

XI.—THE ARROW FINDS ITS WAY HOME.

JOAN thought: "We've been away a long time, and yet everything seems to be exactly the same as the morning we went."

She turned to look back at Grown-up Grisel, but found to her surprise that the bushes quite hid Grisel now, and even the sound of her voice had grown faint. She felt rather curious about it all, but without waiting to mention these things to Michael, she took the Brownie's hand and ran with him across the lawn, up the steps and around to the shady side of the veranda where she could hear her mother singing,—ready to pour out the whole story of their adventures with the Brownie,

and to add that Grisel was waiting at the bottom of the garden to be introduced. But she stopped short for two reasons.

In the first place mother said so placidly: "Hullo, darling! Just look,—aren't these the nicest little things? I found them sitting in a row on Michael's arrow at the far end of the garden."

Mother spoke precisely as though she had not missed Michael or Joan at all; and in the second place, she was surrounded by five strange little girls. Directly the little girls saw the Brownie they screamed with delight.

"Oh, aren't you going to catch it!" the Brownie cried. "Just wait till Grisel gets you home, young ladies!"

They only laughed at him. They were all very sweet, these little girls, all with something of Grisel about them,—which was not surprising since they were her lost baby cousins.

"Ah, here is another of the little Browns," said Mother, making a place beside her for the Brownie. "If you're anything like your mother, little boy, you must be very nice."

The Brownie liked this compliment to his mother; he also liked Joan's mother, and so he asked her: "Do you know whereabouts my mother is?"

"Come and see, my dear," said Mother. She tumbled the baby cousins of Grisel out of the hammock and the Brownie and herself along with them, and told them to follow her indoors to the kitchen. "There, little boy, there's your good mother and my good friend, Mrs. Brown."

On a chair at the dresser, wearing a large apron, Mrs. Brown stood. She started guiltily when the door opened,

because she had been peeping into all the glass jars and tasting the contents of most of them.

"We've come to see how you're getting on," said Mother.

"Oh — oh, splendidly," said Mrs. Brown. "I'm just going to start the cooking."

"You're awfully good to offer to help me like this, but really Mrs. Brown, I don't like to leave you to do everything alone."

"Oh, it's a great adventure for me, I assure you," said Mrs. Brown; and then, even with Mother standing there, she lifted the lid of another jar and peeped in, actually putting her little finger in for a taste,—for she had a very sweet tooth. "But if you were in the kitchen with me," she went on, "I'd get confused, and I might even spoil the dinner,—which would be a pity, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would," said Mother, thinking of Daddy. "Well, perhaps you will let Joan stay, just in case you do need help."

Mother was already half way out of the kitchen. She was not fond of kitchens, not in the least; but she was very fond of spending the morning in the garden with her children, and to-day she had Grisel's cousins into the bargain,—five little children much too sweet to be kept in the house, she thought. So presently the door closed softly, and Mrs. Brown (as Mother called her, though her real name was Mrs. Brownie) glanced round from the interesting shelf of jars and saw that only Joan remained in the room with her. She gave a smile of relief and winked down at Joan.

"I don't really know a thing about cooking," she whispered, "but I'm sure it's very easy, and with good will one can always succeed." In her happiness over the success she was bound to have she sang as she handed down the jellies and jams necessary for her recipes.

"Now," she said, "we'll begin. We'll start with the pudding."

"We always start our dinner with soup," said Joan politely.

"Soup!"

"Yes, soup; and we generally have salt in it."

Mrs. Brown's face grew long. "Well, we'll see," she said at last. She placed a large pot on the fire. "Now for the ginger-beer."

"Not in the soup!"

"Wait, my dear," said Mrs. Brown quietly. She began to think that Joan was rather an interfering type of child. "When your father tastes this soup he'll say it's the most wonderful that ever was made."

Pop!—went a bottle of ginger-beer, and the contents was poured into the pot. On top of that a bag of sugar, and then raisins and figs and jam and spice, and pell-mell all the other sweet things she had found in the cupboards. Very carefully she boiled this mixture! With what intensity she stirred it and stirred it, and tasted it and tasted it,—until she had tasted it nearly all away! She was dismayed, but only for a moment, for it was an easy matter to supplement a jug of orange-juice. "That will make up," she said, "and no one will ever know the difference. What comes after the soup?"

"Something like meat," said Joan.

Mrs. Brown raised her hands. "Meat? How extraordinary!" She was certain now that she could cook a good deal better and more to her own liking if Joan were not there; so, tactfully she begged her to go and see what mischief the little Browns might be up to in their own house. "Don't bother to knock; just walk straight into our house."

Joan could not very well say no. Also as the kitchen door closed behind her she could not help hearing Mrs. Brown's happy chuckle on finding herself quite alone.

Outside it was more like a garden of children than of flowers, with so many little Browns and Grisel's children running about; and when Joan stepped out on the lawn she saw Daddy (who in the ordinary way never budged from his desk during the morning), even Daddy looking out of the window, evidently wishing himself in the garden too.

"Come out," Mother called to him.

"Impossible," he called back,—*"too busy."* He closed the window and disappeared into his study.

Joan ran on to the neighboring house of the Brownies. She was not gone long, but when she came back her face was pale. Again the first person she saw was Daddy, this time leaning head and shoulders out of the window.

"Come out," Mother urged him.

"Impossible! Too b—— Well, all right; I'll come for a few minutes." He came out and stayed for the rest of the morning.

Joan ran to him. "O Daddy, their house! If you saw it! It's nice,—but *peculiar!*"

Daddy scarcely heard. He was down on his hands and knees ready to play bears with Grisel's cousins. But the cousins did not want bears. They were begging for all sorts of other games. He might have played one game after the other only he could not decide which of the cousins—Sue or Faith or Penelope or Polly or Prue—he wanted most to oblige; consequently, he had to play all the games together. It was no wonder then that he did not hear Joan's remark about Mrs. Brown's house, and it was no wonder the morning passed quickly.

Lunch time came. Mrs. Brown, smiling and well content, appeared on the veranda to say that everything was ready, and would they come in. They went in to the lunch she had so proudly laid out on palm leaves on the sofa.

Mother and Joan murmured polite-

ly: "Everything looks beautiful, Mrs. Brown," but Daddy only said, "Well, well," and stroked his chin. Michael laughed.

However, Mrs. Brown was too occupied ladling out the ginger-beer soup and sprinkling it with cocoa-nut to notice their words or their faces. It was only when Daddy apologized to her and said: "It looks first-rate, Mrs. Brown, but unfortunately the doctor has forbidden me to eat soup," that her happy smile faded; and when he saw all the other dishes—the brown sugar on the potatoes and the honey on the tomatoes—and added: "In fact, I'm not supposed to eat anything in the middle of the day; I suggest that we invite the little Browns in to this meal," then she was *really* disappointed, for she had taken great pains with her cooking. But she cheered up when her own children swarmed into the room and presently said the soup was lovely.

Now while this luncheon was in progress, a group of thin ladies was standing at the front door of Mrs. Brown's house. And they were ringing and ringing and ringing away at the doorbell, and knocking and knocking, and scolding and scolding because nobody came to let them in. Finally they said "We'll try the house next door, and see if we can get some information about these funny Browns."

Next door they went and rang that bell. As there was no maid it was Daddy who answered the door,—or rather he called out absent-mindedly: "Come in," because he was quite confused from the five games at once and the sight of the ginger-beer soup. And when the ladies came in, instead of saying "how do you do?" he pounced on them, roaring "Gr-r-r-r-!"

The ladies nearly fainted. They thought Daddy was some lunatic and rushed past him as fast as they could. They rushed right into the dining-room.

But once inside this room the fainting-spells vanished,—for here was the culprit—here was Mrs. Brown, and here were all her little culprit children.

"Ah, here she is!" they cried in little squeaky voices.

It was now poor Mrs. Brown who felt disaster approaching, and nearly fainted. "Yes," she whispered, "here I am."

"We own the house you rented," one lady shrieked, "and we've come to put you out, because—"

"Because you've ruined our house."

"Because you got in under false pretences."

"Because you've so many children that you're like an orphanage. So you have to leave at once."

Mrs. Brown stood staring and looking as if she would cry.

"Well, now," said Daddy slowly, "this is very strange. To come and turn Mrs. Brown out of her house at a moment's notice. My dear ladies, you can not mean it."

"We do mean it," they screamed; "and she's not Mrs. Brown, she's Mrs. Brownie—*she's a real Brownie!*" It was like saying "she's a real criminal!" And even Mother and Daddy gasped a little.

"Quite true," murmured Mrs. Brown sadly, "I'm Mrs. Brownie."

"Nevertheless," said Daddy recovering, "whether Mrs. Brownie or Mrs. Pinkie or Mrs. Whitey, she must not be turned out in this unfriendly manner."

"Ask her what she's done to our house," piped one thin lady.

"Ask her what's happened to the bathroom," piped another.

"Ask her where are the stairs."

"Ask her if she knows anything whatsoever about civilized housekeeping."

Daddy did not ask Mrs. Brown any of these embarrassing questions; rather he looked hard at the indignant ladies, hoping to find even one nice fat, comfortable one amongst them,—but no, they were all thin and cross.

Mrs. Brown sighed. "So you want me to go away?"

"We do."

"Oh, please think twice before saying that," Mother begged them. "See the attractive lunch Mrs. Brown has prepared for us."

"Fit for a king," said Daddy. "May we invite you ladies to partake of the meal with us?"

They wanted to refuse, but people always found it difficult to refuse Daddy. A few moments later the whole group sat down and accepted Mrs. Brown's ginger-beer soup.

Whether they found it palatable is hard to say, for Daddy commended it so highly, and took so many helpings himself that out of sheer amazement they followed his example.

Tears of happiness were rolling down Mrs. Brown's face. Now one of her great ambitions was realized. All her life long she had wanted to excel in cookery,—to-day it was quite evident that she had excelled.

When all the soup was gone and the treacly potatoes eaten, and the honied tomatoes and the sugar pudding, she said meekly: "I suppose I must go now," which made the landladies look awkward, for it was not easy to turn a tenant out just when they had eaten her lunch.

"We don't want to be hard," one of them stammered. But the thinnest among them said quickly: "Well, let the gentleman come and see for himself."

At this reasonable proposal not only Daddy but Mother and the entire assembly trooped into the garden behind the landladies, and passed through a hole in the wall into the garden of the next house.

"We never made that hole in the wall," the ladies sniffed; and then no one spoke again until they were inside the big shingled house, which Mrs. Brown had rented under false pretences for herself and her large family. And

then no one spoke. There was no word, but the little cries of dismay coming every now and again from the landladies.

Where was the furniture? There was none. There were little canoes and there were diving boards; but there was none of the furniture one usually puts into houses. Where the stairs had been there was a waterfall. In the drawingroom there was a pond with a little island in the middle and lizards living on the island. There were fern leaves on the windows instead of curtains; there was a grapevine in the bathroom, and the bath-tub was filled in and beautifully planted with violets. In the bedrooms there were only trees, dwarf cedars and young mimosas.

At last the eldest landlady said sharply: "You see! We are not unduly severe. Now that your own eyes have witnessed the damage you must admit that we are really lenient. We have not exaggerated. The house speaks for itself." But oh, how she jumped when suddenly the house really did speak for itself!

In a deep, murmuring sing-song it said: "We like Mrs. Brown; we like all the Browns; we like the improvements to the house; we wish all tenants were as happy between our walls as the Browns have been."

"Oh—oh—oh!" whispered the ladies with chattering teeth, "who is speaking?"

"I am—the house,—I am speaking," continued the round, rolling, murmuring voice. "Mrs. Brown is all heart; you landladies are all head. But Mrs. Brown must return to her own country where the people are all nice and nearly all peculiar. And when she goes let her take with her the children belonging to Grisel, for nice, peculiar Grown-up Grisel is waiting for them."

"Really this is too much," burst out one landlady, all grey in the face. "We must beg Mrs. Brown to depart imme-

diately; and we must get the plumbers in, and the house repairers—"

"You need not," murmured the house. "Once Mrs. Brown goes, the rooms and I will be lonely and only too glad of occupation. Return in twenty-four hours, madam, and you will find your house as you like it."

Mrs. Brown was putting on her cap,—peaked like the children's and with an acorn at the tip for a bell. "Come, my family, we must go."

The landladies made a hurried departure by the front door, pushing and jostling and afraid of being left in the talking house; but the Browns and everyone else went out quietly by the back door. Out of the back door and down the garden towards the crooked gate, which they had built to connect the Earth-people's land and their own.

Daddy wanted to say: "Don't go, Mrs. Brown. Come and live with us." But he thought of his study and pictured a waterfall in it, and he hesitated. Indeed he felt sorry for her, but if she took away his bookcases to make room for a waterfall,—no, no, he could not speak the words of comfort.

It was Mother who said: "Dear Mrs. Brown, forget those horrid landladies and move into our house; we'll easily all fit"

Mrs. Brown shook her head. "Thank you, but we would only spoil your house. It is not as easy 'as I imagined for us to become ordinary people. Say good-bye, my dears," she sighed to Grisel's cousins.

"Oh! must I give up all these beautiful little girls?" Mother said regretfully. "Let me keep one of them. But no, I can't choose; I simply can not choose." Like Grisel, Mother could not decide which one she loved best of the five.

Then Joan said: "After you've met Grown-up Grisel, Mother, and discovered how nice she is, you won't want to keep them from her. You'll see her at the gate."

But when they reached the gate they could not see Grisel; for in the Land Time Wronged, a mist was falling. And so none of them could see Grisel, nor could they see the King nor any of the other nice out-of-the-way people. They could only hear the grey doves cooing.

Daddy lifted the latch. "Well, goodbye, Mrs. Brown; I'm sorry you're going,—I'm really sorry. I'll never forget your wonderful cooking." (Praise which Mrs. Brown put into her heart and cherished.)

"I'll come back another day," she whispered, marshalling her children through the gate, "and I'll cook lunch for you again."

Joan pushed a tiny pink handkerchief into the young Brownie's hand. "Take it for your collection."

"Thank you, Raspberry Jam. You'll see me again,—quite often, if Michael keeps his arrow safe, because there's magic in it."

Suddenly the five baby cousins clapped their hands and cried out: "Grisel, Grisel! We want you, Grisel!" And immediately Grisel's clear high voice answered them, trembling with joy because they were found.

Far down the wobbly road those at the gate could see Grisel now; they could see her very faintly,—silvery grey like the mist, and holding out her hands for her children. Some one was standing beside her. It might have been the King, but the mist was falling too fast for anyone to be sure.

The children raced away, laughing and tumbling over the funny wobbly ground and flung themselves at last into Grisel's arms.

Joan called, "Come and speak to us, Grisel. My father and mother are here. Please come. Can you hear me, Grown-up Grisel?"

"I hear you, little Miss Honeybunch; but it's too dark now. Another day I'll come and meet your family. Tell Michael to keep his arrow safe; and

another time I'll come, little Miss Honeybunch. Not now—another time."

Her lovely voice died away, and the laughter of the children died away; and all sight and sound of the Strange Land Time Wronged was softly folded into shadow.

Daddy turned from the gate back into the sunshine of the garden. "Well, well," he murmured, "they're gone. Very nice people,—peculiar but nice." He looked up at the big empty house where the Brownies had lived, and returned thoughtfully to his study.

But Michael and Joan and Mother did not go indoors. They sat under the wide mimosa, and Michael took the arrow he had made when the moon was full and laid it in his mother's hands.

"There's magic in it, Mother," he said; "hold it and we'll tell you something."

And then they told her of all the things that had happened in the country where Grown-up Grisel and the Brownies lived.

(The End)

Old Words.

The title "yeoman" was formerly one of more dignity than now commonly belongs to it. It signified originally a *Yewman*, so called from his bearing the bow in battle, bows being made of yew. Hence a yeoman was at first of equal consequence with "Esquire," or shield-bearer; and as proof of this we now have in England, Yeoman of the crown, yeoman of the guards, etc.,—all persons of the first rank. Another word that seems to have lost its original meaning is "spinster." Among our industrial and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were called spinsters—an appellation they still have in all law proceedings.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An interesting and very useful volume for religious or lay people is "How to Pray Well," from the French of Father Raoul Plus, S. J. This little book treats of the four ends of prayer,—adoration, thanksgiving, repentance and petition. It is written by a man who knows the spiritual life and has a wide knowledge of ascetic literature, and the reader will find in its pages the fruits of his extensive reading. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—It is a regrettable fact, that while our Catholic people are unceasing in their devotion to particular saints, there is but scant attention given to the Holy Spirit who is the inspirer of every good thought and deed. To try to overcome this seeming indifference, and to cultivate in the hearts of the faithful a special devotion to the Holy Ghost, Father F. X. Lasance has prepared a small volume, "Come, Holy Spirit," of meditation and prayers in honor of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. We hope this instructive and very useful book of prayer will have a wide reading. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Occasionally the life currents of men and women cross and recross in tumultuous meetings so as to furnish the raw material stuff for some ready pen. Such a series of dramatic situations has been taken by Beatrice Chase and put into fiction form under the title, "The Twelfth Amethyst." The resulting narrative is better than the average Catholic story. The characters are strong, the incidents are dramatic, and the story is well told, with an ending more than usually happy. The fact that the reader is aware that real characters under other names once lived out this story adds considerably to its effectiveness. Published by Longmans, Green and Co. Price, \$2.50.

—The following pamphlets selling at five cents each and written by Daniel A. Lord, S. J., have come to us from *The Queen's Work Press*: "Don't Say It!"—a sermon in story form on the sinful ravages of gossip; "Prod-

igals and Christ"—a little radio romance and an appropriate sermon on the title-subject; "Fashionable Sin"—a treatment and indictment of the modern attitude towards sin, interestingly illustrated by examples from the everyday life of the nation. A handy and attractive little booklet, entitled "Novena to the Blessed Virgin Mary," comes from the Paulist Press, New York. It contains prayers for public and private novenas in preparation for the principal feasts of Our Lady. Price, 5c.

—Among late books, one which deserves to take its place beside Ghéon's fine study of the Curé of Ars and Lavedan's great life of St. Vincent de Paul, is "Saint Francis de Sales," by Henri Bordeaux of the French Academy. Hagiographies such as these make spiritual reading akin to romance. A layman, a distinguished man of letters, tells us about a saint as a man "who had nothing odd or striking about him, who kept the common way in a manner so divine and heavenly, in so charming a style, that we exclaim here is art indeed. The spiritual doctrine of St. Francis has not lost its beauty nor its power with the passing of time. M. Bordeaux says "there is nothing ephemeral about the soul; it is ridiculous to believe that it undergoes evolution. Like death, it is changeless." And his study of the soul of the theologian of love, and his influence on the souls of those he understood so well and guided with such unvarying patience, so serenely, so peacefully and so beneficently, is eminently satisfying. Longmans, Green and Co.; price, \$2.50.

—Rev. James Broderick, S. J., in his life of the Blessed Robert Bellarmine, tells us something of the worries and anxieties which the latter was compelled to suffer because of the negligence of his printers. It seems that at one period in his long career Cardinal Bellarmine was compelled to print a small volume containing various elucidations of his published works. Into this work he placed a special "correctorium" of almost one hundred

pages of mistakes for which his printers were entirely responsible. Father Broderick writes that the famous controversialist complained that the "sleepiness" of these men at their work was responsible for the omission in places of entire sentences and paragraphs, and that they occasionally left out or even inserted negative particles in such a way as to make him say the very opposite of what he intended. All of which leads us to observe, in a spirit of appreciation for services done, that if the good Cardinal could have transported himself through the centuries and over the sea into the printing and proof rooms of our own AVE MARIA office, he might well have thought himself in a publisher's paradise.

—In this day, when it is rather generally conceded that the forces of Protestantism are breaking up, the value of a knowledge of Church History for high school or college graduates is inestimable. One must learn in his religion classes, during the high school period, the dogmatic teaching of the Church; the principles of Christian morals, and the liturgical action of the Mass and the other Sacraments. But it is necessary, too, if the student would be prepared to meet the objections that are made against his faith, that he know the story of the Church's life in the world, how it has brought its supernatural power to influence the world in its progress, and how, in spite of the human element in the Church, which is erring and often weak, the promise of Christ that the Church shall not fail has been vindicated through two thousand years. To give this knowledge in an interesting and satisfactory manner, the Rev. John Laux, M. A., has prepared a course in Church History as Part V. of the Course in Religion. It begins with the description of the Roman Empire at the birth of Christ, shows the foundation of the Church and its struggle in the pagan world during the period of its persecution, down to the pontificate of Gregory the Great (590). There are suggestions for supplementary reading; selections from the early Christian and pagan writers and hints for further study. The book, we think, will find a valuable place as a supplementary study to the religion classes, fill-

ing in the picture, and showing, as it were, the Christian principles put to the test in the life of the world. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—The B. Herder Book Company has arranged for the gradual translation of the more valuable and interesting volumes of the well-known French series, "Bibliothèque Catholique des Sciences Religieuses." Up to the present, the following have been presented under the general title of "The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge": Vol. I., "Baptism and Confirmation," by M. l'Abbé Adhémar d'Alés; Vol. II., "The Greek Literature of the Early Christian Church," by Abbé G. Bardy; Vol. IV., "The Breviary; Its History and Contents," by Dom Baudot, O. S. B. Of these, the second volume has already been reviewed in these columns. The first and fourth volumes are of the same high value and are particularly apropos in these days of commendable interest in the liturgy of the Church. The authors approach their subjects with a proper appreciation of the dignity of the matter treated and with due regard also to the particular interests and needs of lay and clerical readers. A better understanding of the history and contents of the breviary and of the two sacraments will certainly follow from even a cursory perusal of these two books. The proposal of a library of one hundred volumes upon matters of similar value merits the interest of Catholics everywhere. Cloth, net, \$1.35 per volume.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Peter J. Malone, Diocese of Providence.

Sister M. Eudoxia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William Blakeslee, Mrs. Chris Thelen, Mrs. Brigit Gahgan, Mrs. F. C. McAuliff, Miss Agnes Rose Kelly, Miss Mary Hickson, Mrs. Mary Dougherty, Mr. James Cusick, Mr. Hugh F. Tansey, Mr. Frank B. Cox, Mrs. Margaret Saunders, Dr. Richard and Charles Brown, Miss Ellen Neville, Mr. Charles Senn, and Mr. Andrew Cullon.

May they rest in peace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BESS'D. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 15, 1930.

No. 20.

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Wishing.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

I WISH I were in Ireland,—
At home or anywhere
Within a hill-girt valley,
Or on a mountain bare:
I'd travel hill and hollow,
And I'd sail the ocean wide,
To see the gold gorse burning
Upon a green hillside.

I would that I were going
To where the blackbird's call
Rings down the quiet valley
Beneath Glounn's waterfall:
It's little I'd be heeding
The lure of London Town,
Could I hear the gay lark singing
Above the mountains brown.

I wish I were in Ireland,—
At home or anywhere
About the glens of Antrim,
Or on the hills of Clare:
No trouble I'd be knowing,
And no grief might e'er betide,
Could I see the gold gorse burning
Upon a green hillside.

HAIL MARY! When she heard it for the first time from the lips of Gabriel she conceived the Word of God; and now whenever human lips repeat these words her breast is moved at the remembrance of that moment unique in heaven or on earth; and all eternity feels the thrill of the happiness she then experienced.—*Lacordaire*.

The Unromantic Catholic.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

IT is to Sir Walter Scott (the centenary of whose death will be celebrated in two years) that the beginning of the Catholic revival is generally credited. The glamour which he threw over Medieval times incidentally revealed the Church as, at least, picturesque. In place of the harsh iconoclasm of a former age there was awakened a new interest in ancient institutions. He made it possible for his generation to sentimentalize over the ruins of abbeys which its predecessors had ruthlessly spoiled. Even if monks and nuns lived infamous lives, it had to be granted that cowls and coifs had a romantic appearance. Friars might be vagabonds, but they were jolly rascals who looked well in the picture. Masses for the dead, the invocation of saints, incense and altar lights, though they might suggest superstitious practices, were pleasing stage-effects, and the footlights enabled one to forget their more sinister meanings. Such was the nature of the reaction created by "the Wizard of the North."

Gradually the romantic movement deepened. From admiring the Church as a picturesque institution, certain Victorians, chiefly associated with that "home of lost causes," Oxford, began to imitate her practices and profess many of her beliefs. Could not the Articles of the Church of England, it was

asked, be so interpreted as to permit the hearing of confessions and a Catholic view of the Blessed Sacrament. Before long, Anglican clergymen might be seen going about attired in the habits of religious, dangling crucifixes from their girdles, and displaying shaven crowns. It was all very novel and exciting, and gave religion an additional charm. Emerging from the prosy Protestantism of the preceding age into this refurnished Establishment was like stepping into fairyland. Thus was it through the gateway of Romance that the Church, in numerous instances, re-entered English life.

It is still observable that many who entirely repudiate her authority keenly appreciate what may be called the sentimental value of the Church. The toleration extended to her is largely due to the respect felt for an ancient institution which, though now an anachronism, has an appealing quaintness. This romantic character is often supposed to comprise her sole claim to survival and to be the main attraction which draws converts within the Fold. In the estimation of many, she has no longer any spiritual substantiality, and is but a paste-board structure having no more reality than stage scenery.

There is, however, one consideration which might cause those who hold this view to pause before coming to a final verdict. The position of the Church in the United States, where she is more than holding her own and, indeed, promises to become a still more powerful factor in the religious life of the nation, is unique. There she finds herself in a community peculiarly modern in its outlook. There is something antagonistic in the atmosphere of North America to Medieval institutions.

The principles of the Revolution have fashioned a civilization which, according to critics like Hilaire Belloc, is quite unlike that, of even present-day Europe.

Architecture, political methods, social customs proclaim other ideals than those of the past. In the clear light of the Republic, the stage apparatus of feudalism stands revealed for what it is. The deceptive glamour of the theater has there no chance. Institutions which still hold there own in the older parts of the world, no sooner touch transatlantic shores than they wither and die. The prevailing industrial utilitarianism and scientific efficiency make fashions which have nothing but their antiquity and picturesqueness to recommend them look ridiculous.

The States, in fact, are fiercely opposed to all those values which are supposed to constitute the Church's sole stock-in-trade. Yet, as has been seen, this "feudal" institution, this "Medieval anachronism" flourishes on their soil. Battlemented castles, moated granges, monarchy, hereditary titles, the ideals of militarism have never been able to root themselves deeply there. The cult of antiquity, the acceptance of tradition, as tradition, must remain for Americans the fad of the few; it cannot become a general sentiment.

The position of the Catholic Church in their country, on the supposition that it represents only an outworn European romanticism, is therefore a problem. It is as though one were to find Teutonic phrases embedded in a Slavonic language, or plants indigenous to African swamps on Alpine heights. The thing, on the theory mentioned, is a contradiction. The only solution is that the values represented by the Church are universal, and that such romance as pertains to it is not of the skin-deep type imagined, but is of its essence. If it were no more than the moonlit ruin of Scott's novels it could not have survived, much less flourished, in the commercial and industrial community of the West.

A fact leading to the same conclusion

is the attitude towards his Church of the average Catholic, whether in America or elsewhere. It would be untrue to say that he is indifferent to its picturesque and dramatic aspects, but it is quite clear that they do not constitute for him the chief thing. In England, for instance, it is often found that the faithful worship in some humble and shabby structure within the shadow of some cathedral whose architectural glory throws it into the shade. Or it may be that the "Mass" celebrated in the nearby High Anglican edifice far outbids in point of exterior splendor anything that the priest of the neighboring Catholic church can manage to secure.

It is not Catholics who best describe the artistic glories of the Institution to which they belong. It is a significant fact that the novels which do this with most success are generally by non-Catholics. It was while still outside the Church that Sigrid Undset, the famous Norwegian convert, wrote those stories in which her country's Catholic and Medieval past lives again. It remains to be seen whether her later work will show the same appreciation of the picturesque past. It would not be surprising if it did not.

It is not an uncommon experience on the part of converts that actual participation in the life of the Church dissipates the glamour through which previously they had seen her. Even the greatest mysteries they find accepted with a matter-of-factness which, at first, is somewhat disillusioning. One goes to confession or receives Holy Communion without any of those thrills which had been previously imagined. Everything is so much more casual than one had expected. Indeed, it is possible to sense a measure of hostility to anything like excitement. As for the stage effects—processions, ceremonies of various kinds—they are all part of the business of the Household of the Faith. The statues

before which, in the novels we had read, devout worshippers knelt with uplifted, pleading countenances—they look a little faded and tired. Tallow drips unheeded on the shrines of saints. The smell of stale incense proves anything but romantic. Seen from within, the Church is a much more prosaic affair than had been thought.

The reason for this process of disillusionment is clear. The same kind of thing is observable wherever the spectacular is exchanged for the practical view-point. The mountain which, in the distance appears like some mighty cathedral reared by superhuman builders against the sky, to the actual climber is but a mass of rock and scrub; he sees nothing of the soaring peak it is his intention to conquer. The regiment swinging down the street to martial strains presents quite another appearance to the recruit engaged in the drudgery of barrack life or dodging shells in muddy trenches. The worker observes only the seamy side of the work. It is, as the proverb asserts, the spectator who sees most of the game.

It is in a similar fashion that the exterior and interior views of Catholicism are contrasted. For us who are on the inside, our religion is a definite and practical business. We are not in the Church for the sake of æsthetic emotions, dramatic thrills, sentimental heroics. Our religion is not a pose. The urgent matter that concerns us is the glory of God and the salvation of our souls. We like to approach our Sacramental Lord with fitting dignity and to worship Him with such beauty as we can command; but that is not for the purpose of effect, it is solely because He is worthy of all the honor we can show Him either by interior disposition or exterior action.

Moreover, while others perceive only the staging of the Catholic life, we are familiar, in the case of our own souls,

with those intimate details of struggle and failure where moral ugliness is more apparent than artistic beauty. The sympathetic observer sees the haloed saints; more familiar to our thoughts is the painful Pilgrim Way, with its mud and boulders, its memories of defeat, its long stretches of dullness, its fatigue and stinging humiliations—the road by passing along which triumphantly they became saints. And, though our own failures may be more glaring than any others, they are not the only ones.

The Church Militant is made up of men and women in all stages of imperfection. We know that ecclesiastical robes, even, may hide serious flaws of character, and that ecclesiastical machinery, sublime as may be its ultimate achievement, does not work without creaking and jarring. Being realists, we can but smile at the pretty pictures which, forgetful of all the grime of the actual struggle, represent us posed in suitable attitudes at our devotions. No, we say, it is not at all like that. We do not march to stirring strains of organ music; we do not live in the glow of colored windows. Our lives are dusty and drab. You know only the outside; we are familiar with the sordid facts.

And yet who would not rather be in the weary and perspiring ranks of this Army than an admiring spectator? Is not the satisfaction of sharing the toil whereby God's Kingdom becomes greater than any æsthetic thrill? How much better to be climbing the Mountain when every foot gained lifts us nearer Heaven than, standing afar off, to gaze upon its unventured heights!

The lack of romanticism in the average Catholic, his apparent indifference to things that stir the world's wonder, may be and often is a tribute to the practical seriousness with which he takes his religion. He may seem very little alive to the pageantry of Catholic history, but that, it is possible, is be-

cause he himself is engaged in making history. Dull and insensitive, men may think him, to the great contributions his church has made to past civilizations; one never knows, however, whether his inattention is not due to preoccupation with his own contribution to contemporary civilization. "The spectator sees most of the game." True, but who would be a mere spectator when "the game" happens to be that of the Christian life?

Yet even to these practical and prosaic Catholics is sometimes granted a vision of That of which they form a part. Moments there are when the battle-smoke drifts aside, and the private soldier may behold the extended line of the Church's far-flung hosts; then does he realize that it is no petty feud in which he is engaged, but the cosmic struggle between Truth and Falsehood, Right and Wrong. On his individual life and struggle is shed the glory of a great Cause; and even more he may expect if he be faithful. For there is a Day set down in the Calendar of Heaven when those laborers who have never known anything but the seamy side of their own lives shall see those lives as God, in His infinite charity, sees them.

But that is not yet. Sufficient for us at present that we are workers, not spectators.

"WHEN at times you may seem to see something, which to our little understanding appears ill-regulated in the government or order of the world, recall to mind the warning of the Apostle St. Paul: 'Judge not before the time, until the Lord come.' Only then will the wise ordering of Providence be perfectly apparent in all that may now seem disorder, just as a piece of tapestry, which, if seen on the reverse side, seems to be a confusion of ill-ordered stitches and texture, proves, when seen on its right side, to be a most artistically arranged piece of work."

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

V.—(CONTINUED.)

THE first piece of sensational evidence came from the police constable who had visited Sara Ketterley's cottage when it became known that the man had been seen to enter it. The constable had found the door unlocked and the house empty. In looking round for any possible trace of evidence, he had lighted upon a scrap of paper, which had been thrown upon the ashes in the extinct grate, and now lay before the Coroner (That functionary took it into his hand as the man was speaking). He went on to describe the position in which the body had been found, and detailed the contents of the pockets of the deceased.

There was a stir in Court and a movement of heads towards the witness' bench when Sara Ketterley was called. The witness stood up, her face deathly pale and twitching with nervousness. Asked whether she had seen the deceased on the day he had called at her cottage, she replied that she had not. She was away from Wybrow for two or three days at the time of the call.

There was a rustle of expectation among the spectators when the Coroner handed to the witness a scrap of paper and asked: "Is that in your handwriting?"

The witness murmured what appeared to be an affirmative. The Coroner read aloud from the paper amid intense silence in the Court: "You need ask for no more money from me after this. It is more than I can afford, anyway. I do not wish to set eyes on you again, nor shall I take any further notice of your letters. SARA."

Asked whether she had identified the remains of the dead man, the witness burst into tears, and seemed to be about to collapse. The Coroner gave direc-

tions for a chair to be brought for her, and allowed her to remain seated during her examination. In answer to the repeated question, the witness bowed her head in affirmation.

"Was it the person for whom you left the envelope containing money upon the mantel shelf?"

Again she gave an affirmative reply.

"Will you tell the Court who this George Dunmore was, and what hold he had upon you that you should be forced to pay him money you could not afford to lose?"

"Oh, no! I cannot!" the witness cried in an agonized voice.

"But I am afraid I shall have to take measures to compel you, if you persist in refusing. The Court is bound to obtain all possible information bearing on the case, and this information is necessary. So, however painful it may be, I advise you to speak quite openly in answer to my question."

A dead silence reigned in the Court for a few seconds, the woman sitting with bowed head, her face hidden by her hands. Then she rose and spoke in a firm voice what it must have been unspeakable torment to reveal to a crowd of eager listeners.

"He was my husband," she said in a voice which grew firmer and more clear when once that declaration had been made. "We were married more than twenty years ago, but I left him after two years. He was a wicked, cruel husband to me, and I was afraid for my life when he was in one of his mad, drunken fits. He always managed to find out where I was living and would pester me for money; for he hated work, though he was a skilled mechanic and could easily have kept us both in comfort. When at last I settled here, I got free of him; but somehow he got to know where I was. He knew I had taken back my maiden name, and used to write to me under that name. When a letter came from him to say

that he meant to come here, and threatening to make everything public unless I paid well for his silence, I was almost mad with terror. I left five pounds in the letter just read—it was far more than I could spare, but I was terrified lest he should take away my character; and I took the train to Newholm without saying a word to anyone, and only ventured back when I felt confident that he would have gone off with the money. That is the truth, before God!"

The poor creature sank back into the chair in a fainting condition, and charitable women helped her out of the Court. The Doctor who had been deputed to make a postmortem examination, stated that heart failure, which he attributed in great measure to intemperate habits, had been the cause of death. The kindly Inspector of Police had arranged for the Station Master and his clerk to give evidence corroborating the statement of Sara Ketterley as to her railway journey to Newholm. In the end the only possible verdict was "Death from natural causes."

The burning topic of conversation among the crowd that poured out into the open air, was the amazing confession of the poor dressmaker. The general feeling was one of pity for a greatly injured woman, who had been held up to contumely through no fault of hers. But Mrs. Hussick took an entirely different view.

"I call it scandalous," she exclaimed, "her coming and settling here among decent folk, and pretending she'd never been married at all! Sinful deceit, I call it, if you ask me!"

The more kindly Mrs. Bonding ventured a word in defence, but the virtuous Mrs. Hussick would have none of it.

"Surely she'll never 'old up 'er 'ead in Wybrow after such a showing up—at any rate I 'ope she'll take herself off from *this* respectable neighborhood!"

Mrs. Hussick's righteous indignation at the slur cast upon the spotless

reputation of "Peter's Lane" was doubtless soon appeased.

No one knew whither Sara Ketterley had flown to hide her shamed face from Wybrow gossips, but after the day of the inquest she was never more seen in that neighborhood.

VI.

Hidden away in a back lane of Wybrow is its most important building—from a Catholic's point of view—the little Gothic church dedicated to St. Joseph. All that I can see of it from my window is the stone cross surmounting the gable of the sanctuary; but that is enough to remind me of the Living Presence there, and to stir up faith, devotion and love.

It may appear somewhat incongruous to have omitted hitherto any record of a spot so holy and so worthy of recollection; but let me hasten to explain that it is scarcely of the church itself I am about to treat. It happens to be the locality most closely connected in my mind with certain persons whose memories are bound up with it.

I have no story to tell of the venerable priest who ministers there; it would be beyond my powers to do justice to the never-failing kindly services in my regard which have earned my everlasting gratitude. Father Vesey is the dearest friend I have in the world; he has been at Wybrow far longer than I. And to say that his life has been taken up with incessant and patient labor for souls is to tell his history.

As to the church itself, I have never been inside its walls. I possess, however, many a photograph taken at various periods of its existence, delineating successive changes and improvements throughout the years. From such sources I can gather a fairly accurate picture of the interior, and, with a little stretch of imagination, visualize its worshippers. A small building, though perfect in architecture and scarcely less perfect in adornments, for Father Vesey is a

true artist—it is capacious enough for the little humble flock of mostly poor Catholics of whom Wybrow can boast.

I can close my eyes and recall the scene I love to contemplate, and at once my mind is flooded with memories of persons and events long passed away. Let me dwell upon some of the most attractive.

Kneeling in a remote corner, absorbed in prayer, is a slight girlish figure, shabbily dressed in a fashion of long ago. My servants have told me of her, speaking loud in admiration of her—after their kind—as a “perfect saint.”

Agnes Connolly at that time supported herself and her bedridden mother by constant and ill-requited toil; she was but a poor, hard-working seamstress, employed by one of the outfitting shops. Unremitting labor at her needle—for cheap sewing machines had not then become common—was the easiest part of her daily round. Her mother was one of those fretful invalids, too often met with among the very poor, whom no attention can satisfy. She added to her bodily sufferings by a relentless impatience and a querulous discontent with every effort to please her. Thus Agnes had to shoulder a double burden—to toil incessantly for their daily bread and tend with all affection a bedridden mother, from whom came never a word of thanks or appreciation in return.

Neighbors knew well enough the state of affairs, and genuine pity was felt for the girl so heavily laden. But such as were venturesome enough to attempt to console the invalid were always met with such angry rebuffs that in course of time very few cared to face the unpleasant ordeal of a visit to her sick bed, and Agnes had little human relief in her dreary life.

Yet for all her hard work and dearth of sympathy, the brave girl exhibited outwardly a radiant cheerfulness

of demeanor, and her calm face expressed peaceful contentment; she had, indeed, a source of consolation which is the secret of sanctity. Her duties made it impossible to hear Mass daily, though never an evening passed but she managed, after carrying back her day's work, to spend some time before the Blessed Sacrament in the church. Then on a Sunday she was always able to hear the early Mass and communicate. By a life thus sanctified, she was proof against petty trials.

Mrs. Connolly—poor soul!—took no interest in any religion. She professed to be a Protestant, had been reared as a Baptist, but had contracted a marriage with a merely nominal Catholic, whose neglect of his own spiritual interests was not calculated to win his wife's sympathy for Catholicism. In reality she had never felt much attraction for any form of belief, and her husband's carelessness encouraged her indifference. It had been due to their daughter that Connolly had made a good end; for Agnes, well trained in the Catholic schools, had taken care to obtain for the poor man the last consolations of religion.

The girl had good reason, at the particular time to which this story relates, for especially earnest prayer on her mother's behalf. She had learned from the doctor that Mrs. Connolly was slowly but surely passing from life, and a few months would bring the end. To Agnes the thought was unbearable that her mother, whom, despite her ill-temper, she fondly loved, should, as she expressed it in her inmost mind, “die like a dog,” bereft of all religious aids in that last dread hour. Many a time had she invited the sick woman to join her in night prayers, but the result had always been an indignant refusal to allow “any such Popish antics” by her bedside. So Agnes had been thrown upon her own resources; these were not limited to prayers alone, for many a shil-

ling had she dropped into the Mass Intentions Box, and many a petition had she made to Father Vesey to think of her poor mother now and again in his Mass. In the sincerity of her faith she felt convinced that God in His boundless mercy would shower the needful grace upon a soul so destitute. Then suddenly there was an answering sign.

"I know well that I'm not long for this world, Aggie," the sick woman said one day, in a gentler tone than usual. "I've not made as much preparation for the next world as I might have done, though. How would it be to have prayers together at nights?"

Agnes gladly agreed. A few days later Mrs. Connolly made the astounding remark, that although she supposed one ought to get a minister to give spiritual help, she had little confidence in any of them except "that priest of yours."

"He was a great comfort to your poor father," she said, "for all he had been such a careless member of his Church, poor man! Do you think the priest would mind stepping in to see me one of these days?"

Father Vesey lost no time in responding to the summons, utterly unexpected as it had been. That same evening he paid his first visit, just as Agnes was preparing to carry back to the shop her day's work. Her mother would not allow her to remain during the priest's stay, and the girl, full of gratitude for so unlooked-for a grace, paid a longer visit than usual to the church before returning home. As she left the porch on her way back, she fell in with Father Vesey, who was just entering the presbytery. He called her in.

"I've the most glorious news for you, Aggie," he said, "that you could possibly desire! Your mother told me just now, quite unexpectedly, that she wants 'to be made a Catholic,' as she puts it, before she dies!"

"Oh, how good God is!" cried the girl, her eyes wet with tears.

Mrs. Connolly lived long enough to taste the full joys of the gift of the Faith. Before the end came she had entirely shed her rough manner towards Agnes; indeed she could never extol highly enough to the neighbors who looked in upon her from time to time—welcomed gladly now—the girl's patient devotion to her in spite of her churlish behavior. Her end was most peaceful and happy.

Her mother's death left Agnes more free to attend to her religious exercises; never a day passed but she was at Mass and Holy Communion. As to her ordinary way of life, it was little changed, except that her evening visits to the church were longer than had been possible before.

It must have been a month or two after Mrs. Connolly's death that I experienced an unexpected windfall. Some mining shares which I had long regarded as hopelessly insolvent suddenly took a good turn, and I found myself reaping a goodly sum after selling out. In gratitude I sent to Father Vesey a cheque for £20, to be applied in any way he might choose. In return he called in next day to thank me.

"You have no idea, Jack," he said, "how timely your present was. It will help in a very good cause. You have heard me speak of Agnes Connolly and her positively heroic conduct towards her exceedingly trying invalid mother; the girl showed a patience under it all that often stirred my admiration. Since her mother's death Agnes has given more and more prayerful consideration to a long-cherished desire to devote herself to the religious life. I made application for her to a convent of Carmelites, and there was no objection made to her reception as a lay sister as soon as she could arrange to enter. There was only one obstacle; the expenses of her mother's illness and funeral had left the girl very badly off, and she felt compelled to work still harder than ever

to be able to pay off all her debts. What made matters worse was the loss of her employment, just when she was best able to devote more energy to it. Poor Agnes began to feel that matters were hopeless, for she was still nearly £20 short of what she needed. I told her to pray hard; it would test the reality of her vocation if she got the money. Yesterday, the last day of a special novena to that end, your cheque turned up!"

So Agnes Connolly fulfilled her desire to her own intense joy, the delight of Father Vesey, and my own satisfaction in having been able to help forward so good a cause.

In a certain corner of St. Joseph's Church, close to one of the confessionals, at the end of an aisle, a rush-bottomed kneeling chair used to stand (I cannot definitely locate it, as my photographs do not show the corner; but its position has been pointed out to me). That chair was always the particular praying place of Julia. Every morning without fail, as long as she was able to get to church, Julia was to be seen there at Mass. Two or more days in each week, when the bell rang at the *Domine non sum dignus*, there would follow a scraping of heavy boots on the tiled pavement, and then after a sufficient interval for the placing upon the chair of her prayer-book in its cover of bright pink-glazed linen, heavy footsteps would sound on the pavement as Julia slowly paced up to the altar to receive Holy Communion (That was at a period, be it known, when frequent Communion, outside religious communities, was exceedingly rare).

But who was Julia, that she should figure here? In the eyes of men a poor, ignorant, Irish hawker; in the sight of the angels, Father Vesey used to say, a truly holy soul, very dear to God!

How often have I caught sight of Julia passing along the main street, her capacious basket on her arm, her big umbrella—no matter what the weather

—clutched in her hand. She was clad always in the same old greenish-black, hooded cloak, gathered in folds about her neck, and a dingy straw bonnet, beneath which a white frilled cap-border protruded. Everyone in Wybrow was on speaking terms with Julia, and though all thought her "a character," no one had an unkind word to say against her; even though some of the more rigidly Protestant folk might shake their heads at her ignorant, superstitious notions on religion, they would excuse her as a "poor, harmless body" who knew no better.

It used to be a mystery to me how the good, old party could possibly make a livelihood by hawking needles, pins, cotton, buttons, bootlaces, handkerchiefs, and the like, through the streets of Wybrow, since customers could not be numerous enough to keep her occupied; but Father Vesey explained that Julia had her regular country rounds also, and that she really made quite sufficient income to provide for her simple needs. Moreover, she had a brother, Tim by name, who spent week-ends with her—I fancy he was a hawker too,—and Tim shared the expenses of the household. His coming home on a Saturday afternoon led to Julia's visit on Saturday mornings to the confessional, as Tim's shirt and other washable clothing had to be attended to in the evening to enable him to attend at the 11 o'clock Mass on a Sunday in all the glory of fresh white linen. Tim was a bachelor, but his sister had been for many years a widow.

It was a great delight to me to catch sight of Julia engaged in controversy in the public street below, when some unwary Protestant—unforeseeing the consequences—had passed some jocular remark anent Pope or Papists in greeting the old woman. Julia would never let such an occasion slip; holding the offender by the arm, with a grip difficult to shake off without some display of

force, she would, with no sign of anger, but calmly and at some length instruct the unfortunate victim of error or prejudice with such a wealth of argument as to forestall any future assault upon her belief.

The encounter would be all the more enjoyable to me as I watched it unseen, should the opponent be a somewhat elegantly dressed young man—clerk or shopman—who had fallen unwarily into the trap; for Julia's affectionate demeanor as she delivered her discourse (she would intersperse her remarks with "my dear" frequently repeated) was as embarrassing to the victim as it was entertaining to the passers-by.

Julia had her weekly day of call at the Tower. Though I had seen her so often and heard so many anecdotes about her, circumstances always prevented personal acquaintance. The servants were loud in her praise as a most devoted and zealous Catholic, and delighted in her chatty reminiscences of Wybrow, which dated back for many years before they knew the place. She had her smiling salutation for me whenever she made her way up towards the Tower. The procedure puzzled me at first; Julia would first make a profound genuflection, crossing herself the while, then look up to my window and drop her curtsey. It was Father Vesey who explained the meaning of the salutation; the genuflection was to the "chapel" where Julia knew that Mass was sometimes said.

The old woman had looked ancient enough when I first saw her, and as she lived for some years while I occupied the Tower, she must have been of advanced age even then. She was plying her trade after Countess Latatski acquired Winnington, for I recollect young Cyril running in one day, full of delight at an interview with Julia.

"Oh, Uncle Jack! Such a dear old Irish biddie met me outside our gate this morning! She was smoking a little

black pipe, and carried a big basket. She took out her pipe and put it in her pocket when I appeared (Julia's pipe was reserved for visits to the country; it was never in evidence in the streets of Wybrow). The old dame collared me at once, and seized my arm. 'Do ye know, dear,' she said, 'whether her ladyship is likely to want a few tapes and buttons or little things of that kind?' She held me tight by the arm, and kept calling me 'dear,' and saying how glad she was that some of the gentry such as her ladyship and the rest of us were 'such good, holy Roman Catholics! It warms my heart, dear,' she went on, 'to see yees all in the chapel, God bless yees!' Who is she? She's a quaint, old sport, anyway!"

I think that interview must have been only shortly before Julia passed away. Had she been acquainted with the Royston children, I should certainly have heard much about her from them.

"Poor old Julia's gone to her reward," was Father Vesey's announcement of her death. "She was close upon 90, and how intensely active." Then he told me about her last hours—so edifying and prayerful, that Catholic visitors were moved to tears, and Protestant neighbors declared that it was the death of a real saint.

"She had preserved her wedding-dress to be buried in," Father Vesey said. "As it was of white figured muslin and made in the fashion of more than 60 years ago, with high waist and low neck, it scarcely suited Julia's wrinkled face and white, frilled cap. But the women had covered her up to the throat with white handkerchiefs, so the effect was not altogether incongruous. She was insistent upon the wedding garb being used; she had saved it up for the purpose for all those years."

"The town will miss her," I said. "But I expect she was pretty ripe for Heaven, by all accounts!"

"I wish I was as sure of Heaven

as Julia!" was the priest's rejoinder.

Then he went on to recount some of her good deeds. Never a week passed but the good old soul would bring a handful of silver and copper—several shillings at a time—saved out of her hard-earned income, and beg him to say Mass for various specified intentions. Her favorites were: "In honor of the Holy and Blessed Mother of God, for the conversion of Wybrow town." "In honor of the Holy Angels, for the conversion of the heathen." "For the Poor Souls in Purgatory, especially my husband and my father and my mother—God rest them all!" "For all in mortal sin for the grace of repentance." "For my brother, Timothy." "For all sick and suffering, and for souls in their agony." She never mentioned herself.

"You would hardly believe that she had saved up as much as £5 for funeral expenses and Mass," he concluded. "I have had that in my keeping for years to make sure of its application."

(To be continued.)

Woven Rugs.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

WEAVER, weave me a rug of silver-green,
With a touch of blue and a slender thread
of gray;

Let just a hint of palest rose be seen—
And I shall have a rug to call spring day.

Then weave me a rug that is mostly poppy-red,
With here and there a patch of summer-blue,
All interwoven with a golden thread,
And tints of green, like shadows, running
through.

Weave for my autumn rug a mottled ground
That is illumined with a yellow light;
Have bits of color standing out like sound,
And tiny wisps of black like birds in flight.

Let white, and black, and gray, for winter be,
But pattern it, of all, the loveliest—
Both strong and delicate its tracery,
Its richness lying in its sense of rest.

The Reasonableness of Devotion to Mary.

BY A. PAGE.

THE Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ, Son of the Eternal Father, declared Himself to be the way, the truth and the life (John 14-6). All who would be known as Christians must at least acknowledge Christ to be their way of salvation, His teaching the expression of eternal truth, and His life, the source of life for all. As the Eternal Word, without Whom "was made nothing that was made," He is the Source of our physical life; as the Incarnate Word He is the source of our spiritual supernatural life. The way of salvation is found in the learning of truth and the grasping of truth by faith, the fructification of divine truth in our lives by hope, and the consummation of faith and hope in the eternal life of love. All Christians are bound, therefore, to learn of Jesus, to believe and follow His example and His teaching. Now Jesus loved His Mother and honored her.

This is not a controversial essay. It is rather an essay at devotion, an attempt to point out especially to the stranger without the Faith, the reasonableness of what we may term the Catholic attitude towards Mary, the Mother of Christ. The point the writer would make is simply this: you, dear stranger, believe in Jesus Christ, believe in Him as God's own Son, come on earth for the love of man. You wish to do all that He wishes of you; you will to obey Jesus and save your immortal soul. Very well, then, Jesus has told us plainly to learn of Him. He has called us one and all to follow in His footsteps, to imitate the perfect example of His life. Now Jesus loved and revered His Mother, and therefore, it is most reasonable for you to do likewise.

Jesus had a Mother. He loved her as every child loves its mother. He ac-

quiesced to her slightest suggestion at Cana of Galilee, although apparently apart from her suggestion He would not have chosen that time and place for the manifestation of His divine powers. He went down with Joseph and Mary to Nazareth and was obedient to them for many years. Can we then be said to be following in the footsteps of Christ if we fail to honor His Blessed Mother.

Again, of all the Christian denominations which are now on earth, the Catholic Church is universally known for the reverence and love which it gives to the Blessed Mother. There are indeed many beautiful examples of devotion to Mary outside the visible communion of the Catholic Church, as for example, the Episcopal clergyman of whom I know, who erected a shrine in her honor in his little church (his successor, however, relegated the shrine to the storage in the basement); but nowhere save in the Catholic Church will there be found such universal reverence given to the Mother of Jesus. I ask you, therefore, dear stranger, simply to weigh this thought: is any son, worthy of the name, displeased by the respect and reverence given to his mother? Such reverence and honor is only the due and reasonable extension of the direct honor given to the son himself.

How can people say that they truly love Jesus, if they persist in ignoring His Blessed Mother? To love and reverence God's Mother is, after loving and reverencing God Himself, the most reasonable of acts, for, after God, God's Mother Mary is endowed by reason of her vocation to be the Mother of God's Son, with a plenitude of graces and gifts, which lifts her above Cherubim and Seraphim and places her below God indeed—for only God is God,—but next to God and above all other creatures.

Surely, dear stranger, you would say to one who professed a most tender devotion to you, yet ignored your mother

—especially a mother of great sweetness of temper, nobility of heart and unselfishness of action,—certainly to such a one you would say "If you would be my true lover, you must also love and reverence my mother." With His Blessed Mother, the shepherds and the angels and the Magi, found their new-born King. With His Mother, Jesus still remains in Heaven, and there receives into His Father's Home those who have by humble and prayerful searching found Him who is the Truth, where He still is to be found on earth,—in the arms of the Catholic Church that loves not only Jesus, but the Mother He loves so well.

Stranger dear, who may perchance read these lines, you love your mother, Jesus loves His; and we Catholics love His Mother, first because she is His Mother, but also because she is ours—His gift to us, a codicil to His last testament of love. Whether you recognize it or no, Mary is also your mother, prays for you and loves you, for she, above all other creatures, knows how precious to her Son are the souls He died to save.

Put, therefore, from your lives the unreasonable rejection of her claim to your affection. It is reasonable to love what is sweet and beautiful and holy; and after God nothing is so sweet and holy and beautiful as God's Most Blessed Mother. Many indeed of her Catholic children are unworthy of their Mother, but Mary has never been unworthy of their love or any love worthy of the name, for God made her soul from the first moment of its creation a paradise for His own delight, a mirror for His divine perfections, the gateway of His mercy, the channel of His graces, the Rose of His eternal love, the White Lily of His untarnished and untarnishable honor. Search for her, dear stranger, and you will find her with her Son Jesus in the Catholic Church here on earth and with the angels in Heaven. Come, God's Mother is calling to you.

When in Need.

BY CULLEN BRATTAIN.

IT was a case of love at first sight with Charles and Elizabeth, and for six months the course of true love streamed along without a ripple on its surface. Then Charles became aware of an aloofness, almost a coolness on the part of Elizabeth. He knew it was time to speak.

"What is it, Betty? You love me? You are going to marry me? You know I love you."

"Carl, I don't know. Yes, I love you. But I have been talking with Mother. You know I am a Catholic, Carl. Have you—no religion?"

"I'll never interfere with your religion, Betty, but we might as well have this out. You ought to understand. You are a university girl; you have studied philosophy; you don't actually accept *everything* the Catholic Church teaches, now do you?"

"Carl!" Betty was amazed. "Of course I do. I may not understand everything, but there are many things I don't understand,—all your scientific talk, for instance; but I accept the Church's teachings. You know I do."

"I thought you'd be reasonable about this, Betty. I don't want to destroy your faith—I wouldn't try; but you must see my point of view, too. I've done too much scientific work to bow down to outworn creeds. I've got to be honest with myself. Oh, I used to be as devout as anyone, but you can't read Schopenhauer and Neit—"

"Those men were insane. Professor Telford said so. Why take them so seriously. They were insane because they had no anchor—no faith. Carl, what were your people? Wasn't your aunt religious, at all?"

Charles turned his head away from Betty's questioning gaze.

"You'll be shocked, Betty, but you'll

have to know sometime. I used to be a Catholic."

"Used to be! Then you are now." There was horror in Betty's voice, and her eyes looked frightened. "Carl, that is worse than never—"

"Betty, dear, you mustn't. I love you! I will never give you up. You love me. We've got to compromise. Betty, listen! Don't look like that! I hate to hurt you—you don't know how I hate it. But, Betty dear, you don't really think a difference of religious opinion is so important?"

"Not always. But, Carl, you don't realize. You have had the gift of faith and you have thrown it away. Aren't you afraid you will want it back some day and can't. O Carl, I don't think you know what you are saying. I can't believe you have lost your faith."

"I've outgrown it." Carl's voice was patient.

"Outgrown God?" Betty was incredulous.

"Now, dear—"

"Carl, don't—don't let's talk any more. I want to think. Go away, please, and later—"

"Betty," Carl was slightly angry, "if you let any gabbing priest influence you against me just because I've seen fit to use the few brains I happen to have—"

"I won't," Betty rose as she spoke. "I won't tell a soul. But I've got to think. It—seems so terrible."

"My dear, I didn't dream you were so narrow. You've seemed so generous, so tolerant."

"Oh, go!" begged Betty. "Leave me alone for awhile. I'll write—"

"Write? You talk as if—Look here, Betty—"

"Carl, I love you. But go."

He was half angry. He had intended to tell Betty long before, but had hesitated. He wanted to be sure of her love first. He was sure, now. It would be all right, he knew. When two people were as deeply in love as he and Betty

were, a little thing like religious opinion could not separate them. Old Mother Nature would take care of that. Betty was shocked, of course, but she was fair-minded. She was a State University graduate. She would be able to see that different minds look at things from different angles. Betty had a touch of idealism. That was all right. He respected it. She would, too, respect his practical make up that demanded truth. It would be all right. Cheered by these thoughts he stopped at a florist's and bought roses far beyond his means, inscribing on the card, "For my beloved little saint." Betty would know that he did not mean to slight her religion, whatever his own opinions were.

The next mail brought him a little note:

I have put your roses before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. I have told her.

BETTY.

A queer feeling stole over Charles as he read the few lines. An orphan, he had once fancied the Blessed Mother and prayed to her. Childish, of course. His love for Betty was making him sentimental. Well, he rather admired sentiment in a woman. Betty might have as much as she liked. He would never interfere.

He went to the phone in a tender frame of mind. No, Elizabeth was not in. No, she didn't say when she would be back. She had gone over to Victoria to visit her grandmother. She might spend all her vacation there.

Charles felt injured, and a little frightened. Betty had not planned to leave the city during her vacation. There had been some hint of apartment hunting. Surely Betty was not taking this matter so seriously. If he had said that he had been brought up a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, she would not have been so disturbed at his loss of faith. Did a Catholic not have the same right to a change of opinion? She must see his side of the question. She would; she

would write. If he knew her grandmother's address he would. But he could only wait, and hope.

The note came at the end of a week during which Charles was alternately angry and depressed, sometimes both.

DEAR CARL:—I have tried to persuade myself that your loss of faith makes no difference, but it does—or it would. It would not be fair to our children. And what priest would marry us? I cannot stop loving you, but this is good-bye.

BETTY.

Charles refused to believe it. This was fanaticism. He would not allow it. He would find Betty and talk to her. Horrible thoughts of convents crossed his mind. Would Betty take a notion to enter one? No—he was going to have Betty. He called up her home for the address, and took the next boat for Victoria. He rang the bell with a firm hand. Betty was not in, the maid said; over at the church likely.

Charles did not hesitate. He walked down the quiet street to a little gray stone, ivy-covered church. He drew his breath quickly as he walked in, and for one moment felt like running. He recovered himself. There was nothing to a church. Just a place where people met and prayed.

Then he saw Betty sitting near the altar of the Blessed Mother. Quietly he stole along the aisle and, unnoticed, sat down across from her. One look at her pale face and sorrowful eyes and his heart nearly stopped beating. Betty was suffering, but she was determined. He had lost her; he was helpless. She loved him, but she loved her religion more. What would life be without her?

Unconsciously he sank to his knees and began to pray: "Oh, God, I can't give her up. I don't want to live without her, let me have her. Please, please, God. Holy Mary, pray for me—"

He stopped astonished. But he went on; he could not help it. He wanted Betty; he wanted God; he wanted his

childish faith back; he must have it. Blessed Mother, be merciful!

They were standing outside in the shadow of the rectory. Charles wanted to talk with the priest.

"I've been such an utter fool," he said to Betty humbly. "I don't deserve forgiveness. O Betty, dear, I'm glad I met you! I might never have come back. Thank God, you were so firm, my little saint!"

"It was the Blessed Mother," said Betty softly. "When I gave her your roses I begged her to show you the way back. Carl, I am so happy."

"If I may keep you that way!" prayed Charles.

The Picture of Our Lady.

"**B**UT I cannot see anything extraordinary about the painting. If our Blessed Lady is pictured there, I cannot see her."

"But wait, monsieur, the sun is not low enough. Have patience and you will see her."

"But when?"

"Ah, when the *Angelus* rings and the sun's last rays light up the picture."

"And if there is no sun?"

"Then, you cannot see. But there is sun to-day. While we wait, shall I tell you the story of the Picture of Our Lady? It is not long. It was one day years ago that my grandfather and grandmother quarrelled—about such a foolish thing, too. The rain had been falling ever so light and so long, and the roads, dusty from the heat of summer, were thoroughly wet. Grandfather, who had been worrying about the crops and the need of provisions for winter, so forgetful he was in his joy for the rain, that he came into the clean house with muddy shoes. Perhaps, it was the heat or the tired feeling, after the long day in the house; perhaps, it was—oh, we do not know! but grandmother's anger

rose, and quick she said, 'Get out with your muddy shoes.'

"Grandfather looked and answered not a word, but turned away as a hurt child, not understanding, stopped at the door for a second before he closed it from the driving rain, then he spoke with a sharp tone: 'And I'll stay out.'

"That was late afternoon. He did not come for supper,—the first he had missed in the two years they had been married. The early evening passed, and yet he did not return. Night, a black and rainy night, and he was still away. Grandmother's supper was a lonely one, and when the great black night grew longer, she was more lonely. If the rain had not been falling so steadily, she would have gone to her neighbor, a mile down the road. All that night she waited and prayed and asked God's pardon for the anger quick to rise. Still he did not come, even after morning was bright with the sun. Yes, he was gone, the neighbors realized, when, having been asked for help, they searched for him. He could not be found, and grandmother was left alone with the year-old baby; alone with the crops almost dried out; alone without money or help.

"Alone, yes; but in her sorrow she went to Him, who lives in the church—see the little spires through the trees,—and she stayed, oh, ever so long! As she came back, her face was as one grown old with sorrow and regret, but she smiled and cried when she looked and saw grandfather coming wearily across the fields—a tired, a very tired old man, stooped, broken, with a face that carried agony. He saw grandmother, and they ran toward each other with steps that lost care and sorrow, their faces as the faces of those who have seen heavenly visions. Laughing and crying, they entered the house, even grandmother with her muddy shoes; and there, as if led by some inspiration, they knelt before the statue of Our Lady,—yes, the same one that is in that cor-

ner now and grandmother spoke first.

"'I have promised in the church, and now here, that never again will I say an unkind word to you.'

"Then, grandfather replied: 'And I have promised never again to speak or act unkindly.'

"Time passes quickly, monsieur. The years were many since that day. One night, just fifty years later, grandfather and grandmother sat at the supper table alone, as they had done before the children came. Eight in all, monsieur, all living; and married, except the angel, Sister Jean, and the saintly priest, John. They sat alone, quiet, thinking and happy. 'Fifty years to-day,' grandmother said, 'we made our promise.' Then grandfather answered, 'And fifty years we have kept it, thanks be to God and His good Mother!'

"For a moment the evening meal was forgotten. Then, lo, there was a visitor with them,—a Lady, beautiful, in blue, smiling as a loving daughter would. Everyone seemed to be stricken dumb by the influence of that mysterious presence. Not a word was spoken. Then suddenly the Lady disappeared. And she seemed to have taken grandfather and grandmother along with her, for they were never quite the same after that, and soon they were gone also to their heavenly home.

"The *Angelus*, monsieur, it is ringing! Now look at the picture of grandfather and grandmother at the table. Watch for the Lady in blue! See, she appears! Did I not tell you?

"A miracle? I do not know. My father painted the picture, but he did not put the Lady in it. Perhaps, after all, it is only the light of the setting sun as it falls on the canvas at *Angelus* time. But many have seen it, monsieur, as we have seen it to-day."

The sun gradually lowered, and suddenly the Lady was gone. The two turned away and walked thoughtfully in the direction of the living-room.

Literal Rastus Gets a Bath.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

SO whispery and shivery was the night of October thirty-first that one almost suspected Mother Nature of being in cahoots with the spirit of Hallowe'en! The wind was like the cracking of a whip, and the squeak of Rastus' and his Mother's footsteps upon the lightly frosted earth seemed to carry a sinister sound. When they came to the end of River Street they stopped. Shadows from their long and short figures standing beneath the lamp-post's light, cast distorted apparitions upon the narrow, broken sidewalk.

Rastus was dressed up in a bed-sheet, and Mrs. White, looking at her pickaninny, twinkled: "Lawdy, but ah neber reckoned dat ah would eber seek de company ob a ghost!" Then more seriously: "Are yo' sho', honey, dat dis am de co'ner where yo' an' o'her chilluns ob Miss Hittie's class wus to meet one 'nother?"

"Yes, Mammy, an' dey will all be dressed up funny an' we won' go way from dis y-ere co'ner, so don' yo' fret none 'bout me." And with the words, a small 'ghost' nestled lovingly against the black woman's worn coat.

"Ah'll dun wait 'til o'her chilluns get here," she answered. "Den in 'xactly one hour an' half, ah'll come back fuh yo' at dis y-ere co'ner."

Rastus gazed skyward to where hung a tilted noon. "Ain't Hall'ween jest wonderful?" he breathed solemnly.

"Yo' means 'count ob dressin' up?" asked his mother.

"Ah means 'cause it don' matter none to-night, Mammy, 'bout me bein' black. De white chilluns—dey won' neber play wif me 'way from Miss Hittie's class-room, but to-night dey said dey'd play right out on street wif me!" And Rastus gratefully fondled his white false-face.

Desiring that no sadness should mar her pickaninny's first celebration of Hallowe'en, Mrs. White made haste to change the subject.

"Want ah should tell yo' story 'bout dat empty sto'e ober dere?" pointing across the street.

"M-M-m-m."

"Well, once 'pon a time 'fo' yo' was bo'n, dat sto'e was called a saloon. But a man named Mistuh Prohibition dun made a law dat reads—'No Mo'e Liquor'; an' most eber since de day he makes dat law, dat sto'e ober dere has dun been empty."

"What am liquor, Mammy?"

"Depa'ted spirits. Yes, Suh, dat is all liquor am now days,—jest depa'ted spirits." After a thoughtful pause, Mrs. White continued: "An' ah reckons de reason why ah'm allus hearin' 'bout it makin' people blind, is 'cause de good Lawd neber meant fo' us to 'ssociate wif depa'ted spirits no-how."

Further reckonings were cut short as suddenly around the corner romped a fantastically funny-looking group of miniature adults. Childish laughter bubbled from behind false faces—laughter which sounded very familiar. But due to the startling fact that two of the group had deliberately chosen *black* faces for their masks, Rastus hesitated in bewilderment.

"Is yo' dem lil' chilluns in Miss Hittie's social welfare class?" inquired the motherly voice of mammy.

A rounded person with big freckles upon small hands that not even the dimness of the street light could hide, made his friendly way to Mrs. White's side. "Look!" said the voice of Patrick O'Grady, "I've got on me father's ould darby—ain't it a peach?"

"Which one ob yo' am Dolores?" asked the ghost that was Rastus.

"Me!" piped a soft timid voice that came from behind a handkerchief-masked bandit, with a wooden sword.

"Und I, Jacob Sinsky? I'm here, too!"

suddenly bellowed the leader's voice. "So is Pat's sister, Bridget, und the Rule brothers—we're all here."

So with a beaming smile and a gentle "Be good chilluns," Mrs. White left the Hallowe'en adventurers to themselves.

"Let's go scare folks!" suggested Lloyed Rule, looking proudly upon their only ghost.

"Ah promise Mammy not to go way from dis-y-ere co'ner," protested Rastus.

"Then lets go scare those folks going upstairs over that empty store."

"Come on!" chorused the others.

"Dat'll be fun," chuckled Rastus, "cause depa'ted spirits dun libs under dat upstairs flat, an' *dey* is *bad*!"

"Spirits?"

"In that empty store?"

"Honest?"

"Cross your heart and hope to die?"

But with that last clause, Rastus' bobbing head quickly changed to negative. "Sho' nuff depa'ted spirits," he told them.

"He's right," said Bridget. "Mother was sayin' only this mornin' that a wicked woman who takes people's hard-earned money for just a no-true fortune, lives up there."

"What's a fo'tune?" asked Rastus.

"I think it's got something to do with spirits," pondered Bert, wrinkling his brow so hard his false-face twitched uncannily.

"Sho'! Dem *depa'ted* spirits ah wus jest tellin' yo' 'bout downstairs in dat empty sto'e!"

"Let's go and killa them," purred the gentle Dolores, patting her wooden sword.

A locked door greeted their efforts, so up the back steps they crept to the flat above. Peeping through the open window of the room's farthest corner, they saw the game of "Drop the Handkerchief," or so it looked to them.

In reality it was just one of Madam Christina's usual hokum meetings which she held each Friday night. When the

children looked into the window, she was about to start off her circle of misguided followers with the singing of a hymn—this, from an assorted lot of various sized hymn books, which she had managed to accumulate.

"Be seated," she requested her followers, the singing over; then added: "But don't cross your legs or the spirits cannot vibrate correctly."

"It's a grown-up class in manners," whispered Dolores to Bridget. "Remember how Miss Hittie told that big girl in our class not to cross her legs?"

"Sure, and how else would grown-ups be after learnin' their manners, save in a class? 'Tis not born with them they are," whispered Bridget back to Dolores.

The other children lifted fingers to their lips for silence, because beautiful Madam Christina, whose lips and cheeks matched the bright redness of her pretty dress, was speaking again.

"Lay your hands, palms upwards, flat upon your laps," the woman ordered.

"My mother makes me do that, after I wash," whispered Bert to Rastus.

"To see if he's got them clean," explained Lloyed, and missed his brother's scorching look, for just then Madam Christina switched off the lights, and, instead, lit a match to two dim candles.

"Now think hard," she commanded, but didn't say on what. Bridget thought about the women's babies. She had never seen so many women together before with no children near them, and to her they looked queer.

Dolores thought about Madam Christina. Why should anyone dress from head to toe that way in such pretty red, and then turn off the lights?

Rastus' mind was blank. "A-h c-a-n't t-h-i-n-k w-h-e-n a-h's s-h-i-v-e-r-i-n'," he quavered into Patrick's ear.

"Relax, and breathe in," was Madam's next order.

"W-h-a-t's d-a-t s-h-e s-a-y 'b-o-u-t a a-x'?"

Just then something cold lighted upon

Rastus' chin. It had a perspiring touch. In deadly fear he wondered what it could be. He explored and found it was his own hand trying to push back together, his fallen jaw.

The people began groaning. Rastus longed for 'Brother's' eyesight (his black cat) so as to pierce the room's darkness. If the groans were caused from those bad departed spirits downstairs having made these people blind, he wanted to at least help lead them home. He had done that once to his blind landlord, Mr. Flint, and been given a penny.

The groans became louder. "I'm sick by my stomach!" gulped Jacob.

"I'm sick with St. Vitus' Dance," shivered Lloyed.

"Ah's sick wif both dem things!" gasped Rastus.

"The spirits are about to talk to you," informed Madam to her followers. "They are in the room now," she continued. "Yes, little 'Rose-Bud' and her brother 'Dickie-Bird' have a message for you."

But just then a bat, flapping in through the open window, collided with the bare of Rastus' neck between where his ghost-mask stopped, and his sheet began, and, with more than a life-like scream, the ghost just rose in air!

For a moment it swayed on the window sill, then with a hollow thump fell unconscious to the floor.

Frightened, the children fled, all except Dolores; and when one of Madam Christina's followers suddenly switched on the lights they saw on the floor within the room a queerly dressed, sobbing little girl. She was shaking frantically a small ghost with black hands, who lay very still. The same woman who had turned on the lights lifted Rastus and took him to the kitchen where she began pouring glasses of water upon his little black face, from which Dolores had removed the mask.

When Rastus opened his eyes his first

thought was that he had died and gone to heaven. But no, that couldn't be, for he was looking upon a big sink full of dirty dishes. Rastus did not have a clear idea just what heaven was like; but somehow, child though he was, he knew intuitively it held no dirty dishes, for if it did, then why would his poor mammy say *she* wished to go there?

"You fainted!" informed his generous water-pourer.

Rastus didn't know what that meant. He only knew that he, who had never been overly fond of water, was receiving a much too thorough bath. Even greater than his dislike of water was his instinctive distaste of voices raised in quarrel. And the women all about him were talking terribly to Madam Christina. They were saying, that she and all her kind were "fakes," whatever that could be. And with their mouths all twisted into ugly smiles and their eyes snapping like fire, they were calling Dolores "Rose-Bud" and himself "Dickie-Bird"!

"Let's go find Mammy," whispered Rastus to Dolores.

So hand-in-hand the two disheveled children made their way to Rastus' mother waiting on the corner, down underneath the lamp-post.

Sensitive Catholicity.

IT is well that we should live in amity even with people who declare among themselves and sometimes publicly, that we Catholics are blind, that we are bigoted, that we are hanging on to the tattered fringes of the Middle Ages. There are kind and pleasant people among even those who believe in Fox's Book of Martyrs; they separate their inherited dislike to the Church of their forefathers from their liking for members of that Church,—a liking which we cordially reciprocate.

They, however, do not dream of misleading us in regard to their attitude to-

ward the Catholic Church, or of softening their expressions of opinion to suit our principles and prejudices. It occurs to them at times to suppress the word "Romish" when it trembles on their lips, and they mean to be considerate of our feelings; and yet they never go so far as to call the Mother of God "Blessed" in order to conciliate us—although in so doing they would only be quoting the words of the Angel Gabriel,—or of minimizing their opinions in order to have them square with our convictions.

It is different, sad to say, with some of us. How carefully we cut out allusions that might seem too ultra to our non-Catholic friends! How apologetic we are sometimes on certain subjects! How willing some of us are to make concessions, in order to let our amiable friends see that, after all, there is practically no difference between faith and opinions!

Of course one can not open a controversy at a dinner table: we know that. But is it necessary that one should admit that the teaching Catholic Church is not the most vital factor in life,—to admit this with a smile and by implication? Why should a Catholic who calls the Mother of God "blessed among women" in his closet, allude to her as "the Virgin" in social conversation, merely because his Baptist or Unitarian or Universalist acquaintance might think he was saying something unusual? The Baptist, amiable though he may be, will not minimize his sentiments on religion for fear of startling the Catholic who happens to sit next to him. The Unitarian coolly announces the favorite dictum of his sect—that Moses and Mohammed and the Son of Man are all equally great, and so on. But how delicately we talk of the miracles of Lourdes, and how indelicately our separated friends often talk of them! And when we write out our impressions of foreign lands, how careful we are to

leave out anything that might be "offensive to liberal tastes" about—let us say Genazzano!

One often finds that the travelled and intelligent non-Catholic is readier to express openly his admiration of the work of the Church in this and other lands than the Catholic himself. He is not trammelled by the foolish diffidence of the Christian who is the heir of the ages. But how we trim, how we minimize—how we hesitate to show our dissent from the blasphemies of the infidel who makes such jokes about his Creator on the other side of the table! It would be rude, perhaps; and yet nobody considers the clever infidel rude. Mr. Ingersoll is permitted to say—expected to say, in fact—all kinds of flip-pant things on the highest and most sacred of subjects. Why, then, should a Christian treat his own convictions so gingerly? Why should he not speak out when occasion seems to require it?

Our brethren who are proud to differ with us are not such sensitive plants that they will suffer from a politely spoken word of truth. Social gatherings should not be made opportunities for controversy: we all know that. But why should the man who does not believe be handled with gloves, while the man who believes is assaulted, wittily and amusingly, no doubt, in his deepest convictions? To be apologetic is to be contemptible. No intelligent American likes a man to cut down his principles for the sake of expediency; so if the super-amiable among us, the weakly apologetic, the suavely subservient, imagine that they gain the respect of those for whose imaginary susceptibilities they sacrifice so much, they are wretchedly mistaken.

"A LIGHT supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward."

Catholics and the Public Schools.

CONSIDERABLE is written and spoken about the public school system. Much in laudation; some in criticism. Conflicting assertions unsettle people, and leave those who seek finality confused. We have the great army of panegyrists who point with pride to the little red-brick house at the cross-roads where fundamental liberties are preached to young minds, and democracy made lovable to quick-beating little hearts. And we have those critics who come from among ourselves, who assert the public schools are "godless" temples to the religion of materialism. At least they do so when they happen to live in sympathetic centers of population, or when there is no political tournament to make discretion and cautious speech the better part of wisdom and valor.

It ought to be understood generally and announced unequivocally that because Catholics do not ordinarily avail themselves of the free public schools, they are not therefore enemies of the public school system. I may not patronize the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, but I am not therefore his enemy. And I may play golf on a private course or drink the sunshine of my own front lawn or do my bathing in the home bathtub, but I do not therefore wish annihilation to the public golf course or to the public park or to the public swimming pool. I may use a private express company to carry my packages, but I am not therefore inflamed at the government parcel post.

So, too, we are not enemies of the public schools because we conduct our own system of education. And anyone who says we are, or implies that we are, or puts into our mouths words that may be interpreted as censorious or bitter toward the public school system, represents only himself. He does not repre-

sent mature and considered Catholic thought.

We have done and are doing what the Constitution of the country permits, what the Supreme Court of the United States has reasserted we may do—we have maintained and do maintain our own schools. In these schools the Faith of our children is explained to and assimilated by the child mind. It is done as a civic right. But in the exercise of that right there is no mandate to be militantly aggressive toward the public schools. They are established for such children as wish to secure the education which a public school gives. Catholics are taxed for their support, which may or may not be equitable. Under the circumstances it seems the best that can be done. It is not unusual for people to be taxed for things which they do not or can not make use of. It is not unusual for all Catholic people within a parish or a city to be taxed for the support of Catholic schools, even if some of those taxed have no children to send to these schools.

The returns which come to us from our own schools are gratifying. We should work to make them better, so we may be more gratified; and discontinue offensive writing and speaking about government schools. We have experienced the harshness of the bigot in the entire orbit of our activities. We have tried to be patient and silent, conserving a dignity befitting followers of Christ. We have been commended many times for restraint in the presence of great provocation. And rarely have we been sorry for not rushing into print to air our grievances. We are hurt at sectional bigotries where a bright, progressive girl is refused a school because she is a Catholic; we feel a burning sense of injustice. We are bitter and we are on the verge of answering discrimination with caustic language. But experience has taught us to be patient even when provocation runs miles beyond dis-

cretion. And the restraint we exercise strengthens us.

It is to be hoped we will have more and better Catholic schools. Sacrifice and vigilance and onwardness in religious and secular training will bring this about; will bring it about year after year with unfailing certainty. Let us work for the betterment of our own schools and quit the old-fashioned, elementary method of berating public schools. Noisy assertiveness, dogmatic sledge-hammering does not help us. It only creates needless animosities. We should not imitate certain of our enemies by using a language suggestive of theirs in unrestraint and violence.

The public school system is not the ideal of perfection. But under our system of government we are not compelled to follow it. We are free to educate our children as our consciences approve under the guiding of our Faith. The public school system is for those who wish it. You will conceive a more perfect one no doubt. But considering the complexities of our population, our differences of religious outlook, our manifold racial origins, our endless shadings of opinion, perhaps you will be taxed to devise a more workable one.

We may be thankful that we are not officially persecuted, that we may, in religious matters, pursue our own "way of life and obedience." It is quite proper to resist officious meddling. But we question the wisdom of incautious, not to say violent, speech about the public school system. Violence defeats itself. It strengthens what it would weaken, quickens added loyalties for a cause it would see perish. Because of its excesses it makes careful and temperate thinkers suspicious. It is torrential and very generally destructive. It may influence the unthinking and the extremist, but it saddens those who are seriously working for our Catholic institutions. It renders no useful service, and awakens slumbering hates.

Notes and Remarks.

The latest general report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, covering a period of twelve months, returns a total of more than 300,000 visits made to the homes of families and to individuals, and an expenditure of more than \$275,000 for the relief of needy persons. Following a very strict rule, the St. Vincent de Paul Society does not encourage any extensive publicity for its good works. The members render an unsalaried service and have only spiritual ends in view. But we are glad the rules of the Society allow the issuance of this annual report so as to encourage the charitably minded. The poor we have always with us. During the coming winter especially, this truth should be kept in mind.

Mr. George W. Russell, the Irish poet who is often known as Æ., is, at this writing, in the East on a sort of agricultural educational tour. *The Catholic Times* of London (Oct. 17), through its Dublin correspondent, quotes Mr. Russell as saying to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York, that "the only new thing in Ireland is the literary censorship." The Irish poet enlarged upon this statement to the extent of saying: "In this country they tried to make people good by forbidding them by law to drink whiskey. In Ireland they tried to improve them by forbidding them to read bad books. As a result in this country you have bootleggers and in Ireland we have bookleggers."

Mr. Russell is unduly alarmed. Because, as a matter of fact, literary censorship in the Free State is not so comprehensive as in any sense to appear puritanical. The censorship board, according to *The Catholic Times*, has been in operation six months, and during that time 28 books have been blacklisted. In this list are included at least 15 which

no bookseller would dare sell. These dealt openly with the subject of birth control. Of the thirteen others, one was ordered seized and destroyed by the English courts. Which leaves twelve to the account of the Irish censors. Of these twelve, nine were condemned due to the complaints of the Irish Catholic Truth Society. The correspondent's report on periodicals and newspapers is equally illuminating. In all, ten newspapers and magazines have been condemned, and these were British. In every case the complaints were lodged by the Catholic Truth Society.

This is not written to vindicate the Free State. A nation is not only within its rights to ban obscene and injurious books, but has even an obligation to do so. If there are men so utterly without conscience as to write books for the moral ruin of the citizens of a state, then the state has a duty to protect its citizens. The municipality will prosecute anyone whose premises or person is so physically unclean as to menace his fellows. Books which are morally unclean should be burned, just as the clothing and the bedding of the plague-stricken are burned. And for the same reason—safety first.

Two cities, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, were centers of very notable gatherings of the men of the Holy Name Society recently. In Pittsburgh, the occasion was the first Eucharistic Day rally sponsored by the Diocesan union Holy Name Society. Fully 70,000 men assembled in Schenley Park, and 30,000 watched the services from the hillsides, unable to gain admission. Police officials reported that the crowd was the largest ever assembled in the city of Pittsburgh. Two bishops, Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle and Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, addressed the vast gathering. A procession, including 460 priests and 2500 altar boys, moved to a repository in the center of the park; and when the monstrance con-

taining the Sacred Host was elevated, the 70,000 men knelt in adoration holding lighted candles. In Cincinnati the scenes were not less impressive. A procession of 45,000 men (including, the news item says, many cripples) marched through the city streets to Redland Park where special Holy Name devotions were held.

Both demonstrations were assembled to honor the Holy Name and to make reparation for frequent and violent sins of blasphemy at the present time. Men of all religious faiths may well emulate such celebrations which have for their first and only purpose reverence for the name of God and Christ. Only a rank atheist or a violent anti-Christian or a hopeless bigot would fail to be quickened when he reads of such genuine expressions of universal religious faith.

Sometimes we hear reminiscent regrets when the site where a church once stood is pointed out to-day as the site of a garage or a butcher's shop. *The Universe* of London gives an illustration of how the worm will turn. A "pub" in Westminster Bridge-road, London, is now being demolished for the erection of the Southwark Catholic Rescue Society. Adjoining are a row of cottages which have been acquired by the administrators of St. George's Cathedral. Possibly some of the former habitués of the "pub" will go to the Rescue for restoration.

The Primate of Poland, His Eminence Cardinal Hlond, archbishop of Poznan-Gniezno, is one of four brothers who in his youth joined the Salesian religious community. The Cardinal himself with his brother Ignatius entered the Order at Turin. Two other brothers, Anthony and Clement, followed them. Augustus is now a Cardinal Archbishop. Anthony is the provincial of the Salesians in Poland. Ignatius was ordained priest and

went as a missionary to the Argentine where he labored for twenty-six years. He then returned to Poland where he died while in charge of a church in Czerwinsk. Clement works in Barcelona as a humble Salesian lay brother.

It is not often we find four men out of a single family receiving the call to enter a religious community. And it is remarkable beyond precedent, perhaps, that one of the four should reach the high position of Cardinal Archbishop while another is happy walking the more obscure path of a religious brother.

France is often scored on the grounds of low birth rate. And yet an outstanding feature of the Family Congress recently held at Lille was what we may call the Family Banquet. At two tables facing the religious and civil dignitaries were seated 150 mothers, everyone of them proud in the possession of not less than ten children. Young girls presented them with bouquets of flowers. Four women occupied special places of honor, since they could boast of a hundred descendants—children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. The Family Congress was under the auspices of the Church of France with Cardinal Lienhart, Bishop of Lille, presiding.

Much of the news that comes to us from France is secular news, which generally represents an anti-Christian, atheistic France. There is another and a deeper France; an ancient France which is girding herself and increasing the sinews of her might in these her days of spiritual renewal. The many among her eminent men—eminent in literature, science and statecraft—who are returning to Catholic Faith and practice is proof enough that Catholicity in the French Republic is not to be confined to the peasant and shop worker. The savior is coming back to his Father's house, which the peasant has never left. There are quite likely atheists and free-thinkers yet in France. And they will

exclaim and gesticulate in the Chamber of Deputies about the tyranny of the Church. And they may pass a vote on new religious exclusions and expulsions. But as likely as not the shouters who gesticulate in the Chamber of Deputies are the heads of childless homes. The 150 mothers, each with ten children, are France. And they will keep France secure in her ancient heritage. The deputies will be vocal and will make gestures, and quite likely will over-eat. They will die early and leave no heirs. The 150 mothers will leave 1500 children to people the earth of France. We do not see much ahead for the deputies.

Sometimes Bishop James Cannon lives up to his name; sometimes he does not. Not long ago he exploded an ominous libel threat against *The Catholic Union and Times* for what he called defamation of character. Father Ferger, the very able editor, replied that he would welcome the suit as "an opportunity to uncover certain points that a Senate investigating committee was unable to accomplish." Since then, so far as the libel suit is concerned, the voluble Bishop has lapsed into what is for him a very rare state of—silence.

Here is a study in contrasts which will serve the purpose of an illustration for students of rhetoric:

On the heights of Hartmauns-weilerkopf, Strassbourg, a cross of fifty-nine feet high has been erected and blessed to commemorate the thousands of soldiers who lost their lives in the battle of Vosges. A detachment of infantry with banners and music rendered military honors. The prefect of the Upper Rhine and a number of army officers were present. The bishop of Strassbourg, Msgr. Ruch, blessed the cross, where more than 30,000 soldiers lie in the cemeteries adjacent to the memorial.

Down in the State of Virginia, a bronze Crucifix was recently unveiled at Aquia, near Fredericksburg, on the Washington-

Richmond highway, near an old cemetery where rest the first Catholic settlers of the Old Dominion. Governor John Pollard had been invited to the dedication, but could not accept owing to previous engagements. Shortly before the dedication ceremonies, however, bullets were fired at the Crucifix, and threatening letters were sent to the sponsors of the memorial by persons who signed themselves Ku-Klux Klan. This decided Governor Pollard to cancel all previous engagements and attend the ceremony. Which is what we would expect from a gentleman of Virginia. In his address, the Governor condemned unsparingly the religious intolerance which made possible the attempted desecration.

The people of Strassbourg who erected the fifty-nine-foot cross to commemorate their dead were making use of the same symbol as were the Catholics of Virginia. The cross is the sign of their common Christianity. And the men down in Virginia who turned gun fire on the Crucifix were shooting at the symbol of their Christianity too—if they had any. And whether they had or not, the Christ at whose Figure they fired represents a world redeemed. But doubtless the Christ whom the Figure represents has forgiven the would-be desecrators, just as He forgave those desecrators who insulted the Original on the Cross two thousand years earlier: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

An ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. J. A. U. Sharp, according to the London Catholic Weekly, *The Tablet*, gave an address on September 30, before his confrères. He is reported by the *Halifax Daily Courier and Guardian* to have said among other things: "We affirm our part and place in the Holy Catholic Church, and we assert that we are far better Catholics than the Romans."

This is the Protestant drift in England, to be more Catholic than the Roman Catholics. In this country hardly

would any Protestant minister feel flattered if he were assured he was more Catholic than his fellowmen who are really Catholics. Dr. Brown, let us say, would most assuredly repudiate the suggestion and reassert his traditional loyalty. But quite likely Dr. Sharp is no nearer the Church than is Dr. Brown. They both wish to be remote from her, Dr. Sharp by being more Catholic and Dr. Brown by being less. It will take prayer and fasting from all of us to win the miracle of grace so that Dr. Sharp may be decreased and that Dr. Brown may increase. When both meet in the true and ancient Christian Faith of the Catholic Church we will witness an answer, not to apologetics, but to prayer.

The Irish have not lost the enterprising missionary spirit of Brendan and Columbanus. Seven priests of the new missionary society of St. Patrick, with headquarters at Kiltegan, County Wicklow, recently set out for Africa. They form the first departure from the new missionary college which each year will add laborers for African harvests. The particular province, Calabar, into which the seven missionaries enter, has a population of 2,000,000 of which 23,000 are Catholics. A promising field is Calabar for the missionary society of St. Patrick.

Sir James Melville, K. C., M. P., Solicitor General in the present English ministry, the only Catholic in the cabinet, recently resigned his office on account of ill health. And so at the present moment the government headed by Prime Minister Ramsay McDonald, like that presided over by President Hoover, is strictly non-Catholic. We note this, not so much to disturb our Catholic "higher-ups" who are afraid to be recognized and so give offense, but to express a mild wonder that Mr. Hoover, with twenty millions of us to select

from, could not find even one. Sir Ramsay's closer scrutiny discovered Sir James Melville. And now that Sir James has resigned, we wonder if his scrutiny will reveal another.

Rt. Rev. Olaf Offerdahl, Vicar Apostolic of Norway, who recently died at the Franciscan Monastery, Russum, Holland, was the first native Norwegian to become a bishop in his own country for four hundred years. He was the son of a peasant farmer in the district of Sogn, near Bergen. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Church from Lutheranism, and after being educated at Berlin and Rome was ordained priest in 1891. In addition to his missionary labors among his countrymen, Bishop Offerdahl found time to translate the entire New Testament into Norwegian. Notwithstanding Bishop Offerdahl's apostolic labors, Norway has a Catholic population of only 3,200 served by 36 priests and 380 Sisters.

In the corridors of old-time monasteries was posted the one-word mandate, *Silentium*. An ancient saying, often repeated, was: "The least said is soonest explained." It is too bad that this was not remembered and acted upon by those who have made a lengthy and weary explanation of a recent event which, though regrettable, cannot be called sinful. Surely there are sins enough without making any more.

Ordinarily we endeavor to reply in person to the many letters from grateful subscribers for particular articles published. Occasionally, however, the modesty of such writers prevents them from identifying themselves sufficiently so that we can express our thanks by letter. We hope, therefore, that the Dominican Father who wrote recently in such high praise of THE AVE MARIA will accept this word of appreciation for his kind encouragement.



Good Night.

BY RENA STOTENBURG TRAVAIS.

PUT my books on the shelf,
And my doll and her gowns away,
And my tea-set blue and my table too,
Oh, there are a lot of things to do
Before I turn from the land of play
The beautiful, wonderful things of day,
And say good night to myself.

My room is in pink and delf
And a wonderful place to be,
With a shaded light and a bed so white,
It seems a couch for a fay or sprite
As well as a girl like me.

I think that it smiles and likes to see
Me say good night to myself.

Oh, Sleep is a jolly elf
And he sings me a little song,
Of a silver stream and a lily's gleam,
And all the things that one wants to dream,
Of a fairy ring and a pyxie throng,
And I wish the hours could be twice as long,
When I say good night to myself.

Little Texas.

BY MRS. ALFRED DE ROULET.

VI.—A TEXAN CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS morning rose bright
and clear.

"I'm mighty glad it isn't raining today," said Manthus as she slipped out of bed after the usual squeals of 'Merry Christmas' and delight over the simple gifts beside her bed. "It never seems quite right for the skies to cry on Our Lord's birthday. Just listen to the firecrackers, Mother. Soon as we are home from Mass may Bobby and I go to the gallery and shoot ours?"

"Yes, dear, if one of the older children will show you how," sighed her

mother. "But do be careful of Bobby, and hurry or we'll be late for Mass."

"Yes, Mother," said Manthus struggling to get her clothes on as quickly as possible.

The early Christmas Mass was very beautiful. The church was decorated with red holly branches, and Manthus said her prayers earnestly, trying hard to keep from being distracted by thoughts of her presents and the day's delights. It was of course a great day for her, and she hurried home from church to see her presents and fire the firecrackers. Christmas in Texas is celebrated very much as Northern children celebrate the Fourth of July. There are torpedoes and firecrackers in the morning and fireworks in the evening, besides the exchange of Christmas presents and the giving of "Christmas Gift" for the Darkies.

This was the first year that Amanthus had been thought old enough to play with firecrackers herself, and when she woke up and saw dangling from her stocking, beside the new dolly and a copy of "Diddy, Dumps and Tot," and all the goodies inside, five whole packages of firecrackers, she could scarcely wait to shoot them.

Bobby had torpedoes, a live white rabbit, a boy doll, a tin horn, a big drum, and one bunch of firecrackers which he was to be allowed to light if Morgan held them for him. After Mass and before breakfast the children were all swarming on the gallery and such a popping as ensued.

Mammy descended upon them calling out "Christmas Gift," laughing like a child when she managed to say it before the young folks and crying "I done cotched yo' all sure 'nuff! Yo' doan get ahead of yo' old Mammy!"

Then came Aunt Seeley from the cook's cabin and Chloe and Uncle Nicodemus, who tended the cows and horses, and Shelby, who helped him; and there was such a commotion for a few moments that one would have thought Bedlam was let loose. All over the city firecrackers were popping, cannon crackers were roaring, and the big cannon in the City Park was booming its loud note. A few stray fireworks went up here and there, and the chime of the church bells smote the cool morning air as a sweet interlude to discord.

All morning the little folk played together, happily reinforced by a baker's dozen of the children of the neighborhood, for the Ochiltree's yard was large and the Ochiltree hearts were larger. Each one of the older children had a bosom friend, and there were, besides, two or three always to be found tagging after Sue Ford; so, big and little, the happy boys and girls swarmed over the old place.

Amanthus was so much younger than her brothers and sisters—one little one having died between her and ten-year-old Morgan—that she was always left to play with Bobby, and the smallest children swarmed around her like bees around the queen. That Aunt Seeley's grandchild, Calamity, and Mammy's Missizy, pickaninnies of six and eight years, were of the party did not disturb the little aristocrats. It lent, on the contrary, rather a considerable interest to the various plays, for the Darkies were very good company. Calamity was a "yellow Niggah," "right pert," her grandmother said, while Missizy was black as coal, her eyes shining like diamonds, her teeth gleaming like ivory in her black face. All Manthus' satellites were gathered around her in a ring under a huge gum-tree at the side of the house.

"Cal," said Manthus, "is that all the name you've got?"

"Lan' sakes, Miss Manthus, 'cose I got mo' name dan dat! I done been christened Maree Genevra Calamity. They called me Maree after yo' Ma, an' Genevra after my Ma, an' Calamity 'cause de bery day I was bo'n de ole white mule, de wickedest mule dat eveh kicked foah ways to onst, done kicked my fatheh tro' de boda'k haidge into de nex' fiel, and de big butt done butted him back ergain, an' one or de odder ob dem contrairy-wise animals done busted his bes' pipe, so when he came from bein' butted an' foun' me theah, he said 'Call dat chile Calamity.'"

"How did you get your name, Missizy?" asked Manthus.

"My Ma's missus was named Izy (Iza) May, an' she wanted to name me fo' huh, but she think it wasn' zactly per-lite to say jes 'Izy' thout any handle, so she jes' baptized be Missizy. My broth-eh's name is Confed'racy Joseph, an' dey call him Racy fo' sho't."

"My nameth Wobbe't Lee," said Bobby, who thought he had been quiet long enough. "I'm named foah a gweat big man, an' when I gwow up, I'm goin' to be biggehn' him."

"Why, Robert Lee Ochiltree!"—May Manthus' eyes were wide with horror—"no one *can* be bigger than General Lee."

"Pooh," said Bobby, unconvinced. "My Fatheh is, an' 'Grand.' 'Grand' gave me half-day thuckeh yesterday."

Manthus was as usual reduced to saying "Oh, Bobby!" and at that moment the sound of a dog's dismal howl came from near the barn.

"There's Uncle Nicodemus playing the fiddle," said Manthus. "I know 'cause Tige always howls when he plays. Let's go and hear him."

All the children jumped up and ran across the yard as if some wild thing was after them. Uncle Nicodemus played well. With all the African love of music, he liked especially the weird notes of the minor chord, and when the

little folk appeared on the scene he was seated on an old soap box against the wall of his cabin, his old fiddle held close under the white, kinky whiskers of his chin, the bow slipping up and down the worn strings. Beside him in the doorway sat his granddaughter, Lohelia, playing with her dolls, while Racy came up from the barn and began to sing:

I came down hyah to sing an' pray,
 Oh, yes, oh yes;
 To drive ole Satan fah away,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

If yo' want to catch that heavenly breeze,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.
 Go down de valley on yo' knees,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS (repeated)

I am de Valley ob Bethlehem,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes!
 De Lawd sent dah His snow-white Lamb,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

'Twah cold an' chill on dat ah night,
 Oh, yes, oh yes;
 But on de hills wah heavenly light,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

De Lawd came down a puny chile,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes;
 To free all men from sin an' guile,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

He had no home but His Motheh's breas'
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.
 She wrap Him close an' wahn to res',
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

An' we mus' take Him to our heaht,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.
 An' from His love mus' no more paht,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

CHORUS

Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, wait till I get on my robe,
 Oh, yes, oh, yes.

Racy's voice was sweet and clear, and in it that mournful note, so often found in Negro music, went right to the heart.

"Oh, dear me, Racy," cried Manthus, "your singin' makes me feel queer. I can almost see the poor little baby, Our Lord, all cold and missible in the stable," and the little girl looked ready to cry.

Racy was not overcome by his own singing. He grinned broadly, and created a happy diversion by saying: "Dah's fo' new kittens in de bahn, Miss Manthus."

A squeal of delight from Manthus, and "Let's go see 'em" was followed by a stampede of all the young folk to where a proud mother Tabby cosily curled up in the hay, was keeping watch over four little sprawling mites their eyes not yet opened on a friendly world.

"What'll we name them," cried Manthus—"the dears! It ought to be something to do with Christmas, 'cause they came at Christmas time."

"Dunno, Miss Manthus, we nebber name our kittens," said the Darkies, unable to give assistance at the Christmas christening, but quite ready to fall in with anything Manthus might propose.

"Name 'em Ox, Ass, Straw, and Manger. Those are Christmassy enough," said the teasing voice of Morgan, from the stall, where he was feeding his pinto pony.

"Go 'long, Morgan, those are no names for Christian kittens," Manthus' tone was scandalized. "Let me see, I'll name this one, with the white spot in the middle of its forehead, Star, for the star that stood over where the young Child lay; and this black one I'll call Night for the 'Holy night, peaceful night, in the darkness shone the light.' This jolly little gray one I'll name Merry Christmas, and the white one, Dawn, 'cause Mother said when Our Lord came it was the morning dawn of peace and love."

"You're a dear little girl," said the

voice of an unseen listener, and Manthus' father reached up through the open hatch and drew her to him with a fond kiss.

"'Grand' has come, dear, and Grandmother. You and Bobby must come up to the house now. If you little Darkies will run around to Aunt Seeley's cabin you'll get your Christmas gifts."

"Thanky, sah, thanky, sah!" cried all the Darkies in a chorus as they trooped off; and Manthus and Bobby Lee each took their stand on either side of their father, hopping along like little brownies, Bobby proclaiming glibly:

"Me Proggiwal Thon thum more; me want candy!"

Christmas dinner was a wonderful repast with turkey at one end of the table, and spiced ham, boiled and browned, at the other, flanked by sweet potatoes browned in sugar sirup, white potatoes, lye-hominy, figs, little yellow tomato preserves, and corn bread; while for the dessert there were pumpkin and mince pies, and a brandy pudding, the sauce all lighted up and burning.

In the middle of the table was a big glass bowl which had belonged to May Manthus' great, great grandmother, which she had used back in Virginia, and which was filled to the brim with fragrant violets and dark red roses from the garden. A huge fruitcake was cut for the elders and passed in the drawingroom with the coffee and wine, while the children had snowy kisses and delicious cookies cut in all kinds of shapes. There was the ox and the ass and stars and even little chubby babies cut out by Aunt Seeley's sharp knife, and sprinkled all over with sugar and spice.

"Mother," said Manthus, "may Bobby and I have a plate of cookies out in the dog trot and give some to the little Darkies?"

"Yes, dear," was the ready answer, and soon the little girl had the whole

crowd around her again, all happy and smiling and showing their Christmas gifts.

"I suppose our good Northern friends would be surprised at the terms our children are on with the pickaninnies," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her father. "They would probably expect things to be far different."

"They would be different up North," was the answer. "Northern Niggers are so spoiled, the children couldn't be trusted with them at all. Old Nicodemus said yesterday 'Dese new-fangled Niggahs is gettin' pow'ful ornery an' triflin'. Dey ain't wuf killin'. A Niggah ain't no count no how 'lessen he's knowed bondage.' There's enough of the old spirit left here to make these Darkies keep their place, and they know they'll be treated kindly so long as they behave themselves. They're nothing but children, and the only way to get along with them is to reward them when they're good and punish them when they're not."

"They're as affectionate as puppies to those they love," said Mrs. Morgan. She never had anything but gentle words to say of anyone. "Cal and Missizy would do anything for May Manthus and Bobby."

"Yes, I believe they would," said Mrs. Ochiltree, and all fell into converse, pleasant, full of tender memories of other Christmases and of dear ones far and near.

Like eyes of heaven, soft and shining, the countless stars of Texas night gazed gently down upon a happy little girl, as May Manthus went sleepily to bed, hugging her new dolly and holding Jessie May just as close to her faithful little mother heart.

Robert Lee insisted on taking his live white rabbit to bed with him, and was only deterred therefrom by the idea of seeing it the first thing in the morning, and the promise of a half-day sucker

under his pillow if he went to bed "like a good boy."

Sleepily, May Manthus kissed her Mother good-night, and murmured "Thank you, Muddy, for a lovely Christmas day. I'm so much obliged to Our Lady for giving us the Baby Our Lord and Christmas."

(To be continued.)

The Secret of Contentment.

The secret of contentment is in being satisfied with, or at least resigned to, our lot in life. God in His providence watches over us, and our hearts can find happiness, if we will but see His will in all things.

"I love my neighbors and they love me," said one very old man in answer to the question of how he was always so happy.

Another equally venerable man was asked: "Which is the happiest season of the year?" His answer is worth remembering. "When spring comes, and, under the gentle influences of warm air, the buds commence to show themselves and turn into flowers, I think the spring is the most beautiful season of the year. Then when summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, when the birds are so happy in singing their pretty songs, I think that the summer is the most beautiful season. When autumn arrives, and I see the same trees laden with the finest and most tempting fruits, and nature adorned with loveliness, I think autumn is magnificent. Finally, when the rude and hard winter makes its appearance, and there are neither leaves nor fruit on the trees, and the snow falls on gloomy days, I look upward at night and perceive, better than ever before, the brilliant stars that fill the sky."

A certain Italian bishop expressed the thought of contentment more clearly and certainly more spiritually. He had been struggling with great difficul-

ties without repining, and had met with trials without betraying the least impatience. A friend of his, who saw and admired such holy example, one day asked the bishop if he would give him the secret of being always happy, of holding peace of heart and content of mind even when troubles were strongest. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "I can teach you the secret with great ease. It consists in nothing more than a right use of the eyes. His friend begged him to explain further. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever condition of affairs I am placed, no matter how severe the difficulty, or how grave the trial, or how serious the problem or trouble, I first look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there; I then look down to earth and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy when I am buried; I then look abroad on the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are, in all respects, more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

"Yes," as has been truly said by another writer, "things are hard sometimes; and we must live on and bear God's will. Because He makes a plan for us, and there will always be something coming. We can not tell, day by day, what it may be; but He never forgets us or leaves anything out."

"All is for the best," said an Irish peasant. "To be sure conditions are bad, very bad, and they could hardly be worse. But I still have the grace of God and the health of a good appetite."

The Lamp of the Sanctuary.

The lamp of the sanctuary, which is always kept burning when the Blessed Sacrament is present, is in honor of Our Lord, and represents the Christian in adoration before the tabernacle.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Longmans Co. will soon publish Volume I. of "Notes on Catholic Liturgies," by Archdale A. King, who gives both the history of the various liturgies used by churches in communion with the Holy See, and, for the most part, the actual text of the rites.

—Girls will like "Chérie at Sacred Heart," by May Beatrix McLaughlin. The school year offers Chérie, her cousin Nell, and her chum, Betty, the ordinary joys, ups and downs. But there are many incidents which are quite thrilling. At no time does the story drag; the dialogue is generally interesting and sometimes precocious, and the characters, with two exceptions, are human and likable. Undoubtedly, young readers will be puzzled as well as provoked at Chérie's frequent use of French words, one of which should not be in the text at all; as for the others, if they are to be used, then it would be kind to provide a glossary. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"The Eucharistic Life," by the Rev. Charles F. Curran, aims to make the Blessed Sacrament the center of all the actions of the day. The first part emphasizes this thought most particularly. As Jesus was the continual thought of Mary, His Mother, so should He be the central spirit of all: from the beginning of the day, through morning prayers, meditation, Mass, Communion, meals, work, visits, spiritual reading, recreation,—everything. The second part deals with the teaching of the Church in regard to the Communion of children: immature, retarded and frequent Communion, and thanksgiving after Communion. This well-written book deserves wide circulation, for it is deeply spiritual and most practical. It could be used with profit by priests, religious, and the laity. There is no doubt that it will help readers to love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and to make Him more and more the center of daily life. Publisher, Bruce. Price, \$1.75 net.

—"St. Paul and His Teaching," edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., M. A., were "Lectures delivered at Aberdeen, 1928-29, under

the auspices of the Aberdeen diocesan branch of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland." The Rev. C. A. Corbishley, M. A., wrote the chapter titled Life and Letters; the Rev. A. Bonnar, O. F. M., D. D., The Divinity of Christ; the Rev. R. A. Knox, M. A., The Church; the Rev. T. E. Bird, D. D., Ph. D., The Holy Eucharist; and the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., M. A., The Second Coming. The teaching of St. Paul is explained, so that the truths which he preached may be better understood by the faithful. Since, however, his writings have been so misinterpreted, this book offers also an exposition and a defense, so that those outside the Church may have a definite and Catholic view of the Apostle himself and his letters. For the most part the treatment of the subject-matter is simple and clear, but the chapter on the Divinity of Christ is above the range of the average intellect. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.35 net.

—"A History of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. Fernand Mourret, S. S., is translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S. T. D. Volume V. appears first, as the translator notes, "because it is the best one by which to introduce the work to the English-speaking public; the other nine will follow in due course." Besides being splendidly typed and spaced, it has an introduction, a lengthy table of contents, twenty-one pages of bibliography, and a very complete index. Part I. is concerned with the decline of Medieval institutions, the reigns of the various Popes, the work of the different councils, with particular emphasis on the Western Schism and the intellectual revolution of the Renaissance. Part II. studies the Protestant revolt most fully in regard to Germany, England, France, without neglecting the same in the Netherlands and other countries. Part III. treats of the Catholic reformation: the Popes of the Sixteenth Century, the Council of Trent, Catholic rulers, the secular and the religious clergy, the intellectual and spiritual world. In general the social, political, religious, moral and in-

tellectual problems are presented clearly, adequately and impartially with sufficient distinction of style. There is no doubt that this period, being an age of controversy, tests the ability and the scholarship of a historian. The writing of a balanced history requires understanding, judicial discernment and prudence in a high degree. It is to the credit of this author that he has given to the world an authoritative book. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$4.00 net.

—"The First Instruction of Children and Beginners," by the Rev. Joseph Tahon, Missionary of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, translated from the French by E. V. B. M., and edited with an Introduction by the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater, is "an inquiry into the Catechetical tradition of the Church." The author shows that the method used by the Apostles and formulated fully by St. Augustine was the narrative, which was employed down to the time of the Reformation. In this system of teaching catechism, selected stories explain the principal dogmas, the Commandments, and the Sacraments, all of which, Father Tahon states, could be accomplished in less than four months, at the rate of daily half-hour lessons. Thereby mere memorization and "parrot-like" recitations are abolished. He promises a second volume containing practical lessons for children unable to read and for adults who are beginners. We wonder if there are any teachers of catechism nowadays who do not use the narrative method at least to some extent! Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"Martin Luther, His Life and Work," by the Rev. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., adapted from the second German edition by Frank J. Eble, M. A., and edited by Arthur Preuss, is concerned with the development of Luther mentally and physically and spiritually. This compact work, embodying all the conclusions that were in the three volumes on Luther which appeared in 1911 and 1912, and supplemented by recent research, offers a scholarly analysis based on original documents. The historical Luther is revealed: the rigorous and almost joyless boyhood, the talented and zeal-

ous student impelled by fear and depressed by a scrupulous sense of wrong, the imprudent taking of vows, the indecision in being ordained, the unhappy priest neglecting to celebrate Mass or to recite the Divine Office, the growing and changing false views on liberty and grace and justification, the attack on indulgences as such, the refusal to accept the Pope's spiritual supremacy, and the religious and ethical revolt. The truth is that the real Luther is neither to be admired nor imitated, for his glorification after all has meant the paying of homage to a revolt which from the very beginning tended to false doctrines and conduct, and not to reformation. His life, in fact, is the life of Protestantism; as the founder, so the church; he gave the example: of separation, of uncertainty, of discord, of continual denial of truth, of the rejection of spiritual authority, making clear that the inherent tendency of heresy is to effect further heresy. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$5 net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Reverend Berthold Jaeggli, O. S. B.
Brother Herman Kampshof, O. S. B.

Sister M. Fidelis, of the Sisters of the Visitation; Sister Mary Leonardi Noonan, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Flavia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Miss Leonita Kopecky, Mrs. Mary Pressman, Mrs. Anthony Francis Keating, Mr. Randall L. McAllister, Miss Katie O'Leary, Roddy McDonald, Helen Jeffrey, Mrs. Ann McGill, Mrs. Bridget Cavanaugh, Miss Anna Flynn, Mr. George E. Maxey, Mrs. Mary J. O'Neil, Stephen Driscoll, Miss Ella Gallagher, Mrs. Mary Burns, Mrs. Catherine Coyne, Aloysius Harrison, Mrs. Mary Hunt, Mrs. Mary Burrows, Mr. George Latsch, Master Henry Latsch, Mr. John Connare, and Mrs. Mary Kehoc.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

For some worthy charity: Ethel C. Whealan, \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 22, 1930.

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Saint Cecilia, Patroness of Music.

BY S. C. N.

EACH soul that loves makes music. All the strife

And tumult of the world (Greed, Hate, and Fear)

Can never overwhelm it. Thus we hear
E'en now, though blatant discord still runs rife,

The echoes of this gentle virgin-wife
Whom we as Music's patroness revere,
Who, singing in her heart unto God's ear,
Made melody sublime of her whole life.

Her life was like a rapturous reply
To strains divine wherewith her soul was filled,
For harmonies enravishing she heard;
She knew the Song of songs, that cannot die,
The Sound by which the world shall yet be stilled,—

The sempiternal music of *The Word*!

Santiago de Compostella: Spain's Holy City.

BY THE REV. P. W. BROWNE, D. D., PH. D.



ALICIA is one of the most picturesque sections of the Iberian Peninsula; and it is known to travellers as "the Spanish Switzerland." Originally it was occupied by a tribe called Galliact, whence the name which the region bears. Centuries before the Christian era it was colonized by the Phœnicians. These were ousted by the Romans; and it became a *colonia* in the time of Cæsar Augustus. At Corunna (once the capital of the colony) may still be

seen the *pharos*, built, it is claimed, by the Phœnicians, and repaired by the Emperor Trajan; it is now known as La Torre de Hercules, and it serves as a beacon for ships that ply along the coast from Cape Ortegal to Santander.

Galicia was occupied by the Visigoths in 585, and at the beginning of the Eighth Century it fell into the hands of the Visigoths, who were driven out in 739 by Alfonso the Catholic. Subsequently, it became part of the Kingdom of Castile and Léon, and at the death of Ferdinand the Great, in 1065, it was for a brief period an independent kingdom which was ruled by his son, Garcia, after whom is named Villagarcia, the attractive little seaport near Pontevedra, from which, in August, 1927, I began the journey to Santiago de Compostella—Spain's "Holy City."

Along the route are several cosy hamlets where may be seen the tall, muscular, hardy, and laborious people (Gallegos) who eke out a care-free livelihood by tending little plots of maize and potatoes and cultivating rich vineyards along the sunny slopes. We made a few halts en route at the request of members of our little party who desired to sample the *queso de teta* and some other things for which Galicia is noted. The vista along the route was romantic; but we did not stop long enough at any place to enable us to meet at close quarters some of the peasants whom a certain New England visitor to Spain contemptuously refers to as "people not unlike boorish Irish

farmers such as one meets in the west of Ireland." True, the people *did look Celtic*; but the urbanity and courteousness of those whom we met casually along the route were such as I have not seen in any part of New England with which I am familiar.

After a four-hour journey we caught a glimpse of the Cathedral towers of Santiago which dominate Spain's Holy City. Entering through the Alameda, and passing by the Plateria we were set down at the Plaza del Hospital, and found ourselves in front of the Cathedral whose towers we had seen nearly an hour before. The city is a quaint old-world place, with arcaded streets lined with red-roofed houses, and filled with monuments, with scallop shells (*conchas*) lining profusely the little parterres with which it abounds. These scallop shells are reminiscent of the olden days when they were the emblem of pilgrims who had visited the shrine of Santiago (St. James the Greater) whose body rests in the crypt of its glorious Cathedral.

The city of Santiago de Compostella, however, is not the place where St. James the Greater preached Christianity in Spain. The traditional site is Padrón, some seventeen miles to the southward, where once stood the Roman city of Iria Flavia, capital of the Galician Caporos. Here may still be seen many Roman ruins that date from the beginning of the Christian era. The tradition that St. James founded an episcopal See at Iria Flavia is very ancient. There is a Latin poem of the Seventh Century, commemorative of the event, in which occurs the following stanza:

Primitus Hispanas convertit dogmate gentes,
Barbara divinīs convertens agmina dictis,
Quæ priscos dudum ritus et lurida fana,
Dæmones horrendi deceptæ fraude, colebant.*

* He first did convert the Spanish peoples by his teaching, turning towards God's word the barbarous hordes that had long practised primitive rites and worshipped at the shrine of darkness, being deceived by the evil one.

The entire poem is found in Migre (P. L. lxxxix, 293).

Having preached Christianity in Spain, St. James returned to Judea, and was put to death by order of Herod; his body was miraculously transported to Iria Flavia, whence it was later taken to Compostella. The authenticity of this tradition has been discussed by various writers; but this subject lies beyond the scope of this article. It is worthy of note, however, that the Bull "Omnipotens Deus," issued by Leo XIII. (November 1, 1884) is a weighty argument in favor of the tradition.

Authors differ as to the origin of the name Compostella; and the most satisfactory explanation seems to be that the name is derived from *campus stellæ* ("field of the star"). The beginnings of Compostella are traceable to the miraculous appearance of a star, revealing to Bishop Theodomir, in 835, of *Iria Flavia*, the spot where were concealed the bodies of St. James and his disciples, Athanasius and Theodorus. A chapel was erected on the spot by Alfonso II., and around it grew a city which came to be known as Santiago de Compostella.

At the end of the Eleventh Century Compostella became a metropolitan See. It has had many distinguished bishops; and several councils have been held within its borders. One of the most important was the provincial council (held on October 23, 1329) which decreed the yearly celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception throughout the province of Compostella on the 8th of December. This decree has a special historical significance since it antedates the formal definition of the Dogma, and the Constitution "Ineffabilis Deus," by more than six hundred years!

The Cathedral of Compostella is the most famous, though not the largest, in Spain. It succeeds a church which was

destroyed by the Moors, in 997. Some writers state that it is an exact reproduction of the Church of St. Sernin, at Toulouse. This I doubt, however, as I have visited St. Sernin, and I do not recall many points of resemblance. It was presumably modelled after the Cathedral of Le Puy, in the Department of Haute Loire, which in the Middle Ages had close relations with Aragon.

Within the Cathedral repose the relics of St. James and his disciples, Saints Athanasius and Theodorus. The exact location was unknown for a long time, until discovered in 1883, by Cardinal Payá y Rico. The authenticity of the relics was confirmed by the Bull "Omnipotens Deus," to which allusion has already been made.

Santiago has been a place of pilgrimage for more than a thousand years. During the Middle Ages it was one of the four great pilgrimages for the whole Catholic world, and ranked next in dignity to the pilgrimages of the Holy Land and Rome. An excellent account of Santiago and its famous shrine may be found in "La Tumba del Apostol Santiago" (recently published by Dr. Manuel Vidal Rodriguez of the University of Santiago). He tells most graphically the story of the origin of the shrine, and discusses at length the international aspect of the pilgrimages. He informs us that in the centuries before the Protestant Revolt, England sent more pilgrims to Santiago than any other foreign country. From records of the Fifteenth Century he gives the number of pilgrims for four years for which statistics are available; and we find that there came from England: in 1428, 13 ships, with 1136 pilgrims; in 1443, 63 ships, with 2990; in 1451, 14 ships with 1594; in 1456, 8 ships with 800. During the same period, and subsequently, numbers of pilgrims came from France, Italy, and Germany.

Within recent years the organized pilgrimages from foreign countries have not been numerous, possibly because other pilgrimage shrines are more accessible. Spaniards, however, frequent the shrine in large numbers, notably on great feast days, and particularly on the Feast of St. James the Greater.

At the time of my visit to Santiago de Compostella I did not notice any pilgrims. Those whom I saw at the Cathedral were a group of American visitors of the tourist type, armed with Baedekers, under the guidance of a very voluble tour conductor. Few of the visitors, if any, were of the household of the Faith, judging from their behavior within the sacred precincts. The majesty and solemnity of the environment did not seem to affect them as it did the iconoclastic scoffer, George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," who says: "[The Cathedral] is a majestic, venerable pile, in every respect calculated to excite awe and admiration; indeed, it is almost impossible to walk its long, dusky aisles, and hear the solemn music and noble chanting, and inhale the incense of the mighty censers, which are at times swung so high by machinery as to smite the vaulted roof, whilst gigantic tapers glitter here and there amongst the gloom from the shrine of many a saint, before which the worshippers are kneeling, breathing forth their prayers and petitions for help, love, and mercy, and entertain a doubt that we are treading the floor of a house where God delighteth to dwell."

The most attractive part of the glorious Cathedral is the *Capilla Mayor*, where stands the high altar. Above it, a little to the rear of the tabernacle, is the bejewelled statue of St. James, reached by a small stairway on the epistle side. In the rear of the altar is the crypt, several feet below the

main floor, where repose the relics of St. James and his disciples. A spiral stairway enables you to reach this hallowed spot; but not all visitors are permitted to make the descent.

The high altar is of colossal proportions; and the decorations are the most ornate I have ever seen. Several silver candelabra are hung from the ceiling, and there is a profusion of ex-voto luminaries. A light is kept burning perpetually in the centre of the sanctuary, and I understand the expense of its upkeep is defrayed from a legacy left for its maintenance by the renowned Gran Capitan Gonzalo de Cordova (d. 1515). Flanking the altar are two bronze pulpits, masterpieces of *cinquecento* art, carved with subjects from the Old Testament and the life of St. James.

It may be noted that double pulpits are not uncommon in Spanish churches; and during High Mass the deacon ascends the one on the Gospel side to sing the Gospel, while the subdeacon mounts the other to chant the epistle. In early days the furnishings of the high altar were more elaborate than at the present time. During the Peninsular War, Soult's army plundered the sanctuary.

A visit to the Cathedral would be incomplete without seeing the *Relicario*, which is a perfect museum of exquisitely wrought shrines, containing relics. The one that seems to attract most attention is the reliquary of the Crown of Thorns. There are also many objects of interest in the sacristy, among them the *Galladarte* banner of the Turkish galley at the Battle of Lepanto, which was given to this sanctuary by Don John of Austria.

Adjoining the Cathedral are several buildings of ancient date which provided for the needs of the tens of thousands who visited Santiago de Compostella in earlier days, all of them in a good state of preservation. The most

noteworthy of these is the *Hospicio de los Reyes* which was built in 1504, at the command of Ferdinand and Isabella, as a hospital for sick pilgrims. Santiago de Compostella has many evidences of the faith and devotion which brought so many from afar to the great pilgrimage shrine which is now almost forgotten except by the Spanish people who, regardless of their occasional political feuds, have never been unmindful of their religion.

The return journey from Santiago de Compostella was made in the direction of Corunna, where connection was to be made with a steamer that would bring us eastward to Passajes, the port whence Lafayette sailed for America, in 1777.

En route we had an interesting experience at the village of Santa Maria de Ordenes where we halted for lunch at a wayside *posada* kept by a dear old lady, who was particularly gracious to the *padre Americano*. The appointments of the *posada* were quite primitive; but this feature was offset by the courtesy of the hostess. When I offered payment for the meal, she refused to take it, and with a *nada! nada!* *Padre*, she knelt down and asked my blessing. As we were leaving the door of the *posada* there came by a group of little children, accompanied by a lady who informed us that she was the village school teacher. One of our party offered a few *pesetas* to the children, all of whom refused to accept the offering; and only after it had been explained to the teacher that it was a recognition of the courtesy we had received at the *posada*, were they induced to accept the gratuity. This in a country that is supposed to be infested with beggars sounds paradoxical.

Passing through Alvredo we met several groups of peasants returning from market; they seemed the very embodiment of rural peace and contentment. The last *etape* of our jour-

ney lay through an undulating, highly-cultivated region, to the north of which was a steep ridge, and we made slow progress; but on reaching the summit we were rewarded with a vista of surpassing loveliness. In the far distance lay the mighty Atlantic; below us, bathed in sunshine, was the bustling seaport of Corunna.

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

VII.

STRAIGHT in front of my window lies the Market Square, on the further side of the main street of Wybrow. One side of the square is occupied by the group of buildings known as the "Moot Hall," comprising our Court of Justice and the offices of the town authorities—Town Clerk, and the like. A line of shops on the opposite side of the square terminates in a narrow outlet down to a lower portion of the town, and through it I can get glimpses of a few of the bigger buildings in that quarter. The narrow lane referred to bears the curious designation of "Kessop's Entry"; who and what was Kessop, and why the lane got the title is unknown.

The very last house of the row of shops on that side of the square is a dingy little tenement, squeezed up close to the "Entry"; it has two small shop windows, with a half-glass door between them. The house is smaller than its neighbors, and a storey less in height. Its insignificance is intensified by its obviously neglected aspect. Young friends of mine have described its chief points in a way to enable me to form a pretty accurate picture of it.

"It is the filthiest hole of a shop you can imagine, Jack!" cried Cyril Latat-ski, when I was remarking upon the deserted look of the place one day. "No one could tell you what is supposed to

be sold there, and no one ever seems to buy anything. The window panes are dim with dust and dirt, and all that can be seen through them are a few battered-looking old tea-pots and dirty candlesticks amongst a lot of indescribable rubbish."

"Possibly a pawnshop," I suggested.

Cyril was an authority; for a short cut to the Grammar School, which he was then attending, lay through Kessop's Entry; thus he passed the little shop almost daily.

I gradually acquired a good deal of information about the house in question and its occupant; the latter was the owner of the former—an old, old woman rejoicing in the name of Patty Cope. Popular rumor attributed to Patty "heaps of money in the bank"; in spite of appearances, which seemed to belie the statement, the occasional appearance of a bank clerk at Patty's door suggested a slight foundation for the tradition. Certainly the old woman could not be depending upon the profits of her shop, since customers were nil; yet she had some means of livelihood, for she might be seen purchasing food at neighboring shops now and again. Those were the only occasions upon which Patty was ever seen beyond her own doorstep, and they were carried on by stealth, as it were; always during the quiet hours of the afternoon, when boys were safely shut up in school, were these excursions made. Her head and shoulders muffled in a dingy black shawl, Patty would steal out nervously, looking around to make sure of being unobserved, and scuttle into a shop to make her purchases.

Schoolboys were Patty's sworn enemies. Boys are inclined to cruelty, when fun is in prospect, and an insolent leader will easily gather a gang of followers in a mischievous escapade. Kessop's Entry was the short cut from the "Charity School" as well as from the Grammar School, and a crowd of boys

would pour out of it at the close of school hours, eager for play. Thus it came to pass that at occasional intervals Patty's shop window suggested an onslaught upon its proprietrix. A group of lads would gather round the door and windows, peering through the dim glass and hammering the door-knocker with vociferous shouts of "Old Patty Cope, never uses soap!"—"Dirty old miser, don't we all despise her?" and such like choice salutations. Nothing would happen for a few minutes, then suddenly the door would fly open and old Patty would rush upon them with a long-handled broom and charge the mob, amid ribald shouts and ironic laughter on the part of the enemy. The noise would summon neighboring shopkeepers to their doors to enjoy the sport; none seemed to have the charity to stand up for the old woman, though a few cuffs on the head would have dispersed the young ruffians quickly enough. Should none of our police happen to put in appearance, the assault and defence would be repeated until the boys were tired with their game, and made their respective ways homeward by twos and threes.

I am proud to record the fact that such attacks were put an end to by my young chum Cyril Latatski. He urged on a party of Grammar School boys to strike in the old woman's defence, under his able leadership. Cyril was a good-hearted boy, who would scorn to annoy any helpless creature, and his intentions were—I am convinced—perfectly upright; with regard to his followers, it is quite possible that a free fight with "Charity Boys" was as powerful an incentive as the defence of a weak, old woman! But whatever their motives, Cyril's band came out victorious. A glorious scrimmage took place when the next attack was made; the Charity boys were ingloriously routed, and so completely subdued that such concerted assaults were never again

attempted. The occasional run-away knock of some daring youth, when no Grammar School boy was in sight, was all that old Patty suffered after that decisive battle!

The old woman had lived thus isolated for more years than any of the townsfolk could accurately reckon, and few whose way led them through Kesop's Entry gave much heed to the obscure little tenement near by. The routine of Patty Cope's life went on with undeviating monotony. But on a certain day a startling change occurred. Every morning a tiny can of milk was hung upon the door-knob by a passing milkman from the country; its advent was announced by the man by a vigorous rat-tat, that the occupant might remove the can at her leisure and replace it empty before his return from his rounds. But on that particular morning the can remained untouched, and such an unprecedented occurrence gave rise to alarm; the old woman must be ill. So he wisely informed one of the neighbors and departed. There was much hesitation, considering the old recluse's character for churlish isolation, about the mode of procedure; the sensible way seemed to inform the police. When no response was rendered to repeated knocking, the door was forced. Old Patty was found lying dead in her wretched bed in the small room behind the shop which apparently served all uses. The doctor's verdict was heart failure.

The old woman's death led to astonishing revelations when the dingy little house was overhauled. The only room showing signs of habitation was that in which the body was found; its furniture was of the poorest—a bed, one or two chairs, a table and a few simple cooking utensils—all rather the worse for wear and nothing scrupulously clean. The upper floor had two or three rooms, and all were stuffed full of various articles—some costly, others

valueless. There were heaps of male and female garments, silver and brass ware, rings, brooches, bracelets, oil paintings, prints—some of the latter, which eventually came into my possession, are among my most cherished possessions—and a heterogeneous collection of articles forming the unredeemed pledges of a former pawnbroking business apparently. At some past epoch Patty had evidently done a flourishing trade in that way, though none of the present generation could furnish much reliable information on the point.

The difficulty which now confronted the town authorities was the ascertaining of Patty's next of kin. Not only were the first discovered contents of the house of considerable value, but the house itself belonged to the old woman. Further research and inquiry resulted in the finding of a large amount of hoarded money which had been thrust away into drawers and other receptacles in the different rooms. Though Patty had of late preferred to keep her money in her own possession, it became known that she had invested a large sum in shares in the local banking company. Hence the reputed visits of bank clerks from time to time became credible.

The nine-days' wonder aroused by these happenings had nearly subsided when further cause for astonishment arose. It began to be rumored that in spite of inquiries by the police, advertisements and the like, no tidings had come of the needed heirs-at-law who might claim the estate. Much food for gossip was afforded by discussions as to the disposition of Patty's property, should no claimant appear; would it go to the Crown, or to the municipality, or what? Seldom had the old woman, in life, provided so much matter for conversation as she had done by dying!

The interest had practically died down after a few weeks. The shop remained closed, under the care of the

police, until further developments should ensue. Then, one day, a claimant appeared. A weary-looking, travel-stained woman past middle-age, looking like a poverty-stricken tramp, and leading a fragile poorly-clad little girl, eight or nine years old, presented herself at the office of the head of the police and handed in a sheaf of papers proving her title to the dead woman's property.

The woman represented herself as Phoebe Stenson (formerly Cope), now a widow, and only daughter of the late Jason Cope, Patty's brother. The child was her orphaned granddaughter, Elsie Stenson. Explaining her tardy appearance, she stated that she had been living in a big northern town, where she supported herself and the child by laundry work; she could not afford newspapers, and had been in entire ignorance of old Patty's death until a neighbor, struck by the identity of surnames, had shown her an advertisement inquiring for the next of kin to the deceased woman. Even then, she had hesitated about replying, for she knew nothing of any of her dead father's relatives and could not realize that any of them—judging from the poverty in which she had been reared—would be likely to have amassed riches. But eventually she had given in to the importunity of friends, and assisted by a charitable solicitor who knew her antecedents and undertook to help her, she had been able to obtain the necessary proofs of her right to her aunt's estate. Her extreme poverty had rendered the journey by rail out of the question, and she had walked many miles of the road, helped occasionally by charitable drivers of vehicles, to arrive at last practically penniless.

To tide over the unavoidable delay in corroborating the claimant's evidence, the town authorities advanced a few pounds for her support, and the business was set on foot without further loss of time.

Officialdom, however, is never quick of movement, and to the claimant's frequent inquiries as to the progress of events, no satisfactory answer was returned for some weeks. Delay was occasioned in the first instance by the extreme reticence of Mrs. Stenson; it was only after she had been made to understand that unless she furnished all possible information of her former address and the names of persons to whom she was well known, no further steps would be taken to verify her claim.

"You have all the proofs you need," she had declared. "What does it matter to anyone where I have been living, or how I supported myself? I have no wish to figure in the daily papers!"

But she had at last been persuaded to listen to reason, and afforded the required details. Her importunity as to the speedy settlement of her affairs was attributed to need of money, for the allowance made to her at first had become exhausted. When she hinted at this, a further grant was made to tide over the time of waiting.

Communications with their fellows in Newcastle, where the claimant had been living, gave unexpected results. A Mrs. Stenson was still living at the address named, but she was seriously ill. A daughter, who had come home from a situation to look after the invalid had approached the police on her mother's account. It appeared that a woman residing next door, who had shown herself assiduous in visiting and tending the sick woman before her daughter's arrival, had suddenly disappeared without any explanation, and since her departure certain important papers had been missed whose loss had affected seriously the health of the invalid. It had been ascertained that these documents furnished proof of the claim of Mrs. Stenson to the property of the late Martha Cope, of Wybrow. Illness had prevented her from bringing her claim

to the notice of the Wybrow authorities; but as soon as she was able to travel she and her daughter would take steps to obtain duplicates of the papers and bring them to Wybrow to prove their claim.

Perhaps the unexpected delay in getting possession of the coveted property had aroused the suspicions of the false Mrs. Stenson that her ruse had been discovered, or it may be some uncanny sense of coming failure alarmed her, at any rate she had disappeared when the police sought her at her lodgings on receipt of the above information, and no one knew whither she had gone. Inquiries in all directions were barren of results, and when the real Mrs. Stenson made application as Patty Cope's next of kin, her claim had been thoroughly investigated and she was put in possession of the not inconsiderable fortune thus unexpectedly acquired.

VIII.

Doctor Annison looks in upon me now and again to make sure that I am still in the land of the living; it is kindness alone that moves him, for I am under no delusion as to the incurable nature of my affliction, as he well knows. I am always cheered up by the sight of his genial face, smiling at me from the doorway; he is a privileged visitor at all times, and never waits to be announced when he knows that I am alone. He is elderly—verging on 70, perhaps—with rosy, plump cheeks, and his merry eyes, glistening through his glasses, are alight with kindly humor. To me he suggests Mr. Pickwick, with a less podgy figure. This is his description when in friendly intercourse; with patients he is always kind, but with a graver kindness, fraught with sympathy. Everyone who knows him loves him.

"I've a curious case on hand, Jack," he said on one of his occasional visits. "A poor fellow has landed at the 'Royal' who's no conception of his own identi-

ty. Hasn't the ghost of an idea who he is, what is his name, whence he comes or whither he wants—or ought to want—to go. It's really tragic! He has no recollection of having been in the war, or I should say it was a case of shell-shock. Poor old Mrs. Micklem is at her wit's end to know what to do about him."

"When did he turn up?"

"Came by train, last night. Ordered rooms, dinner and so on, quite intelligently; but when it came to signing his name in the register, he confessed that he could not recall it—his memory had gone."

"I hope he will be able to pay his way," I remarked dryly.

"Oh, that's quite all right! When he noticed the old lady's perturbed expression, he at once produced a £10 Bank of England note which he handed to her as payment in advance, asking her to remind him when more was due."

"That looks satisfactory. But what kind of fellow is he?"

"A cultured man apparently, an Englishman, well educated with unusually charming manners. I feel quite sorry for the poor chap. He cannot say precisely how long he has been in this predicament, but I gathered from our conversation that his affliction is quite recent. I have been wondering, Jack, whether you would mind my bringing him here and introducing him to you. You would have to ignore past and future, of course, otherwise, I fancy you would find him quite an agreeable companion."

"I haven't the slightest objection," I rejoined. "As a matter of fact, I am rather curious to see him. But if our conversation is to be limited to the present tense, we shall soon exhaust every available topic, and that would be awful indeed!"

"I'm not afraid of that," said the Doctor. "The man is certainly a gentleman, and conversation with his

equals is the most likely means of curing him; it might stir up memory, and put him right by degrees. I hope you will not find him a bore—but I feel sure you will not!"

So it was settled that the "Unknown" (as in my secret soul I had already dubbed him) should visit me next day under Dr. Annison's guidance.

I had scarcely realized, when the two appeared next morning, the awkwardness of dealing with a visitor who had no past history behind him and was nameless now. The Doctor slurred over the introduction, no doubt feeling embarrassed; he got out of his difficulty by giving undue prominence to my name and referring to the Unknown as a friend who was staying at the hotel.

The stranger was a youngish man—not more than 40 probably—with brown hair brushed back from a rather low forehead; and an ingratiating suavity of expression characterized his pale, oval, clean-shaven face. A specially noteworthy feature in his appearance was the clearness of his rather prominent dark brown eyes. He was well-dressed in quiet, unobtrusive fashion.

"I have been telling my friend," Dr. Annison remarked, "that you would welcome an occasional visit, while he remains in Wybrow. He knows no one as yet except myself, and I am so much engaged that I can seldom spare him an hour's chat. You have abundant leisure."

Politeness required a civil answer from me and I gave it. Nevertheless in my inmost heart I began to realize the many obstacles in the way of anything like intimacy with a man who had no past, and consequently the vaguest notions of the future. Beyond the merest conventional remarks, there was no attempt at conversation at this first interview.

A day or two later, the Unknown paid his first call alone. I was surprised to find that intercourse was less difficult

than I had imagined. My visitor cleared away much awkwardness by going straight to the point and telling me of his affliction, so that we were at once on familiar terms. Nevertheless, it was at first difficult to realize that the poor fellow's memory could not be trusted except for a short retrospect.

His peculiar mental state, it appeared, had not been of long duration. Only a few days back, he had awakened in his rooms in a London boarding house, with his mind a blank. He had no idea where he really was, nor why he was there. Springing out of bed and gazing out of the window he came to the conclusion that he was in London—or at any rate some unusually big city—though for what reason he knew not. Sitting on his bed he tried to recall recent events, but failed utterly. He could not even remember his own name! He examined his clothing; no initials or other marks were in evidence. There was very little linen or underclothing in the chest of drawers when he set to work to examine his belongings; it looked as though he had come on a mere passing visit—on business, perhaps, though he could remember no business in which he had been interested. An empty suit-case stood in a corner of the room; it seemed just big enough to hold the extra suit of clothes in the wardrobe and the rest of his things. A light overcoat, a soft felt hat and an umbrella suggested a hired apartment. That was as far as his cogitations led him.

"Had you no pocket-book with your name inside, or containing any memoranda that could help you?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I had merely a wallet containing a few pounds in notes. I never carry a pocket-book."

"What a distressing position in which to find oneself!"

"It was indeed. But you cannot realize the awkwardness of it all, unless through personal experience. What was

I to do? I could not go to anyone else and say, 'Kindly tell me who I am!' What a fool I should have looked. I might even have been clapped into a mad-house! Can you imagine the utter depression that seized me?"

I tried to give expression to the deep sympathy I felt for him.

"You will realize," he went on, "that my first impulse was to get away from all those surroundings, in dread of the unbearable results which were sure to happen. I dressed and found my way downstairs to a breakfast room, and after taking a meal in solitary state, asked for the manager. An elderly woman appeared of whom I asked my account, as I found myself obliged to leave at once on pressing business. I was evidently well known, for the good lady would not hear of payment on the spot. 'You only arrived yesterday,' she said smilingly; 'there is no hurry whatever! Leave it until your next visit to town.' I was hoping she would address me by name, but no such luck! So without more ado, I hailed a taxi and betook myself to a railway station, feeling like a perfect stranger to the crowds of people surging round me."

His voice took on a somewhat plaintive note, as he finished his narration. I pitied him sincerely. It was a situation which, as he had said, only experience could completely realize.

"What moved you to select Wybrow as a retreat?" I asked. "Had you ever heard of it before?"

He shook his head, with a sad smile on his lips. "I have no memory of Wybrow or any other place. I looked down the list of names in the Booking Office and came to Chester, and that seemed to awaken some long lost recollection. The fare was pretty high, too, and that meant a longish run. So I booked to Chester."

"Then how did you manage to alight here?" I asked in astonishment. "You would have had to change at the junc-

tion ten miles further on to get to Chester."

"It was quite by chance, as a matter of fact," he explained. "I suppose I ought to tell you how it came about, but you must pardon me if the telling should entail an apparent depreciation of your town."

"I am by no means in love with Wybrow—as Wybrow," I answered with a laugh. "I am here through force of circumstances, and here I shall probably end my days. So you need not fear to hurt my feelings in the matter!"

"Well, then, there were two men in the compartment with me who were recalling experiences of past traveling in this part of the country. Just before we reached Wybrow, one said to his companion, 'Look out when we pass the next station. There is a church spire, visible from the railway, which is the admiration of architects; it is practically unique.' The other asked the name of the place and was told Wybrow St. Mary. 'What kind of place is it? Could one get a decent meal there, if one felt inclined to explore this wonderful church spire on the return journey?'—'Oh, quite!' said his friend. 'The Royal Hotel is quite a comfortable place. But the town is a perfect backwater—nothing stirring! Reminds one of the Middle Ages!' The description appealed to me. That was the sort of resting-place I needed—a quiet backwater' apart from a worrying world. So I alighted here."

"But what about your ticket and the exceedingly punctilious station-master?" I exclaimed. For I had heard of that worthy's inexorable adherence to the most minute rules and regulations.

"There is a key which unlocks most obstructions of that sort. The good man proved quite amenable in the end."

(To be continued.)

THE joy of a good death is well worth all the pain of a mortified life.

Autumn Ending.

BY NORBERT ENGELS.

NOW must this autumn pass:

Meadow, and sweep of grain;

Flower, and field of grass;

River, and rush of rain,

Youth, and the thought of age;

Age, and the dream of pain?

Now for the whiter page,

Winter, unbroken fields,

Death for a heritage;

Winter, and whiter shields

Bearing the warrior dead;

Keener the sword it wields

Striking the bending head.

Now must this autumn die,

Bleeding in gold and red?

Then let the mound be high;

There let the stars and moon

Bend when they're passing by.

A Catholic Journalist in Fleet Street.

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN.

YOU must remember Dr. Johnson and many of his kind, as you go along Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4. Peel Tavern, the Mitre, Cheshire Cheese and the Cock Tavern,—all of them old, all of them remembering great achievements, great men, great efforts, the shaping of English thought, the flowering of English letters. And this is well and as it should be. But if you pass along the Fleet, having just said a brief prayer in the cool, quiet Corpus Christi Church in Maiden Lane off the Strand, the street of the Writers might have something else to speak to you about over and above its rich literary reminiscences. Great newspaper offices step into the background. The ceaseless click of innumerable typewriters dies away. The scurrying boys—sheaves of latest editions in their overladen arms,

—would not disturb you. Here is your hour of dreaming, and why shouldn't you have it?

Easy to span the centuries, easy to get into the years when printed word was not as much as even thought of, when the City of London was London proper, and Westminster was its own township, and the now traffic-thick arteries round about the Strand were the quiet, reposeful boundaries of Charing Cross Village, and when the Fleet did justify its name because of its river.

King Edgar gave the land to the Westminster monks, as a courteous gesture to his friend, St. Dunstan, of Glastonbury; and two landmarks remind you of the energetic saint. His "Western" Church stands in the Fleet. Rebuilt well-nigh a hundred years ago, it stands almost on the very site of the Medieval church dedicated to the same saint. The old St. Dunstan's held the graves of two Elizabethan bishops, Dr. R. Baines, Bishop of Lichfield, and Dr. Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, both of whom died true to the Faith.

And just beyond St. Dunstan's—at the corner of Fetter Lane—you might indeed pause for a while. Because this busy corner, with its two continuous streams of traffic, once witnessed scenes of Tyburn-like awe and grandeur. Catholic blood used to be shed here in the penal days. Just across, by St. Bride's Church, there now stands a vicarage erected on the identical spot where the ancient Bridewell prison had been—sheltering Topcliffe, the hangman of most unholy memory,—Topcliffe, whose cruelty seems to have been too much even for the then Tower of London officials. So, here in Bridewell, he "practised" some time after "the Reformation." And out of those sinister, heavy Bridewell gates, chained prisoners were once led across the Fleet to the Fetter Lane Corner, where a scaffold and a gloatingly eager crowd

awaited them. Here the Ven. Christopher Bayles, a priest from Durham, Northern England, was hanged in the spring of 1590, soon after his arrival from Rheims where he had been ordained. Here, a little later, two other priests paid with their life blood for their fearless loyalty to Christ and His Church. Ven. Montford Scot and Ven. George Beesley were their names. They faced their death with such an heroism that, as a record tells us, an onlooker shouted: "I came to see traitors and have seen saints." And several similar memories cluster round the Fleet Street corner of Fetter Lane, this off-shoot of the Tyburn Tree.

To go further back to quieter times, you will be reminded of vanished monastic fragrance along Whitefriars Street, on the side opposite to Fetter Lane and Carmelite Street, running further down towards the Embankment. Here, where at the present time the ear is well-nigh deafened by the roar of printing presses, and where pedestrians have to practise extra caution because of innumerable lightning-quick newspaper vans, had once been the home of the London Carmelites, the monastery supposed to have been founded by St. Simon Stock himself on the site granted by King Edward I. And where the monks had once chanted, printing presses now pour forth their deafening litanies, and all is noise and hustle by day and by night, except for a few quiet hours late on Saturday evenings, when, going there, you may indeed recapture something of the long since vanished peace. But the dignity of the old names has a soothing abiding quality all its own.

And going back to the throbbing street of journalism, you will come across another darkening memory, as you go past the somewhat gloomy Red Lion Court, where, some hundred and thirty odd years ago, a Jesuit father, A. Carroll, was robbed and fatally in-

jured by thieves, one autumn night. A gloomy place that, and not one for any pleasantly lazy loitering.

Still further on, as you keep city-wards, another great Catholic landmark must arrest your eye,—alas, a landmark perpetuated but by a string of names. No olden buildings now remain. Peterborough Court used to shelter the town house of the Peterborough Bishops. Here lived another staunch opposer of Elizabeth's heretical caprices, Dr. Poole. And a little further on, you will pass Salisbury Square, where the bishops lived and entertained and where a famous Catholic once had his home, namely, John Dryden.

And, beyond Salisbury Square, we come to yet another sacred spot of Fleet Street. Just opposite Shoe Lane, executions were held in penal times. Here Ven. E. Jones laid down his life on a sunny fragrant May morning in 1590. They arraigned him for treason and for "favoring a foreign invasion." He protested against the accusation, and the hangman threw him from the ladder and the mob murdered him. And now comes Ludgate Circus, where once the River Fleet ran down to the Thames, and where once "a bridge of stone decorated with wells embraced by angels" joined Fleet Street to the city. Near-by this bridge, yet another penal days' memory lingers on. The Ven. P. Plasden was born in one of those narrow lanes running into the present Ludgate Circus.

And standing there, on a corner, with the pile of St. Paul's behind you and the Fleet Street spires before you (St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's gladly proud of its steeple, tallest in London), you are apt to forget all about your next appointment with a publisher or an editor, forget the sheaf of manuscripts under your arm and the unceasing hubbub of traffic and people going all around you. Busses flash past you—gorgeously red and purple and pirati-

cally green. Hooters rise above the road of printing presses. The city behind toils on with its feverish daily routine.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is busy counting her paper and her gold, and voices rise crescendo on the 'Change, and steamers ply their way up and down the Thames. Somebody is trying to fly the Atlantic again, and you may call up Rome or Quebec on your private 'phone, and the news of the latest West End robbery (or divorce, as the case may be) is being shouted on every side. Ps-ht! What of these? Let them fly across oceans and let them shout across thousands of miles! the world is small, has always been small; the world is but of small import.

The noiseless steps of the white-clad martyrs tread the Fleet flagstones again! Glad, quiet faces, sure of steps, untrembling hands, unafraid eyes! Here they come and foregather, and the corner of Fetter Lane rears its scaffold up to the skies of a forgiving God. And the peaceful chanting hovers over the purlieus of Whitefriars sanctuary: *Quem timebo . . . a quo trepidabo?*

For the blood of the martyrs was never spilled in vain, and the corner of Fetter Lane secretes its strengthening graces for whoever passes there, seeking and wondering and praising God for the olden *Catholic* glories of England.

GHOSTLY gladness in the Lord and joy of heart with sweetness in soul of the savour of heaven in hope, is the highest health. . . . Seek and learn from this counsel, and thou shalt not err. Love makes me speak and joy makes me talk. See that thou dost lead thy life in lightsomeness, and keep heaviness far away. Let not sadness sit with thee; but in the gladness of God make thee evermore thy glee.—*Richard Rolle, about 1300.*

When She Went to the Waxworks.

BY HELEN ATTERIDGE.

IT was one of the housekeeper's stories, that she might tell, if his Reverence was out, and one cared to see the garden, instead of waiting in the room where the floor cover was worn and there were only the holy pictures and the rush chairs and the table and inkstand.

Mrs. Mahaffy smiled if one could lure her into a story.

"Yes. I've been to London, and it's the 'quare' place entirely, and the wick-est place. That was long ago when I was with the good priest that used to raffle his watch. I nearly went down on my two knees to get him to take my savings—just the loan of the lend of it. But he said I was to go to London, for my brother was there and going out to South Africa. So off I went, but I was sorry for the poor Father, for what with the ructions and evictions that time, and the sickness where there was hardly the bit and the sup, his heart was broke, and when half the week was over he had hardly a penny left.

"Go on now, Mrs. Mahaffy," says he, 'and enjoy yourself, for you won't be always young.' That was his little joke, for I was fifty if I was a day. Well, I 'went on now,' as he told me, and I only wished I could bring him back a pot of money. And my brother and I saw the sights of London, till I was as tired as a dog. And one day when he couldn't come with me, he took me down the escalator—which is a thing that runs away from under your feet—and I was in the underground train they call the Tube, and I knew where to get out and find the other staircase—which was the opposite sort of thing, running from under your feet the other way, and nearly tossing you off on your head at the top, which it didn't do, I

being too smart for it. And there I asked a policeman, and they are so handsome with the helmets, and so civil, and in one minute, as Dennis told me, I was at the Waxworks.

"It was too grand for anything! Everybody was there that was anybody. All the Kings and Queens and the President of the United States, and Charles Dickens and Mary Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth and all the murderers. But I wanted to sit down and get something to eat, so I went back to the door, where there was another of the beautiful policemen looking so civil.

"If you please," says I, 'is there any place where one can get a cup of tea?' Well, there I stood, and he wouldn't look at me. So I began again: 'If you please, where can I get—?'

"There was a boy came up to me, 'you should stick a pin in him, ma'am,' says he, 'and you'll know if he's real. They're not real,' he says, 'I'll show you.' And what do you think the young monkey did? He went to the other policeman at the other side of the door; and that was a real one, for he gave a shout that I won't repeat, and he was after the boy, and he so nearly had him by the collar I thought the little scamp would be half-killed, and my heart was in my mouth. It made me feel so bad, I went off without looking for that cup of tea, and I went the whole length of a grand room till I came to the Royal Family, all set out in their drawing-room, some of them were sitting as if they never meant to move now they were dressed up in their real court robes, and the princes staring and just as if they were going to skate.

"There were a lot of people in front of the royal group, so I sat down on the bench beside a nice quiet old lady—for I'd had enough of the antics of the boy and the policeman. The lady was little and stout, and she had a fat umbrella, and her bonnet was the oldest fash-

ioned thing you ever saw, with a veil thrown back over it. But I thought, how rude some people are! They wouldn't do that in Ireland! For two young flappers, as they call them, came rushing past, and if they didn't knock the umbrella out of the old lady's hand, and never stopped to pick it up. So I stood up, sorry for her being treated so rudely. And the same time I stood up, a fine gentleman came to the rescue. And we both stooped down, and I don't know how it was his hand got into my pocket.

"It was a long coat I had on, with a pocket at each side. I turned round sharp, but there he was picking up the umbrella and saying he was sorry, and did he knock up against me?

"*'She's not alive, you know,'* he said to me. And then I knew that she was wax—the old impostor sitting there! And it gave me such a turn.

"After that I took my nice, long, flat purse out of my other pocket, and carried it in my hand, and I thought how they were always telling me at home I ought to have a hand-bag, but I never bought one since the catch of the last one kept opening. I went with the purse in my hand—a nice bit of crocodile skin it was. Well, I thought, it must have been an accident, for he looked such a gentleman. He had a diamond pin and a fine gold chain, and everything on him looked as fresh and as new as if he was a dummy in the tailor's window.

"After that (Mrs. Mahaffy went on), I thought I'd get the cup of tea over in Oxford Street, and maybe buy a little present to take home to his Reverence, if he'd accept it from me. So I went out and got a bus, and it was the queerest thing to see everybody was alive, for I don't know how it was that wax old lady—and I sitting next to her—made me creep all over. And now what do you think? Who should get into the bus and sit down next to me

but my fine gentleman that picked up the umbrella! He was looking at my pocket too, out of the corner of his eye, and that was strange, for I had the purse in my hand.

"While I was getting out my fare, and the conductor was digging my ticket with a sort of pistol, and pointed it at me, I was looking at the silver thing prodding my ticket, when my fine gentleman lurched up against me sideways—like that—rummaging for his own money. And I'm blest if he hadn't the other hand going into my pocket again.

"I jerked away. *'I'm sorry you haven't more room, sir,'* says I.

"*'I'm all right, ma'am,'* says he.

"Well, after that I got out of the bus. And there was no use screaming nor calling a policeman, for he was opening out his newspaper to read it, and both his hands on it after paying the man. Well, after all, I thought, it was my mistake, for he looks too respectable to be a pickpocket, and why should anyone want an empty pocket, and my purse plain in my hand.

"*'Matilda Mahaffy,'* said I to myself, *'you should be more charitable. We hadn't room to stir in that bus. He has a city office, that gentleman, and lots of money. Think of the diamond he had in his necktie! You've left him now, poor man, reading his paper.'*

"I was at Oxford Street then, and I went into the gentlemen's department of a great big store to look for the nicest silk handkerchief that ever was. I was thinking was it a white one the good Father would like, or one of those that wouldn't show the snuff if he wanted a pinch; and surely to goodness it would be a kindness of him to take anything at all from the likes of me! And oh!—oh!—oh! who do you think was next me at the counter, pricing a pair of gloves but—well, you know who? I don't know how he got there,

for I left him in the bus reading the newspaper. But it was then I knew the wickedness of London, for he was cocking his eye at the same pocket. And my purse was there in my hand, plain to be seen at the other side. When I saw him, you could have knocked me down with a feather. What did he want my empty pocket for?

"The next place was one of the bazaars where you get everything for sixpence. And I was looking for a little brooch for Peggy in our kitchen at home; and in two minutes there he was with his hand hanging near my right side pocket. He was looking at the beautiful diamond rings, all for sixpence. But sure there's many a one like me wouldn't know a diamond if they met it in the street. I went out, for I knew now he was following me, and I forgot all about wanting a cup of tea. Just outside I met a policeman, and I was asking him the way to Westminster Cathedral, where I was to meet my brother.

" 'Tis a long way,' says he.

" 'What'll I do at all,' says I, 'I'm frightened of my life. There's a fine gentleman after me wherever I go, and he's had his hand in my pocket.'

" 'Where is he?' says he.

" 'He's there,' says I. But he wasn't anywhere.

"Well, to make a long story short, when I came home here to Ireland I gave the good Father the white silk handkerchief, and I told him the fright I got the day I bought it.

" 'But you shouldn't leave your purse in an outside pocket,' says his Reverence.

" 'Sure I didn't, Father,' says I. 'There was nothing in the pocket, but when I first saw him at the Waxworks, his hand got in and maybe 'twas only—'

"His Reverence wouldn't hear me out. 'Where's the coat?' says he.

"So I had to bring the coat down.

" 'Now look in the pockets.'

"So I felt in the right-hand pocket, and I pulled out a beautiful diamond ring.

" 'The thief!' says he. 'It slipped off, for it wasn't his ring.'

"Then I saw it all. That was why the villain was running after me.

" 'Serve him right, Father,' says I. 'And there it is for you with a heart and a half.'

"But the priest wouldn't take it, badly as he wanted the money. It had to go to Scotland Yard, the place where the handsome policemen come from. 'Stolen property,' says he, 'and maybe the police will have the owner coming after it.'

"Then I thought myself very clever. 'Father,' I said, 'tis you and I that are easy taken in. They have rings like that—little diamonds all round them—at the sixpenny bazaar over there. They're not real at all. And 'twas I that thought I was giving you something for the poor that want it.'

"So we both looked at each other and felt 'sold,' as they say.

"But after a bit, turning it over in his fingers and holding it up to the light, he, being very cute, asked: 'Then what was he following you about for?'

"And then we were dead beat again. 'I dunno,' says I.

"And just then his Reverence said: 'Don't speak to me for a moment, Mrs. Mahaffy.' And he took his spectacles off, and screwed his eyes, which he always did if he wanted to see something very small entirely.

" 'Tis real!' says he. 'There's "J. M." and a date inside of it.'

"So it went to Scotland Yard in London, and—what do you think—'M' was for 'Murphy,' and the police knew it was missing, for they have a list of no end of jewelry stolen.

"I know the good Father had been worrying St. Joseph for money, and I

don't know who the owner had been praying to; but he said it was his dear wife's ring that he'd been breaking his heart for—for she was gone to her reward. And he sent—I forget was it forty or fifty pounds.

"So then we were, as they say, 'in real clover' for a long time. I'm glad that man lost his ring—the pickpocket, not Mr. 'J. M.' But London is the wickedest place. And the more respectable you are, the worse you are—the Lord save us!"

Princess de Conti.

BY GERTRUDE MARIE BRUCKER.

ANNE MARIE MARTINOZZI, the daughter of an Italian nobleman, was the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, who arranged her marriage in France with Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, in 1654. The ceremony took place at the Louvre, with a solemnity befitting the high degree of the Minister's power and the distinguished station of the bridegroom.

Armand de Bourbon, formerly destined to join the Jesuits, was preparing to take orders, when suddenly he returned to the world, and plunging himself into a life of gaiety and pleasure seemed to forget his duties as a Christian. His marriage did not modify his luxurious and dissipated habits. Influenced by her husband, the princess gave herself up entirely to society and its allurements.

Yet the remembrance of the principles and pious habits of his youth often returned to Armand de Bourbon in the midst of enjoyment, and succeeded in restraining the impetuosity of his passions. He came at length to realize the emptiness and folly of pleasure and aspired to a better life, but this fleeting impulse was not strong enough to lead him back to God.

Appointed President of the States of Languedoc by the King in 1665, he had occasion to see the Bishop of Aleth, Nicolas Pavillon, reputed for his zeal and austerity of life. The prelate's eloquence penetrated this satiated and remorseful soul profoundly. The prince humiliated himself before this pious bishop, opening his heart to him and soliciting his counsels, resolving to follow them in their strictest application.

This change manifested itself in the order and economy that permitted him to give more abundant alms to the poor, and was particularly evident in the excessive delicacy of conscience that induced him not only to renounce the revenues derived from benefices, but also to return them, and to make reparation by contributing equivalent alms.

A reform of this kind necessarily entailed the curtailment of luxury and display; the princess objected to it, declaring that she did not wish to live as a Carmelite in society where she must maintain her station and name. Armand de Bourbon permitted her to continue her mode of living, for he knew that only voluntary sacrifices are pleasing to God.

This same religion that had led him back to his Lord, turned his heart toward the devoted love of his family. More or less indifferent until then toward his charming young wife, he began to manifest an attentive and solicitous affection for her, desiring fervently to procure for her the same happiness as he himself enjoyed. These unwonted marks of affection, this devoted protection that replaced his indifference from which she had suffered greatly, proved to the Princess de Conti that piety is the surest guarantee of domestic happiness, and she was attracted toward those practices that the world considers narrow and petty, but which experience showed her in their

true light. After a violent struggle within herself, Anne Marie de Conti at length conquered the world and her own resistance. Her husband's example, and his devotion especially, had won the victory.

"Let us go to Aleth," she said to him one morning, entering his oratory. "I wish to ask the pious bishop's counsel and to pledge myself under his guidance to walk in the path where a wife should always lead, but where you have preceded me."

Armand de Bourbon was overwhelmed with joy at this proposal, yet he deemed it necessary to inform his young wife that her chosen director was as severe toward his penitents as he was austere toward himself, and that to place herself under his guidance would be to bind herself to a life of sacrifice, and to walk in the narrow way of penance. But Heaven had spoken to the heart of the princess so eloquently that these observations, far from inducing her to renounce her project, succeeded only in strengthening it.

II.

Living in retirement as much as the duties of the office of Governor, that Armand de Bourbon had accepted, would permit, the Prince and Princess de Conti rivalled each other in their zealous service of God and devotion to the poor.

The immense heritage that came to them at Cardinal Mazarin's death troubled their consciences. They felt some scruples over the origin of this fortune, and resolved to use it entirely in the establishment of charitable foundations. There was not in all Languedoc a town or a village that did not benefit by their generosity; their liberality extended everywhere, and rendered their name blessed and venerated. The people called them "their holy protectors," and would not use any other name in speaking of them.

The Princess de Conti, ardent in following the example of saintly women who were distinguishing themselves by their charity in Paris, founded in the province, governed by her husband, hospitals, schools, and refuges for erring and repentant women. She herself visited the poor, rendering them innumerable personal services, receiving them with kindness at any hour of the day in her home.

These countless good works, to which she added the supervision of her household and the most active guidance of her children's education, did not absorb her thoughts and time to such an extent as to prevent her from maintaining a pious correspondence with persons of her time who were signally distinguished for their devotion and charity. At a time of famine, Mlle. de Lamoignon had recourse to her, and the princess sent her immediately the last valuable jewels she possessed to sell for the benefit of the poor—a necklace of pearls and diamonds that Louis XIV. bought for 50,000 crowns.

Upon a similar occasion, during the foundation of the General Hospital by St. Vincent de Paul the pious princess was not less generous. Madame de Conti learned of the dearth of funds, and immediately consulted with her husband as to the means of assisting this charitable project. They discovered that their revenues scarcely warranted the continuation of their customary generosity for many days. Yet the princess would not refuse to come to the aid of such a worthy cause. She accordingly searched among her possessions, and sold a great number of them that many women of a lower rank would have considered indispensable.

The following day she sent 100,000 francs to Paris, where her generosity was not appreciated sufficiently since no one realized the sacrifices it had cost her.

III.

The habitual good works that they performed soon began to seem insufficient to the fervor of the young couple. They considered giving up the world and living apart in the most austere practice of the counsels of the Gospel. The Bishop of Aleth however, to whom they confided their project, refused to give his approval to it. He pointed out to them the immense good their fortune, their station, and their influence permitted them to do; he showed them that an example as eminent as theirs must necessarily affect an entire epoch. He dwelt upon the usefulness of proving to the world by a saintly life amid its honors and dangers, the possibility of allying the duties of high rank with the practices of faith and piety. The princess was more easily prevailed upon than her husband; Armand de Bourbon could not bring himself to renounce his desire.

"Man must consider above all his eternal salvation," he said.

"Assuredly," answered the bishop, "but it is not for him to choose the means. God alone must furnish them in accordance with His will and the good of one's neighbor. Both are evident here. How many unfortunate persons aided by your charity might still be leading a wretched existence but for you; how many good deeds have been accomplished; how many sinners led to repentance! You cannot and ought not refuse the mission of charity that God has confided to you, which He blesses and protects so openly."

Armand de Bourbon having vowed himself to obedience to the bishop, was finally obliged to yield; but as if in compensation, he adopted a mode of living still more austere than formerly, and left his retreat only to fulfil the duties of his office.

This existence, detached from all earthly ambition and strife, was soon

troubled by premature infirmities that cruelly tried the patience and resignation of the Prince, but which were still more painful for Madame de Conti, whose loving solicitude rendered happy the last years of a life that was dearer to her than her own. Armand de Bourbon died in 1666, at the age of thirty-seven.

Madame de Conti had promised to take his place in continuing his charitable works, to lead the same life, and to devote herself to the education of her children, and she kept her word faithfully during the six years that she survived him. On February 6, 1672, her wish to be reunited with him was granted, and having fulfilled her mission of charity on earth, she went to join her husband who had been her guide and her example in the way of salvation.

Singing for the Poor.

"On one occasion," wrote Hans Christian Anderson, "I did hear Jenny Lind express her joy in her talent. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or in concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children. 'Let me,' said she, 'give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices.' Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. 'Is it not beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so.' Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme."

Let us be Thankful.

WE are in the season of official Thanksgiving proclamations. The President of the Republic will remind us to be thankful, and probably the Governors of some of our States will remind us too. The messages heretofore have been purely official; that is to say, very general, very perfunctory, impersonal and inoffensive. And quite likely we will not discover this year any violent departure in the way of originality from traditional inoffensiveness.

Occasionally our newspapers secure expressions of opinion from leading thinkers such as football coaches, politicians, wholesale grocery men and college professors as to why they are thankful. The newspaper reporter never asks to whom, because that would be a catch question. The football coach is thankful, he tells us, because the country is coming to take its football seriously as a great game for checking our young men's wicked passions and making them think on their feet. The politician is thankful because this is a country of unsurpassed opportunities—a generally accepted truth in his case. The wholesale grocery man is thankful because business is picking up. The large army of jobless may remain cold below this blanket of optimism, but we must convince ourselves times are better before they begin to improve. The college professor is thankful because he lives in the most enlightened age since Lycurgus. Hardly could a conference on education go further in complacent self-assertion.

In all these official and private thanksgiving pronouncements not regularly is there mention of a Giver to whom we should be thankful. We are told to be thankful; or people tell us they are thankful, and why. This seems irrational. If a person is the recipient of a good gift—a farm, a gold watch or a fountain pen—he is thankful to some-

one, if he is thankful at all. We can hardly conceive his exercising a feeling of gratitude to an abstraction, or to the world at large. He is the beneficiary of some one's mercy, charity or benevolence, and is thankful to some definite person for the grace or favor bestowed. And so if the nation at large, and if the individuals who comprise the nation, are bountifully blessed there is a Giver to whom the nation and the individuals comprising the nation owe thanks for mercies and blessings bestowed. And a Christian people should not need to be reminded the Giver is God.

Thanksgiving was established to express gratitude to God for blessings bestowed upon the nation. But for reasons not easily explained there are evidences of neglect or oversight on the part of public officials in attributing to God the authorship of our blessings. Sometimes we are inclined to set down the reason of this neglect to timidity, a fear lest unbelievers be censorious or noisy or disputatious in the matter of recognizing God as the author of our goods and our gifts. Or is the reticence due to a doubt lest the citizens of the nation generally do not accept God as the Author and Finisher from whom all blessings flow? Or is the suppression the result of an implicit acceptance of the position that as a people we have outgrown the age-worn belief that there is indeed a God who is a Creator, Provider and Giver, to whom our prayers and thanksgivings are due?

Let us be thankful! And to whom? If material prosperity and a superabundance of human comforts and pleasures, which are sometimes run to the extent of riotousness, have not blinded our minds to the knowledge and recognition of God and hardened our hearts to a sense of thankfulness for His great and manifold mercies, we shall be able to recognize Thanksgiving as a day of thank offering to the Infinite Giver. Let us be thankful!

Notes and Remarks.

Out in Tacoma in the State of Washington, a Methodist minister, Reverend Frederick Isackson, turned tramp for a day in order to test out the effectiveness of the various charitable organizations of that city. Dressed in shabby garments, unshaved, and badly in need of shoes he presented himself at three local dispensaries asking to be fitted out with some of the serviceable second-hand footwear which had been donated for that purpose. In each case he was refused because he could not offer a certain small sum of money that was demanded. Then he went to a Catholic agency with the result indicated at the conclusion of this article. Reverend Mr. Isackson meant business. He went home, washed up, and then proceeded to tell the people of the city of Tacoma just what he thought of their charitable organizations. The following paragraph from an article in one of the local newspapers pretty well sums up his indictment:

I determined to try once more, he continues, this time at St. Paul de Vincent's (!) store. Here the lady listened to me, took my choice of shoes, wrapped them up and gave them to me without a moment's hesitation. A Protestant minister was turned away from three Protestant dispensers of charity, but he found it in a Catholic store—strange irony of fate!

The Passion Play at Oberammergau was witnessed by four hundred thousand persons at all the performances of 1930. From May to September, seventy-nine representations were given. The report informs us that fifty thousand persons attended from North America alone; twenty-eight thousand from England; from the northern countries—Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway—eight thousand four hundred and eighty; from South America one hun-

dred and sixty-five; from Australia one thousand three hundred.

So much has been written about the persons who enact the character parts of the Passion Play and especially about how they fit themselves into the parts they enact, we feel no further comment is called for here. They love the Passion; and because they love it they are able to give it a lifelike interpretation.

As an example of an exception which proves the rule we may mention that the procurator of St. Vincent's Abbey, Latrobe, Pa., received payment for a meal fifty-four years after the meal had been eaten. The recipient was a wanderer of the roads who promised the guardian of the abbey kitchen to make payment, and went his way. This was in 1876. Recently the procurator had to adjust his glasses when he received a check for twenty-five dollars in payment for the meal served to the wanderer at the abbey kitchen. And the interest was computed to date. The pay check was signed "M. B. C." Which proves that one vagrant who promised to pay kept his word.

In Manila we are informed that three instructors in the public schools received individual awards for securing the greatest number of new members for the Young Men's Christian Association. *La Defensa*, the Manila Catholic daily, raises a protest over this sectarian activity in schools maintained by public taxes.

The Y. M. C. A. as a religious common meeting ground for Protestant denominations is giving helpful service to the Protestant churches. In the "Y" gymnasium the boys meet and play basketball and tell about the good turns they do for their fellow-man; fathers and sons have their night there once a year when they can be chummy and play leap frog; and the ministerial

association uses the assembly rooms to discuss the dry South and the wet East. All which is right altogether. But when the "Y" becomes a kind of religious internationalist—all for one and one for all—a species of interdenominational lunch counter where everybody is served while everybody waits, and where everybody should try to get everybody to work in a membership contest so as to secure everybody for the association which is for everybody, we call "check"!

Let us be definite. The Y. M. C. A. has been instituted and is intended for the field work of the Evangelical churches of North America. If and when the Y. M. C. A. goes out among Catholics to secure memberships—whether in the Philippines or Crumstown, Mich.—it is working in foreign fields to win over the sympathies of those who cannot belong to the organization without surrendering ancient and very definite loyalties.

This may seem harsh; but it is not so intended. If a person is reaching into and reaching over, not only his own affairs but ours, may we not say, "Please, brother?" Or must we wait until we are sure we are not offending all those who voted against former Governor Smith?

From Steubenville, Ohio, comes a news item somewhat unusual. The Rev. Thomas A. Powers, pastor of St. Peter's Church, has been given personal control of Gill Hospital, the oldest institution of its kind in that section of Ohio. Father Powers is empowered to name his own trustees, and it is reported he has already decided to place the institution in charge of a community of hospital Sisters. The Gill Hospital was founded in 1901 by the late Honorable J. J. Gill, congressman from the eighteenth district of Ohio, who is best remembered as a philanthropist. The appointment of Father Powers was

made by a strictly non-Catholic board. Quite likely the recognized successes which attend Catholic hospital management determined the choice of the non-Catholic trustees; and quite as likely Father Powers' selection of the Sisters is a recognition of their efficient work in one of their more conspicuous fields of service.

A pretty incident is going the rounds of the Catholic weeklies which may or may not be exploded next week. We give it without guarantee.

Camille Bellaigue, musical critic and chamberlain of Pius X. (died recently at the age of 72), on the morning of his First Communion met Gounod on the street. The great composer was a friend of the Bellaigue family, and on seeing young Bellaigue coming toward him knelt before the child and demanded a kiss. To the master of melodies there was sweetness in the kiss of a child then in the state of grace. There are good men here in America and elsewhere who would never feel the urge to kneel to receive the kiss of a boy just come out from receiving his First Holy Communion. And if the thought of doing so came to them, they would probably feel too self-conscious and too awkward to carry thought into act. The French composer could do so quite readily and quite naturally. It is artistic and delicate for the great to stoop to the little in gracious act; and it is touching when the act is prompted by religious devotion. The fact that many men cannot do so and seem natural does not argue that they are less religiously minded. Possibly they lack sentiment. And very likely they do not feel the artistic impulse.

Several Catholics belonging to the English labor parties recently fell foul of their labor organizations to which they were attached, by voting according to their consciences and against the

labor parties. The Gorton labor organization of Manchester now comes out with the declaration that candidates for municipal or party offices must put their party before the Church. The resolution reads: "Each candidate for municipal and party honors shall abide by the constitution of the Labor Party, even if it interferes with the church of the candidate's faith."

One Catholic member has already resigned, and others are soon to follow, we are informed. Which is what we would expect. When any party, labor or political, arrogates to itself the right of determining for its members how they shall decide in matters of faith and conscience, then that organization automatically excludes Catholics.

From Hungary comes the information that Father Julius Kornis, formerly Secretary of State of the Hungarian government, has been appointed Secretary of Education. Father Kornis has been dean and vice-rector of Pozsony University, is a member of the Academy of Hungary and the author of several books on Philosophy.

We are very far from Hungary, and quite likely equally far from fully understanding Hungary's political problems. But it has been the general policy of the Church in more recent centuries to discourage clerics from entering the domain of statecraft. Possibly the anticlericalism we discover in European countries will be intensified if priests, whose calling is primarily spiritual, permit themselves to be persuaded to take up the burden of directing the ship of state.

The Irish Catholic Truth Society distributed 1,561,741 books, pamphlets, Catholic newspapers and magazines during the past twelve months. This was made known in the report of the society for the year ending June 30, 1930. This total represents an increase

of 878,000 in all pieces of literature over the number distributed in 1920. However, it shows a falling off of 31,581 for the twelve months of 1928-29.

There was a time when the peasant Catholics of Ireland saw or read very few Catholic books, papers or magazines. Not in the dark days of penal codes either; but in the later days of religious freedom. The Catholic papers and books were few, and there was no Catholic press Sunday. But perhaps the rest of the Catholic world was no further ahead at the time to which we refer.

There are backward people in Pennsylvania too, it seems. The town of Easton of that State was given a statue of Columbus by some of its townspeople as a gift. Whereupon certain other townspeople became violent and decided they did not want any statue of Columbus. Columbus was only "an alien who did not discover America and did nothing for the country." So the benevolent citizens could keep their statue of Columbus. However, the statue—the work of a Philadelphia sculptor—was cast, was finally accepted and assigned a position of prominence in prominent Easton. It was first placed on exhibition in Independence Square, Philadelphia, for five days, to receive the gift of brotherly love, and was then taken to Easton, where it will bestow benevolence equally upon the just and the unjust.

Personally, we are doubtful if Easton will gather in much cultural nourishment from this forced feeding. If we had lived in Easton and felt moved to give a statue of Columbus to that municipality, but found out later on that Easton had not yet discovered Columbus, we should hold the statue in Independence Square until Easton had made the discovery. And if we lived long enough and waited long enough Easton would discover. Because other towns just as small and just as sequestered have discovered. Then we

would remove the statue from Independence Square and send it to Easton.

* * *

Then, by way of contrast, we have an American who has offered \$10,000 for a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," made by Father Karolus Stoss from 12,000 postage stamps. It took Father Stoss five years to complete the design. This information is given out by the Soeising Orphanage at Vienna, where the painstaking artist wrought out his unique piece of workmanship. The director of the orphanage is said to have declined the American's offer because the religious in charge of the orphanage are desirous of preserving this memory of the patient stamp collector and designer. The orphanage in Vienna will not accept money for its design in cancelled stamps, although the orphanage needs the money. And Easton, Pennsylvania, will not accept a statue of Columbus from its benevolent townsmen for culture's sake, although Easton, Pennsylvania, needs culture.

The Protestant Episcopal Church League, according to the *New York Times*, has taken exception to a sermon recently preached by Bishop Manning in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In his sermon, Dr. Manning is quoted as declaring that the faith and orders of the Episcopal Church "as judged by the standards of the early and undivided church are fundamentally and definitely Catholic." A protest from the League was sent to every bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church. We quote this paragraph from the document as found in the *Times*:

"It is not a matter of doubt that the early Church was neither Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational nor Episcopalian; it was a free brotherhood of the spirit, where its members were all of one heart and mind."

Hardly will this prove pleasant read-

ing to the High Church following in England, where it is considered the correct thing to accept the ancient validity of the orders of the High Church bishops. But then disputes on the validity of orders are not so unusual in the Episcopal Church as to cause scandal to the episcopal following. The Protest adds: "There is no evidence to show that Jesus instituted the episcopal form of government, but all available testimony witnesses to the direct contrary."

Christ declared Simon Peter head of the Church; and there is testimony that every other Apostle governed a portion of the Church under the headship of Peter. Hardly have we to go beyond the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and certain of the Epistles for confirmation of this.

It is quite true, as the Protest asserts, that the early church was neither Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational nor Episcopalian. These came into being many long centuries afterward. But the Catholic Apostolic Church is as old as the Christianity of Christ. It is in very fact the Christianity which Christ founded.

According to the special correspondent of the *Universe* (London) forty priests and as many nuns, besides a large number of laymen of the Jacobite Church of Malabar, South India, are expected to be received into the Church in the near future. Mar Ivanios, the Jacobite Metropolitan of Bethany, and his suffragan, Bishop Theophilus, have already been received.

Ever since the founding of the Jacobite Church in Malabar in the Seventeenth Century there have been numerous dissensions among the members. As a result, some of the metropolitans made their personal submission to the Holy See, while others attempted a reunion. We may look for a greater influx of Jacobites following these more recent conversions.



A Grace for the New Moon.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

LONG, long ago, when I was young
A little song was often sung
When we at eve beheld on high
The new moon sailing in the sky—

“I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!”

The slender silver crescent brought
Into our minds, perhaps, the thought
Of Mary’s form and Mary’s face,
The Virgin Mary full of grace;
And that is why we sang so well
The little song of which I tell—

“I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!”

I never see the crescent moon
But that the words of that old rune
Fall softly on my aging ears
And bring the dreams of other years,
And bring again the olden scene,
The quiet street, the meadow green,
And we like birds about the nest
All singing ere we went to rest—

“I see the moon, and the moon sees me.
God bless the moon, and God bless me.
A grace in the kitchen, a grace in the hall,
A grace to God who made us all!”

DON’T say “I have no time,” as so many people do. You have all there is: twenty-four hours every day. Neither the Pope nor the President has any more. Time is called “precious” because every moment may bring us nearer to our heavenly home.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

VII.—AT MARIPOSA RANCH.

IN February, the Texan winter seems to be over. Violets bloom in every garden along the borders of the walks, around the base of trees, in great clusters everywhere. They blossom a deep rich purple, and their fragrance is wafted in the soft spring air. Early in March come jonquils, crocuses, hyacinths, every color of the rainbow, and gorgeous tulips, and the lawns are like green carpets wrought in Titian hues.

Manthus loved everything that grew out of doors, and she was quite happy in the springtime seeing her friends, the flowers, come back after their long absence. She was nearly wild with delight when her Mother told her that they were going to visit the ranch.

Mr. Ochiltree owned a large ranch in the southwestern part of Texas, and went every spring and fall to see that his foreman was carrying on things in the right way. This time he was to stay for some months, and wanted to take his family with him, or at least part of it. Sue Ford was to stay with her grandmother out on the plantation. John Hardy was at Military school and would not leave till June, but Ethel Maria, Morgan, Manthus, and Bobby were to go, and all could scarcely wait until time to start. Mother would take Mammy of course and Missizy, for it was impossible to get servants at the ranch. Uncle Nicodemus was to go to take care of the riding horses and help out generally. The house at home was left in care of Aunt Seeley. It would be perfectly safe in her trusted hands, and Mrs. Ochiltree would return home to

find all in order and all her summer fruit put up for her.

It was a beautiful day in March when they started; the sky was the brilliant blue of the Southern summer, and flowers were blooming everywhere. As they sped onward in the train they passed fertile fields and cotton plantations where the seed was being planted, and the prairies were vivid with wild flowers. All the colors of the rainbow were there, and in such masses that they almost dazzled the eye. Yellow, blue, crimson, pink, purple, and white they bloomed; here a belt of one hue, there another, yonder every color blended in a belt together. Out of the car window Manthus looked and looked until all the colors seemed to run together and only a band of light away off on the horizon showed that there the flowers still grew. The prairie was so smooth and even that it seemed like a woven carpet until a light wind would sweep over the flowers and, swaying them gently, make wave after wave of color undulate upon the green sea of prairie-grass underneath. When the stubby fields of rough cactus appeared, the yellow cactus flowers could be seen among the dull green, prickly pads, and these increased as they went further South.

The train moved very slowly, for Texan trains and Texas people are seldom in a hurry. Even in the crowded cities a street-car will stop while the conductor helps a lady off and carries a child over a muddy crossing. There were several wash-outs on the road and the engine had a hot box, a bridge was partly down, and even when it should have been going fast the train seemed to be crawling along. A dog ran down from a farmhouse to bark at the cars, but Manthus, looking back from the windows, could not see him. "Where is the dog?" she asked, and her father, laughing heartily, answered, "Look there," pointing to where the little fellow, barking lazily, was trotting

along beside the engine. With so many delays, the train was very late, and Manthus was so tired that she could scarcely keep her eyes open when they reached Wolf Crossing, where the ranch wagon met them. Bobby was already asleep, and Manthus followed his example during the ten-mile drive to their destination. She knew nothing until the sun awoke her on her first day at Mariposa Ranch.

How glorious it all was in the bright morning sun! The square house was built of plain boards, rough and unpainted, unadorned by the hand of man; but Nature, fairest beautifier, had been kind, and had flung her mantle over its unsightly walls, for morning glories climbed to the second storey and wreathed a glory of purple, blue, pink, and white blooms over the rough gallery. A huge pecan tree sheltered one side of the house from the glare of the sun, and beneath its branches gushed forth from the earth a spring of water, cool and clear as crystal.

At the back of the house were the sheds, corral, and some fenced-in pasture for the horses in use about the ranch. Through this ran the vat, or long, narrow canal for washing the sheep, for Mariposa was a mixed ranch where sheep were raised as well as cattle. Beside the cattle-grazing of the range, there lay around the ranch miles of curly mesquite grass which fattens sheep so that they need no other food. Its tufts grow so thickly as to form a perfect carpet of delicate, tender blades a foot high but so curly as to make them seem but a few inches long.

Just east of the great ranching valley of the Pecos, Mr. Ochiltree's ranch had a beautiful situation, and little Manthus fairly held her breath as she stood on the gallery and looked at the wide-spreading prairie before her. Sheltered from the cruel "Norther" by some hills which clustered behind it, the house faced a meadow at the edge

of which ran the limpid San Pedros, never dry no matter what the drought, flowing a hundred miles, clear as glass; catfish, gaudy perch and silver trout darting hither and thither in the water. At the water's edge clustered a clump of trees, pecans and elms, while on the hillside were scrub-oaks and pinions. Beyond the ford and far to the west were the grazing lands covered with mesquite and grasses, here and there broken by chaparral, a seemingly impenetrable thicket of thorns and foliage. Above was the brilliant, cloudless sky of Texas. The air was soft and warm.

"How do you like the ranch, little daughter?" asked Manthus' father coming around from the corral and espying the eager face on the doorstep.

"Oh, the house is ever so funny; just those big rooms downstairs and so little in them, and the great big fireplace all made of stones and even a stone fender! And there are no pictures on the walls, just deer horns, and wolf heads, and all sorts of skins on the floor, and over the sofas. There's so many sofas and no chairs. What makes it like that in the drawing-room?"

Her father laughed. It seemed droll to him to hear the one living-room of the ranch called the drawing-room, and he did not tell her that the sofas around three sides of the room were bunks of the cowpunchers who had vacated the house to make room for his family.

"I didn't mean the house," he said, "but this"—waving his hand towards the prairie.

Manthus exclaimed: "Oh, of course, I like that! It's glorious. It makes you feel like flying, but I always love all out doors, sir."

"Well, I fancy you'll have enough out doors to satisfy even you," said her father. "You may play out all day long and go anywhere you like, as far as the river, as far as the hills, and into the meadow if you have Racy or Morgan with you. But I want you to remember

two things: Never go away from the house without one of the boys, and whenever you see a black cloud coming over the hill, cut and run for home as fast as you can go, for that means a Norther is coming. I hope you'll look after Bobby all you can, little daughter, for mother's not well and I want her to get all the rest possible. Will you?"

"Deed I will, sir," said Manthus, raising her clear, earnest eyes to his. "I'll mind Bobby just as though he was my own child, sir."

Though sorely tempted to laugh, Mr. Ochiltree merely said, "Thank you, dear; I'm sure you will."

The first day at the ranch was full of so many new delights that Manthus' head fairly reeled. She trudged around after her father, Bobby in turn tagging after her, to the stable, the sheds, the corral, the quarters where the Mexican herders lived; these herders not living at the house as did the Texas ranchmen. The Texans thought themselves superior to the Mexicans, for anyone walking on his own two feet was beneath the notice of the cowboy who was always on horseback and making the hoofs of his cow pony do his walking for him. Nearly all of the hands were away at the spring round-up, so Manthus did not see any of the cowboys.

"What is a round-up?" she asked her father.

"You see there are no fences in this country to keep people's cattle at home, nor enough to feed them if they stayed there. So everybody's cattle run wild over the range, eating everybody's grass and drinking anybody's water. Every spring, when there are a great many little calves running wild with their mothers, each ranchman wants to know how many cattle belong to him, so he sends his cowboys out to round them up and bring the herds all to a certain place. There each man cuts out his own steers, and as a calf will always run alongside of its own mother,

they know which calves belong to them. The cattle all have to be marked or branded, so they can be found again, and each ranch has its own brand which is put on the animal. Our mark is called the 'O-tree brand,' and is a circle around a tree, for Ochiltree, so all the cattle with that brand belong to us.

"In the fall there is another round-up, and all the cattle ready are sent to market."

"What do you keep in all these sheds, father?" asked Manthus.

"One is the smoke house; those others are the clipping sheds where the sheep are sheared. There is a little chicken house and the stables, and beyond is the bunk-house where the Mexicans live. We give them flour and beans and they do their own cooking, but the Texan cowboys are given their meals in our kitchen. By the time Uncle Nicodemus gets the garden going they'll think they're in clover, because they don't get much to eat during the winter but canned stuff, and there is nobody to cook for them."

"Are they all boys, father?"

"Well, all unmarried men are boys on the ranch. Hello, here comes one now!" as the sound of a pony's hoofs was heard clattering up the road and a voice was heard singing loudly:

I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas,
I won't be curried above my knees;
I'm a timber wolf and a wild coyote,
And this is my night to Ho-o-o-o-w-w-w-l!

As the voice came nearer there was a clicking of little hoofs and around the corner of the house came, apparently, a small whirlwind which resolved itself into the figure of a man on a mustang which seemed to leap into the stable yard and slide halfway across on its hind legs. Manthus gave a little scream and hid her face against her father, but Robert Lee's squeal was one of delight. Before the pony had stopped the rider was off, and came toward Mr. Ochiltree.

"Why, Babe, is that you?" said that gentleman. "I thought you were at the round-up."

"I've just come from there, sir. I got my arm hurt a little, an' Jim sent me here to look after things and sent Pete in my place. We didn't expect you all until next week, sir."

"We came yesterday. Manthus, speak to Babe," said Mr. Ochiltree.

Manthus raised shy eyes to the tall young giant before her, almost too afraid of him to speak. He was an imposing figure—tall and slight; he could not have been over twenty. His face was smooth as a baby's and his hair, a great tangle of yellow curls bleached by wind and weather, made him look more boyish still. This boyishness together with the plentiful freckles sprinkled over his fair skin, had won for him the name "Pinto Babe." No one knew what his real name was, and no one asked, for that would have been contrary to plainsmen's etiquette. He was dressed in a loose, gray flannel shirt, open at the neck. A scarlet handkerchief was knotted about his throat and a pair of dark trousers were tucked at the knee into boots, high-heeled boots with fancy red-leather tops upon which were embossed the Lone Star of Texas. One of his hands was bandaged, and on the other he wore a heavy white gauntlet, the cuff daintily fringed in leather, while a white sombrero with a leather band buckled about the crown, was set on the back of his head. His black eyes were bright as a hawk's, and seemed to look Manthus through and through; but they softened into a friendly twinkle as she came to him mindful of her "man-nehs," as Mammy would have said.

"How do you do, sir," she said in her pretty little voice as she put her tiny hand into his. "I'm sorry you hurt yourself, Misteh Babe."

The cowboy's hand went to his sombrero with a flourish.

"How do you do," he said with a

grand bow. "I didn't know we had a young lady on the ranch. I'm powerful glad to see you."

"Thank you Misteh Babe," the little girl smiled up at him, somewhat overawed by so much politeness.

Robert Lee was never overawed. Nothing disturbed him, and he marched up behind the stranger, his sturdy little legs encased in a tiry pair of overalls, and a big sombrero on his head.

"Hello," he said. Babe turned quickly and laughed as he answered, "Hello yourself."

"That's my brother," said Amanthus. "His name's Robert Lee Ochiltree, but we mostly call him Bobby. My name is Mary Amanthus, but you may call me Manthus, Misteh Babe."

"May I? I call you a mighty nice little girl," he said.

Bobby felt himself too long out of the conversation.

"Ah yo' a cowboy?" he demanded, standing with legs wide apart to look up at the kindly giant.

"That's me," said Babe. Like most men of the range he was not given to many words.

"Then why don't you ride a cow?" demanded Bobby.

Pinto Babe threw back his head and shouted with laughter. "You bet your life I will," he said. "You young ones come along with me," and, seizing a rope from his saddle bow, he tossed Bobby up on one shoulder and said to Mr. Ochiltree: "You let 'em come with me to the pasture an' I'll take care of 'em, sir."

Manthus trotted along happily. Child-like, she knew at once whom she could trust, and that this tousled giant was her friend.

The pasture lot reached, there ensued a one-ring circus such as neither child had ever dreamed of. Pinto Babe roped and threw a steer, and in some strange way, cowed it into submission, and then rode it round and round the lot until it

was as meek as a lamb. Morgan and Ethel Maria had appeared to see the fun, and when the supper bell rang, a laughing crowd tumbled up to the gallery of the ranch house, following Pinto Babe who rode the humbled steer with Bobby in front of him and Manthus behind, the little girl beaming happily and Bobby proclaiming:

"Me is cowman, me is; Pinto Babe is cowboy."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her husband, "this young man you call Pinto Babe seems quite a nice fellow. Who is he?"

"I don't know a thing about him," said her husband. "He was here last fall, and seemed a square kind of a chap. It's a great bit of luck his being here a sort of semi-invalid. He can't do much work with one hand, and I'll ask him to keep his eye on the children. It will give you an easy mind."

"It certainly seems as if I ought to get rested here," she said. "You're always so good to me, and it seems so free from care. Nature has thrown a mantle of peace over everything at Mariposa."

(To be continued.)

Mary Elizabeth's Tooth.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

MARY ELIZABETH had the tooth-ache. For days it had grumbled and rumbled, and rumbled and grumbled, and twitched every now and then, but now it had settled down in earnest; and Mary Elizabeth had waked in the night, held onto her cheek and cried, until mother had brought the witch hazel and the hot-water bottle. She finally went to sleep, but now, at the breakfast table, it was aching again.

"I must take her to the dentist this morning," said mother. "It is all nonsense. Mary Elizabeth won't let me pull it out with thread, although it is real loose. I cannot have her crying

with the toothache, so we must try the dentist."

Mary Elizabeth laid down her cereal spoon. "No, mother, really I don't think it aches very much, and I don't believe it will ache nights any more."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed daddy. "And where is my brave little girl? See, Mary Elizabeth, if you will only let mother take you to the dentist I will buy you the nicest doll in the store."

After breakfast mother put on Mary Elizabeth's pretty new hat, and her little new blue coat, and took her hand.

"Now, Mary Elizabeth," she said, "we will go right away and get it over with. It won't hurt half as much as the toothache, and Dr. Dennill will have it out in just a minute."

But as they opened the front door they saw Great-aunt Isabel coming down the street.

"Oh, Mary Elizabeth, what shall I do!" exclaimed mother, "I shall have to stay at home and entertain Great-aunt Isabel. She has come to spend the day, and I cannot take her with us."

Mary Elizabeth felt happier. "Of course, we can't, mother," she said cheerfully, "and I don't believe it will ache to-day anyway. May I go out and swing?"

Seated on the porch hammock, Mary Elizabeth swung slowly to and fro, trying to forget the little grumble in her tooth, but as she swung she thought:

"I know it will ache to-night, and trouble mother. I know it made her sorry that Aunt Isabel came, and she will be sorry all day. I almost wish we had been coming home when we saw Aunt Isabel. I almost wish—"

Suddenly she sat up straight. "I am 'shamed of you, Mary Elizabeth," she said. "Seem's if a little girl eight years old might go by herself. Daddy said, 'be a brave little girl,' and wouldn't mother be pleased!"

She slipped into the house and grabbed her little bank, then rushed

down the street not allowing herself to stop to think. Soon she reached the office and found Dr. Dennill alone, just waiting for her,—it seemed to Mary Elizabeth.

She slipped in shyly and held up her bank. "Will it be enough?" she asked. "I have come all alone to have a tooth out. Will it hurt very much?"

"To be sure it won't," answered Dr. Dennill cheerily. "I have two little girls of my own, and I often pull out theirs. Just sit down in this chair and let me tell you all about it. I think they have teeth just about as big as yours." He opened Mary Elizabeth's mouth and looked. "Yes," he added, "and they come out just as easy as this," and he held a tiny pearly tooth.

"Why!" said Mary Elizabeth, for she had not felt it at all. "Why! It came out just as easy."

"Yes," laughed Doctor Dennill, "that is the way my little girls' teeth do too when they are just as loose."

Mary Elizabeth held up her bank again. The dentist shook his head. "No," he said, "I never charge unless I use instruments; that tooth came out before I had a chance to look at them."

"Then I will give you a kiss for being so nice to me," said Mary Elizabeth, "and please may I take my tooth to mother?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Dennill smiling; and wrapped it in a tiny square of white paper. Just then a lady came in, so Mary Elizabeth ran away.

How surprised mother and Great-aunt Isabel were when Mary Elizabeth showed them the tiny tooth in its paper wrapping.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Great-aunt Isabel.

"Keep it," answered Mary Elizabeth, "and whenever I look at it, think that after all things never hurt as much when we walk right up to them, as they do when we just wait and think about them."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Anima Christi," by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J., is intended for use at meditation. Each phrase of the prayer, "Anima Christi," is the subject of further brief thoughts, on which there should be reflection as long as one finds "meanings, comparisons, relish and consolation." The hope is that a renewed spirit of fervor will be fostered by such meditation on familiar prayers. Publisher, America Press. Price, 30c.

—"Lupe Goes to School," stories and pictures, by Esther Brann, should be of especial delight to children. The stories are very simply told and the pictures are good. The first day that Lupe spent in school with its bits of discipline, the dreadful sting of the tarantula, the arrest for smuggling, the meeting of the Apple Boy, the lessons in English for Spanish misses, sparrow pie, and the glorious fair, offer sufficient excitement and mystery and pleasantness to satisfy the hearts of little ones. Publisher, Macmillan. Price, \$2.25.

—The idea that circumstance, environment and companionship play an important part in life is the theme of "Brass Knuckles," a novel, by the Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. The Lions' need of a shortstop draws Tom Austin from a gang with which he has been associated in crime to the company of boys who are all that Tom at heart wants to be. But there are obstacles, and serious obstacles, confronting Tom in the change from a bad life to a good one, as he quickly discovers. How these difficulties arise and how they are overcome is told in this thrilling story. Boys should find this interesting as well as profitable reading. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.25 net.

—"The Eucharistic Sacrifice," by the Rev. B. V. Miller, Ph. D., D. D., aims to show that the Mass is a sacrifice. The object is to explain doctrine simply and directly and at the same time to avoid all controversy, as was true of the other volumes of The Treasury of Faith Series. In various chapters the

exposition is concerned with the Mass in Scripture and tradition, the different attacks that have been made upon it, the essence of sacrifice, the person offering it, the ends for which it is offered, and its fruits. Very little is said about Communion. There is no doubt that the average reader will be helped by this book to understand the meaning and the value of the Mass, the central act of Catholic worship. We note that the pronouns referring to God are not capitalized. Publisher, Macmillan. Price, 75c.

—"The Saviour as St. Matthew Saw Him," is a series of "Meditations on the First Gospel for the Use of Priests and Religious," by the Rev. Francis J. Hagganey, S. J. This third volume starts with an explanation of the twenty-sixth verse of the ninth chapter and ends with the forty-fifth verse of the twelfth. In particular, the response of Israel to Our Lord's preaching is developed, the prospects of the spiritual kingdom examined, and the personality of Our Lord both as Judge and Redeemer depicted. The considerations have a great variety of ideas, and the applications are very practical. Though the subject-matter is arranged in meditation form, the book is admirably suited to spiritual reading, and is a storehouse of thoughts for sermons. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2 net.

—"Jesus and Mary" is, as the sub-title states, "A Series of Sermons Preached on Various Occasions," by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. While there are sermons on nearly all of the important feasts of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, those on the Passion, Palm Sunday, Holy Week (the Seven Last Words), Eastertide, Qualities of Our Devotion to Mary, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the Rosary occupy more than half of the book. The evident purpose of the author is to instruct simply and clearly, so as to be understood by the ordinary congregation. Usually each sermon has three or four main thoughts, and at times further subdivisions; and always the peroration is a fervent exhortation.

This experienced writer and preacher knows how to select ideas that reach both mind and heart, so that listeners or readers must be helped to know the Faith and to live it more faithfully. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2 net.

—"Six Sacraments," being papers from the Cambridge Summer School of Catholic Studies, 1929, is edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J. The various papers and authors are as follows: The Institution of the Sacraments, by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M., Doct. S. Script.; The Nature and the Reception of the Sacraments, by the Rev. George D. Smith, D. D., Ph. D.; The Efficacy of the Sacraments, by the Rev. R. W. Meagher, D. D., Ph. D., M. A.; Baptism, by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S. J., M. A.; Confirmation, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon George, D. D., Ph. D.; Penance, by the Right Rev. Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B., O. B. E.; Holy Orders, by the Rev. Bernard Grimley, D. D., Ph. D.; Matrimony (Dogmatic Theology), by the Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J., M. A.; Matrimony (Moral Theology), by the Rev. E. J. Mahoney, D. D., Ph. D.; and Extreme Unction, by the Rev. L. W. Geddes, S. J., D. D. A paper on the Holy Eucharist is omitted, because that was the subject of the Summer School of 1922. Each paper is a theological gem, as the names alone of the authors would guarantee. The teaching and practice of the Church are emphasized in a summary but thorough exposition of the sacrament in question. Not only is this an excellent book for sermons, but it is also the type of writing to place in the hands of those who may ask for clear theological teaching on the sacraments. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.50 net.

—It takes time to make a classic. But by the same token we learn in time what demands the test of classicism makes upon those writings that live. Thus we are able on occasion to define in a given book the qualities that insure it life. Father Carroll's "Patch" I am quite sure is a classic. It will live and be read as long as the wholesome things of life make appeal to the human heart. Readers of THE AVE MARIA

scarcely need to be told of the quality of Father Carroll's inimitable sketches of Irish life, since they appeared originally as a serial in these pages. But hundreds of the same readers are rejoicing over the appearance of these sketches in book form. The book, under the title "Patch," presents a hero who takes his place among the immortal boys of literature. But in saying this, one feels that there may be danger of misleading readers into the belief that "Patch" is only a boy's book. It is a great deal more. Boys—and girls, too, thanks to the inimitable Fan, Patch's intriguing young nuisance of a sister—will read this book. But so will their seniors, and they, perhaps, with even a keener appreciation. For this story of an Irish lad has in it that quality of wistfulness which, in the Scotch writer Barrie, brings a mist to the eyes of adult readers; is it the longing for the happy days of youth gone forever? A limpid pen, touched with a glinting point of humor, gives Father Carroll the power to draw his readers as with a magic charm back to the roads, the bogs, the fields and hills and the cottages of Ireland. He knows his Ireland and he knows his Irish, clean to the heart of them. The book is a genuine triumph of genre writing. Ave Maria Press, \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. J. P. Valley, O. P.

Mother Boniface and Sister Seraphica, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Genevieve, Sisters of the Visitation.

Mr. Stephen M. White, Mrs. Margaret Brennan, Mrs. Annie Conners, Miss Margaret Donnelly, Mr. Harrington J. Noon, Dr. James J. Buckley, Mr. Bernard Loughlin, Mr. Aiden E. Doyle, Miss Margaret E. Kelly, Miss Mary L. Kelly, Mr. Patrick J. McCarthy, Mrs. Edward Corish, Mrs. Mary A. McEnerney, Mrs. Mary McGettigan, Mr. J. Cannon, Mrs. Mary Burns, Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan, and Mrs. Sarah Crocker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

Vol. XXXII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 6, 1930.

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The Immaculate.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

YOUR head aflame with stars, the moon
below your feet,
Under your heel the serpent head; above, the
fleece,

Flaming seraphs and cherubs have shaken the
pillars of earth

With tumult of wings and singing, for the
wonder of your birth.

Michael, who sounded the trumpet and struck
with the edge of the sword,

Is amazed at the village woman in whose
bosom blossoms the Lord.

Michael, who led the hosts of the Faithful and
scattered the armies of Pride,

Sees a glory he never saw, when out of this
Virgin's side

Issues God, made human, breathing with in-
fant breath,

Who will not thrust with the sword, but will
conquer death by Death.

Our Lady's Conception.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.

THE Feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady is, without any doubt, one of the most significant and important of all the Feasts of Our Lady that occur in the round of the liturgical year. It falls in the middle of Advent, the great season of prayer and preparation for the celebration of the coming of Our Lord at Christmas. Advent ranks second only to Lent as the most important and exclusive liturgical sea-

son of the year; yet eight days of that precious time are appropriated to the Feast and octave of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. This at first sight may appear strange, but if Our Lady's dignity and office in regard to that Child for whom Advent looks and longs be borne in mind, there will be seen a divine fitness of things in the arrangement whereby the celebration of her Immaculate Conception serves as so prominent a prelude to the celebration of that birth for which the Immaculate Conception was the first magnificent preparation. At no season of the year more appropriately than in Advent, could the Church set before her children the joyous and inspiring thought of her who, in order to be the fitting mother of the Child that is born to us, was herself conceived spotless from all stain and peerless among all creatures.

The title and Feast of the Immaculate Conception carry us back to the very first beginning of Our Lady's existence. Every Catholic knows that by the Immaculate Conception is understood and expressed Our Lady's complete and absolute freedom from every possible stain or taint of original sin in and from the very first instant of the coming together of the constitutive elements which made her a new and individual being. That is not all. From that same first instant of the creation of her soul, and its infusion or union with the corporeal elements of her being, that soul was possessed by and filled with the grace of God. Thus from the beginning

was there never a single instant or moment of time in which there was any kind of contact of Our Lady's soul with sin; while in and from that fact and instant of beginning, Our Lady's soul was in perfect and supreme union with God by means of the gift of grace and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

It will be a great help to the proper knowledge and understanding of this dogma of faith, the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, to have in mind the teaching of the Church with regard to man, his nature, endowments, destiny. Of course, no one will suppose that this great fact can be known or comprehended, in the same sense as any fact of merely human history. It is something supernatural and divine, transcending the power of unaided human reason, calling for the exercise of theological faith. Yet much light can be thrown upon it, and its immense importance be much more clearly grasped, if it is taken in its setting in the system of which it is a part. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that God created man. "Let us make man to our image and likeness. . . . And God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him."

God not only gave to man his natural qualities of body and soul, with their amazing and seemingly illimitable powers of progress and development, but also bestowed upon him certain supernatural gifts, lifting him thus to a higher state, making him to possess some kind of union with God. This is what theologians call the state of original justice, and it constituted a dignity, a privilege, an honor, altogether beyond the power or possibility of man to attain for himself. Worldly minded, and still more sinful minded people, think very little about God, and care nothing for union with Him; but those who have the gift of faith, those who have been touched by the power of God's Holy Spirit, know that the effort to at-

tain to God is the supreme effort of man's life, and that union with God in the supernatural state is man's true end and only beatitude. This gift of divine grace, of union with God, man lost by sin. What had been bestowed on the race was lost to the race; as to this day the fortune or honor of a family, to their children and children's children, may be lost by the folly or crime of a father.

Nothing was taken away from man that went to the constitution of his natural state. The gifts and powers, the senses and faculties, the achievements and capacities of man as man remained as before. But everything that was above nature—that association with God, that participation in the things of God, that supernatural union with God, giving the title to life eternal with God,—all this was taken away, and could never be transmitted from generation to generation. This loss of the supernatural gifts of God to man, the perpetuation of that loss in the case of each successive individual, with its consequent separation of the individual from God by all save the purely natural connection which every creature must have to its creator, is called by theologians the state of original sin.

It is of the goodness and power of God that he can draw good out of evil, and even can turn evil into good. Thus of His goodness He promised, and eventually sent a Redeemer who in another and a nobler way should restore what had been lost. That Redeemer was none other than His own divine Son; and the coming of that Son, in the fulness of His divinity and the perfection of His assumed humanity, is the foundation truth of the whole Christian religion. No restoration is ever quite the same thing as the original institution, though the result may be something far better. So by the grace and merits of the Redeemer sent by God, born of Our Lady, any soul can recover its lost inheri-

tance, but in such wise that first it comes into this world lacking the supernatural gifts and endowments of grace, and afterwards receives them as a grant from God's bounty in the way that God has appointed. God has special ways for dealing with exceptional cases, but the normal way by which the impress of original sin is taken away from the soul, and that soul endowed with supernatural life and grace, is the way of the Sacrament of Baptism.

Our Lady was chosen and prepared by God for a unique and supremely important office in the operation and fact of the coming of His Son into the world to be the Redeemer of the human race. In the Incarnation of the Word, the operation by which the Son of God, ceasing not to be God, became man for the redemption of man, Our Lady was His Mother, the one in whom and by whom He took that human nature which made Him man. By reason of her election to that office of Mother of Our Lord there was given to her a higher privilege. In the first moment of her existence, in that very concurrence and co-operation of natural causes and elements which eventuate in the formation of a new being, God gave to her the gift of His grace and love; so that she did not first begin to exist and then receive the infusion of the grace of God, but possessed that grace in and from the beginning; and consequently never for one instant incurred that deprivation called original sin. She alone of all the human race, since the race as a race lost the magnificent and mysterious endowment of original justice, was preserved from the negative state of being without that endowment, by that fact that it was bestowed upon her in its fulness of perfection in the very constitution of her being, concurrently with that being. Thus came Our Lady into this world, the closest and highest and nearest resemblance to that divine Son who in due time should be con-

ceived and born of her, "full of grace and truth."

The Immaculate Conception is the preparation which God Himself made in His Blessed Mother for the office to which He had chosen and destined her. His purpose was not merely that there should be an exception to the general law of loss, not merely that there should be one creature showing forth most perfectly the divine image and likeness, but that she in whom that gift and mystery were wrought might be made as worthy as a creature could be to receive the yet higher grace and dignity of the Divine Maternity. No one who believes in the Incarnation can reasonably take any other view than the Catholic one. She who was to give to the Son of God the flesh in which He would work the redemption of mankind could not have upon her any taint of contact with sin of any kind. It was not enough for her office and dignity, for the divinity of Him who was to be her Son, that she should be perfect by any process of cleansing and reconciliation. The only fitting thing was that she should be perfect in the absolute sense of non-contact with sin, perfect in the complete possession of the grace of God and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in and through every instant of her existence. Even among non-Catholics—at least among those who hold orthodox views on the doctrine of the Incarnation—is this fact coming more and more clearly to be seen, and as a result many of them are trying to give to Our Lady the title and honor that the Church gives to her by the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

In the designs of God Our Lady was to hold, by the Incarnation, an office of maternity towards the human race, as well as in regard to His own Son. She was to be the spiritual mother of mankind. For this was she given at the foot of the Cross, for this has she been taken and proclaimed by the Church Universal. "Behold thy Mother," said Our

Lord from the Cross; "Mother of Divine Grace, pray for us," says the Church in the Litany. And it is by divine grace that men become the true children of God. This process of affiliation in things divine does not connote any mere passivity on the part of those who are called and become the sons of God, at least in the working out of that sonship in the living of life. "The imagination and thought of man's heart are prone to evil from his youth," is true even of those who have been delivered from the deluge as well as of those that have perished in it. How few there are out of the mass of men, even out of the general body of the faithful, who rise to the full measure of their duty and dignity as sons of God, brethren of Our Lord, children of Our Lady! The saints do this, each in his own manner and degree. By prayer and relentless effort, co-operating with the grace God gives them, they go forward from virtue to virtue until they attain the pinnacle of perfection where all evil of will is eliminated and only good remains.

This is indeed magnificent and noble, and their success is in some mode and measure an encouragement to all others. And as they serve themselves for an example to others, so do they acknowledge and assert their dependence upon her who by her mother's unfailing comfort and help guided and directed, consoled and encouraged them in their long and unceasing struggle to make themselves the true children of their Father who is in heaven. What is true of the saints is true in proportion of all others. The spiritual life is always something of a new beginning; the child of God has to be born again by the making of a fresh start, the overcoming of new difficulties. Here is the Mother's function and office, under God. No one who has knowledge and experience of that spiritual operation of the Blessed Virgin in his soul could ever think that she was other than

spotless and perfect, exempt and immune from every stain and imperfection, filled to the full with the grace and love of God, united to God in an union that had no break and no beginning save only the beginning of her own immaculate soul. In choosing her to be the spiritual mother of men, God could do no other than make her an Immaculate Mother, free from even the remotest contamination by that sin which had been the curse of men. This has He done by her Immaculate Conception. The Church proclaims the fact to all the world, and every child of the Church rejoices in the spotless purity and unsullied perfection of his spiritual mother.

Theologians have been at pains to assert and show that the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady did not exempt her from, or render her independent of the operation and effects of Our Lord's redemption. She is, in fact, one of the redeemed just as much as any one else, though in a much higher and more excellent way.

It must not be forgotten that all things supernatural are necessarily the free gift of God, essentially unattainable except by the bestowal of his divine bounty. If it were otherwise they would be natural things only, not supernatural, and could never lift man up to any participation of things divine. This is true of Our Lady herself, as of all others. She is not God, but man, and all her graces and gifts, her dignity and exaltation, come to her from the divine goodness of God bestowing them upon her according to the wisdom of His will. This is no detracting from the excellence of the gift, or the exaltation of her upon whom it is bestowed, or her right to praise and honor from all mankind. There can be no higher or more valid title to true glory and esteem than the fact that one has been honored by God in the receiving of His grace, in the doing of His work. And no one in all history has been the recipient of

a greater grace, or been called to do a greater work, than Our Lady. It would scarce be an honor, but rather a derogation from her dignity and glory if she escaped or were exempt from the redemption wrought by her Son.

The redemption is His great work of love, immense and unfathomable, shown in all the perfect goodness of His life, worked out to its completion in the pain and agony of His Passion and death. This was the great glory of St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ"; and it was an even greater glory to Our Lady in spite of her own share in its bitter pain and sorrow. So to her, as to the rest, applies the redemption that was wrought upon the cross. Yet in how different a way from all the rest. In others the merits of the sacrifice of Our Lord cleanses away the stain of sin already contracted, be it original sin or actual sin. In her those same divine merits exercised a higher power. They prevented and preserved her from ever contracting that stain; and this preservation, absolute and complete, is her Immaculate Conception.

The preparation of Our Lady for the office of the Divine Maternity by means of her Immaculate Conception is a preparation that only God could make, and at the same time it is a preparation worthy of God Himself. God is one in three, and three in one, by the great theological mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. Each of the three Divine Persons had a direct and personal interest in the perfect integrity and absolute spotlessness of the Blessed Virgin. Of the Father she was the chosen one, out of all the actual and possible beings of His creation, who should bring forth in time that Son whom He begets from eternity. This association with Him is so close, and intimate, and personal, that of itself it would seem to exclude all and every possible stain or shade of sin, and to involve the very summit

and fulness of grace. Of the Son did Our Lady become the true Mother, giving to Him in deed and in truth that human nature by which He became true man for the saving of men. Maternity and filiation in such a case cry aloud that she who gave to Our Lord the flesh of His humanity should be herself immune from any touch or taint or memory of sin. By the power of the Holy Ghost was the work of the Incarnation brought about in her, and in that work was there a true co-operation between Our Lady and the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. It could not be otherwise but that the Holy Ghost should keep her in absolute holiness from the beginning, that within the limitation of the condition of a creature, she might be the most perfect instrument possible for the work of bringing, with Him, from heaven to earth the "Holy that shall be called the Son of God." All this seems reasonable enough on the basis of the theological facts. It is all shown to be divinely true by the great Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

The fact of the Immaculate Conception sets Our Lady in a category apart from and above all the other saints in the matter of perfect holiness. It has been said by some of the saints themselves that Our Lady begins where the others leave off. However much of a paradox this may at first appear, it is none the less true. Sanctity is, after all, union with God. In the saints it is attained by perfect co-operation with the grace of God, self-purification, incessant striving after virtue, and the other means that lead up to God by the way of service and love. Union with God, in that degree at least which constitutes sanctity, is attained only in the end, as a result of those long, laborious, and heroic efforts to do only the will of God in the best way possible. This attainment of sanctity is a spectacle of admiration for angels and men, and the

holiness of the saints transcends that of the ordinary faithful like snow-capped mountain tops that tower above the multitude of lesser hills and rise into the light and clearness of the sky. Yet in every mountain range there is usually some peak which overtops the rest, making itself the centre of the system, and drawing to itself the admiring eyes of all beholders. So Our Lady among the great mountains of God. Her sanctity, in the essential form of union with God, and consequent perfect conformity to and fulfilment of His will, was not something reserved to the end, to be attained by progressive degrees. It began with her in the beginning, and only became yet more exalted with the progress of time. It is her Immaculate Conception in one of its positive aspects, and it makes her a figure, unique and outstanding, in and above all the great company of the saints. Thus is her perfection in union with God, not merely something progressive and final, but absolute and complete, in the beginning as in the end.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception must not be held to be merely an occasion for the setting forth of the greatness of God in His dealings with His Blessed Mother and of her supreme exaltation by the favor He has bestowed upon her. It has likewise an everyday, practical purpose, to inspire in the minds and hearts of the faithful the wish and the will to become in some respect like unto her whom they venerate, by the progressive elimination of all that is evil.

The Breviary lesson of the Feast gives the story of the fall and the promise of the Redeemer as the seed of the woman. This mysterious narrative is not without point and purpose in the practical as well as the dogmatic sense. In the garden of life there is ever a tree of which men should not eat, and there is equally ever a serpent tempting to the eating of all the trees, whatever the

consequences. And men have eaten. They may not have become as gods, but they have acquired the knowledge and use of good and evil. The result is writ large in the history of the past; it is everywhere to be seen in the world around; it will make itself felt until the end. Yet men are attracted by good, and an ideal will always compel their admiration.


However much she may be unknown to those outside the fold, at least to those within the pale of the Church Our Lady Immaculate is an ideal that will evoke the highest veneration and at the same time call and stimulate to action. Above all others, save only Our Lord Himself in the life of His human existence, she is the example of one who was perfection itself, in origin, life, action. The saints have ever asserted that the very thought of the Immaculate Virgin is a deterrent from evil, an incentive to good. So have the faithful found by experience. There may be one tree or many in the garden of life from which they have to refrain, but there is ever the tree of life itself to which by her example and intercession she leads and brings them.

The Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception has a wider diffusion and a more fruitful celebration to-day than at any past period of the Church's history. This is nothing to be wondered at, and the devotion will probably grow and develop beyond anything that can at present be surmised. Our Lady holds the highest dignity that even God can bestow, by the motherhood of Our Lord. She is the perfect creature, representing the ideal of God, and giving to men an example of the complete perfection of their own nature. She is set above angels and men in a unique position of superlative exaltation and excellence. Peerless among the works of creation, the Church proclaims her title to veneration and praise: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee."

An Invalid's Jottings.

BY JOSEPH CARMICHAEL.

X.

E have had a small community of Sisters of Charity in Wybrow for many years. They taught the little Catholic schools and were most devoted in their ministrations to the sick poor. Through the generosity of Miss Jebb—she has already received mention in these pages—it became possible to build and equip a small hospital which the Sisters might superintend. This has been a greater blessing to the town than I can adequately make known. I love to watch the white cornettes fluttering along the streets and lanes on some errand of mercy or charity; no one in these days, whatever some extreme bigots might have said when they first came to Wybrow, has anything but praise for the "Sisters."

I do not claim to have been an eye-witness of many things narrated in these sketches, but my knowledge rests upon trustworthy evidence beyond a shadow of doubt. To give my authority for all these stories would be inconvenient; so I prefer to relate them without reference to their source. The connection of the present narrative with St. Mary's Hospital will appear later.

Two persons, a man and a woman—the latter holding in her arms an infant of one year—were seated on the rocks which towered up from the sea, on an island in the Indian Ocean. The man was about thirty years of age. The woman a year or two younger. Flowering shrubs shaded them; tall palms waved aloft; tropical plants surrounded the knoll upon which they sat. Birds of gorgeous plumage fluttered around, fearless of molestation; flowers of brilliant hue grew everywhere. Yet all these beauties had little charm for them. For nearly two years that man and wo-

man had been daily watching and praying for deliverance from exile, and until now no sign of rescue had gladdened their eager eyes. On all sides stretched an expanse of ocean.

The woman's silvery laugh suddenly rang out.

"If only some of the people we know could see you now, Jim," she cried, "what a figure of fun they would think you!"

The man glanced at his bare feet and legs, at the home-made canvas drawers he wore, and his much-patched shirt. He passed his hand over his rough beard and combed out with his fingers the tresses of long brown hair that touched his shoulders; then he laughed heartily in response.

"But you, too, dear, would rather astonish a drawing-room of fashionable folk, if you were to walk into one at this minute!"

His patient little wife joined in the laugh against herself. She was bare-foot also. Her scanty costume was a veritable patchwork of odds and ends of material; yet there was a daintiness about her, nevertheless. She had thrust a cluster of scarlet berries into the coils of her dark hair, and a string of red berries hung round her bare neck, while her raiment, however faded, looked clean and well kept. Her face grew grave on a sudden, and the laughter died out of her dark eyes, as she pressed her baby to her bosom, kissing him again and again.

"Will little Jamie ever see home, I wonder," she almost whispered. "What would become of him, if the good God were to call us both away, and he were left alone here?"

Her husband could frame no reply. Many a time had the same terrifying dread seized him with regard to both these dear ones; he had always shrunk from its contemplation.

"Come along!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Those delicious fish will be

spoiled if they are left cooking in the ashes all by themselves, and my reputation as a cook will be ruined!"

He helped his wife to regain her feet and gently pushed her along before him in the direction of their improvised dwelling. In the shadow of the rudely constructed hut was a long, low mound; it recalled to his mind the thought just awakened by his wife's expressed fears. Their former fellow exile lay there. Dear old Weston, the doctor of the doomed vessel from which they had escaped, had wrestled with death when Marion had been threatened at the birth of little Jamie, and had saved her life at the risk of his own; for he had tended her night and day, regardless of his own frail strength, and the effort had cost him dear. He had drooped and sickened soon after, and lay now close to the hut he had helped to rear. Dear to both man and wife was that lonely grave, for they loved his memory as fondly as they had loved the man whose mortal remains rested there.

As the man turned away to follow his wife who had entered their hut, a sudden terror seized him. A slight trail of blood led from a clump of bushes near by down towards the shore; on feverish investigation he discovered the skin of a hare among the undergrowth. It was evident that the creature had been skinned by a knife; the flesh had probably been carried off to serve as food. That meant that another human being was upon the island; the hut shrouded in bushes had not as yet been discovered; but it soon must be. It remained to be seen whether a friend or a foe had penetrated into their apparent solitude. The possibilities attaching to such a discovery might well fill the man with the direst apprehensions.

Two long years had almost run their course since Jim Liston and his newly married wife had escaped with their

lives from the disastrous foundering of the liner which was conveying them among a crowd of other passengers to Australia. In a boat manned by some of the sailors they too, with Dr. Weston, had been for two days on the bosom of the ocean. They knew nothing of the fate of other similar boats, for in the hurry and fear caused by the catastrophe in the dead of night, each one looked to himself and those dependent upon him. But for two long weary days they had scanned the now calm waters to discover some landing place. How great their joy when the palm-crested summit of the island was discerned! Greater still their thankfulness on nearing it to find so safe and pleasant a shelter after those hours of dire distress. For there was no trace of any former human settlement; springs of clear water, abundant fruits, fish and probably animal flesh promised food in plenty.

The sailors had been reluctant to settle there, and in a day or two had started off in the boat to explore further; no sign had been vouchsafed of their fate. Since then, despite constant watchfulness, a flag (such as it was) floating by day from a prominent palm stem and a beacon fire lighting the summit of the rocky headland by night, no rescuing craft had gladdened their almost despairing hearts.

Jim said nothing to his wife of the discovery he had made of the manifest presence of a human being besides themselves upon the small island which hitherto had shown no single trace of man's occupation. But their meal finished he set out on a reconnaissance. Cautiously he crept through the sheltering bushes to a point whence a view could be gained of the strip of sandy beach at the foot of the cliffs where alone it was possible to land upon the island.

With a sinking at heart he discerned

a single human form on the beach far beneath him. He had half hoped that another party of shipwrecked derelicts might have taken refuge there for a brief rest; had it been so, the prospect of escape from this apparently lifelong solitude might have revived an almost dead hope. But one more man—he could see distinctly in that clear atmosphere that it was a male figure—would be a complication to existing affairs. He sat and waited for some time to see if, perchance, other strangers might join the derelict; but the latter was calmly removing the cooked food from the fire which had been kindled for the purpose, and began to make a meal of it. Liston noticed a long knife being brought into operation, and reflected grimly upon his own total lack of armament.

But action must not be delayed. Liston began the descent of the rocky headland by means of a winding path shrouded by trees and undergrowth. Silently and cautiously he crept along, listening for the sound of voices in case the stranger might have companions; but no such sign reached his ears. Reaching a point whence he could again look down upon the beach, he noted the solitary figure; it seemed pretty clear that there were no companions.

To prepare the stranger for his unlooked-for apparition, Liston walked on with quickened step, whistling as he went the air of a familiar song. Once more he paused to reconnoitre. The stranger had heard; he was gazing upward towards the sound. But the figure was smaller than Liston had thought, and the face upturned was beardless as that of a boy; moreover, it showed unmistakable signs of evident terror. There was no reason for alarm then, so, shouting out cheery words of welcome, Liston bounded along and was soon treading the beach where the newcomer stood awaiting him.

Though Liston's appearance must

have been somewhat overpowering—streaming locks, shaggy beard, patched-up raiment and the rest—his unmistakable friendliness could not be doubted, and the two were soon at ease together as they rested on the warm, dry sands. Cecil Brereton had been, only a few hours before, landed by request upon the beach of the island. Four others—all sailors—had been anxious to make further search for a habitation more in the run of passing vessels than that remote island. They had promised—but it was a promise unlikely of fulfilment, under the circumstances—to secure Cecil's rescue, should they reach safety. Tempting as the island looked to that boatload of derelicts, after three days' tossing on a trackless sea, no other would consent to remain on what appeared to all a lifelong place of exile. No arguments of theirs, however, could persuade Cecil to prolong the apparently fruitless search for a more suitable resting place.

The Listons were buoyed up with the prospect of a possible rescue as the outcome of this unexpected visit to the island. But days passed without sign of relief. A small, rough hut, close to the old one, had been built up to afford a sleeping place for Cecil, but during the day he shared the Liston's humble dwelling.

It was not long before Jim Liston began to develop uneasy qualms on account of the evident close attachment between his wife and the stranger. Cecil was of more use in the ordinary work of the household than in the more strenuous labor of felling trees for firewood, hunting animals for food and such like manly occupations; he was a deft and patient nurse for little Jamie and an invaluable helper to Marion in domestic duties. Thrown thus more into constant companionship with the latter, familiar friendship was inevitable. But suppose a stronger feeling should be

aroused in the boy's heart! Jim trusted his wife absolutely, and gave never a thought to any possible estrangement on her part; but he foresaw immense difficulties for them all should the contingency arise which he dreaded.

But relief was at hand; Marion's good sense came to the rescue. Seizing the opportunity of Cecil's absence from the hut one day, she made an astounding revelation.

"I have often wished Cecil to let me confide a secret which I guessed almost at first sight," she said, "though you, probably, have no idea of it. Cecil is not, as you imagine, a boy. She is an English girl, dressed in the only clothes available in the hurry and confusion of the wreck. She had rushed to her brother's state-room when the alarm was given, and he persuaded her to take the clothes she has on, rather than attempt to escape in her night-dress. She is thankful she took his advice, for it has turned out well. She would not at first let me tell you this, but I have got her consent at last."

The narration brought peace to Jim Liston's harassed soul. Henceforth the three exiles were as happily united as it was possible for exiles to be. But days, weeks and months sped, and no hope of relief gladdened their hearts. Cecil's fate was most to be deplored. For all she knew her mother and brother, from whom she had got separated in the rush for the boats, might both have been lost, and she had no other relatives who would be likely to make search for her, or befriend her if rescued.

It must have been a Heaven-sent inspiration which moved Alexander Gibbons, a rich Australian, to spend some weeks in navigating in his steam yacht "Edna" the desolate ocean which surrounded the island. Two figures waving huge palm branches from the summit

of the rocky cliff, arrested attention; a boat was launched to investigate.

Two tatterdemalions awaited with ill-concealed impatience the approach of the craft. A woman and a small boy, both clothed in veritable rags, though clean and well-groomed, greeted the crew in English. They were the survivors of shipwrecked derelicts landed there more than seven years before. No time was lost in transferring the exiles, with such scanty belongings as they possessed, to the rescuing yacht. The remains of their dear ones must rest in their lonely graves under the palm trees which sheltered them.

Jim Liston had succumbed to fever three years before; Marion soon followed him, dying of grief at the loss of the one she held dearest. Even the claims of her baby-boy could not rouse her desire to live. To Cecil she entrusted him, and then closed her eyes in death. Cecil buried both, digging their graves and laying to rest the bodies of the two she had grown to love as a very dear brother and sister. During the long years that followed she had been a tender mother to Jamie, who had grown sturdy and strong in his primitive open-air life, and inherited the beauty of his mother and the sunny disposition of both parents.

Kind friends were raised up to help the exiles to regain their native land, and Cecil was successful, through the information entrusted to her by Marion Liston, in finding the child's relatives and leaving him in their care. No trace could she find of her mother or brother; the sea had evidently become their grave.

I often, from my oriel window, catch sight of the white cornette which crowns a somewhat slight, active figure in the blue-grey of St. Vincent's daughters, as she hurries along the street bent on some mission of charity. I recognize the form of one known in the Hospital

as *Ma Sœur*—the Superior of that little community; but her real name is Sister Mary Cecilia Brereton. She is reckoned a typical Sister of Charity; chary of speech, she is indefatigable in working, and an unusually capable administrator. For in addition to the rigorous training of the Novitiate, she has undergone a long trial of endurance in the solitude and silence of a desolate island in a southern sea.

Jamie, her foster-child, developed a vocation for Foreign Missions, and is devoting himself with ardor to the necessary preparation.

Now, as I think of all these blessed memories, I wait for the end. My heart, weakened by the years of pain, has told me that the Master will soon come for me. I am ready, as I have been ready these many years. The shadows are falling, but are not yet deep enough to hide Father Vesey crossing the Square. He is turning now. He is coming in. Oh, my heart! God is sending him to me. And it is sweet to die.

(The End)

The Gift.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HE who has beauty in his heart
 Need wear no armor strong;
 His soul is safe on any field
 Where years like swordsmen throng.
 Beyond the tumult and the cries
 Where hate and anger are,
 Beyond the challenge and reply,
 He walks with peace afar.
 The earth's unresting doubt is vain
 Before that inner peace
 That hears, as after winds the dusk,
 Clamor and clangor cease.
 He who has beauty in his heart
 Walks gently through the years,
 And knows that love and faith outlast
 All laughter and all tears!

The Church's Hidden Strength.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.

THE other day the Principal of an Anglican Theological College, speaking at the Modern Churchman's Union, referred to the Catholic's belief in the "Infallibility and *impeccability*" of the Pope. The ignorance displayed by one in that position in addressing a body which prides itself on its intellectuality was surprising enough. One would have imagined that the Head of a College devoted to the instruction of future clergy would have been better informed with regard to the Catholic doctrine on so important a point. One is inclined to ask whether he could have given the matter a moment's consideration.

The most superficial knowledge of history would have told him that Catholics whose orthodoxy was beyond dispute had, again and again, dissented on moral grounds from the personal action (as distinct from that emanating from the Head of the Church as such) of the Supreme Pontiff. Has he ever, one wonders, read Dante, and noted that that poet placed a Pope in Hell? Could he have heard of Catherine of Siena and her correspondence with Gregory XI.? Had he ever spoken with an instructed Catholic on the matter, or looked into a Catholic manual?

But it is not the ignorance thus displayed which is most striking, but the contempt which that ignorance implies. It is things like this which bring home to us the extent to which presumably educated men feel they can afford to neglect what was for fifteen centuries the creed of a united Christendom. They will not trouble to inform themselves on a subject which they deem, in journalistic parlance, "dead." The Papacy, they seem to argue, is a defunct institution, and to spend time in a detailed study of its beliefs would be a useless waste of energy. "If Catholics don't believe that their Pope is impeccable, well,

they believe something like it, and in any case, it doesn't matter; they and their strange creed no longer count. We can't be bothered with crossing our t's and dotting our i's when we talk about them." That is the attitude, and it reminds us of the impatient father who gives unthinking answers to a child's idle questions because he is too busy with other matters to attend.

As a matter of fact, that is the mood in which the *intelligentia* approaches the Church. It speaks volumes as to the estimate formed regarding the strength and importance in the contemporary world of Catholicism.

Occasionally we find this mood reflected in our own despondent thoughts. The rough way in which we are shoved on one side, the self-confidence with which modern paganism urges its views, or rather takes them for granted, the public utterances of Protestant leaders showing what headway, even among them, subversive ideas have made, the shamelessness with which, not merely ordinary morals, but even ordinary decencies are spoken of as "old-fashioned," the menace of a militant atheism associated with the advance of Communism throughout civilization, and last but not least, the low ebb of spiritual life among some claiming to be Catholics,—all this has its effects; and we find ourselves asking whether the Faith is not in danger of a deluge more destructive than that of the Sixteenth Century.

It is good at such times to call to mind the Church's hidden strength, and to contrast it with the loud publicity given to its opponents. So much of what we do is of necessity veiled from the glare of newspaperdom. It was but a few weeks ago I found myself wandering amazed amid the glories of Downside Abbey in the southwest of England. To reach it, I had been obliged to leave the main line at Bath and take a train journey which led through a sparsely populated country district.

Even then there was a mile to traverse from the little country station at which I alighted before I came in sight of the Abbey.

In that remote district the Benedictines have built a church which can compare with some of our cathedrals. Massiveness and simplicity are its dominant notes. Equally astounding is the school they have established here—a school which takes its place with the great public schools of the country, such as Eton and Harrow. The life of prayer lived here and the educational activities carried on are favored by the remoteness of the situation. And that applies to countless institutions throughout the world, under the auspices of the Church, of which the outside public never hears.

In the nature of things, such institutions cannot advertise themselves. The religious has fled the world, and it is certainly not his business to thrust himself on that world's attention. His traffic is with Heaven. He has placed ladders against the sky. In the quiet retreats he has established he has put himself into communication with the Church Triumphant. The rich resources of the invisible world are here made available for the conflict on earth. Amid the surroundings of these lonely Houses of Prayer we become aware of our celestial allies. Saints whose very names spell victory come to mind. The storied past with its record of supernatural achievement is a living fact. These are power-houses generating spiritual dynamics capable of revolutionizing society.

And what is true of monasteries and convents is true in a measure of the Catholic world generally. Its strength lies out of sight. Of set purpose it avoids self-advertisement. The domestic saint carries no badge beyond the radiance of eyes that have looked upon God. It is of the essence of the devout life that it shall be secret, unproclaimed,

dwelling among shadows, avoiding theatrical display, hating applause. Mystic intercourse with the Unseen may go on, and does go on, under appearances of the utmost commonplaceness. A peasant's hovel may be the abode of angels. The woman who cleans out your office may be a princess in the eyes of God. It is this fact which renders the strength of Catholicism so deceptive in appearance. It is obviously not easy for the outsider to estimate the power of a religion which hides itself on principle.

The question as to the extent to which pagan morals have corrupted society must be treated in the same way. Immorality is better "news" from the journalistic standpoint than the uneventful domestic lives of such as abide by Christian tradition. The unostentatious happiness of quiet homes gets no headlines, while every scandal screeches itself into notoriety. It is true that the number of divorces is appalling and is increasing, but we must bear in mind that we hear nothing of the great number of obscure people for whom divorce is unthinkable—people who are neither naturally unadventurous nor specially blessed in the choice of a partner, but whose Christian instincts have enabled them to weather the storms of domestic life without mishap. These provide the ballast of society; and it is of the nature of ballast to be inconspicuous.

It may be argued, on the other hand, that the façade of Catholicism is misleading. Behind an imposing front there may be much undisclosed weakness which a crisis would reveal. That was the case in the days of the Reformation. Whole populations showed how frail was the hold on them of the Faith they outwardly professed. In England, despite much inarticulate grumbling at the changes introduced and certain unsuccessful risings, the people, as a whole, though previously loyal Catholics, offered no effective resistance. Religious houses apostatized wholesale. The event

proved that sacramental observances had become in many cases mere routine, devoid of real devotion. A Church which is both mystic and visible, it may be said, must always run the risk of preserving an exterior institutionalism in excess of its actual vitality, and therefore of giving a false impression of strength. The answer to this is twofold.

In the first place, the Church of to-day is in a different position to that of the Sixteenth Century. It has maintained itself in a world largely hostile and under conditions far removed from those which made the religion of the monarch obligatory for his subjects. If a Catholic should lose the Faith it is generally possible for him to act accordingly. In the English-speaking world particularly, mere habit is insufficient to account for outward fidelity. A militant Protestantism offering social and other advantages to the deserter insures a certain measure of vitality in those who resist. It is not so easy as once to accept Catholicism in an unintelligent manner involving no personal will in the matter. The pressure from all sides of unbelief is calculated to reveal interior weakness before it can become a widespread but secret disease.

Secondly, history has shown that crises produce evidences of that hidden strength we noted. In the very period of which we have been speaking and in the country specially referred to, the English Martyrs added a chapter to the story of the Church in their country equal in glory to any that had gone before. Together with general apostasy went an increase of devotion on the part of the minority. Carelessness on the part of the majority was offset by heroic holiness on the part of the few.

It has always been the same. The greatest saints have appeared when spirituality and morality were at their lowest ebb in the Church. Thus, if to-day some extraordinary circumstance

were to cause the Catholic façade to cave in, history leads us to expect that it would provoke a response that would go far to compensate in quality for numerical losses. The reserves of the Church would be brought up. Those forces that lurk in the background would show themselves. A recuperative power would come into play for which the outsider was unprepared. He would be astonished by an unexpected resilience. Over-confident in his numerical victories, he would discover that there are other criterions of strength than that afforded by counting heads.

The foolish under-estimate of the Church's power obvious in the ignorant remark quoted at the commencement of this article is understandable enough when we consider that the non-Catholic, just because he is a non-Catholic, lacks the means for a true judgment. He is, perforce, blind to the significance of things he sees and hears. Insensible to the mystic resources at the Church's command, misunderstanding that love of retirement which avoids publicity, mistaking the authority which upholds the faithful, and attributing their loyalty to superstitious fear, he is not in a position to form a just estimate. The very reason for his opposition is the reason for his over-confidence. As they who crucified Our Lord could not, in the nature of things, foresee a resurrection, so the modern critic who finds the Church negligible is rendered blind by his unbelief.

But there is no such excuse for the Catholic. He at least should be able to judge between realities and appearances. There is a story concerning Elisha the Prophet that is apposite here—a story which tells how, surrounded by the hosts of Syria, his servant appealed to him, saying, "What shall we do?"—"Fear not, for those that are with us are more than those against us," was the answer; and even as Elisha spoke, the young man's eyes were opened and

he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire.

That is the vision which waits upon our despondent moods, a vision of incalculable forces, of spiritual reserves, of the Church Triumphant hastening to reinforce the Church Militant. None can see it but ourselves. For that reason our confidence must remain a mystery to the uninitiated outsider. He beholds naught but an ancient institution worn by centuries of conflict and in apparent decay. But the faithful, looking upon the same spectacle, know that that which they see is a Rock established upon and rooted in eternity.

Under Which Standard?

BY JOHN LAIDLAW.

THE bright summer sun shone very tranquilly upon the waters, and the broad stretch of ocean that lay at his feet was indeed peaceful in its blue splendor, but the heart of Marcus Marcellus, centurion of the Trajan legion, was torn by a most bitter conflict. He was seated upon a sandy eminence overlooking the straits. Behind him lay the garrison town of Tingis. On the sand near him lay his helmet with its high scarlet crest. His military cloak flapped about his shoulders, but he heeded it not. He had left the camp and strolled off alone along the beach to fight out his fight away from the distractions of human companionship. He was a Christian and a soldier of the empire. Both these titles had been for him sources of just pride.

He had been born in the camp and schooled in the legion. At the earliest possible age he had been enrolled as a soldier of Rome, and he had fought the battles of the empire in that turbulent province of North Africa, or Tingitanian Mauritania, ever since. None had served the empire better or more faithfully. None had been more ready

than he to meet the shock of battle. And his bravery, which was renowned throughout the African legions, had won him promotion and the favor of his superior officers as well as the love and devotion of the rough and battle-scarred men under his command.

Now, as centurion of the first class, he ranked next under the tribune who commanded his legion. And the tribune of the legion, who was also the military governor of the province, Anastasius Fortunatus, a rough old veteran himself and an iron disciplinarian, had shown him especial favor. Marcellus, however, was also a Christian. His father had embraced the Christian faith years ago while stationed in Carthage, and the tender piety of his mother, long since dead, had early impressed itself on her son.

Until the present there had been comparative peace for the followers of Christ. More than thirty years had elapsed since the last real persecution. From the death of Valerian, no emperor had really made any serious onslaught upon the Christians. The constant wars with the barbarians and the insecurity of their own positions, owing to the ever-present peril of rebellion among their troops, had prevented the emperors from this. The faith had grown apace in that period of peace. The edicts of persecution had not been withdrawn, but there had been no effort to renew or enforce them. In practice the officials simply closed their eyes and acted as though there were no laws against the faith of Christ. The army was filled with Christian soldiers. This was well known and caused no concern. They had evaded the occasions which called for the offering of pagan sacrifice, and no one had disturbed them in consequence. They were remarkable only as good and faithful soldiers.

But on the preceding night Marcellus had realized that all was changed, and that this peace was at an end.

When the guard was relieved and he was returning to his quarters, he had received a summons to the apartment of the tribune. Wondering greatly, he obeyed. He found his commanding officer pacing to and fro in evident agitation, but he had been warmly greeted. Fortunatus had shown him a copy of a letter received that day from the Emperor Maximian, addressed to the tribunes of all the legions. By it they were commanded to require that all officers offer sacrifice. Should any refuse to do so he was to be placed under arrest and his name sent to the emperor pending further instructions. The old tribune had spoken to him as a father would to a son, for he loved and respected Marcellus.

"I speak as thy friend, Marcus," he had said earnestly, "to urge thee privately to obey the emperor. Later I must require this as thy tribune, and shall not forget my duty. To-morrow, as thou knowest, is the banquet on the birthday of the emperor. Offer thou a libation of wine to the Genius of Rome and the emperor, and all will be well. But let not thy Christian scruples prompt thee to refuse lest disgrace and death come to thee and discredit to the legion of Trajan."

That was all; but the contents of the imperial letter had very soon become common knowledge in the camp. All were awaiting expectantly the great banquet in honor of the emperor's birthday to see what the attitude of the Christian officers would be when the demands for libations and sacrifices were tendered. Marcellus himself had overheard some of these conversations. It was generally supposed that the Christian officers would sacrifice, and among some of the Christians themselves there were evident signs of weakness.

After all need a man forego *everything* for the sake of Christ? True, to sacrifice would be a deadly sin; but had not those who had yielded in this mat-

ter during past persecutions been admitted once more to the Christian body when peace had been restored? After all it was but an outward rite. Many of the pagans themselves did not believe in the gods. They would be but showing respect to the emperors whom they served and whose pay they had taken for so many years. They would be but giving homage to that great city which stood for peace, law and civilization throughout the world. They would only be proving themselves good, loyal soldiers of Rome.

These arguments had been advanced by certain Christian soldiers of the weaker sort, and Marcellus knew that such pleas, joined as they were to self-interest, would sway those whose faith was weak unless some striking example of Christian constancy were shown to them. These lukewarm Christians would follow the easier path of apostasy unless a leader called them back to the dangerous course of fidelity by his own fearless confession of faith.

This, then, was the conflict which Marcus Marcellus was fighting out alone on the deserted sand-hills overlooking the sea. His life passed in pictures before him as he sat gazing across the straits toward Spain—a busy life filled with hardship and peril and the clangor of arms. He saw again his native Spain and his childhood in the province of Bætica in the south. He had been born there in the city of Asta Regia, where the legion of Trajan had been recruited and was stationed. Those peaceful days about the camp were spent among the olive groves close to where the ocean lay shimmering in languorous calm. In those days he never dreamed of any career but that of arms. His father had served long and well, and was rendered comfortably wealthy by the accumulated savings of years of service with many gratuities.

Well did Marcus remember his pride when, as a youth, he was admitted

as a recruit to fealty before the standards—those proud standards which had advanced the boundaries of Rome far into Africa. Well did he remember the exercises with the heavy wooden sword and shield with which, under the direction of a tough old legionary, he cut and stabbed at an upright stake until the weapons almost dropped from his exhausted hand. Well did he remember the long days of drill in which he learned all those formations of square and circle and triangle which would enable the legion to advance or defend itself against any foe. Then had come the first call to active service.

A general revolt had flared up in North Africa against the Roman rule. The Moorish hordes had gathered in the desert and overwhelmed one outpost after another. The leader was none other than the famous Aradion, renowned for desperate bravery and implacable hatred of Rome. The Emperor Probus himself mustered all the Spanish and African legions, and led them against the savage sons of the desert.

In that army marched Marcellus, the young recruit of the legion of Trajan. How vividly did he recall the great battle that ensued—his first taste of war! The Moors had emerged from the desert in dense, mounted swarms, and hurled themselves upon the army of Probus. The braying trumpets had scarce time to call the legions to arms before the barbarian hordes were upon them as they rode in their bristling masses against the steady squares of the Romans. A breach had been hewn in the formation of the Trajan legion, and the Moors had poured into the wavering soldiery a storm of arrows which they followed up with an attack in force that brought them into the center of the square near the standards of the legion.

The eagle-bearer had fallen with three Moorish shafts protruding from his body. A mounted Moor was making off with the precious eagle when young

Marcellus, stabbing from below with his short Roman sword, brought down the horse of the barbarian and slew the rider before he could rise. The recovery of the eagle had heartened the legion, and the lines had closed and repulsed the enemy. The savage battle had ended in the complete defeat of the Moors and the death of the great Aradion, their leader. But the exploit of Marcellus had brought deserved recognition and the personal thanks of the emperor, Probus. From that moment he had advanced rapidly. Trusted by his superiors, he had never shown himself unworthy of trust. Constant desert warfare had made of him a seasoned veteran, much in demand for difficult pieces of reconnaissance, or for the defense of isolated and dangerous posts.

The passage of years had but enhanced his reputation. In the great campaign of the Emperor Maximian against the five rebel Moorish nations, he had risen to the rank of centurion of the first class. Now at his side hung the vine switch of legionary authority. To these honors all recognized his right. Not a murmur of dissent was raised at so well-deserved a promotion. And he himself had felt that honest elation which comes from such well-earned recognition. The army was his profession, and he had well performed his duty. His faithful following of the standards of Rome had been rewarded, and his own fidelity had been strengthened by that reward. He was proud of the arms he wore and of the rank he had won by his sweat and blood. It had been purchased by many a hot march and won by many a desperate fight.

But other pictures also rose before his eyes. He had always been a Christian as well as a soldier. His earliest and tenderest memories were connected with his faith. His father and mother had from his infancy taught him of God and of the Son of God who had been made man for our redemption and had

died for our salvation. He had been taught to despise the idols of the pagans and their false worship as hateful to God and degrading to man.

Each Sunday and each Station Day had found him with his father and mother in the cemetery some distance from the camp, to greet their Lord at break of day. There in the quiet dawn whilst the world slept, the little group of Christians had sung the praises of their Lord. The solemn tones of psalms and hymns rang out in that secluded spot in praise of God and His Blessed Son.

The figure of the revered old Bishop Dulcitius stood forth, and his simple but moving discourse spoke, in the thrilling accents of faith and burning love, of the truths of the Lord and the duties of true followers of Christ toward God and man. The gifts were offered and the bishop proceeded to the most solemn and august part of the mysteries. After many fervent prayers for the powers in Church and State, as well as for the Christian faithful, had come the actual offering of the great Sacrifice of the Lord. The Lord Himself, at the prayer of His minister, had come among His followers there in that secret place at dawn. Whilst all sank in humble adoration, He had come to them in the Sacred Banquet to be the strength and solace of His people in a bitter world that knew Him not and hated them for the sake of His Name.

Moreover, Marcellus recalled the tales his father had so often told of the hero Bishop of Carthage, Cyprian, and particularly of his glorious death for Christ. He recalled the kindling eye of his father as he told of that great triumph won by the martyr bishop for his Lord: how the hearts of the pagans themselves were touched by his simple dignity and quiet courage as he stood there in the field near Carthage and prepared himself, with the help of his own ministers, for the sword of the executioner. About his neck Marcellus had

worn for years a fragment of cloth which had been steeped in the blood of that great Carthaginian witness to the Faith. Truly Cyprian's death had been a greater triumph than ever conquering general had celebrated amidst the plaudits of the Roman populace. Now had come to the centurion a call to a similar triumph. What meant honor, rank and military reputation, if they could only be retained at the price of treason to the Christ who had died for His people? What honor could compensate for the dishonor of apostasy? If Christ must be abandoned for the service of Rome he would serve Rome no longer. All should know that he served but One Master.

All is quiet on the sand-hills beyond Tingis, overlooking the sea. Marcus Marcellus sinks to his knees and his soul cries to his Lord for strength in that great struggle which is about to commence. He prays for his Christian comrades that they too may have the strength to adhere to Christ, and also for his pagan fellow-soldiers that they may see that the standard of the Cross is higher and more noble even than the Eagles of Rome.

The evening sun cast its slanting rays across the broad parade ground which lay before the great square mass of the Pretorium of the camp of the legion. Fixed in the ground before the high doorway of the building were the eagle and the standards of the Trajan legion. Beside them was the altar upon which incense was burned to the genius of Rome and the emperors, as well as to the god of military discipline. Beside the standards stood stiffly at attention two legionaries both fully armed. The rays of the evening sun were reflected in burning brilliance from those haughty ensigns which signified the invincible power of the Mistress of the World. It was a scene which typified perfectly the might and supremacy of Rome, her emperors and her all-conquering legions. There were many soldiers standing

about the entrance of the Pretorium.

The guard had but now been changed, and the men, relieved from duty, were gathered in groups discussing the great banquet which was about to begin, and the probable attitude of the Christian officers in respect to the new orders.

Suddenly all turned curious eyes toward a martial figure which was striding across the parade grounds toward the Pretorium. It was Marcellus the centurion. The advancing officer returned the salutes of the soldiers, and proceeded toward the Pretorium. He halted before the standards. The surrounding soldiers watched him with eager interest. Here was one Christian who would show all how to obey the commands of the emperor. He had doubtless come to offer his incense like a good soldier on the smoking altar before the standards.

The Christian centurion stood erect before the standards of his legion—a soldierly figure indeed from his sandal to the tip of his crest. Then he silently unbuckled the jewelled military belt about his waist and threw it to the ground. He tore from his shoulder the sword belt with his sword, and cast them also to the ground. Then, in the same ringing tone that had of old declared his allegiance to Rome before those very standards, he cried:

"I serve Jesus Christ the Eternal King." The Christian soldier then cast down also his vine-switch—the emblem of his authority and rank, and continued: "Henceforward I cease to serve your emperors, and I scorn to worship your gods of wood and stone, which are deaf and dumb idols. If such be the terms of service, that men are forced to offer sacrifice to gods and emperors, behold I cast away my vine-switch and belt, I renounce the standards, and refuse to serve."

For a moment the soldiers who stood about were stricken dumb with amazement. But fury replaced their astonish-

ment, and they rushed upon Marcellus with cries of rage.

"Death to the cowardly traitor!"

"Slay the Christian blasphemer!"

He was ringed about by the angry soldiers who surged upon him and snatched at him. Suddenly the commanding figure of Fortunatus, the tribune, appeared at the door of the Pretorium. His eye ran sharply over the turbulent scene before him, and he cried:

"Hold, soldiers! What means this brawl before the very gate of the Pretorium?"

Many voices answered him: "The centurion Marcellus hath cast away his belt and vine-switch before the standards. He hath renounced the service and hath blasphemed the august Emperors and the immortal gods themselves! Away with the Christian dog!"

The tribune bent his gaze sternly upon his inferior officer.

"Are these things true, Marcellus?"

"They are, sire," came the reply without hesitation. There was no more comment. Fortunatus summoned an officer to his side.

"The centurion Marcellus is to be placed in strict confinement," he ordered shortly. "We will examine the case after the birthday of the emperor."

Several days had elapsed following this, the first combat of Marcus Marcellus under the standard of the Cross. No Christian soldier had been base enough to apostatize after such an exhibition of Christian courage, and a list of names had been prepared for dispatch to the emperor. These faced probable expulsion from the army, but it was scarcely likely that more severe measures would be taken against them. But for Marcellus all recognized that there was little hope if he persevered in the Christian faith. His act had been too public, and his reputation was too great to admit of half measures. All awaited with eagerness the first hearing.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Joys of Our Queen.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

It is altogether right and fitting that all who honor and love the Blessed Virgin, who was given to us all by her Divine Son as our mother, should try to realize in a spirit of loving sympathy the many intense sufferings of her life, especially those connected with the persecutions and sufferings of the Man of Sorrows who endured all this for us.

In our own trying hours, when overwhelmed by sickness, the ingratitude of our fellows, or the pangs occasioned by the sufferings or death of beloved ones, we instinctively turn to the Mother of Sorrows with the consciousness that she will understand—for she too has wept. Many beautiful sentiments have been penned in verse and prose about the dolours of the Blessed Virgin, and many an artist has tried to depict her woes. This is one side of the picture; but oh, the joys which were hers—far surpassing all the joys experienced by all the rest of mankind from the beginning of time, in nature and extent! Think of them, though we can not grasp their full significance, so near are they to the infinite. Try to imagine the unutterable bliss of bearing for nine months within the sanctuary of her immaculate body, the Author of life, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, the Dispenser of all joys of time and of eternity, the Lord of heaven and earth. Picture her afterwards holding Him in her arms, nourishing Him from her own substance, receiving the sweet infantile caresses so dear to every mother's heart, weaving His garments and clothing with them this Child who is flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, her Son and Saviour, her All in all.

At the first intimation from the Angel Gabriel of the stupendous honor which was to come to her, she cried out in an ecstasy of joy: "My soul doth magnify

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!" When in later years St. Paul said to the followers of her Blessed Son, "Rejoice in the Lord always! Again I say, rejoice!" Mary had exchanged her grief over the sufferings of her Son for joy at His Resurrection, His Ascension, His sending of the Holy Spirit upon earth, and in the sure knowledge that she would soon be re-united with Him to rejoice in His presence forever.

But it should require no effort to believe that her whole life was filled with the joy which the Father bestows so plentifully upon His beloved, from the time of her early consecration in the Temple to the moment of that last blissful sigh which transferred her from earth to the waiting arms of Jesus. Every normal mother loves her babe, and even in the midst of pains and labors and deep affliction of spirit, her joyous smile upon him would indicate that they were quite lost sight of in the bliss of motherhood. Yet the great artists who have found so much inspiration in Mary and have given us so many exquisite Madonnas faithfully portraying virginal purity, motherly love, profound contemplation, grief, resignation, peace, have seldom if ever depicted upon that sweet face the intense joy which we love to believe must have been hers—we who call upon her as "Cause of our joy." Who can explain?

A Legend of St. Thomas.

It is related of Thomas of Canterbury that while he was a student at the University of Paris, it was his custom to associate with worldly companions, although he had dedicated himself to our Blessed Lady. It happened one day that while he was on a walk with some of his fellow students, these began to jest concerning the different sweethearts they had, each boasting that his lady was the fairest. Thomas was quiet for

a long time, but he finally broke into the conversation with these words: "She whom I call sweetheart is fairest of all, for there is no woman in all France to compare with her, neither for beauty nor kindness." His friends, thinking that he talked of an earthly lover, did not take him seriously, for they knew that he intended to be a priest; and when he refused to give the name of his lady they took it for granted that he was simply lying. When he said, too, that he had received a love token from her, but that he was not permitted to show it, his words strengthened their opinion that he was telling a falsehood.

When Thomas arrived home that evening he felt as though he had belittled our Blessed Lady in talking about her in such a manner and in the company of such worldly men. His heart was greatly troubled, and he knelt down by his bed to ask forgiveness of his heavenly Queen. As he was praying the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and told him there was no cause for him to feel downhearted, but that he should tell his companions who his loved one was, that they might know he was not lying. She also gave him a love token that looked like a gold jewel case so that he could show it to his fellow-students who had doubted his word.

We may imagine the surprise of those worldly men when they next met Thomas and found to their astonishment that he also had a lover who belonged not to this earth but to heaven. Moreover, he showed them his love token, and when they opened the box they found within it the vestments of a bishop woven from the finest silk. This was the first intimation anyone had that this lover of our Blessed Lady would one day be a bishop in the Church of Christ.

My gouty feet remind me that it is better to have swollen feet than a swelled head.—*Basement Philosopher.*

Mary's Trinity of Privileges.

PREACHERS often say that the Blessed Virgin is a difficult theme. She has been sung by poets and by some who might just as well have disciplined themselves by silence. Painters and sculptors have glorified her. Pulpit orators have exalted her name and her attributes in rhythmical waves of sentence and paragraph. And so the ordinary work-a-Sunday preacher, who quite likely is neither poet, painter nor orator, suffers from a sense of inadequacy. He fears he will be commonplace where he should be juggling the stars.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception, which we celebrate the eighth of this month, will serve to illustrate the preacher's problem. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is technical and needs cautious handling. In a devotional appeal to a congregation, one might easily be incautious and say too much, or—though this is less likely—too little. Under the stress of emotion it might happen that one expounds a heresy instead of a doctrinal truth. Intricate doctrines, like intricate paths, call for care in picking our steps.

The Blessed Virgin from the first instant of her conception in the womb of her mother was free from any contact with sin. This expresses the doctrine. And beyond this one can not speak with great freedom on the *fact* of the Immaculate Conception. Nor does there seem to be any need. It is a declared doctrine of Faith, which can not be clarified very much by any *how* or *why*.

We can, however, consider the thought that the Immaculate Conception is one of three privileges somewhat closely bound together. The Immaculate Conception is the miracle of exception from all taint of sin, by which the Blessed Virgin was fitted to become the Mother of the Seed which should crush the Serpent's head. The miracle of compati-

bility between virginity and motherhood is again a miracle of exception, by which Mary, a Virgin, becomes a Mother and yet retains her virginity. The miracle of the painless Birth is also a miracle of exception, by which the divine Child was born without the Mother experiencing those sufferings which all mothers experience in time of child birth.

We may, if we care to pursue the threefold privilege further, discover certain points of inter-relationship. The Immaculate Conception is a privilege bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin so as to represent our race by excepting her from what made our race the enemies of God and the servants of Satan. The privilege granted was this exception from all sin. The privilege of virginity and motherhood is a favor bestowed so as to conserve Mary in her state of virginity while conferring motherhood upon her by divine operation. And just as she was at once a Virgin and a Mother by virtue of divine favor, so her Motherhood was exalted beyond other motherhood by virtue of the favor of painlessness in child birth. In the order of time, the Immaculate Conception comes first, at conception; Virginity and Motherhood second, at the Angel's visit; Painless Birth, third, at Bethlehem.

Any one of these privileges, separately bestowed, is a marked sign of God's favor. All three granted to any one woman sets that woman's worthiness beyond all our estimates of worthiness. As we cannot understand the perfection of the angelic state, because it transcends our seeing, so we cannot understand the perfection of the Blessed Virgin's soul, because it passes beyond the bounds of finite thinking. Nothing we know will serve as a comparison for her. She towers above all comparisons. Language cannot reach her, nor can image compass her. She is solitary. The Angel's salutation, "Hail full of grace!" says all that can be said. It is the most satisfying expression of her state.

Notes and Remarks.

Speaking before the tenth annual convention of the National Catholic Council of Men, Bishop Lillis, of Kansas City, emphasized the necessity of an organized Catholic laity. "The spirit of association is the spirit of the age; and when the forces of evil are combining everywhere to promote the cause of evil, we cannot remain idle, but must join shoulder to shoulder in union with our brethren to defend justice and truth with the spirit of soldiers on the battlefield whenever Mother Church calls us."

These words of the Bishop of Kansas City, and much else in his sermon, which we are sorry we have not the space to set before our readers, should be placed where they can be seen by certain timid and cautious people, who belong in every grade of the Church's life. It is a brave thing to be a martyr when martyrdom indicates triumph and not surrender. The martyrs, however, were apologists and confessors before they were martyrs; and because they were, they were handed over to the lions which alone could silence them. There is too much preachment nowadays about letting the blaze burn itself out, and not enough about the courage that meets the blaze and fights it. St. Paul flung his defy at the Athenians, and they respected him. It is one thing to be assertative and quarrelsome and violent, as bigots always are. It is quite another to maintain self-respect by not shrinking when our Faith is assailed by falsehood. No one of us wishes our Catholic laymen to organize in order to lift some aspiring satrap into a political saddle. We do wish an organized Catholic laity—men and women—that will actively oppose, under their spiritual leaders, the aggressive enemies of the Church. Rightly or wrongly, the Chinese are said to be a quiescent race.

As a result they are out in the Women's Court when the nations meet in council. We must not be coached in quiescence, if we expect to maintain our position and our self-respect.

The California jurisdiction of the Knights of Columbus plans a Catholic Screen Survey. Which means that a commission composed of experts will give an unbiased opinion on all motion-picture productions. This opinion will be published in the Catholic and, where possible, the secular press; also it will be made known through schools, churches and the radio. A boycott, and not a censorship, of unclean plays is expected to follow.

This should prove helpful to those who wish to be helped. And it is for such the commission is intended. There will be some, not to say many, Catholics who will not be guided by the advice. But the same is true of all legislative suggestions; and often of legislative precepts.

The report comes that Postmaster-General, Walter F. Brown, is preparing to recommend an increase in first-class postage rates from two to two and one-half cents, in order to cover the deficit which annually embarrasses the postal authorities. It is to be regretted that this taxation should have to come right at this moment when business needs the invigorating effects of the proper kind of advertising and selling. While the advertiser ordinarily depends upon third-class mail as a means of approaching his customers directly, the two-cent stamp appeal has no mean influence in keeping the sales' record up to normal. The adding of a one-half cent on each additional ounce in the first-class division will undoubtedly result in a curtailing of this form of advertising at the particular time when the nation should be putting its foot on the gas, so far as every form of selling

activity is concerned. Of course, the annual postal deficit must be met, but it is unfortunate if we must meet that deficit at the cost of selling activity. According to one Direct Mail authority it costs Uncle Sam \$1,700,000 yearly for the single activity of looking up addresses or misdirected mail. If the American public could be educated to the simple expedient of putting a return address upon all letters, much of that expenditure would be unnecessary. If, in addition, the American business man could be induced to add his co-operation by distributing outgoing mail through the day instead of dumping it upon a helpless postoffice during a couple of peak hours, another slice could be cut into the annual deficit that so worries our government officials, and other notable savings could be made. A large part of the postal deficit is due to carelessness on the part of certain users of the mailing privilege. If a tax must be devised in order to make up the deficit, it would be well if that tax could be applied first of all in the way of a fine upon those who are misusing the mails, instead of throwing its burden upon all first-class mail users, including those who are attempting the important work of stimulating sales in the present period of depression.

In company with *The Denver Catholic Register* we desire to pay our tribute to the name of Rev. Francis J. Shevlin, who, in a very unassuming way, is doing a remarkable work in far-off Montana. The Catholic Directory tells us that Father Shevlin is rector of St. Anthony's Church at Laurel, with missions in a half dozen localities, covering at least two counties. It seems, however, that Father Shevlin's zeal hasn't been satisfied with even that bill of work. According to a secular newspaper he fills up his busy hours to overflowing by conducting in his own little home a sort of grown-up orphanage of

a type that has probably no exact counterpart anywhere. Here is what *The Billings Gazette* says of his extraordinary work:

Unreservedly he is giving all of himself to the work, and has reached a state of self-abnegation that is sublime. His plans, his dreams, his visions, all are bound up in his boys. His burning need, his unceasing prayer is for a farm, with animals and growing things—a tract of land with a large house. He is cramped where he is; he must shut the door upon many needy boys, and he is shackled by poverty. Imagine assuming, single-handed, the support of almost 30 boys! Imagine 27 healthy, happy, hungry, noisy youngsters, eating, sleeping, studying, working, playing, in a little house built for a family of four! Imagine one man endeavoring to hold within bonds the accumulated energy of so many restless boys, differing in age, mentality, creed and race.

And the marvel is that those boys are, for the most part, contented and happy, interested in their home, grateful for the sweetest, cleanest atmosphere they have ever known.

Catholic abhorrence of everything immoral is so well known that it is unnecessary to comment upon the spectacle of a Jewish Rabbi defending birth-control before a Methodist Episcopal congregation in New Haven, Connecticut. In view of the fact of that happening, however, it might be well to observe how revolting this latest pagan reversion has become to certain other non-Catholic churchmen. Rt. Rev. Paul Matthews, Protestant Episcopal bishop of New Jersey, says: "The whole thing is so repulsive to my mind as to put it in a lower moral category than fornication and adultery." The Negro bishop of Nigeria, according to Bishop Matthews, sees in this latest surrender an almost certain crippling of all missionary activity in his territory. The Mohammedans will say, he declares, "See the breakdown of your stiff and artifi-

cial Christian system. Come and be Mohammedans, follow the laws of nature and of nature's God, and leave the morally contaminating company of these Christian dogs who have denied and who thwart the very nature a good God has given them, and who deserve condign punishment and death for their exaltation of reason and science above faith, morals and religion." Bishop Irving P. Johnson of the diocese of Colorado is no less emphatic in his comments: "If an evil and adulterous generation," he says, "want to get a justification for their iniquity they ought not to expect the Church to lower its standards to meet their demands. It is a question of God's forgiving sins because of human weakness, and not of the Church's making sin respectable by legislation." The one consolation that we can take out of the situation on this side of the water is the fact that most of the American Episcopal bishops were opposed to the unfortunate Lambeth surrender, as were most of the bishops outside of England proper.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis is the recipient of the Nobel Prize for this year. Which says more to indicate the ideals of the Nobel Prize givers than a carload of brochures, showing plans and specifications of the kind of literary architecture that is contemplated in the award. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has written novels which have been talked about much as miracle race horses or prominent family scandals are talked about. And for practically the same reasons. They have surprised or startled or shocked. And ten years after Mr. Lewis is departed from us, the books he has written will not be even curiosities. A book which has its background in the moral breakdown of a Protestant clergyman, or another which is built upon small town tit-bits, may afford scandal conversation for literary gossips. And such books will be tabulated as best-sellers.

But a best-seller is not often a best book, nor does the presentation of some "moral breakdown" set apart the narrator thereof as a man of letters. Today there are so many who write about the sins of their fellows, and so few who write about their virtues and heroisms, people are beginning to wonder if there is either virtue or heroism left. The Nobel Prize makes Mr. Lewis richer in money value. And Mr. Lewis has made his following richer in cynicism, but poorer in love for what ennobles and exalts. The Nobel Prize this year seems a best-seller selection, rather than the recognition of a sincere and high doer who calls upon his fellows to look at the stars.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the English novelist, a recent convert, gives some of the reasons for his conversion in the *London Daily Express*. "Christianity," he writes, "exists in its most complete and vital form in the Catholic Church." He says what other serious thinkers are saying, that the dominant issue in the present phase of European history "is no longer between Catholicism on the one side and Protestantism on the other, but between Christianity and Chaos." Those who regard his conversion as an unpatriotic defection—a surrender to Italian domination—seem to miss, according to this convert, the whole idea of universality.

The fact that the central government of the Church is in Rome, Italy, does not make the Church Italian any more than it would make it American if its central government were here. Since it is a visible Church, working here upon this world for the world's conversion, its center of authority must be situated somewhere upon this earth. And every part of this earth in which it is possible to live is occupied by some race of people which is brought into political unity by some form of government. And the head of the Church

must come out of some such race. It happens that in these late days the Pontiff is an Italian. And there are those who assert this is expedient. But no one will assert it is necessary.

We hear considerable about Catholic action. Perhaps its scope is not so circumscribed as to admit of formal definition. In Ireland the Bishop of Ossory, Rt. Rev. Patrick Collier, expressed one of its proposed activities in that country in an address at the opening of University College, Dublin.

"We want," declared Bishop Collier, "a robust Catholic spirit among us that will tell Governments and Government departments that while there must be justice and fair play for everybody in the State, this is, nevertheless, a Catholic State. We look for government on Catholic lines, and we must oppose all the tendencies and agencies that try to pull this country into the gutter of paganism."

Of course, this does not mean that the Irish hierarchy or the Irish clergy are to enter the field of Irish politics, or that there will be what may be called an Irish Catholic party. The Irish bishops and the Irish priests know their fellow-countrymen well enough to understand the Irishman's resentment when his bishop or his priest meddles unduly in his politics. The Irish Catholic people have a traditional affection for their spiritual leaders, and have followed their guiding without duress in the past. We can trust the Irish bishops and priests to maintain their people in the ancient Faith without submitting them to anything even remotely suggestive of a test oath.

The voters down in Arkansas have voted reading the Bible into the public schools. "To provide," says the referendum, "for the reverent daily reading of the English Bible without comment in all the public tax-supported schools

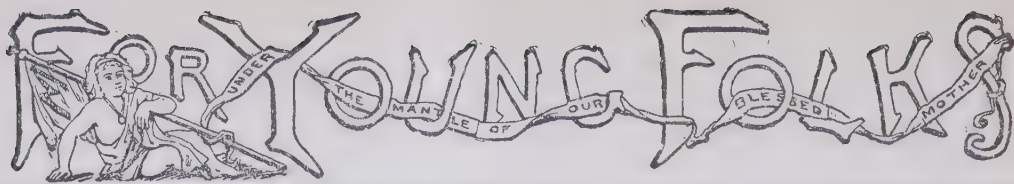
of the State of Arkansas up to and including high schools."

We might obviously ask first, which version? And second, why that version? The King James' is the official Protestant version; the Douai, the Catholic. Quite likely the Jews will object to any New Testament version. And quite as likely atheists will object to any version, Old or New. Again, to read the Bible without comment seems purposeless. To read Shakespeare or Milton or Browning to children of the 5th and 6th grades without comment or explanation is largely a waste of time.

It seems best to confine the educational program of our schools to purely secular subjects. Ministers and Sunday-school teachers may exercise their zeal and enlarge the scope of their services by assembling the children of their churches into week-day Bible classes. Bible reading in public schools may easily encourage readers to become exegetes, and exegetes to become enthusiasts of Biblical theories. And then begins discussion. The Arkansas decision may mean trouble ahead. Because a public-school teacher, paid out of public taxes, may so easily become a protagonist of an "ism" or a theory.

It is no less surprising than gratifying to notice in the current number of the *Christian Century*, which describes itself as "an undenominational journal of religion," a plea for "a Protestant rosary." The writer admits that "Catholics are, for the most part, profounder psychologists than Protestants"; and he remarks: "The purpose of the Rosary is the counting of prayers and meditations, but in addition it overcomes two difficulties—it enables the devotee to concentrate his mind, and it serves also to bring to his memory certain definite ideas around which he may cluster his thoughts."

A Protestant rosary! The world really does move.



Nighttime.

BY T. E. B.

SOMETIMES when the night wind howls,
And the swaying trees all moan,
When the bats and hooting owls
Seem to know I'm all alone,
I get scary as can be
Wondering if angels are
Really watching over me
With an eye in every star.

But when I have said my prayers
And am bundled into bed,
All the fears and scratchy cares
Leave my tousled, sleepy head,
And before I've time to think
Of fierce nightly things that creep,
Heavy eyes begin to blink,
And I'm off to fields of sleep.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

IX.—BOBBY HUNTS A COTTON TAIL.

THE spring round-up over, life at the ranch settled down to a routine, quiet to the elders, but for the children, full of excitement. Alfalfa was cut in the big pasture, and the little folk enjoyed the haying and the riding home on the fragrant loads. Every morning the horse herd was brought in, and it was great fun to watch the wicked little fellows in the corral.

Ranch horses are nearly all mustangs, broken to saddle, but vicious and uncertain, ready to kick, buck, or bolt at the slightest provocation. Before those in daily use were successfully saddled there were several exhibitions of temper on the part of the horses, and as

the boys rode off for their day's ride over the range, looking after stray cows and calves and mending fences, there was a series of prancing, bucking and kicking as interesting to watch as a wild West show.

One day Pinto Babe brought in a little calf and gave it to Manthus for a pet. "I was riding along," he said, "and I saw close down to the ground, half hid in the sage brush, a queer sort of heap. I rode up to see what it was, and found a caged calf whose mother had gone off to water, and left it there telling it to lie close to the ground so the coyotes wouldn't see it. The little thing was minding the best it knew how, but it seemed weak on its pins, and I brought it home to you, Little Un."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Manthus' face was radiant with delight. She cared for the little creature tenderly, feeding it milk from a spoon until it learned to drink, and then it followed her around everywhere on its long, unsteady little legs.

It came time for the sheep shearing, and the flocks were brought in by the Mexican herders. All the long, soft wool was clipped off the sheep, and they were washed in the dipping vat to kill any ticks which might be on them. These ticks were cruel little insects which burrow right down into the skin, causing it to become badly inflamed and very painful. The wool was bagged and hauled to the nearest railway station, and the Mexicans with their range dogs took the flocks out to the range again to feed until the time for the Fall shearing. Then there were wild horses, bronchos, to break; and as Pinto Babe's arm recovered, he did wonderful things in the way of riding and teaching the children to

stay on the wicked little dancing ponies.

Manthus was left to the tender mercies of Bobby. That young man did nothing startling for some time after the Norther. His conscience pricked him, aroused by his mother's disagreeable insistence upon the fact that "Bobby has been a naughty boy and said he didn't like to play with Manthus. Now, Bobby must not play with her all day long." He wandered about quite forlorn and wholly unable to understand. Generally when he said he didn't like anything, that was the thing he had to do! Why had they changed things round in this disagreeable fashion? At dinner time he could stand it no longer, for Pinto Babe was away, and dogs and cats and chickens and even a pet lamb can't equal sisters as companions because they cannot talk. Putting away his pride, he sidled up to his mother with the remark:

"Me do like to play with Manthus." His mother smiled. She had seen larger men than Bobby come around when left alone, but she only said calmly, "Manthus has gone for a drive in the buckboard with Pinto Babe. You see you told Manthus that you weren't going to play with her any more, so I thought you wouldn't care to go with her."

Bobby howled dismally, but no one paid any attention to him. Mr. Ochiltree had said to his wife:

"Mary, I think Bobby is quite old enough to learn a lesson from this affair. Amanthus should not have fussed with him, of course, but it must be hard for the little girl to have a baby tagging around all the time. She is quick-tempered, but she is a forgiving little mortal, and would never have retaliated and lain in wait to pay anyone out the way Bobby did her. He ought to learn right away that it never pays to try and get even in this world."

"I think so too," said his wife, and she determined to make the young man feel the error of his ways. By the time

Manthus came home the small boy welcomed her joyously and hugging her tightly, proclaimed aloud:

"Me do like to play with Manthus,—me like Manthus real much! Bobby won't do that way any again. Please stay with Bobby just a few whiles!"

Manthus kissed him tenderly, for she was always ready to make up, and this time she too had a guilty conscience.

Bobby's active nature could not long remain depressed, however, and in a few days he was the same gay, inconsequent, little chap as ever, into mischief whenever occasion presented. He clipped off all his pretty curls and then fell into the dipping vat and was dragged out, very much frightened and yelling that he was a little sheep, by Pinto Babe.

"I reckon so—a black sheep," said Pinto Babe as he carried the youngster off to his mother to be dried. Pinto Babe liked Bobby. There was never man, woman nor child that didn't like him. The most hardened heart could be softened after the most rampant bit of mischief by the bewitching gaze of two velvet eyes, the caressing pressure of two soft chubby arms, the rose-red curves of bewitching lips which proclaimed cajolingly, "Bobby won't do that any 'gain. No-o-o-o!"

But Manthus was Babe's pet, and he resented Bobby's airs towards her sufficiently to harden his heart to the engaging little sinner. Feeling this in some strange way that children have, Bobby was always most charming to Pinto Babe, and he chanted loudly to his mother: "Nice Pinto Babe took me out big wet bathtub in the meadow, and called me his little black sheep," which caused Mrs. Ochiltree to look inquiringly and somewhat quizzically at the young cowboy, whereat he hastily backed out of the kitchen very shamefaced.

Bobby's next attempt was at roping the calf at whom he threw the clothes line with such good aim that he hit his

father over the bridge of the nose and knocked his hat off into the corral, where a frisky young cayuse took fright at it and stampeded the herd, which, breaking corral, was brought back only after great racing and chasing by every cowboy present.

"Confound that young one, he ought to be tied to a tree or put on a dog trolley," said Mr. Ochiltree. "Mary, don't you think he's about big enough to spank?"

Mrs. Ochiltree smiled. "Yes, quite big enough to spank for naughtiness, but not for accidents."

"Well, tell Manthus not to take her eye off him to-day, and to-morrow I'll take her to Wolf's Crossing in the buck-board, if she'll only watch him. Every man has got to be away to-day, and there'll be no one to cut him down if he hangs himself. I never saw such a boy!"

Mrs. Ochiltree smiled again. She had trained two boys before Robert Lee and she knew that all boys are alike. She cautioned her little daughter, however, and Manthus asked:

"May we go to the edge of the wood to pick flowers? I won't let him out of my sight a single minute, Mother, 'pon my honor," and her mother said that she might.

There was a great silence about the ranch that morning. Some of the hands were away on the range, for many fences were down from the recent storms, and there was much mending to be done. Others had gone with Mr. Ochiltree to Wolf Crossing to haul the wool, and Ethel and Morgan had ridden with them. Only Uncle Nick was at home, and he had gone to the alfalfa fields. When dinner time came Mrs. Ochiltree looked for the children, but they were not to be seen. She called but there was no reply. She rang the big bell but only Uncle Nick appeared in answer. Frightened, the two searched the house and stables, but could find no traces of the little folk who had but

an hour before been playing happily on the gallery.

"Oh, Mammy, where do you suppose they have gone? What shall we do?" cried Mrs. Ochiltree, much alarmed.

"Now don' you go takin' on, Miss Mary; we's ergwine to fin' dose chillen sho nuff. Mas' Bobby is up to some ob his debilment, an' Miss Manthus am a lookin' afteh him. Quit yo' worryin'. Yo', Nicodemus, git alive an' fin' dose chillen, an' doan yo' let grass grow undeh yo' feet adoin' it!"

"I done looked everywhere I kin go on two laigs!" said the old man. "I cain't stay on them cayuses long enuf to c'llect my min'. Dey ain't no kind of critter fo' a Niggah to ride nohow. A muel's de only ting I can stay onteh, an' I cain't ride him 'lessen he's ole an' thoughtful like."

The old man's words were interrupted by a whine and a scratching at the door, and Rillo (yellow, from the Mexican *amarillo*), Pinto Babe's yellow shepherd dog, came in. He ran around looking for his master, and then went up to Uncle Nick, nipping at his heels and then running back to the door.

"Whaf for de mattah wid dat dawg?" said Mammy. "What's he done got 'roun' his neck? Lan' 'live it's Miss Manthus' hankerchief!"

"He's trying to get Nicodemus to go with him. He's found the children and has come to get us to go for them. Do hurry! I'm going with you," said Mrs. Ochiltree.

When the dog saw that they were following him, he trotted off in the direction of the woods, looking around over his shoulder at them and barking short, sharp barks as if to say "Hurry up; come along!"

May Manthus and Bobby had played tranquilly for several hours, too quietly to suit Bobby. He grew restless and suggested going to pick flowers, knowing that this would appeal to Manthus.

"All right," she had said, "but you must put on your overalls, Bobby. You have on a good suit and the thorns will spoil it. Put yo' legs in!"

Bobby felt contrary, so he put both legs into one breeches' leg, then both in the other. Manthus holding the small trousers patiently at last grew tired of his antics.

"Oh, Bobby, do hurry," she said. "Haven't you gumption 'nough to get into a pair of overalls?"

Bobby put his feet in promptly, saying with great dignity, "Yes, I has two gumps, one fo' each laig." This accomplished they started for the meadow.

How wonderful were the flowers of the prairie! Yellow, red, blue and brown, they grew in great clumps with here and there pink, starry things, and vivid scarlet blossoms on single stalks. Purple bubble flowers, wilting as soon as picked, snowy rain lilies springing up in a single night, and crimson linums were in bloom, and birds were singing everywhere.

"Look, Bobby, see that golden-breasted blackbird and the cardinal on the limb of that pecan tree. Oh, that song sparrow flew up almost under my feet! The nest must be somewhere near here. There it is. See that little grass cup with four tiny, speckled eggs in it. Come back, little mother, we won't hurt your eggs, not for anything!" said Manthus.

"No-o-oh!" Bobby's tone was emphatic. "Bi'dy sings nice twitteh-twitteh, to Bobby."

A dove's mournful note sounded nearby, and Manthus could see her nest in the branches of a scrub oak, just a few rough sticks laid together and two large white eggs balanced on them.

"I can't see why the wind doesn't blow those eggs off," said Manthus. "The doves' nests never are warm and soft like other birds'. There goes a blue-jay; isn't he handsome and naughty? Misteh Babe told me he was a regular rustleh

(rustleh—rustler or cattle-stealer); but I can't help liking him, he's so pretty and saucy. There goes a fly-catcher! Hasn't he a funny old scissors tail? Bobby, don't go there! Mother wouldn't like you to go so far in the woods, and the chaparral will prick you dreadful!"

They had reached the edge of the wood and a chaparral thicket was before them. The bushes were as high as trees, and it seemed almost impossible to penetrate them; but the tree trunks were far enough apart, so that one could pass between, as down a beautiful green lane. Overhead the branches formed archways, and the sunlight peered through the leaves and branches, throwing golden gleams upon the velvet carpet of the grass. It was a lovely woodland glade, and it was no wonder Bobby was tempted. He sprang away from his sister's detaining hand, and danced down the green lane crying joyously, "Manthus can't catch me!"

"Oh, dear," Manthus exclaimed, "how can I get him home! I must follow him or he'll get lost." So she followed after the flying Bobby, Rillo trotting along beside her, tail up, ears back, eagerly watching for game.

Little lizards scuttled across the path, squirrels chattered in the branches, birds darted hither and yon, still naughty Bobby ran and laughed and dodged his sister. Suddenly he gave a squeal of delight and dropped down on all fours.

"There's a lovely puppy, and I want him," he cried, and Manthus saw a whisk of fur into a huge hollow log lying across the path, and in a second Bobby was after it. Before she could reach him he had crawled head-first into the log.

"Come out, Bobby," she called, rushing up and trying to pull out the fast disappearing legs. But Bobby was past coming. He was stuck fast and couldn't move, and he was wailing pitiously. Manthus was ready to cry too,

but tried to think what she could do.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "I can't leave him for a single minute, for Motheh told me not to take my eyes off him! I can't see him now. I don't believe Motheh thought he'd crawl into logs, or she wouldn't have told me that." She knelt down, but could only see a pair of feet kicking wildly. She went to the other end, but saw only Bobby's hands clutching the air.

"Bobby, stop yellin'," she cried.

"I tant get out!" he whimpered.

"Never mind; sister will get you out some way. Keep quiet and be a good boy," she said, then stopped to think, when the sight of Rillo scratching at the tree trunk gave her an idea.

"Here, Rillo," she called, and as he bounded to her, she tied her handkerchief around his neck. "Go home, good doggie; go home and bring Uncle Nick!"

Rillo wagged his tail and bounded off. Left alone, Manthus broke off a branch and called to Bobby.

"Pound with your hands as hard as you can, Bobby; I'm going to make a hole to look at you." Then she set to work picking the dead wood away from a knot hole in the tree trunk as near as she could to where she thought Bobby's head would be. It was slow work, but the tree trunk was old and rotten, and at last she managed to get a hole big enough so she could see the curly head.

"Here's sister," she said. "Put your hands under your face and see if you can turn your head around."

"My haid turns all right," sobbed Bobby. "It's my rest that can't move."

"Never mind; hold as still as you can and now you can see sister. I'll tell you a story. Rillo has gone to get somebody to help you out."

All the time Manthus' poor little hands were working at the hole, and at last she got it big enough to put one hand in and smooth the troubled brown curls. Bobby felt comforted, and as the sweet little voice talked on and on, say-

ing over every nursery rhyme Manthus could think of, telling him of Mary's lamb, of the four and twenty black-birds, of old Mother Hubbard, and Little Boy Blue, Bobby dropped off to sleep with his head on his arm.

Poor little tired Manthus was afraid to stop talking for fear he would wake up and cry. It was tiresome work, but she kept on bravely, and although it seemed an age to her, it was really not so very long before she heard a crackling in the chaparral and Rillo bounded up followed by Uncle Nick and her mother.

"Oh, Mother, I watched him, 'deed I did. I never took my eyes off of him," cried Manthus, "not either one of my eyes; but he would come here, and I couldn't catch him, 'deed I couldn't!"

Mrs. Ochiltree looked down at the flushed face of her tired little daughter, and at the calm and sleeping countenance of her son, and she felt wrath arise within her towards the latter. But the black, velvet eyes opened wide to gaze into hers, and Bobby's dear little voice said joyfully:

"I knewed my Muddy'd come fo' me! Take me, Muddy," and her heart melted a little.

It took some time to get him out, for Uncle Nicodemus had to go back to the house and bring an axe, and in that time Bobby was much depressed by his mother's conversation. He was told of the fate of naughty boys who wouldn't mind their sisters, and when finally released he was most repentant. He was put to bed for the rest of the day and went smilingly to sleep murmuring drowsily: "I-won't-do-dat-any-gain-no-nevah!"

When his father heard of the escape he proclaimed that Bobby was never to go off the gallery without Missizy, as long as they were at the ranch, and thereafter Manthus worried less about the behavior of her small brother.

(To be continued.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Brigit," a novel by Mrs. George Norman, is an interesting story. Brigit, who is timid and easily influenced by environment, eventually decides, after various other decisions, that she has a vocation. Though the action of the story continues with steady pace, the characters are none too human, and disappointing at least in their inconstancy. Readers will undoubtedly have pity as well as sympathy for the wavering Brigit, and will rejoice that she found joy in her final resolution. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$2.

—"Heart Talks with Mary," artistically bound in blue suede, with gold lettering and gold edges, and eight illustrations, would make a splendid present for any and all occasions. Besides the prayers for morning, night, Mass and Communion, it has a wide variety of indulgenced prayers, selected hymns, and aspirations for those who need aid in expressing their thoughts to the Blessed Virgin in times of doubt, temptation, anguish, sorrow and joy. Throughout there is a charming spirit that is certain to awaken fervor in prayers and to foster devotion to the Mother of God. Copies may be had by addressing the author, Rosalie Marie Levy, Box 158, New York City. Price, \$1.10.

—"The Apocalypse of St. John," by the Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, is a commentary on this book of the Bible whose meaning is prophetically hidden. The interpretation is not a general one, but seeks to search out the thought of the various chapters and the individual verses. The exegetical ability of the author is evident, not only in the outlining of the main theme, the warfare between good and evil, but also in the exposition of ideas in the particular verses. He has carefully studied the language and symbolism of the Bible as a whole; he is familiar with commentaries of the Old and New Testament; and he is remarkably adept in quoting and applying Scriptural passages. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$1.35 net.

—"The Eternal Magnet," by Siegfried Behn,

translated and adapted by George N. Shuster (Devin-Adair. Price, \$4. postpaid, \$4.15.), is a history of philosophy, particularly in Europe and bits of Christian Africa, told by a modern German Catholic. Mr. Shuster has added to his translation of the work a few important biographical and bibliographical data which are very much to the point and which in many instances, as in the note supplied on Descartes, are appreciative and very human. The reading is not so hard as the subject and the original language might make us fear, but there are sentences (e. g., p. 498) which still need translation.

Most of us at least know that the attempt to read philosophy, even one 'story of philosophy,' has become something like a popular pastime in America, and it is an excellent thing to have a connected history of the whole field, so far as it is part of our way of living in the Christian world, newly written and brought up to date by a Catholic of some distinction. Behn is professor of philosophy at the University of Bonn, and is fairly well known. He does not pretend to be impartial; he is German and Catholic all the way. But he warns us: "Let us bear in mind that a judgment is not false because it happens to be someone's personal opinion." At any rate, the great thing that he means to do is "to find expression, in contemporary speech, for reflection upon what has been said by permanently valuable thinkers in the varied languages of the race."

Scholastic philosophy is given just treatment, and Saint Thomas is cited to clarify the fact that "the body of man is not to be understood as a machine, but no machine can be understood unless it is referred to man." "The word of the Nazarene" is honored also: it is "deeper than the most profound philosophical axiom, simpler than the clearest theorem, more easily comprehended than the clearest explanation, more overwhelming than the most tragic poems." The modern period is strictly German, which is explicable but not

balanced, and there is hardly a Catholic in it (we think that Mercier and Solovyof might have been given a couple of lines), but it comes fairly well up to date, with intelligent sections on adaptation and Driesch's entelechy, which Behn seems to turn into soul, and on Vaihinger's fiction and on space-time at the last.

—St. Augustine is reported to have said that so long as no one asked him what time is he understood it, but that when he was asked to define it, he did not understand it. Most people probably feel the same way about the terms "romantic" and "romanticism." As everyone knows that time has somehow to do with motion, so all understand that romanticism is a quality of literature and of the life which literature is supposed to mirror. Beyond that, one might almost say *tot sententiae, quot capita*. At any rate, what has been said constitutes a rather large library, and one in many different tongues. To go through this library, and with patient research to reduce the conflicting views to order, to classify them, to evaluate them, to criticize them, and then boldly to venture upon the formulation and defense of a new, or largely new, definition of romanticism is without doubt a work demanding a high level of scholarship.

This is precisely what the reader will find in "Romanticism in Middle English Poetry," by Sister Mary Eunice Rasin, Ph. D., of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky. Romanticism, as she conceives it, "is an intuitive, emotional apprehension of life and its vital realities expressed in the language of imagination." It is not a quality of thought due to the peculiar tone or temperament of any given epoch, but rather a "fundamental trait of human nature." Thus conceived, the author claims that "Medieval poetry gives evidence of a distinctive type of romanticism" which antedated the English romanticism of the Nineteenth Century. Clearly set forth in the first chapter, this theory is tested in the second through a study of the dominant literary ideals of the Nineteenth Century English romanticists. The remaining chapters are devoted to the backgrounds and spiritual

qualities of Medieval English poetry, with special emphasis on the writings of Richard Rolle, Hermit of Hampole.

Though this work is a doctoral dissertation and richly documented, Sister Mary Eunice has written with such charm of style and sincere enthusiasm that the reader is carried forward from page to page by an interest that never lags and the pleasure that comes only from contact with things of genuine worth. The volume will be welcomed by scholars everywhere, not only as a contribution to the growing body of Medieval studies, but also by teachers and students of English literature in colleges and universities. A limited number of copies are still available at The Slater Printing Company, Louisville, Kentucky. Price, \$3.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Sister M. Candidus of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mrs. Mary Hastings, Mr. Thomas Henry, Mr. Alexander Miner, Mrs. Mary Weld, Mr. M. Woods, Miss Anna Desmond, Mrs. Ella O'Leary, Miss Margaret Sweeney, Mr. Frederick Shea, Mr. James Harkins, Miss Louisa Floyd, Mrs. John Byron, Mrs. Mary Ray, Mr. Thomas Turner, Mr. Frank Lucey, Mr. Thomas McNulty, Dr. Boyer, Mrs. Henry Loftus, and Mr. David Fitzgerald.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For San Domingo Sufferers: Miss I. M., \$1; A Friend, \$1. For Sisters in China: P. J. U., 75c; Catherine Hertzog, \$5; Miss Olive Schatzline, \$5; L. T., \$5; Miss Edna M. Kramer, \$5; The Catholic Women's Club, N. Y., \$10; Miss Elizabeth McDonlan, \$5; Sara G., \$10; Mrs. Charles Schmitt, \$1; Mary Coughlin, \$2; J. M. K., \$10; John A. Daly, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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A Sister of Charity.

BY A. P. C.

LIKE some serene and gentle saint
The olden masters loved to paint,
Her face looks from its frame of white
Through the long watches of the night.

She brings her healing everywhere,
Her prayer is work; our work is prayer.
And he who hears her garment's stir
Feels that an angel walks with her.

How old she is, one could not guess;—
Age could not mar such loveliness.
She must have lived a long, long while
To put such patience in a smile!

She must have lived long, very near
To One who called and keeps her here.
The sick, pain-worn, in the dim light
See Him beside her in the night.

In "Catholic" Kentucky.

BY JOHN M. COONEY.

POTTINGER'S CREEK is a little stream unknown even to many erudite geographers. Bishops, cabinet members, college presidents, editors, devotees of the *National Geographic Magazine*, and even many readers of THE AVE MARIA will acknowledge that Pottinger's Creek is a name new in their ears.

Pottinger's Creek rises in the western portion of Marion County, the central county of Kentucky, and flows southward into the Rolling Fork of Salt

River at a point, whether geographers know it or not, not far from the mouth of Knob Creek. It was in the mouth of Knob Creek that Thomas Lincoln built the flatboat that floated him and his family out of Kentucky and into undreamt-of imperishable and somewhat tragic fame.

All this pother may be made about Pottinger's Creek with the nicest propriety, because this little stream has given its name to the first Catholic settlement in Kentucky, and because from this little settlement developed a diocese with jurisdiction over St. Louis and Cleveland and Chicago and the Western prairies and Nashville and Notre Dame. For, to Pottinger's Creek, in 1785, came about twenty-five of the league of sixty families, all Catholics, most of them from St. Mary's County, Maryland. "Sight unseen," they had bought their lands; and, as soon as they had cast their eyes upon what they had bought, they were for returning to Maryland; for, having passed through the "Bluegrass," they were not entranced with the charms of Pottinger's Creek; no springs of love gushed in their hearts for the up-and-coming sharks in Maryland who had sold them their new properties; and we may suspect they were human as well as devout when they named their church-center and gathering place, "Holy Cross."

This migration to Pottinger's Creek was primarily a religious movement, as was true also of subsequent Catholic settlements in Kentucky, several of

which followed within a year. The idea of a migration to escape persecution had been abroad among Catholics in Maryland for twenty-five years, and was commended and encouraged by Charles Carroll of Annapolis, father of Charles Carroll, the Signer; and when the sixty families entered a league, to migrate together and to settle down together, they did so, trusting that, with their numbers, they could build their church and could secure the ministrations of their religion. Such, likewise, was the thought of those of the other settlements, soon rapidly encircling the first,—on Hardin's Creek, Cartwright's Creek, Cox's Creek, Rolling Fork, and other places not rejoicing in the names of creeks; for soon there were churches on all these creeks and at the other settlements, and villages and post offices thereabout soon began to bear such names as Holy Cross, St. Mary, Gethsemane, Loretto, Nazareth and Calvary.

At many of these places, schools also were built, and religious houses sheltering communities new in the Church, and organized by the devout daughters of these Catholic settlers. Thus, within about ten years—between 1812 and 1822—were established Loretto, Nazareth and St. Catherine's, for girls, and St. Joseph's, St. Mary's and St. Rose's, for boys, together with a school at Gethsemane, which closed for a while but only to reopen later. Jefferson Davis attended school at St. Rose's, and his two nieces, the Misses Bradford, at Nazareth, these ladies becoming converts to the faith. All of these schools could be embraced within a radius of fifteen miles.

These Catholic Marylanders who settled in Kentucky were predominantly of English blood. There was, it is true, an Irish strain in them, for many of the early settlers in Maryland were Irish; and, according to one historian, Lewis Leonard, "You find the ideals and traditions of the Irish predominating in

old Maryland." Nevertheless, these Catholics from Maryland were mostly of English blood; and perhaps nowhere else in the world outside of Maryland and Kentucky can be found whole countrysides occupied by people of English blood and of the Catholic faith.

Visitors to Kentucky who would know this Catholic region, would do well to go first to Holy Cross, the cradle of Catholicism in the English-speaking West. Then, if their hearts are strong, and their lungs and muscles not too weak, they might climb up Rohan's Knob and look about. Rohan's Knob stands about half a mile north of Holy Cross. It has its name from one of the early French missionaries in Kentucky, Father DeRohan. This knob is distinctly visible from Bardstown, Springfield and Lebanon, the county seats of the three present-day counties over which the settlements previously mentioned have spread. The visitor on the knob, if he have excellent eyesight or a fair field-glass, can return the compliment of these towns by looking at them. The point is, that the range of his vision from the summit of Rohan is just about the range of this Catholic region in Central Kentucky; and the center of this region is Rohan's Knob, looking dreamily down on little Holy Cross.

A century and a half almost has passed since these Catholic planters abandoned their old homes in Southern Maryland to cross the Appalachians, and settle down as pioneers in Central Kentucky. The descendants of these planters occupy that region to-day, and they still retain the faith as well as the manners and customs of their forefathers. They have made their part of Kentucky predominantly Catholic, and have given it a distinctive social as well as religious atmosphere. This is, perhaps above all, an atmosphere of calmness and cheerfulness. Strangers become quickly cognizant of this spirit; and, if they remain, take on much of it them-

selves. A guest, once discovering a thoroughbred colt frisking madly about in the house-garden of his host, tearing up the fresh earth and flinging tender plants from his hoofs with every antic caper, cried out rather excitedly to make known what was happening. One of the boys thereupon appeared, but only to view with amusement the colt's performance and to remark quietly: "He certainly has chosen a fine place for his exercise!" On another occasion, the guest was startled to see a valuable object which was being passed from hand to hand for inspection, slip and fall to the floor. He sprang forward to recover it, but was quietly reassured by his hostess: "Never mind, it won't fall any farther."

This spirit may be, in a measure, racial; certainly it is also Christian; and in Kentucky it finds its happiest exercise in exchanges of hospitality and in the sociability that accompanies the observance of Church holydays. On these days farm work is laid aside; families pile themselves into the family car as, a few years ago, they crowded into the family surrey or mounted the best family saddle-horses, and away to "church"—late "church" or "soon church," as may suit better. They arrive early and they leave late, and have seen most of their friends and have learned most of the news. The ladies have extended and accepted invitations; the men have swapped yarns, and perhaps horses; and young couples, standing about with a knowing unobtrusiveness, have in their exchange of conversation contrived, as local parlance has it, to have "said more than their prayers."

Only a few years ago, the scenes about these country churches on Sundays and holydays were different. Then vehicles of all kinds, except wagons, lined the hitching racks; and saddle-horses, tied to swinging limbs, whinnied in the woods. Side saddles were not uncommon, and many local matrons and

belles, in long riding-skirts, on good mounts, presented graceful figures indeed. Many had to ride for miles, and to ford streams that were dangerous in freshets; and many persons, as the history of these settlements will show, were drowned on their way to or from service at church. Bridges now are gradually replacing fords, hoof-beats on the dark pike are giving way to the glare of headlights; but the "flapper," who handles a "Lizzie" as well as a sewing machine, and her brother who handles one as well as he manages a half-broken colt, drive to church without fail on Sunday and holyday, and don't let any solicitious Christian worry about it.

About St. Mary's, center of what was known as the Hardin's Creek Settlement, the Eighth of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception, seems to be the best-loved festival, and is often mentioned locally as "the holyday." This may be because the day has always been celebrated in a special manner at St. Mary's College, where the whole countryside for generations have been guests at an annual dramatic entertainment. But, on the whole, Christmas, in Central Kentucky as elsewhere, is outstandingly the joyous religious holiday of the year. As in most of the South, Christmas festivities are accompanied with fireworks,—at least with Roman candles and fire-crackers. Battles with Roman candles on Christmas Eve are in some places customs of long standing; and in Bardstown, the custom has been so firmly implanted that Court Square, the center of the town, is given over to revellers at eight o'clock at night, and the passer-by traverses Court Square at his own risk; and so says the Town Marshal.

Christmas morning, still starlight, finds the churches aglow, festooned with cedar branches, thronged with happy congregations and filled with the choir's sweetest music,—creditable music, too;

for good native voices are plentiful, and many of them, especially the women's, are cultivated, as has been true for generations, the rule in Kentucky in things pertaining to education, being, apparently, girls preferred. However that may be, there will be approximately ten girls for every boy to attend "boarding school." This condition, or custom, may not make for "progress," but it does help maintain a traditional and very likable civilization.

Traditionally, in many homes, following the early Mass, came the Christmas egg-nog, the more provocative of the holiday spirit, possibly, for its preceding breakfast, the mainstay of which breakfast is stuffed sausage well seasoned with sage. In the towns then follow Christmas calls and exchanges of presents, and encounters with, or haply escapes from, colored friends who call, "Christmas gift," from great distances for the reason that they claim the benefit of a rather one-sided rule, to the effect that whoever shouts the greeting first is entitled to a present from the one he so surprisingly honors.

Family prayers, night and morning, are the custom hereabout as they were, and probably are still, in Maryland; and this custom prevails in offshoots of the first settlements, offshoots found in Hardin, Breckenridge, Meade, Grayson, Daviess, Union and Graves counties, in Kentucky; and in the families of the descendants of these families in Louisville, or scattered in thousands from coast to coast. Not uncommonly, morning prayers follow immediately after breakfast for the reason that at that time the family, whether in town or country, are assembled; and the prayers are said, commonly enough, around the breakfast table. Also in the evening, many families find it convenient to have night prayers follow supper. This practice accommodates the younger set when social or other duties call them out for the evening.

Younger members of families who hold night prayer before retiring, frequently enough ask for prayers earlier when they intend going out. A gathering of younger folk in a typically Catholic home were merrymaking, forgetful of time one evening, when a younger son reminded the party that he had not the honor of being a participant in their entertainment, and suggested night prayer so that he might retire. Gravely enough, all knelt down; but one, still too full of humor, addressed this younger son: "Sam"—the name was not Sam,—"you had better close the door so as to keep all the grace in!" Sam rolled his weary eyes dubiously upon the speaker, and drawled: "Probably I'd better leave the door open, and let *some* grace in."

Night prayers are sometimes "given out" by the father, sometimes by the mother; and sometimes they are begun by one, continued by others, and brought to a close by a member up to the moment unheard from. Every family may have its own particular practice, although, apparently in all families, night prayer consists of all prayers in the combined knowledge of its members. There is never any spirit of irreverence; still even a devout and sympathetic observer might be surprised at the variety of unusual postures assumed by the supplicants, by the unexpected changes in leadership in the devotions, and by the considerable lack of sequence of prayer and ejaculation heard, now here, now there, about the room.

Let this be noted, however, that in this group are boys who, returning from the tobacco field, threw themselves down, to be instantly asleep; were awakened with difficulty for supper; slept immediately again, and had to be aroused for night prayer; that, night after night, throughout their married life, these parents had held faithfully to this Christian practice under all circumstances; and that their

parents and their parents' parents had done the same, in Kentucky for a century and a half, in Maryland for as long a period, and in the British Isles, almost from time immemorial. Even their pastors say, 'You cannot change them.'

Grace before meals is also a nearly universal custom, and it is not an uncommon courtesy to give this office to the honored guest. The fact that the guest may be of another faith does not stand in the way; and many a Catholic table has been blessed by Episcopalian and Presbyterian and by Methodist and Baptist. The story is still handed down of a Catholic gentleman who, on a black night a hundred years ago, while driving to the church in Bardstown, was swept off the ford. He was tumbled out of his conveyance and submerged in the dark and angry waters. Coming to the surface and realizing his danger, he strove mightily to pray; but as he extended his arms on the surface of the rushing flood, he could ejaculate only: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts!" So strongly inbred is this custom of 'grace.'

In many homes, if the Angelus bell be heard while the family are at table, silence falls and knife and fork are laid aside, and at least the women members say the appropriate prayers silently and devoutly, and conversation and the taking of nourishment are resumed only when mother and aunt and sister indicate that resumption is proper by unclasping their hands and raising their heads.

Toward their clergy, these good people are respectful and loving. They support their churches and schools more, perhaps, out of a sense of equity than is ordinary elsewhere; willing to do their share, not eager to do more. They are very practical, not impulsive and not deeply mystic; and the maintenance of church buildings and school houses is to them rather a material

thing, which they feel competent to take hold of and to manage. Instead of money, or to supplement donations of cash on occasions of extraordinary expense, many parishioners contribute so many days' work of man and team. Money is not often plentiful in rural communities, if creature comforts may be; and for this reason, and because early missionaries, many of them French refugees, asked but little from the congregations, the habit of generous giving has not been developed to the fullest. Very probably even their ancestors in Maryland, under the care of the Jesuits, resembled them in this respect.

Father Hayden, pastor at Holy Cross, tells of a recent incident that may be enlightening. Father Hayden, after a great effort, has a high school, and has a staff of nuns to conduct it. Naturally he wishes his younger folk to avail themselves of the opportunities this excellent school affords. This they do very well in the matter of attendance, although not so well in zeal for study. Inquiring into this remissness, Father Hayden discovered that his students were spending too much time in sociability, that many of them attended some "party" or another almost every night. The pastor thereupon laid down a ruling that his high-school students should not attend more than one "party" a week. Close observation following this ruling showed no improvement whatever. Father Hayden then made inquiries anew, and his most important finding was: Most of those who had been attending "parties" every night, were now attending only one "party," as permitted, but in the same week four or five "socials."

Failing to recognize the fine distinction between *party* and *social*, Father Hayden ordered all extra-mural, nocturnal activities of a social nature restricted to one evening in each week. Studies improved; and for the time being, at least, Father Hayden, in the eyes

of his people, stands very much in the light of Gunga Din. Another pastor, who forbade "round" dancing, not infrequently attended dances given among his parishioners. On one such occasion, as he sat in his chair on the dance floor under the trees, he remarked with some pleasure and enthusiasm: "Now, that's a pretty dance." It was a waltz.

Toward their non-Catholic neighbors, the bearing of these people is altogether friendly and kind. On the other hand, their friendliness is reciprocated. A Reverend Doctor of Divinity from Tennessee, on taking a charge in Kentucky, expressed his none-too-pleasant surprise at the number of Catholics about. He was interrupted by his hearer, a member of his church, who warned him not to stir up anything unpleasant among people who had got along together for more than a century, and who intended continuing so to get along. The Reverend Doctor took the advice, and during his stay, became well and generally liked. From this same town, during the rather recent Klan activity, three Klan organizers were invited *to depart and not to return*—not to return to the town or county. They received the invitation from representative Protestants, who, having at a meeting decided that it was incumbent upon them and not upon the Catholics to keep the Klan out of their community, invited the Klan organizers to a second meeting, explained to them their reasons and their determination, and then extended the invitation, which was accepted.

Hereabouts, of course, are many Catholic Negroes. Catholic slave-owners did not neglect the religious welfare of their servants, and the descendants of these have adhered to the faith, at least in neighborhoods which are predominantly Catholic. In these three central counties there are two colored churches, one in Lebanon, the other in

Springfield. These are recent developments, however, Negro Catholics having attended the same church as white Catholics until a few years ago, in Lebanon and Springfield, as they attend in Bardstown and in rural churches still.

In Louisville are two colored churches, St. Monica's and St. Peter Claver's. Most of the parishioners came in from Central Kentucky or are descendants of colored people who did so come. Not many years ago, school children of St. Peter Claver's, taught by Sisters, rode in a float in a great procession, and won the loudest plaudits from the thousands who lined the route of march. These children were banked up in tiers, all wearing a fringe of orange-colored fronds around their faces, and their float bore the legend, "Little Sun-Flowers."

In Bardstown in St. Joseph's Church, the first cathedral west of the Alleghanies, colored people occupy the left-hand aisle; in most other churches that have colored membership, an aisle may run *across* the church, separating the white people, who sit in front, from the Negroes in the rear. In these same churches, the line of penitents before the confessional is often promiscuous.

At the present time there is increasing religious activity among the people of whom we write. New churches have sprung up in remote places, and schools are more numerous and better than they have been. Here and there even public schools are taught by nuns, most of them of Orders indigenous to the soil. Above all, it might be said, a "native" clergy is again developing rapidly, even astonishingly. These clergymen are of the same tradition as are their people, and lead them with little waste effort, and without attempting, to their own heartbreak, to "change" too greatly their devoted flocks.

"THE true measure of loving God is to love Him without measure."

Under Which Standard?

BY JOHN LAIDLAW.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHEN the celebration of the birthday of the emperor was over, and the legion of Trajan had resumed its normal life, the tribune convoked a meeting of the council of the officers of the legion. It was held in the great hall of the Pretorium. There were gathered the veterans of many a battle in imposing assembly. Over that group of armed men sat the tribune, Anastasius Fortunatus—stern of visage, but possessed of iron self-control. Yet did not the shadows under his eyes and the slight tremor of his thin, curved lips indicate something of a struggle between the man and the disciplinarian?

There was a slight pause when the members of the council had all arrived and the roll had been called. Then the old tribune arose and commanded: "Let the centurion Marcellus be brought in." The measured tread of feet sounded upon the pavement as the soldiers of the guard entered, escorting the prisoner. Of all in that gathering none was more composed than was Marcus Marcellus. He stood erect before the tribune just as he had done so often in drill or on guard. No unnecessary words were spoken. The tribune addressed him just as impersonally as he would have spoken to any military offender.

"What did you mean by ungirding yourself in violation of military discipline and casting away your belt and vine-switch?"

The reply came in the same calm tones the accused officer would have employed in making any official service report.

"On the 21st of July, in the presence of the standards of your legion, when you celebrated the festival of the em-

peror, I made answer openly and in a loud voice that I was a Christian and that I could not serve under this allegiance, but only under the allegiance of Jesus Christ, the Son of God the Father Almighty."

There was a slight pause. The old tribune fought down the rage that welled up within him and flashed from his steel grey eyes. There was no need to call witnesses. The case was clear. The officers of the council met in brief consultation. Then the tribune arose and issued the decision.

"I cannot pass over your rash conduct, and therefore I will report this matter to the emperors and Cæsar. You yourself shall be referred unhurt to my lord Aurelius Agricola, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard."

The hearing was at an end. The guards with the erect figure of the prisoner in their midst moved from the hall of the Pretorium. The officers broke into little groups of twos and threes, and gradually dispersed. All knew the fanaticism of Agricola, who held one of the highest judicial posts under the emperors, and that to him had been entrusted in a particular manner the task of extirpating Christianity from the army. There was little doubt expressed but that the decision of the tribune just issued had been practically the equivalent of a sentence of death. Men marked that Fortunatus left the hall almost at once. He looked older and greyer than of yore, and the soldier on guard before his apartments that night marked that the restless step of the old tribune paced up and down his chamber until the grey of dawn appeared.

Three months had passed over the garrison town of Tingis. Those months had seen many cases of Christian soldiers discharged from the armies of Rome for faithfulness to their Heavenly Ruler. But in spite of public humiliation and loss of means of livelihood, the great majority of the Christian officers

had retired from the army rather than be guilty of apostasy. Now came the last great conflict of the centurion Marcellus in the cause of his Master. He had already publicly professed his faith and suffered arrest and long and bitter imprisonment—now he was to bear witness to his faith with his blood.

The city of Tingis is filled with excitement for Aurelius Agricolan, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard, has arrived and is about to hear the case of the Christian centurion Marcellus. The court is held once more in the hall of the Pretorium. On the judicial throne sits Agricolan himself—a large man with a haughty and somewhat brutal face. On their seats below him sit the court reporters each with pointed stylus and waxen tablets, ready to record the proceedings. Before him stands Marcellus—wan and emaciated from three months of close confinement and hard prison fare, but as cool and composed as before.

The judge makes a sign and the herald rises and opens proceedings with his report. "Fortunatus, the governor, has referred Marcellus, a centurion, to your authority. There is in court a letter dealing with his case, which at your command I will read." The judge says briefly "Let it be read," and the herald proceeds:

"Anastasius Fortunatus to my lord Aurelius Agricolan, Deputy for the Prefects of the guard, sends greetings: This soldier, having cast away his soldier's belt, and having testified that he was a Christian, spoke in the presence of all the people many blasphemous things against the gods and against Caesar. We have therefore sent him on to you, that you may order such action to be taken as your Eminence may ordain in regard to the same. Farewell."

The prefect turns to the prisoner and puts to him a series of questions.

"Did you say these things as appear in the official report of the governor?"

"I did," is the simple reply.

"Did you hold the rank of centurion of the first class?" is the next query.

"I did."

The bitter wrath of the pagan zealot flames up in the hot blood that rushes to the brow of the prefect. The mere avowal that an officer of high rank in the army should be willing to sacrifice his rank in the interest of hated Christianity enrages him. This must be a lunatic who stands before him.

"What madness possessed you to cast away the signs of your allegiance and to speak as you did?"

But the heart of Marcus Marcellus has come to realize the vanity of earthly rank and the true liberality of the Lord whose service he has preferred to that of Rome. For, while shackled in prison, the peace of the Lord has descended upon his heart with the strength that the Christian soldier requires in his great battle. There is but one path of true wisdom, and that lies in loyalty to Christ.

"There is no madness in those who fear the Lord," comes the steadfast rejoinder.

Agricolan with difficulty restrains his anger and proceeds with his cross-examination:

"Did you make each of these speeches contained in the official report of the governor?"

"I did."

"Did you cast away your arms?" queries the prefect.

The conflict of allegiances is stilled forever in the heart of Marcellus. He has seen the graciousness and love of Christ; he has realized that here is a Leader who has Himself tasted of the struggles and trials of His followers, who Himself has given them an example of perfect heroism, who never fails to reward the service of His soldiers far beyond the value of those services. Could he dream of serving another master? His reply to Agricolan is decisive.

"I did. For it was not right for a Christian, who serves the Lord Christ, to serve the cares of the world."

Agricolan's face is convulsed with passion. Why reason with this man? The case is clear and testimony is unnecessary. It remains only to dictate the sentence. The prefect rises and, ignoring the prisoner, addresses himself to the recording secretaries:

"The acts of Marcellus are such as must be visited with disciplinary punishment. Marcellus, who held the rank of centurion of the first class, having admitted that he has degraded himself by openly throwing off his allegiance, and having besides put on record, as appears in the official report of the governor, other insane expressions, it is our pleasure that he be put to death by the sword."

There is a pause. No stir or sound breaks the silence of the court. For Marcellus the trumpet call to the most glorious triumph of his life has come. The fire of exultation enkindles his eyes, and comrades who served with him of old are reminded of the youthful soldier Marcellus as he rose from the ground after slaying the Moor and recovering the Eagle of the legion years ago in the great battle against Aradion.

He addresses the judge in tones of simple and quiet courage and courtesy.

"May God bless thee, for so ought a martyr to depart out of this world!"

There is a sudden crash, for Cassian, one of the court reporters of the prefect's own staff, has leaped to his feet and cast to the pavement his tablets and pointed stylus. Agricolan also springs to his feet, and, in a voice quivering with passion, demands of the reporter the reason for his action.

"Thou hast dictated an unjust sentence," answers Cassian. "This soldier, who has served the emperors long and well, has resigned from the service, as is his right, to accept a higher service under Christ."

The prefect pauses, chokes down his rage, orders Cassian to prison, and directs that the sentence against Marcellus be carried out that evening outside the walls of the camp.

Evening has settled down upon the garrison town of Tingis. The sun has sunk in a blaze of crimson glory into the purple waves that receive it with welcoming arms. Is not this a figure, as it were, of the gallant soldier whose life is about to sink in the red glow of martyrdom into the outstretched and soothing arms of the God whom he has elected to serve forever more?

A little procession issues from the high wall which surrounds the camp of the legions. There is a detachment of soldiers upon whose breastplates and helmets the fading light gleams. In their midst marches the soldier who has forsaken the service of Rome for that of Christ. His carriage is erect and his step firm. Nothing in bearing or composure can distinguish the condemned one from his guard. The detachment marches briskly along the road by the sea, and at length halts. Behind is the town, before, the sea. There is no conversation. The short command to halt is given; the eyes of the prisoner are bound with a white cloth; a sword flashes in the waning light and the body of Marcus Marcellus, late centurion of the first class in the legion of Trajan, lies prone before his former companions in arms.

Darkness has now wholly come—the soft darkness of the African night. The lights wink in the distant white houses of Tingis, but far brighter than they gleam the brilliant stars in the firmament above the town, the sand-hills and the sea. And they tell that the triumphal car of a new victor is ascending to the Capitol of Heaven, that Marcus Marcellus, officer in the armies of the Lord Christ, may receive the laurel crown from the hands of the Gracious Master whom he has elected to serve.

Mystery.

BY S. C. N.

BEGGED I for a little wine—
 Just a taste of bliss,—
 Gall is what Thou givest me,—
 Dreadful goblet, this!
 Fearfully I take the cup,
 Trustfully I drain,
 Knowing well that secrets dwell
 In the depths of pain!

American Daughters of Carmel.

BY S. M. T.

THE bridal dress of a novice clothed in 1754! How comes it that the material has lain unused in a Carmelite sacristy for so many years? The reason is that the Church does not include blue among the liturgical colors, and the dress of which we speak was of a deep blue silk, woven with a solidity unknown to modern fabrics, and having a bold, old-fashioned pattern of bunches of grapes and roses thereon. Perhaps Ann Hill brought her best clothes with her, or a dress from her mother's wedding trousseau, all the way from Maryland to the English Carmelite convent at Hoogstraet in Brabant, and, as novices were clothed at once in those days, wore this billowing blue gown on her bridal day without waiting for a white one to be made. The reader may be interested to know something more of this Ann and her friend Ann Matthews, the two American Carmelites, who both went forth from Maryland in the summer of 1754 with the same high ambition of loving and serving God as the great St. Teresa had, and of praying for their own dear country.

Doubtless the two young girls were glad enough of the three days' rest and quiet accorded to novices who had "crossed the seas," for they had undertaken a far longer journey than the

English girls for whom the convent had been founded, in those days when Catholics in England were still bowed under the heavy yoke of the Penal Laws. Ann Hill was but nineteen years old, and Ann Matthews only two years her senior, and probably they never expected to see America again. Ann Hill indeed was to live and die amongst the English nuns, but her companion was destined to found the first of these "little dove-cotes of the Virgin," as St. Teresa calls her monasteries, on American soil.

It was with joyful hearts that the friends awoke on the morning of their betrothal, and decked themselves in their long, full-skirted dresses, with tightly-fitting bodices, and hair piled high. Their little mother, Sister Christina, surveyed the fresh young faces with admiration, for she was a somewhat elderly novice, forty-one when she entered, though the relatives of the brides were far away, the chapel was by no means empty; the good townsfolk made the interests of the Carmelites their own. Moreover, the novices had already been to the Castle to be presented to the family of the Duke of Hoogstraet, founder of the monastery, as the custom was in those days. One of his daughters, the Princesses of Salm Salm, led them to the enclosure door, where the Prioress, Mother Isabella, awaited them with a procession of veiled nuns. Did the lady whisper, as on another occasion: "There is yet time, Sister?" But their purpose was firm. They knelt for an instant to kiss the feet of the crucifix, and then the nuns moved on to the choir, singing the sweet hymn of Our Lady, Virgin of virgins, which can never be heard without emotion, even after many clothings have been witnessed. In the middle of the choir was a carpet bordered with flowers, with chairs for the brides, who listened undaunted to the preacher's description of the life of prayer and self-sacrifice which lay before them.

Was it not for this that they had left the distant shores of America?

"Exuat te Dominus veterem hominem, et induat te novum hominem," said the priest, as the Prioress led the brides away to the antechoir. So the blue dress and that other one of which no trace remains—perhaps it was made into a vestment long ago—were laid aside without a pang, and placed carefully in the white basket awaiting them. Loving hands quickly put the heavy dark brown habit of a Carmelite over the voluminous petticoats of the period; next came the tuck or wimple, and novice's white veil; and the clumsy *alpargatas*, or corded sandals, must be worn on silk-stockinged feet, just for to-day. Mother Prioress re-entered the choir with her two children thus transformed, and as they knelt the rest of the habit was given them with symbolic words—the girdle, by which obedience would lead them, the scapular, reminding them of the sweet and light yoke of Jesus which they would always bear, and last of all the snow-white mantle of Our Lady, wherein these virgins hoped always to follow the footsteps of the Lamb of God.

"Behold how good and pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity," sang the nuns, as the novices passed from one to another of their new-found Sisters, their young figures looking tall and upright beside the bent forms of the older nuns, while they received from each a Carmelite embrace of three kisses.

"I wish you much joy, and happy perseverance, dear Sister Anne Lewis Teresa Joseph of Our Blessed Lady," said Mother Isabella to Ann, of the blue dress, as the community assembled in the recreation room after the ceremony. And Ann Matthews became Sister Bernardine Teresa Xavier of St. Joseph. What long names! but for ordinary purposes our novices will be known to their Sisters simply as Sister Anne Lewis and

Sister Bernardine. The year of noviceship passed by with its joys and little trials, and on the feast of St. John of the Cross they made their vows in the hands of Mother Isabella, none being present but the community, as is the custom in Carmel. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier, one of the patrons of Sister Bernardine, their veiling took place, a public ceremony. "Suscipe me, Domine," sang the young nuns with all their hearts. And Our Lord upheld them, and set His seal upon their brow forever.

In 1764 Sister Bernardine was made novice mistress, being only thirty-one years old; in 1771 she was elected Subprioress and in 1774, Prioress, the responsibility of which office she was to bear for many years, as she was re-elected again and again, with Sister Anne Lewis for one of her discreet or counsellors. Under her rule a glad event occurred, the centenary of the foundation of the monastery, in 1778. The people of Hoogstraet begged her leave "to adorn the church and street, that is the length of our church and house and no farther, which they did as they pleased. Nor were more mundane rejoicings disdained. "In the middle of the street was fixed a large mast which they called a triumphant stick painted red and white with a flag at the top. . . . Five pitched tuns were burned. There was dancing in the street till near one o'clock, and some dances were led off by five and twenty couples."

Signs were not wanting, however, that these happy days might have an end. The Government began to make the inventories of the convents in the Low Countries in 1782, and in the following year they were suppressed by the Emperor, Joseph II. This did not affect the English communities, but they must have felt a certain anxiety as to the future. Through the long years, meanwhile, Mother Bernardine and Sister Anne Lewis had not been forgotten in

their own Maryland; and the year 1786 brought no less than three American novices to the doors of the monastery of Hoogstraet, Mary Mills, aged twenty-two, in religion, Sister Mary Florentine of St. Joseph, and Ann Teresa and Susanna Matthews, nieces to Mother Bernardine, who received the names of Mary Aloysia of the Blessed Trinity and Mary Eleanor of St. Francis Xavier. The two latter were professed the following year, but poor Sister Mary Florentine had to wait, as the laws of the country at the time did not allow professions under the age of twenty-five. By some means or other, however, she was professed in 1789, before she had reached those years of discretion.

Wars and rumors of wars now began to disturb the peace of Hoogstraet. Conflicting armies occupied the town by turns. The talk was all of "Patriots" and "Imperials"; the clamor of armed men was to be heard outside the convent walls, and the bells were silenced for a time. The nuns seem to have been wholly impartial in their sympathies, and only desired to be left alone. In the midst of all these troubles they found means to carry out a project of their own, and on April 19, 1790, Mother Bernardine left Hoogstraet to make a foundation in Baltimore, under the protection of Bishop Carroll, together with her nieces Mary Aloysia and Mary Eleanor and a nun from the English Carmel at Antwerp, Sister Clare Joseph (Dickenson). It was with full hearts that they bade farewell to their English Sisters. The community were losing a mother whom they had ever regarded with singular affection, while Mother Bernardine cannot have been without apprehensions as to the future of the old monastery in these dangerous times. The faithful friend of her youth, Sister Anne Lewis was elected Prioress in her stead, and the two communities remained united in the closest bonds of friendship. The scanty means of com-

munication available must have been a sore trial to them. Mother Anne Lewis writes a year later:

"So many letters inquiring after Reverend Mother and the new foundation, everyone thinks to hear news from me with such anxiety for answers that I can't refuse them, though I cannot give all the satisfaction I could wish."

There were other crosses to come. In 1793 the French entered Hoogstraet. "They planted the tree of liberty by the Town House, with great joy, shooting, ringing bells, etc. We were obliged to ring our bells, and they made the magistrates of the town dance round the tree." The nuns were "in frights day and night." After the French came Imperials, Prussians, English, Hollanders and others of the allied armies. Before the French finally took the Low Countries, the community obtained a passport to England from the Duke of York, who was in command of the English troops. They were the last of the English religious to quit the Low Countries, for being so near Holland, they ventured to stay till Brussels was taken.

The good nuns must have presented a curious spectacle in their so-called secular dress, concocted from anything they could obtain, with petticoats made out of table napkins, hoods from ceremonial veils, helped out with old novices' clothes, and shoes and caps, supplied by the charity of the neighbors. Thus equipped they set forth, not without a regretful backward glance at old Hoogstraet, where they fully intended to return in case the times became quiet. This was not to be. They took ship and came to London without mishap, where they were received with open arms by the relatives of some of the community. A little house was found for them at Fryers' Place, Acton, where they considered themselves supremely happy in being able to put on their habits again (except the lay Sisters, who were obliged

to answer the door in secular dress), and to lead the life of Carmel as far as place and circumstance would permit. What did it matter to them that their drinking water had to be brought more than a mile? Other fugitive communities had been obliged to separate and stay with various benefactors for a time, but Mother Anne Lewis had all her daughters by her side, and they were perfectly content. One of their visitors, Mr. Charles Butler, took a less cheerful view of the situation.

"In a village," he wrote, "near London, a small community of Carmelites lived for several months almost without fire, water or air. In the midst of this severe distress, which no spectator could behold unmoved, they were happy. Submission to the will of God and cheerfulness never deserted them. A few human tears would fall from them when they thought of their convent; and with gratitude, the finest of human feelings, they abounded. In other respects they seemed of another world."

It was Mr. Butler who eventually obtained for them a house at Canford in Dorsetshire. It belonged to Sir John Webb, who consented to their having the use of it, with the garden, the fields, and the fishing in the river, "the payment not till the last conflagration." Rent Day has not yet arrived, but the time for moving came thirty years later, when circumstances forced the nuns to seek another home in France. Meanwhile, Mother Anne Lewis having now shepherded her little flock to a place of security, it seemed but fitting that she should rest a little from her labors. Thus at the elections, which were held in 1795, Mother Mary Magdalen (Errington), who had been the first novice entrusted to the guidance of Mother Bernardine, became Prioress, and Mother Anne Lewis returned to her old office of discreet. In the summer of 1800, Mother Bernardine died in Baltimore, after a terrible illness, but her companion of

other days was to survive her by thirteen years. Old age was coming upon her, and in 1809 she was visibly failing. "Dear Mother Anne Lewis," wrote one of the nuns, "is much as usual, always suffering." The call was very near, and it came at last on October 29, 1813. She was seventy-eight years old and had been professed fifty-eight years. She was buried in Canford churchyard on the morning of All Saints.

It was at Canford that Mother Mary Baptist (Pendrell) entered in 1825, who finally brought the community back to England, and formed the link between old times and new. She was only a postulant when the nuns travelled to Normandy. The Vicar Apostolic had given his leave in a stiff, official letter, on condition that the community should remain English and return to England when it was feasible. The missive concludes unexpectedly: "Remember me kindly to the Reverend Mother, to the venerables, respectables and riff-raff. I hope to see you after Easter."

"— P. COLLINGRIDGE."

The Carmelites were not unmindful of their promise, and in 1870 the moment came at last when they were able to return from Valognes, Normandy, and build a real convent at Chichester, Sussex, where they remain to this day, notwithstanding they have had to wait another sixty years before being able to build a permanent chapel which should be a fitting home for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This is now in process of completion, and it is intended to have Mother Anne Lewis' blue clothing dress dyed red and made into a vestment for the feast of the English Martyrs, whose brave spirit animated those who crossed the seas to Hoogstraet long ago.

THE word hospital was first used by St. Jerome, and the first institution of the kind was founded by Fabiola outside the walls of Rome.

Young Ethel.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

"IT'S a funny thing about Nurse Parry," said Mrs. Williams musingly. "You couldn't tell how old she was—now could you?"

"She's just the right age!" declared Mrs. Meredith. "I'd feel shy if one of those bits of girls was to be attending me. Yet some days you wouldn't think Nurse was twenty-five."

"She's got a nice complexion, that's all," returned Mrs. Price somewhat grudgingly. "And a good figure."

"It's not that!" exclaimed the first speaker in scorn. "Nurse has had plenty of experience, but she has kept her heart young—that's it! She is as pleased with every baby as if it were the only one."

"And she keeps up her interest in them too," put in Mrs. Meredith. "I want to see her about my Bobby's sore eyes—I'm waiting for her to come out from Mrs. Allen's."

"Then just ask her to step in to me, will you, my dear," said Mrs. Williams. "I think she'll be going out to Treflan Farm this afternoon, and I want to send a message to young Ethel."

She stepped back into her house and began to put together a little parcel. Two pairs of well-darned cotton stockings, some sticky-looking lozenges in a paper, and a bit of goose grease for Ethel to rub on her chest.

"Young Ethel," was very young indeed, only just turned fifteen in fact; and her mother's heart was wrung at having to send her away from home. But Tom Williams was working only two days a week just now, and there were five little ones to keep and another coming.

"I can't help being pleased about it, you know," said Mrs. Williams, when Nurse came in a few minutes later. "Jimmy is four and going to school,

and I felt proper lonely without a baby. But it's Ethel I'm worried about."

"Let me see—is Ethel with Mrs. Jones Treflan? She is a good woman I think, and Ethel ought to get plenty of milk and butter there."

"Yes," agreed the mother, tears rushed into her eyes again. "Ethel is but puny, you know, Nurse, and Mrs. Jones is a very stirring person—she mightn't have much patience with a girl. Somehow, being the eldest, Ethel was always doing odds and ends for me, and perhaps I didn't teach her anything thorough. Mrs. Jones says she's no method; and—and the girl gets bewildered and a bit slow like."

"Ethel is not the only servant there, surely?" asked Nurse. "I saw an elderly woman when Mrs. Jones' baby was born."

"She's had someone in while she's been laid up," returned Mrs. Williams. "But she won't be coming this week—not since Mrs. Jones came downstairs. Ethel had a bad cold last time she came home. I was wondering, Nurse, would it be too much to ask you to take her a little parcel?"

Nurse smiled but made a little pounce on the parcel in question, which lay open on the table.

"I'll take the stockings, Mrs. Williams, but I don't think I should send Ethel those sticky lozenges. I have some in my bag that I think would be better for her. And this—"

Nurse promptly recognized the goose grease, knowing of old that Mrs. Williams considered it a panacea for all ills. Well, it wouldn't do Ethel any harm, and it might hurt her mother's feelings to refuse it.

"Just the lozenges, perhaps I should not," said Nurse ungrammatically, briskly removing the objects and neatly rolling up the package. "I'll have a look at Ethel, Mother, and I'll advise Mrs. Jones to keep the extra help for the present. And if you can step down

to my house to-night, I'll let you know how I find the child."

Nurse Parry emerged, her pink cheeks a trifle flushed by Mrs. Williams' hot fire.

"I wonder!" she muttered to herself as she walked along.

Nurse must have had a marvellous head, in which was pigeon-holed all sorts of odd bits of information. "Now who would know if Martha Wallis has got a place yet?" she asked herself. Martha, a big, strong, bouncing girl would be the very person for Mrs. Jones. A little hunting and harrying would do her good. But first something suitable must be found for Ethel—puny, unmethodical, pathetically young Ethel!

As Nurse actively pursued this thought, she unconsciously increased her pace as though it were possible literally to overtake a solution. Flying around the corner of the narrow alley, she almost ran into the emaculated figure of Miss Lloyd-Evans—a member of the Nursing Committee, so inconspicuous that no one noticed her.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Nurse, adroitly propping up the staggering form, "I didn't see you, Miss Lloyd-Evans. I was just hurrying for my bicycle."

"Of course, of course, it's all right," murmured the spinster, in her shy, hesitating manner. "Oh, Nurse, I wanted to ask—I suppose you couldn't—but of course you are much too busy."

There was a vague trouble in the thin, reed-like tones; and Nurse, deflecting her eyes from her bicycle and her mind from the problem of young Ethel by a strong mental effort, focussed her whole attention on her interlocutor.

"I have got into a habit of rushing about," she said laughing. "But I am not really in any particular hurry. Do tell me what I can do for you."

"Well," said the other, "perhaps you

will think I oughtn't to ask, but the fact is I'm *dreadfully* worried—about servants."

If she felt a trifle impatient, Nurse hid it. Miss Lloyd-Evans had the name of being very well-off—she paid her subscription with beautiful regularity.

"My housekeeper has been with me for years," pursued Miss Lloyd-Evans dolefully. "I don't really need two maids, living as quietly as I do, but Susan is not so very young, and it is nice for her to have a girl for company."

Nurse's large brown eyes fixed themselves with sudden eagerness on the other woman's face.

"I suppose you want a well-trained girl?" she said, with a sigh.

Miss Lloyd-Evans nodded her head.

"Yes, Nurse. But that is not why I came to you. I want a nice young girl with pleasant manners, who would be polite to Susan. She is a bit old-fashioned in her ways, you see, and these smart maids from the Registry Offices are inclined to be pert to her, and that upsets her. I know it is wrong of me to be taking up your time," she added contritely.

"Not at all," cried Nurse politely.

"You know everyone about here," pursued the other, "and I fancied you might be able to give me the name of a girl from a nice family. I'd like to think she could go home for her day out, and Susan would let her run out most evenings too—if she knew she was going to her mother. She would be worried over a young girl if she didn't know where she was going to. And—"

"A young girl!" interrupted Nurse, with sudden eagerness. "How young?"

"Oh, seventeen or eighteen, I suppose. There are no coals, you know—I have electric fires everywhere. I wish Susan would choose one for herself, but she says it isn't the right thing. I daresay she likes to feel I'm to blame if they don't get on."

Miss Lloyd-Evans gave a timid smile,

and Nurse suspected that, buried behind her shyness, she had a sense of humor. She visualized the lady's very correct housekeeper and then she visualized Young Ethel, and her heart sank.

"I'd like to think it over," she said at last. "Could you possibly come round to see me this evening?"

"Thank you, Nurse—you *are* kind. "A well-trained, nice looking, strong, young girl—"

"Yes, yes, I'll remember," said Nurse, her first impatience rushing back upon her. Well-trained, strong! Why couldn't she want a puny, unmethodical, over-worked, little drudge? Why *couldn't* she want—Young Ethel?

As she pushed her bicycle up the steep lane leading to Treflan Farm, Nurse Parry was aware of Mrs. Jones' whereabouts some moments before she reached the house. Mrs. Jones was obviously in the kitchen, and she was evidently teaching Ethel her work.

"It's for your own sake I have to keep on at you; but young girls are all alike! They don't pay a bit of notice. There you go, spilling the coal, just when you've washed the floor—you'll have to take that up next."

There was a brief pause, then, as Nurse knocked at the door, an exasperated shriek.

"Ethel, that pan is boiling over! The dog is lapping the milk-pail! Drive him off, you little fool! Move the kettle!"

Her further remarks were drowned in the barking of a dog, the slamming of the back door, and a loud crash, followed by a childish cry of fright.

Nurse burst into the kitchen just in time to hear the mistress of the house remark with ominous quiet:

"You'll have to *pay* for that!"

Mrs. Jones had married somewhat late in life. She looked very flushed as she sat with her feet up on the horse-hair sofa which had been dragged in from the parlor. Near the hearth lay

the sooty fragments of a large iron kettle while the steaming water poured over the floor in all directions with ashes riding gaily on the tide. Young Ethel stood as though petrified with fright, her little pointed face chalk-white, her blue eyes staring.

Nurse crossed the floor, and incidental streams in a series of hops, and pulled the girl back just as the hot water neared her feet.

"All right, Mrs. Jones! We'll soon get things straight," she said cheerfully, and with her arm still round Ethel's trembling little body, she propelled her towards the wash-house.

"We'll find the mop," said Nurse.

"There—there isn't a mop!" stammered Ethel.

"Then get the soft broom and tie a cloth over it. No, dear, *not* a tea towel. The cloth you use for washing the floor."

Ethel, who had made a dash at the sink, now turned round and dashed with equal speed at the cupboard under the back stairs. Nurse's keen eyes had detected the cloth draped over a pail, had knotted it round the brush before she was able to convince Ethel that she had all that she required. In two minutes the kitchen was restored to order, but Mrs. Jones was by no means appeased.

"That girl will drive me daft, Nurse," she complained fretfully. "Baby and I aren't likely to get on if we are kept in a fever like this."

The baby, a comic reproduction of Mamma, with an equally fretful, red face, was roaring in a bassinet beside her.

"You want someone older to look after you just now," said Nurse.

"I shouldn't—not if Ethel there had a bit of sense," declared the other.

Young Ethel had just re-entered the room. She stood still, fixing startled, pale-blue eyes on her mistress' face. Her short, straw-colored hair was all blown about by the wind, for she had just been out to throw away the broken

pot, her upper teeth projected a little, her shrunken cotton dress clung to her frame—her legs were like two broomsticks. She began to cough.

"Oh, that cough!" cried Mrs. Jones. "It's enough to drive me mad. Go and find a job in the scullery—I can't stand it another minute."

Nurse had been holding the baby, and had stilled its cries. She now dumped it into its mother's arms, and in spite of her protests, followed Ethel out of the room.

Nurse Parry's little sitting-room was full of people. To be exact, there were five, but the room was so small that five was a crowd. Four of the five, among them Nurse herself, were extremely nervous. The fifth, Miss Martha Wallis, was comfortably armored in self-satisfaction, and felt no tremor.

"I brought Susan with me," said Miss Lloyd-Evans, her eyes roving uncontrollably from tall, bouncing Martha, to thin, shrinking Ethel. "I—I hope you have no objection."

"No, indeed," cried Nurse earnestly. "Good evening!" She smiled fervently in the direction of Miss Townsend, who merely bowed her head slightly in reply. She then turned a withering glance on Martha's plump, complacent face, while Nurse and Miss Lloyd-Evans watched her with equal apprehension.

"Did you say there were *two* young women that might suit?" she inquired.

"Yes—certainly," said Nurse, trying to speak firmly. "This—this is Ethel." And Ethel began to cough.

A sudden gleam of interest sprang into Susan's frosty eye.

"Linseed tea is the cure for that cough," she announced. "Whole linseed, and a stick of liquorice and a lump of candy-sugar."

"Yes, that is a good old-fashioned cough mixture," said Nurse. It was lucky that she really could approve, for it is to be feared she would have ap-

plauded any nostrum at this crucial moment.

"Simmered in a quart of water till it's reduced to a pint," continued Susan.

Martha pushed herself forward, and began volubly to state her qualifications. "And I'm free now," she added triumphantly.

"Ethel doesn't do herself justice, because she is shy," put in Nurse. "She is very willing and anxious to learn, but she has never been trained."

She looked imploringly at Miss Lloyd-Evans, who in turn fixed her eyes on her housekeeper.

"I leave it to you, Susan."

Susan became deeply pink.

"The girl is none the worse for being shy," she said somewhat truculently. "I'm shy myself. If you leave it to me, I'll take the little one, Madam. I'd sooner have a girl I can train."

Nurse with difficulty prevented herself from clapping her hands.

"Wait a minute, Martha," she cried. "Mrs. Jones Treflan would like you to go to her right away if Miss Lloyd-Evans can take Ethel at once."

"The sooner the better," said Susan. "I'll put on that cough mixture as soon as I get in."

"She's—she's rather small, Susan," remarked her mistress.

"I'd sooner have one too small than too large," replied Susan stiffly.

Mrs. Williams' motherly heart was tormented with anxiety about Ethel's new place. How would the child get on with that prim, stern-looking housekeeper? Miss Townsend had the name of being very particular, and Ethel was such a one to lose her head if she was scolded. She had been a week there now, and her mother had had no news of her, but that very afternoon as she was ironing the family wash, the door burst open and Ethel came bounding in. A transformed Ethel with flushed

cheeks, bright eyes, and minus the cough.

"O Mother!" she cried, "I'm getting on just splendidly. Oh, you would laugh if you could see me! There's no grates to do, because it is all electric fires, and no trays to carry. Miss Lloyd-Evans bought a lovely little trolley for me to push along. It has two shelves, and so I can take everything to the dining-room at once."

"And is Miss Townsend kind?" asked her mother, dreading the reply.

"Oh, yes, Mother! But she makes me mind." Ethel burst out laughing. "At first I was always running to and fro, forgetting things, you know. And she just came and sat down in the pantry. 'Now Ethel,' she says, 'I have told you twice all the things you want to lay for breakfast. I'll not tell you again,' she says, 'but when you have everything on the tray, I'll say: Go!' Well, Mother, you'd have had to laugh! I'd keep trying to start and looking at her, and she'd just sit there and I'd think and think and find I hadn't put a saucer. And then perhaps the egg-cup didn't match! Oh, dear, I thought she would never say 'Go,' and that Miss Lloyd-Evans would be down. I counted the things over a dozen times, and at last I saw there wasn't a butter-knife. Miss Townsend couldn't but laugh herself."

"I was getting quite worried not knowing how you were getting on," said Mrs. Williams.

"Well," said Ethel, drawing herself up, "I wanted to surprise you, Mother, but when I found it wouldn't come till Friday I just couldn't wait."

"It wouldn't come! *What* wouldn't come?" asked her mother with a puzzled face.

"I'll tell you," said Ethel. She drew in her breath and gazed at her mother solemnly. "My new uniform."

"Oh-h!" said Mrs. Williams in a thrilled tone. "Is it ordered from Pryce Jones?"

"No, Mother," cried Ethel import-

antly. "Miss Lloyd-Evans took me into Chester to be measured for it."

"Well, I never!"

"She did indeed!" Miss Townsend came too, and the shopman was showing the mistress black alpaca and black gaberdine. Oh, Mother, what *do* you think Miss Townsend said?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Williams, quite at a loss.

"She said 'Black is very dull for such a child. Why not get that rosy-carmine?' Miss Lloyd-Evans looked quite startled, and she said—"

"Well?" breathed Mrs. Williams eagerly, as Ethel made a dramatic pause.

"She just said: 'and a ribbon in her cap to match!'"

Saint Frideswide.

BY FR. CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

FAR back in the dawn of modern history lived St. Frideswide, the patron saint of the city and University of Oxford. The city had not yet arisen and the University was not to come into being for another four centuries, when Didan, the petty chief of the district, and his pious wife, Safrida, built amidst the scattered homesteads which formed the township of "the ford of the waters," a stately church (as it was then deemed) dedicated to St. Mary, the Mother of Our Lord. It was but a wooden church, even as the homesteads were wooden, and built on piles driven into the marshy land; yet it was to be the forerunner of the stately priory and church which replaced it in time, and at a yet later time was to be incorporated into Cardinal Wolsey's ambitious college, now known as Christ-Church, whilst the later priory church was to become the Cathedral of Oxford in the reign of Henry VIII.

Thus the wooden church built by Didan was one of the beginnings of the

transformation of the township into a notable city. No dream of such a transformation, we may take it, ever entered into the mind of the chieftain, Didan, nor as he watched over the growing years of his daughter, Frideswide, did he foresee how the maiden was destined to be one of the builders of a city famous in the history of England and of Christendom. Yet so it was to be—not by any political foresight or scheme on her part, but as a result of her holiness and of her fidelity to the Divine Spouse to whom she gave her heart.

That dedication of herself to her Divine Lord was the beginning of Frideswide's story. From her infancy she had grown up in the love of God and of religion—it was a trait she inherited from her parents; but in her their piety grew into a more glorious bloom. The love of Our Lord and holy things was the very atmosphere in which her thoughts took shape, so that the world had no attraction for her, except as she found in it the evidences of the Lord she loved.

Then came the crucial moment when she must make her choice. She had grown to womanhood—and she was as beautiful in body, says the Chronicler, as she was beauteous in mind, so that the fame of her beauty was carried far and wide; and Algar, the powerful earl of Leicester, was smitten with the tale of her beauty, and determined to make her his wife. He sent messengers to demand her hand in marriage, thinking that the daughter of a petty chief might welcome the suit of an Earl.

Without hesitation Frideswide turned to the Divine Spouse whom she had always loved with an undivided heart and begged Him to protect her. And, says the legend, when the earl's messengers attempted to press his suit, they were suddenly struck blind and in their misery fled back to their master. But Algar, the Earl, determined to go in person and take no refusal. He went in force,

as befitted an Earl; but hardly had he set foot in the town than he, too, was struck blind. Meanwhile Frideswide, fearing violence, had fled with her maidens to a neighboring town, supposed to be Abingdon; and there she abode in hiding till the danger had passed.

But the incident had compelled Frideswide to reveal the secret of her heart, and now, without further delay she publicly consecrated her life to the service of God. Gathering around her some maidens of like mind to her own, she retired to a sheltered spot beyond the river where she built an oratory in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and there for the rest of her life she gave herself to prayer and good works. There was at this spot a well, known in later days as St. Margaret's Well, which at the prayers of Frideswide, became endowed with healing properties, and hither came pilgrims from the surrounding country to seek health of body and soul; and for centuries after Frideswide's death, the well continued to be a place of pilgrimage.

Beyond these few simple details, no record is left of the saint's life. Yet, like St. Bridgid of Kildare, Frideswide enkindled a fire of faith and piety which for many centuries cast a halo of sanctity over the place of her birth. There must have been some compelling force and beauty in her life and character to have made of her personal holiness an unforgettable legend amidst the vicissitudes of the long ages which first transformed "the ford of the waters" into the Oxford of Medieval fame, and then survived the later transformation which began with the reign of Henry VIII.; for even to-day, in spite of the efforts of the Protestant Reformers to wipe out her memory, and in spite of the religious indifference which came after, St. Frideswide is not forgotten.

The saint's influence in the building up of the later city, began immediately

after her death, when her body was enshrined in the church of St. Mary, built by her father; which church very soon became known as the Church of St. Frideswide. Undoubtedly, many factors—geographical and political—contributed to the growth of the city; yet the possession of a famous shrine was a powerful influence in the making of many a Medieval city, as is well known. From all parts of the country pilgrims began to wend their way to Oxford to pray at the shrine of its famous saint, until it became necessary to build a stone church to replace the church built by Didan; then as the pilgrims grew in numbers, a larger and nobler edifice was erected, and a priory of Augustinian Canons was added to serve the church.

Meanwhile the original oratory at St. Margaret's Well was not forgotten; pilgrims continued to visit the well and to beg healing through St. Frideswide's prayers; and a noble statue of the saint was placed above the well. The pilgrims were of all classes, from the prince and noble to the peasant; yet it is noteworthy that for many centuries there was a tradition that no king dare with impunity violate the liberties of the city over which St. Frideswide presided as its heavenly protector; and out of respect for this tradition the king's palace at Oxford, built in Plantagenet days, was outside the city walls. The punishment of Algar, the Earl, was not forgotten.

Then came the days of Henry VIII., the spoliator, who defied every law of God or man which stood in the way of his lust or cupidity. The shrine of St. Frideswide, greatly enriched by the piety of ages, was despoiled; and the church in which she was buried, was no longer to be known by her name. Yet the devotion of the people was not so easily quenched, and her clients still sought out the grave in which her sacred bones were laid, to pay her honor and invoke her aid; till, in the

days of Elizabeth, the new Protestant dean of the Cathedral resorted to the diabolical device of placing the bones of the saint, together with the bones of the so-called wife of the apostate Vermigli, in one grave in the aisle, to be trodden on by the feet of those who passed to and fro. And so for a time St. Frideswide was forgotten in the city which had so long honored her.

But with the revival of a more Catholic spirit, due to the Tractarian Movement, the memory of the saint was also revived, and received at least some measure of affectionate remembrance. The Cathedral clergy recovered what they could of the original shrine, and set it up again in the Cathedral, and a brass tablet was set in the pavement to record that "near this spot" the mortal remains of the saint had once been buried. A new Anglican church was also dedicated in her name. But in 1911, when the Catholic Church of SS. Edmund and Frideswide was opened, the memory of the sainted daughter of Didan, the chieftain, received the honor she herself would prize most.

So Saint Frideswide is once again revered in the city, and not a few of the citizens again think of her as did the chronicler of old, as "the flower of this land." Her story deserves to be repeated, if only because it witnesses to the power of simple holiness of life to uplift and beautify the world upon which it casts the light of its own glory.

Epitaph.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

KNEEL not in the wintry snow,
 Bare you not your head
 To the bitter blasts that blow
 Unheeded by the dead;
 Kneel not here, my friend, but go
 Quietly instead
 Where the altar candles' glow
 By my faith is fed.

Best Sellers.

WE have made the book shop the market place, and are applying the standards of business to letters. Books are written and printed and bound and given publicity; and then are said to have a "run," or to be a "drug" on the market depending on sales. Every Saturday the literary department of our newspapers gives a list of "best sellers" and near "best sellers," just as the department of stocks and bonds gives us the pulse of finance. And so during the first weeks of a "run" every person who has pretensions, talks over the soup about the books which are the latest, until someone interrupts to speak of the very latest. Culture has come to mean a ready-to-serve acquaintance with books and authors that are, but will not be, rather than a leisured knowledge of men and books that were and are and will be.

Name all the "best sellers" of the past twenty years. You probably cannot. Nor very likely can you recall ten books which were on everybody's lips during the past five years. They are like the dead ladies of Villon's ballade—melted snows of yesteryear. Popular books are like popular songs: they multiply rapidly, have a bright, brief bloom, then death and oblivion.

People who take secret delight in being able to talk about the latest books are like people who get comfort in wearing the latest clothes. And for the same reason—fashion. And the books are not more permanent than the clothes, and for the same reason also—they are supplanted by some new mode. You may not be acquainted with "smart set" stories in "smart set" books by "smart set" writers for "smart set" people. But what of that! "Smart set" writers receive so much the page and give nothing; "smart set" readers pay for the page and receive nothing.

Catholics are in the book fashion parade too. Certain of our would-be intellectuals gather at meat and are vocal and interrogatory and exclamatory. They know the latest, even if they know very little else. They enter into pretentious literary gossips which are hardly ankle deep.

The great books never grow old. They are like the mountains, tall and forever a wonder to men. You will say, of course, this is a platitude; that it belongs to the stock-in-trade of those aging gentlemen who close reminiscent eyes, and assure us they received all their wisdom from Shakespeare and the Bible. But some men will use stock phrases just as some men will use second-hand tables; and for the same reasons. The stock phrase and the second-hand table have not been replaced by anything which serves the purpose better.

You will say, perhaps, that we need to keep up with current thought. If you eliminate all the antiquity which has been introduced into "current" you will have little of the "current" left. And if you separate thought from thought substitutes, the problem of "keeping up" will be no problem at all. The better you become acquainted with the letters of the past the less you will need to know about the books of the present. You may know a few or none of the so-called best sellers, but you know what was considered great a century ago and is considered great now. You have a permanent possession. It will, to adapt Shelley's line, wage contention with its time's decay.

Go back to your Bible, to your Thomas à Kempis, to your Shakespeare where he is the best, to the perennial story-tellers and to the everlasting poets. Have a favorite life of Christ, the life of a favorite saint whose glory suffers no diminishment from some pious biographer who was beheaded from his infancy.

Notes and Remarks.

Because certain spiritual dangers lack the physical bluntness of earthquakes and auto accidents, parents are sometimes very casual in their attitude towards them. Too many Catholic fathers and mothers, for instance, are sending their children to our secular universities without ever a thought of the dangers that confront them in the classrooms of these institutions. In the hope of startling such parents into a realization of their responsibility, Monsignor Joseph McMahon, Ph. D., of New York City, has put into the reality of cold print the actual words of certain clever but unbelieving professors who hold forth at some of our secular institutions of higher learning. The result is truly startling. The gentlemen condemn themselves with satisfying completeness. A single reading of the quotations as contained in the official publication of Our Lady of Lourdes parish, New York City, should forever settle the problem of the secular university so far as Catholic parents are concerned. A list of the men quoted follows along with the name of the university to which they are or have been attached: John Dewey, Columbia University; William James, Harvard University; William Hocking, Yale University; Harry Allen Overstreet, New York City College; James Leuba, Bryn Mawr College; Durant Drake, Vassar College; M. C. Otto, Wisconsin University; Clarence A. Beckwith, Chicago Theological Seminary.

It is a significant fact that the Ethiopians who have been practically separated from all Christian sects for the last thousand years, as well as totally surrounded by Mohammedans, have never really leaned toward any other religion than Christianity. It is true that in places the Christianity practised has

been somewhat adulterated by certain Jewish practices that have crept in, but it is, none the less, Christianity, and may not be called by any other name. A short time ago Ras Tafari was crowned emperor of Ethiopia, and among the delegations present from other nations was a representative of the Pope. The Holy Father is so deeply interested in these people that he has erected a college for them just a short distance from St. Peter's. It will not be long until the Ethiopians will have a well-educated clergy to administer to their needs, and the country will take its rightful place among the Christian nations, observing the strict Catholic teaching as it was preached to them years ago by St. Frumentius.

Speaking over the radio from Cleveland, Ohio, a short time ago, Judge Alvin J. Pearson of the Domestic Relations Court, had some interesting things to say regarding the evil of divorce. The Judge feels confident that unless some drastic steps are taken to prevent hasty marriages, which almost invariably result in divorce, our country is in real danger of destruction from within. In the country over which he has jurisdiction there are five thousand divorces every year—almost a hundred a week,—and in some of these cases the father does not contribute a penny toward the support of the children. If the father is sent to jail he is assured of food, clothing and a bed, but his family are thrown upon the community, become objects of charity, and are often in dire want. The Judge urges a law similar to that in operation in Detroit, where fathers are compelled to labor for the support of their families, and as a result contribute, every year, a million and a half dollars toward that end. This, no doubt, will help matters, but it does not go to the root of the matter as Judge Pearson well realizes. The real trouble is the failure of men and

women to look on marriage as a sacred contract that is indissoluble. The *Catholic Columbian* observes: "The experienced jurist knowingly or unknowingly adopts the view of the Church when he says that marriage must be visualized as an institution based on deliberation, respect, compatibility, and affection, deep, enduring, sacred, and that it should be fostered by education and religion."

Lutheranism has enjoyed a certain immunity from the disintegration that has been threatening Protestantism generally. Changes have come, however. Not many weeks ago figures were published which must have startled the leaders of that particular denomination. Now the word follows that in the mother country itself the old established church shows signs of a break. And the extraordinary part of the news is that the break appears to be definitely in the direction of Rome. According to Dr. Frederic Funder of Vienna, the following recently published confession expresses exactly the attitude of a rapidly growing high-church party in the Lutheran Church of Germany. "We must openly confess that, indeed, we stand much nearer to the Roman Catholic Church than to a Protestantism which denies the Incarnation of the Son of God, the divine origin of the Church and the True Presence of Christ in the Sacrament." Such words written by Protestants in Protestant Germany are almost prophetic of an early return to the Father's household.

There is a splendid spirit of good will evidenced in Cardinal MacRory's address to the Maynooth Union of Priests working in England at their annual reunion held recently in London. "The future of the Catholic Church in England," His Eminence said, "to which your lives are devoted, is of the utmost concern to Catholics everywhere." The

Cardinal pointed out that the widespread use of the English language has made the whole world familiar with English ideas and institutions. Which fact gives an added importance to the efforts of those who are working to establish in England a virile Catholicity.

While the very strained political relations between England and Ireland in the past have not generally created animosities between English and Irish Catholics, yet the good will between the two peoples has been at times severely taxed. Undoubtedly the spirit of sympathy which often went across the Channel from some English bishops and priests to their suffering brothers in Ireland made the Irish less bitter against their coreligionists of the race which persecuted them. And the words of Cardinal MacRory should help to assure English Catholics that their brethren to the west are not fostering traditional hates.

We notice from the Catholic press that in many of the larger cities work bureaus are in process of organization. Their purpose is, of course, to assist in the problem of unemployment and consequent want which will confront the country this winter. In all times of stress Catholic charity comes to the rescue. But generally it is not organized on any large scale. Parish sodalities and societies, like the St. Vincent de Paul, help the needy and destitute; and religious communities of both sexes have bread lines ending at their kitchens.

There is solidarity about the Church parochially, and in the diocesan unit. Nationally, there seems to be wanting a certain flexibility to lines of divisional command. For some reason or other the whole numerical and moral strength of the Church—which is mighty indeed—seems never to form its columns and to send the stupendous totality of its forces to meet a national crisis. During the World War there was some such

general organization, but it was late getting under way. And it did not function in its full strength. Rarely, when a calamity or a crisis hits the whole nation, do we act as united Catholics of all the nation. Rarely, when we ourselves are attacked as a whole or in part, do we assert our ancient constitutional rights with anything like national solidarity. We think in terms of localities. We fancy the buzz we make in Boonville is heard west of the Alleghanies, and that our hum in Hooper-town has leaped over the highest peaks of the Rockies.

If all of us within the Church were organized into a simple unit of charitable service in which, during this needy winter, there would be no local thoughts of local honors, no hurt feelings among commanding generals because their brigadierships were slighted, no littleness of any kind to weaken solidarity, but largeness everywhere to make mass charity within the Church more effective—the Church from this country-wide solidarity would prove more effectively than many charity balls and football games, that she is now as always the Church of God's poor and suffering children everywhere.

The Franciscans of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, New York City, are following in the footsteps of their founder. It is reported 3000 persons are given food, clothing and money during these days of stress. Frequently there is reference to "begging" monks and "begging" nuns. And the question is asked what is done with the money which they receive? The 3000 who are helped every day by the New York Franciscans are not confined to New York. In hundreds of Catholic institutions—colleges, convents, hospitals, asylums—the needy are given their daily dole; are given it in every city and town all over the nation. Not only these

hard days, but all days. That their charities are not given an organized publicity is due to the fact that such ministrations would be taken out of their spiritual, even if somewhat antique, setting, by expert accounting and whirlwind salesmanship. These monks and nuns have their poor always with them. And they are satisfied to carry on the business of the poor without audit. Business with them is always "as usual."

From Peking, China, comes the announcement that the eleventh native son of the Celestial Empire has been raised to the Catholic episcopacy. This latest Chinese bishop is the Right Rev. Francis Liou. The Most Reverend Celso Costanini, Apostolic Delegate to China, was the consecrating prelate; the place of consecration, the Cathedral Church of Petang.

Those of us who are imaginative will fashion our picture of the scene in that remote Catholic cathedral in China. We will have in the picture the vestments we recognize everywhere. The altars and the ceremonies and the Latin prayers will not be any different from what we see and hear at home. The great, white-faced, somewhat peaceful appearing congregation will be different. Different in race; in color somewhat different; in dress, too, and social outlook. But that congregation, whose race is very ancient, has a bond of union with us which should bring them closer to us than any levelling process evolved out of a socialist's maddest dream. They have with us a kinship of spiritual brotherhood in Christ's Kingdom here. One in faith, in baptism, in sacraments. Souls like ours to be saved through the merits of the Redeemer. One heaven to reach where faith vanishes in seeing, where hope comes into the fruition of possession. Those of us, clerical and lay, who are pa-

rochially minded and think we have done all things well when we have finished the decoration of our stone church, should suffer ourselves to be lost in some such thought as this betimes. It will stimulate us to realize that there is a horizon beyond our immediate horizon. And many such. And the widest horizon is very wide indeed. And we belong within it.

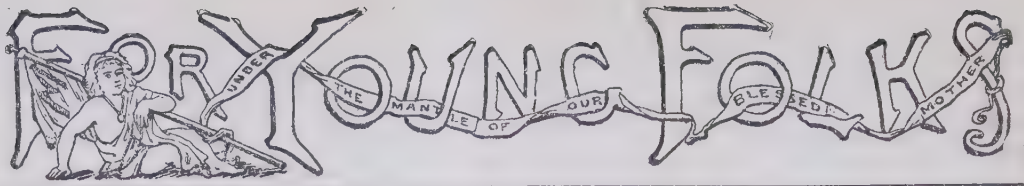
Printers' Ink sponsors the statement that ten million dollars will be spent in advertising Prohibition during the next three years. Ten million dollars properly distributed will make a tremendously impressive campaign, but it will not sell Prohibition. The editors of *Printers' Ink* know that better than any men living. Even the most elaborate advertising campaign cannot continue to sell an article which has not stood up under trial. In the last election, and in the various polls that have been taken, millions of people from widely separated parts of the country have testified publicly that from their observations Prohibition has failed. The advocates of Prohibition are spending their money in a lost cause. Ten millions will buy some beautiful layouts, with copy and illustrations to match, and it will help to line the pockets of our magazine and newspaper owners, but it will not sell Prohibition. The very first requisite for a successful advertising campaign is an article that works.

In Topeka, Kansas, the State of tall pines and open spaces, the Catholic high school won its fifth consecutive annual victory in a state-wide school contest for scholastic honors. Three times this school has carried off first prizes at the State Agricultural College; and twice at the State Teachers' College, winning the scholarship cup.

This is very gratifying, and should

hearten our teachers to work all the harder to keep our schools as sanely educational and as truly cultural as present-day punch-the-clock methods will permit. This Catholic high school in Topeka is an answer to one hundred and fifty follies which are sent out annually about our Catholic schools, and to fifty thousand which are believed but never sent out. Not all Catholic schools are given the show counter afforded the Catholic high school of Topeka, Kansas, to display their stuff. And if given the show counter it is quite possible some would not have exhibited such high and such rare varieties. Nor should that matter especially. Catholic schools will not always reach the topmost figures, will not always carry home such symbols of victory as gold cups and medals. We do not expect them to. If they maintain reasonable standards of excellence, educate our Catholic boys and girls in their Faith, so they know it reasonably well and behave accordingly, and if our schools observe a general sanity in this age when every second teacher has been inoculated by some form of behaviorism or mind measurement, we shall go to bed with quiet minds.

The Mayor of Denver gets a good many letters of every description, but we venture the opinion that he has never received a more edifying message than that which came to his office not long ago from a little conscience-stricken Catholic boy. Here is the letter as *The Register* of that city publishes it: "About four years ago I accidentally broke a street light. I never did pay for it, and right now I must pay for it in order to feel right. I enclose \$1. Please put it somewhere in the city work where it will do the most work. I hate to put you out. I am a Catholic boy, and I pray that God will watch over you and me." The letter was unsigned, but it came from a lad with real character.



Winter.

BY L. MITCHELL THORNTON.

I LIKE the green of maple boughs
That tap against my window pane,
The breath of dewy gardens, and
The dancing feet of summer rain.
But when the leaves are off the tree
The stars are easier to see.

I like the roses by the door,
The little songs the thrushes know;
I like to play in clover fields.
But when at night to bed I go
I like my cozy winter room
And stars that twinkle through the gloom.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

X.—THE MISSION OF SAN JOSE.

DURING the weeks following Bobby's escapade, May Manthus had many happy days, and grew to love the ranch better each day, and to feel that she would hate to leave it even to go home.

"O Daddy, I love it here!" she said to her father one evening while sitting on his lap out on the gallery while waiting for supper. "I feel as if I would never want to go away from the ranch even for a minute."

"Is that so, little daughter?" Mr. Ochiltree said, a twinkle in his eye. "I'm sorry to hear that. I thought of taking you away to-morrow."

"O Daddy!" she cried; "where to?—home?"

"No, we are not going home yet," he answered. "I am going on a business trip to-morrow. Pinto Babe is going to drive me to San Antonio on business, and I thought you might like to go."

"Oh, I should love it!" May Manthus

clasped her hands in excitement. "Who else is going? Is Bobby?"

"No one else is going, dear. Bobby is going to stay with Mother. We will be gone before he is up in the morning. We have to get an early start in order to get back by night," said her father. "You needn't say anything about it, dear, and we'll just go quietly off. While I tend to my business in San Antonio, Pinto Babe will take you around and show you lots of interesting things, the old Missions and quaint buildings. You will enjoy yourself, I'm sure."

"Oh, I sure will, Daddy! It will be lovely! Thank you ever and ever so much for letting me go!" and May Manthus gave her father a vigorous hug.

She was still as a mouse about the plans, and Bobby suspected nothing. The next day she rose and dressed herself so quietly that the little boy did not waken, and she stole out to where her father and Pinto Babe waited for her at the buckboard.

May Manthus' eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement. Pinto Babe looked admiringly at the little figure in its white sailor dress and blue tie.

"So you're going travelling, Miss May Manthus?" he said.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "Father says you're going to take me around the city. I'm sure you know all the interesting things to see. I hope I won't be a nuisance."

"Not to me," said Pinto Babe, and they started off, May Manthus sitting between the two men, entranced with happiness.

She kept quite still. Her father and Pinto Babe talked about ranch matters, and Manthus knew when to be quiet and not interrupt grown folks. Then, too,

she had so much to look at that she was really too busy to talk herself or to listen to the men's conversation. As they sped along the road through the beautiful country she enjoyed the drive, seeing flowers and trees, fields and streams with a dreamy sense of satisfaction.

At last they reached the outskirts of the city, and Mr. Ochiltree turned to May Manthus with a smile, saying, "Here we are, little daughter. Now I have heaps of things to see to and I'm going to let Pinto Babe drive you around while I attend to business. Take her out to the Alamo, Pinto, and I'll be there about twelve o'clock," and he got out of the vehicle and waved good-bye.

May Manthus looked at Pinto Babe. "Do you mind taking care of me, Pinto Babe?" she asked a little wistfully.

"Pleased to death," smiled the young man. "I wish I had a little sister like you to take care of all the time."

"You'd get tired, but I wouldn't," said May Manthus, smiling, as they drove down through the streets of the town. "Oh, what is that? Isn't it a lovely place!"

They were nearing a building, its gray walls covered with vines and shaded by trees, a quaint, old-fashioned building, and Pinto Babe pulled up his horse there and getting out of the buckboard, tied him to a hitching post.

"We'll walk around here and see the building, and then we'll sit down under the arches of the cloister, and I'll tell you all about it.

"This is called the Alamo, all that's left of the Mission of San Antonio de Valera. In old times down here Texas was a province of Spain, ruled by the Viceroy of Mexico. The Spaniards were always good Catholics whatever else they were, and they were strong on converting the Indians. So they brought with them from Spain their priests, who came as missionaries to the Indians. They built Missions to teach the Indians how to live, and churches so

they could learn how to be Catholics. One of the best of the Missions was built at Solano, but this Mission did not do so well as some of the others. In 1718, the Solano Mission was moved to the San Antonio River. It was called San Antonio de Valera after Marques de Valera, Viceroy of Mexico. It was built as an Indian school, and had a garrison sent to protect by the Viceroy, as the Missions were always in danger from the nearby Indians. Later on a *presidio*, or guard house, was established, and the *presidio* of Bexar and the Valera Mission were clustered together, and that was the beginning of the City of San Antonio."

"But why was it called the Alamo?" asked May Manthus.

"From the poplar trees that grow here, for the Spanish word *alamo* means 'poplar,'" said Pinto Babe. "But it was a thrifty Mission long before it was called the Alamo. The Mission was very beautiful when it was first built. It had twin towers, an arched roof and a great dome. The building was under the direction of Spanish architects, but most of the architectural work was done by Indians who were trained at the Mission schools, who also made the beautiful garden and cultivated the vineyards of flower and fruit. There were as many as twelve thousand cattle here in the old times, and the Indian neophytes were taught all manner of useful things in the school."

"Oh, how interesting it all is!" cried May Manthus. "Tell me some more, please, Pinto Babe. Where did the Indians live?"

"When the *padres* built a Mission Church they had buildings all around it in the Spanish style, a beautiful big *patio*, filled with plants and flowers, and cloisters with their lovely arches. From where we are sitting now under the arches of the old cloister, you can see the front of the Alamo with its columned portal. The Indians lived in

very comfortable quarters, built for them about the Mission."

"Was that queer building part of the Mission?" asked May Manthus.

"That was really a watch tower," said Pinto Babe. "In Mission times it was an outpost used to watch for hostile Indians. Those little slits in the wall were to rest their weapons in when firing on their foes. If your father has time to let me I'll take you to see another Mission, that of San José, where I can show you just how they used to live, for San José is in much better repair than the Alamo."

"Oh, I hope you will!" cried May Manthus; "I'd love to see a really Mission. But tell me about the fighting at the Alamo. I dearly love a fight."

"Why, May Manthus, such a quiet little girl as you are to love fights! The idea of such a thing!" said Pinto Babe. "Well, I don't blame you, for I do too."

"In 1835, Colonel Melan, a Texas soldier, captured the Mexicans who were garrisoning the Bexar *presidio*. General Cos was the Mexican leader and Santa Anna sent him to reconquer San Antonio. This place was commanded by Colonel Travis, aided by Crockett. There were about one hundred and fifty men and twenty pieces of artillery protecting the Alamo against a thousand Mexicans.

"The Texans had declared that they would be faithful to Mexico so long as that country adhered to its constitution, but had made a declaration as to their reasons for taking up arms against it. There had been a good deal of fighting, until in February of 1836 came the siege of the Alamo. The commander of the Texan forces at this time wrote a letter asking for aid, and declared that the Americans would never surrender. The letter has been called 'The most heroic document in American history,' and Travis declared that although he was besieged by a thousand Mexicans with only one hundred and fifty Texans

to fight them, unless he had reinforcements, he would die like a soldier, for Santa Anna had declared that there would be no quarter given, but every man would be put to the sword.

"Only one small band of men was able to cut through the Mexican lines and come to Travis' aid. Others tried, but were too late. On the sixth of March, Santa Anna made the attack. It has been said that when the Spartans made their stand at Thermopylæ one soldier escaped to tell the tale, but Texans boast that 'the Alamo had no messenger of fate to tell its tale.' To the music of Davy Crockett's violin, which, when the Alamo was surrounded, he, though wounded, played to encourage his fellow soldiers,—the gallant men laid down their lives and the Alamo fell, not a single man remaining alive. The wounded were shot and the corpses hacked to pieces, as the poet said:

'Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red;

We may not know what rapture fills the vulture with the dead:

Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack

The senseless corse; its hands are cold; it will not strike him back.'"

"Oh, what a dreadful story, but how splendid!" said May Manthus. "Did it really happen right here? It seems as if we could almost hear the soldiers. There's a sound in the trees—listen—don't you hear it?" The child's face was alight with eager interest, and Pinto Babe replied:

There's a flash on the blade—and you thought it a star?

There's a light on the plain—and you thought it the moon?

You thought the wind echoed that anthem of war,

Not knowing the lilt of an old border tune?

Gray shade after shade stirred again into breath,

Gray phantom by phantom they charge down the glen,

Where souls hold a hate that is greater than death,

Where ghosts of the Alamo gather again.

"Oh," said Manthus, her eyes shining. "I like that. Thank you ever so much, Pinto Babe, for telling it to me! Where did you learn all this interesting talk? From your mother? Mothers always know such interesting things, poems and stories and things. My mother does; I suppose yours does too. Don't you get awful lonesome for her, Pinto Babe?"

"Yes, May Manthus," Pinto Babe's face was very sad as he answered. "But it's no use being lonesome, May Manthus. My mother's gone to Heaven. I'll never see her again."

"Oh, Pinto Babe, I'm so sorry!" The little girl looked distressed. "Scuse me for speaking of it. I didn't mean to make you feel bad, but you'll see your mother again when you go to Heaven."

"Well, I'm not likely to go there, May Manthus." The young man spoke gruffly.

"Oh, not yet, of course. I hope not!" cried the little girl. "I couldn't spare you, you're so nice to me. But some day you'll go. I know that 'cause you're so good. I'll pray that you do. I'll just ask Our Lord's Mother to let you see your mother. She'll ask Our Lord, and, of course, He'd do what His Mother asked Him."

"Your father must be awful lonesome without your mother and with you away from home. I think fathers are most as nice as mothers, don't you?"

"That depends upon the father," said Pinto Babe. "Your father's a peach. There he comes now. I guess he wants us to go and have some lunch, for it's about twelve o'clock."

"O Daddy, I'm having the loveliest time, and Pinto Babe knows the wonderfulest things!" exclaimed May Manthus, running to meet Mr. Ochiltree.

"I'm glad, Pussy," said her father. "We must have lunch now, and then I'll have to leave you with Pinto Babe again, for I have more business to attend to than I expected."

Pinto Babe. "I'll take May Manthus out to see the other Mission, she seems to like them so well."

"Oh, goody!" cried May Manthus. "He'll tell me all the histories of them."

After a delicious luncheon at which May Manthus ate copiously of *Chile Con Carne* with great enjoyment, Mr. Ochiltree said, "I'll meet you here at four o'clock. Good-bye, little cormorant for knowledge," and he departed, leaving Pinto Babe and May Manthus to get into the buckboard and drive away.

It was a long but a very pleasant drive, and Pinto Babe talked to his little friend about the Mission he was going to show her in such an interesting manner that May Manthus was not tired at all when they reached San José.

"San José de Aguayi was the first Mission in Texas," he said, "and it is very famous. It was built in 1731 and had a *patio* eight acres large with a wall all around it and watch towers at the four corners. Two fine towers, one of which is gone now, flanked the door of the church and a golden dome was over the central part. The Indians called the dome the 'day star of the Manitou,' and at a Midnight Mass on Christmas, the dome fell to the ground, to the horror of everyone. From where we are now you can see the church. This part they called the *façade*, and its carving is so wonderful that artists come here from all over the world to study it. See how finely it is wrought!"

It was done by a Spanish man named Huicar, and the story about him is interesting. He was poor but a very clever sculptor. He loved a Spanish girl of Seville, and came to the New World to earn money enough to marry her. He worked and toiled and finally earned enough to go back to Spain for her; but alas! just as he was sailing for Spain he heard that she was false and had married a rich nobleman. He vowed thereafter to dedicate his talents to the Church, and began the work at

San José. For twenty years he found happiness in his work, and carved all his misery into the wonderful works of San José, dying as soon as he had finished. He is buried in the church which he made so beautiful."

"Poor thing!" said May Manthus. "But he has a nice monument."

"It is considered one of the finest examples of the art of Colonial Spain," said Pinto Babe; "and it is a good thing that it has lasted to show us what they could do in those days."

"Pinto Babe, how do you know so much?" said May Manthus. "I think you know lots about horses and ranches because you've lived at the ranch, but I don't see how you've learned so many interesting things." The little girl looked at him admiringly.

"Oh, I just pick things up," said Pinto Babe, "and I didn't always live at the ranch. Now see there, May Manthus, those arch places are the cloisters where the *padres* used to walk up and down and say their prayers. This large building is the granary where they stored the grain; and it is so large because they raised everything to feed the stock.

"That lovely little building was the tower of a chapel. In that big tower still hang the bells made in Spain for the Mission, and this long walk was for the Indians to promenade on their way to the place where they slept. The Mission even had a hospital for sick children and school and playground; and everything was done for the poor Indians, teaching them more than their religion, right ways of living. This particular Mission, then, had schools, shops, mills, gardens, storehouse, shed, corral, and everything needed. The white settlers who lived about the Mission were accustomed often to complain, saying 'everything is done for the Indians and nothing for us.'"

"But they knew they ought to do things for the Indians," said May

Manthus. "The Spaniards had taken the Indians' land away from them; and my father says we haven't treated the Indians very nicely ourselves, and we ought to have learned from the Spaniards."

"Right you are," said Pinto Babe. "But we must go now, or we won't be on time to meet your father, May Manthus."

"Oh, dear. I'm sorry to leave San José! It is perfectly beautiful, but thank you ever so much for bringing me and telling me about it. I've had a perfectly lovely time," and May Manthus gave Pinto Babe's arm a little squeeze, then settled down in her seat. During the long ride home she thought over all the interesting things she had heard, saying to her mother when she reached the ranch:

"O Mother; I've had the perfectest day! 'Cept for the times we all drove to Mass on Sundays and it was so cool and sweet, and Father Alan talked such lovely sermons to us, it's been the nicest time I've had at the Ranch. Pinto Babe has been so good to me. I do wish he was my big brother!"

"But I've your brother, May Manthus," said Robert Lee jealously. "I will be pow'ful good to you."

"O Bobby Lee, you're a darling!" said May Manthus, feeling reproached because she had been away from the little torment all day without missing him at all. "But you're not big, you know. Big people are nice because they know so very much."

"I know lots," said Bobby.

(Conclusion next week.)

Your Rosary.

Take good care of your rosary; it bears blessings. After fifty years, St. John Vianney used to show the one he received at his First Communion. He called the Rosary a golden chain that leads to the Gate of Heaven.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“Little Lord,” by Sister Caterina, O. P., is a delightful book. It contains a number of instructive thoughts in verse form about the childhood of Jesus. There are also eight wonderfully colored pictures. Children would be glad to receive such a gift at any time and especially at Christmas. Publisher, Benziger. Price, 40c.

—The C. Wildermann Company, New York, has just published a very attractive edition of the Bible, with an Introduction by Father Lattey, who brings out the main thoughts of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on the study of Holy Scripture, and a Preface by Dr. H. Schumacher on the canon of the Bible. This edition is 16mo, in large type, with fourteen colored maps, an historical and chronological index to the New Testament, and a table of references. The price is \$3 and up, according to the binding.

—The Catholic Church Extension Society has issued an exceptionally fine art calendar for 1931. It should find a place in every Catholic home. Besides the reproductions in color of masterpieces of Catholic art, there are indicated all the feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical year, the holydays of obligation, the Ember days; and for each day of the year there is an appropriate quotation from the Holy Scriptures. It is a handy reference for the information that the members of a Catholic household often seek. Published by the Extension Press (Chicago). Price, 40c; 3 for \$1.00; 12 for \$3.50.

—“Prayer for All Times,” by the Rev. Pierre Charles, S. J., translated by Maud Monahan, is the third and final volume of this series. The first volume pointed out the roads leading to God; the second, emphasized the fact that God is always ready to draw souls to Himself. This one urges a wholehearted service to God through prayer. The very personal reflections of the author on the true notion of duty, sacrifice, perfection and virtue in general are the thoughts of those who seek light, so that they may live close to

God. To pray always, that is, to make all things prayer, is the secret of perfection. Publisher, Kenedy. Price, \$1.85.

—The convoking of the Vatican Council is believed by many to be not far away, and, undoubtedly, one of its acts will be to proclaim the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin a dogma of the Faith. In “Mary's Assumption,” the Rev. Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J., offers the reasons for such declaration: statements from Apocryphal writings, the testimony of the Greek and Latin Churches, the argument from prescription, and proofs from reason (the dignity, sanctity and virginity of the Mother of God, and the intimate love which existed between Jesus and Mary). This clear and popular account contains sufficient information about the subject for the average person. Publisher, America Press. Price, \$1.50.

—“Sweet Sacrament We Thee Adore,” by the Rev. F. X. Lasance, containing “reflections and prayers in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, together with Mass and Communion devotions,” is in fact a general prayerbook that could be used with profit at daily, weekly and monthly duties and devotions. It is particularly intended, however, for private and public visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Hour of Adoration, with numerous acts of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition, and a wealth of indulgenced ejaculatory prayers. The book is enhanced by the use of clear and large type, and the inclusion of devotional headbands and tailpieces in old woodcut style. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.90.

—Sydney Smith, who was himself a sincere lover of the classics, deprecated the methods of the English Public Schools that encouraged their pupils to “love the instrument better than the end—not the luxury which the difficulty encloses, but the difficulty; not the filbert but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself.” He desired that boys should obtain a quick and

easy mastery over the authors whom they had to read, and on this account he urged that they should be taught by the use of literal and interlinear translations. Dr. E. Sommer and John A. FitzGerald in "The Latin Authors" would have completely satisfied the English Divine, and not a few Americans who feel that there is a lot of unprofitable time spent with the intricacies of grammar with but small return in a knowledge of the great masterpieces of classical literature. "The Latin Authors" gives two translations—one literal and one juxtalinear—of four books of the Gallic War, showing at a glance the structure of the sentences, and, we think, creating an interest in the historical narrative, that the student stumbling through the difficulties of a strange language rarely enjoys. The volume is mimeographed, but in a clear type. We believe this book used by a student under the direction of a teacher should bring gratifying results to both pupil and professor. The *Æneid* of Virgil and the Orations of Cicero have also been done in the same manner. Published by the Continental Press, Ilion, New York.

—There is no question that educational problems have brought forth a great number of books by non-Catholics, who have acquired thereby a leadership which has influenced many teachers and students to hold faulty theories, to use wrong methods, and to draw illogical conclusions. Wanting reliable texts of our own, we have used unreliable ones, if not to our own confusion, at least to our tardy acceptance of the responsibility of being leaders, and of teaching the truth. The urgent need of a clearly written, reasonably complete and wholly Catholic text-book on the psychology of education has now been supplied in "Educational Psychology," by the Rev. Jules de la Vaissière, translated by the Rev. S. A. Raemers, M. A., Ph. D. The introductory definitions of education, pedagogy and educational psychology are precise and satisfactorily complete. "General Pedagogy," packed with practical ideas and interestingly written, furnishes the student as well as the teacher with true standards in regard to the general functions of interest and attention,

and the particular functions of observation, memory, creative imagination, language, æsthetic sense and general intelligence. Perhaps the treatment of the development of religious and moral sense, the training of the will, and the sources of faults should have been more detailed with a fuller explanation of Catholic principles. Perhaps, too, there is defective brevity in the exposition of temperaments and character. Nevertheless, these faults do not seriously detract from the general excellence of this book, which might well be adopted as a standard one, for it explains Catholic ideas and ideals about the problems of educational psychology. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

The Most Reverend Austin Dowling, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul.

Mother Mary of St. Festus, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Mary Teresa, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Rose Geraldine, and Sister M. Lucy, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Miss Mary A. Ward, Mrs. John Donovan, Mr. Hugh McCoole, Mr. Martin Dineen, Mrs. Beatrice Doyle, Miss Johanna Gleason, Mr. Patrick Heery, Susan M. Stewart, Mr. Patrick J. Kelley, Mrs. Martha Banke, Mr. J. W. Kircher, Mrs. R. Scanlon, Mrs. James Flanagan, Mrs. C. J. Ryan, Mrs. Bridget Langan, Mrs. Alice Martin, Mrs. Raymond Shaw, Mr. James McCoy, Mr. George F. Baumer, Sr., Miss Sarah Gertrude Doyle, Mr. Daniel Lehan, Mr. Martin Whalen, Mrs. John J. Doyle, Mr. Thomas McNally, Mr. Walter Denniston, Mrs. Marie Trotta, Mr. Andrew Rocks, Mr. Edward J. Fay, Mrs. Hanna Lynch, Miss Angela Hayes, Mr. Theodore Dyer, Mr. Thomas Sheils, Mr. M. Hierholzer, Mr. Edward Rieley, Mr. William Stokes, Mr. John Demus, Mr. T. F. Curley, Mrs. J. H. McCarthy, Mr. James Murphy, Miss R. E. Campbell, and Mr. Leo Sheehy.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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A Lullaby of Bethlehem.

BY ALICE PAULINE CLARK.

○ LULLABY, Jesus! Though lowly Thy bed,
Thy Mother is guarding Thee, Sweet!
The doves and the Angels keep watch at Thy head,
The little lambs watch at Thy feet.
The Star in the East looketh down on Thy sleep,
The Wise Men bear gifts on the way;
The shepherds have journeyed afar from their sheep
To kneel by my Baby and pray.
O lullaby, lullaby! Sleep in Thy nest.
The heavenly choirs softly sing,
While I and the Angels keep watch o'er Thy rest,—
The cradle of Bethlehem's King.

Born of the Virgin Mary.

BY THE REV. JAMES P. WEBB.

THE Feast of Christmas, the great commemoration and celebration of Our Lord's nativity, is the liturgical presentation of the fact so simply yet strongly stated in the *Creed*, that Our Lord was "born of the Virgin Mary." That credal statement, following as it does immediately upon the assertion of Our Lord's divinity of nature and person and the fact of His conception in time by the power of the Holy Ghost, gives to Our Lady a prominence and importance in Christian faith and belief which is as unique as

the office she held,—the office of the Divine Maternity. Our Lady and her Child cannot be severed one from another in the setting forth of the Christian faith without the destruction of that faith. Experience has proved this beyond question. The Child and the Mother, the Mother and the Child are equally and inseparably united in the celebration of the great fact on which the Christmas festival is founded,—the birth of that child from that Mother; ". . . Jesus Christ . . . Our Lord, who was . . . born of the Virgin Mary."

The birth of Our Lord is the fulfillment of the promise and prophecy of the Archangel, made to Our Lady on the day of the Annunciation, "Behold, . . . thou shalt bring forth a son." Such a Son as no mother ever had brought forth from the beginning of the world, and ever should bring forth until the end of time. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. . . . He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever: and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Not human, but divine; not man, but God; this child that she is to bring into this world.

Anticipation would have looked for universal expectancy and world-wide rejoicing at the coming of such a one. What Our Lady herself and St. Joseph looked for and expected as the culmination of those months of waiting after the Annunciation and its consequences cannot be told, for the Gospels have passed it over in silence; and, like a

multitude of other matters connected with Our Lord's coming, it remains in the mystery of things unknown. The ways of God are not the ways of man, but the ways of man must ever work out the designs of God, even when they seem to oppose and frustrate them.

"A decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. . . . And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city." On the face of it, there was nothing to connect this decree with the place and circumstances of Our Lord's birth; but it was, in truth and fact, the working out of the Providence of God by the way of the will and actions of men. Our Lady and St. Joseph were domiciled in Nazareth. There was nothing that was likely to bring them to Bethlehem, the city of their fathers. Augustus issues his decree. For the purposes of this Roman census Joseph goes up in obedience, to Bethlehem, "because he was of the house and family of David." And he took with him "Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child." It is all indeed that the enrollment may be made in the way prescribed, but a deeper purpose is fulfilled, and thus are the words, uttered of old time by the prophet of God, brought to pass, "And thou, Bethlehem, . . . out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel: and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." Thus Our Lord is born in Bethlehem. "And it came to pass that, when they were there, her days were accomplished, . . . and she brought forth her first-born son . . . and laid him in a manger."

The story of Our Lord's birth and its attendant circumstances is told by St. Luke, the Evangelist of the Incarnation, as he has been styled. The narration is short, comprising the first twenty verses of the second chapter of his Gospel, but it is a model of compression and intensive interest. Brief though it be, it leaves no doubt as to the divinity of

Him who was born as a little child, and the immense and evident dignity of her who was His Mother. He tells of the bright light that shone down from heaven, and of the Angel that told the shepherds the good tidings of great joy; of the multitude of the heavenly host that sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." But he does not gloss over the hard facts, that there was no room in the inn, and that the new-born Child was laid in no better cradle than a manger. It is an amazing contrast, the glorious manifestation of things divine and the rough, rude poverty of Him whom those manifestations glorified. And in that glory and that poverty she shared who was His Mother, and St. Joseph who was His foster-father. They rejoice that now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among men, and is seen by men. They sorrow that under such conditions of hardship and pain should He be born who should be called "the Son of the Most High." Yet these are the ways of God, as much as the journey to Bethlehem itself, and in those ways the persons most intimately concerned find consolation and peace.

In practically every Catholic church the world over there is set up for the Christmas season some representation of that scene at Bethlehem when Our Lord was born. It is known by the name of the Crib. Tradition assigns its origin to no less a person than St. Francis, whose devotion to the Divine Infant is said to have been rewarded by some vision or revelation of the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem. At any rate, from the early Franciscan Fathers of the Thirteenth Century, the practice has gone forth and developed until it has become universal in the Catholic Church, and has even overflowed into certain sections of the Protestant Churches which imitate Catholic doctrines and customs. There can be no doubt that the Crib is a great educational and de-

votional asset for every age and class of the Church's children, for much can be learned by the seeing eye which the hearing ear cannot perceive. In some churches the Crib will be very simple and plain and elementary, in others, complex and ornate, with a multitude of elaborate scenes and expensive figures. Whatever it be, crude or artistic, plain or ornate, it will at least set forth the great central fact of all, that Our Lord was born a little helpless babe, the true Child of Our Blessed Lady.

Catholic people will go to the Crib in something of the spirit of the shepherds,—“Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word which is come to pass.” And like the shepherds, who were privileged to look with their own eyes upon the very scene and persons of the Nativity, they will come and will find “Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.” Not the Child alone, but the Child and the Mother, and with them the Foster Father, St. Joseph, for the Holy Family has been constituted, and its members are all assembled in their first dwelling place, the stable of Bethlehem. By their devotional act of kneeling before the Crib, and by their prayer before the figures of the Holy Ones there represented, Catholic people will visualize more clearly the events of the first Christmas Night, will be more deeply and intimately impressed by their significance, and will enter into a closer association of faith and love with Our Lord, His Mother, and St. Joseph. It is no small honor to be allowed to come and look, even in representation, upon the persons and scene that made up the setting of the Nativity of Our Lord.

One of the most beautiful and impressive of the Messianic prophecies is that of Isaias, which foretells Our Lord as a child, and sets forth the character of His reign upon earth. “A child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder:

and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.” It is a prophecy of glory and magnificence and power, and there can be no doubt as to its fulfilment in the event of Our Lord's birth in Bethlehem, when, as the angels proclaimed to the shepherds, “This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.” That which was spoken by Isaias the prophet has indeed come to pass; “A child is born . . . and a Son is given”; but he is born in a stable and given lying in a manger. Such is ever the fulfilment of prophecy, not in the way that man would expect, though he sees and acknowledges the fact, but in the more mysterious ways of the wisdom of God. A stable and a manger, and all the things that they connote, can never be anything but squalid and mean when contrasted with the dignity of human life; and much more are they poor and miserable and unbecoming when associated with Him who is God the mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.

In the Crib set up in churches the scene is idealized; all its rough, rude features are eliminated or toned down lest good sense and taste be shocked by any too-vivid representation of the stark reality. Yet Catholic instinct is quite right in this idealization. The poverty and the squalor and the misery of it all indeed were there when Christ was born in Bethlehem, but they were all transfigured and transformed, not taken away, by the glory of the great event which took place in such surroundings, by the brightness of the light which shone down from heaven, by the sound of the angel voices giving praise to God. The very beasts of the stall have a dignity and a graciousness that set them fittingly in the amazing scene. The rough, rude shepherds have about them the touch of the glory of God that shone upon them as they kept

their flocks that night. Our Lady and St. Joseph are transcendent with the joy and mystery of the Divine Child's birth. And the Child Himself, the central Figure of the whole scene, wrapped though He be in swaddling clothes and laid upon straw in a manger for beasts, is the one who has come to give light and grace to the world, whose birth has just been proclaimed by the voice of angels as "tidings of great joy" unto all people.

That is the main fact which transcends and transforms all else: Christ is born in Bethlehem. Upon that fact, her glorious and divine maternity, was the attention of the Blessed Virgin focussed and fixed; and the Child that she had ushered into this world filled her with a surpassing joy that the stable and the manger and the straw could neither distort nor diminish. Every reference that is made to her in the beautiful Office of Christmas Day is in that note of exuberant congratulation and exultant joy. And Catholics before the Crib will find in the scene they contemplate new incentives to rejoice with the great Mother of God, and new meaning and power and praise in the familiar words, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

It cannot be without some particular significance that the Gospels, which necessarily give only a selective account of the events and circumstances of Our Lord's life and career, should mention the precise words spoken by the Angels in their song of praise on the night of the Nativity of the Babe of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." It may be taken that these words give, at least in a general way and an ultimate sense, the purpose and object of the coming of Our Lord to earth. To give glory to God is the end of every creature, and Our Lord came to give that glory in its most perfect and ab-

solute form,—*"I seek not my own glory."* He came also to be the means whereby others—the whole race of men, Jew and Gentile,—should give glory to God by faith and service and love in a way they never had done and never could have done but for His coming.

Glory to God is the ultimate and highest purpose of all true religion, and the hymn of praise of the angels is as well a declaration of that purpose as an act of worship and honor. And there is no doubt that the peace of men is bound up with the glory of God. Our Lord had been foretold as the one who should bring peace. "In his days shall justice spring up, and abundance of peace," the Psalmist had written; and Isaias had proclaimed in the confidence of prophecy: "A child is born to us. . . . And his name shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace." Now, when that Child is born in Bethlehem of Juda, the words of the angel choir conjoin the glory of God and the peace of men. That note of peace recurs again and again in the life and teaching of Our Lord. In the first sending forth of His Apostles He told them to salute the houses into which they should enter, with the words: "Peace be to this house." At the Last Supper He said to them: "My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." At His rising again from the dead His first salutation was, "Peace be to you." And they that did His work in His newly founded Church preached that same Gospel of peace, so that St. Paul could say: "The kingdom of God . . . is justice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

In any survey of the world's history, as well since as before the time of the coming of Our Lord, it may well be asked, where has been the realization among men of that message of peace? The history of men, instead of being a long progress of peace, looks more like a mad pageant of war. Nation has risen against nation, people has been set

against people, one culture has opposed and attacked another. There have been aggression and reaction, oppression and rebellion, greed of possession and pride of power. No one needs to be told that so-called Christian and Catholic nations have been involved in these things just as the rest.

The great war of 1914-1918, like many another war before it, found Catholics fighting, with equal faith and ferocity on each side of the opposing forces. But it was that same war which brought out Our Lady's title and power as Queen of Peace. Those old enough to remember the facts will call to mind how the Pope of that period, Benedict XV., did his best, as the Vicar and representative on earth of the Prince of Peace, to bring the warring nations to understanding and agreement and peace; and how his words and efforts were decried and derided, and even execrated by the war-warped minds of every nation, who saw, or professed to see, in all that he did, an action against themselves and an effort on behalf of the enemy. Yet he urged all to pray and to work for peace, and especially to pray to Our Lady for that end. He set her in the Litany under another title, "Queen of Peace, pray for us." Pray she did, and at last hostilities came to an end with the Armistice of November 11, 1918. It was well that Our Lady's position should be recognized and acknowledged, that she who was the true mother of that Child foretold as the Prince of Peace at whose birth the angels sang "Peace to men of good will," should herself be known and invoked as the Queen of Peace, and play her part in the bringing to an end that war which had cost more human lives than any other war that had ever disfigured and disgraced the face of the earth. The Christmas season can never come and go without the thought of the Babe of Bethlehem as the Prince of Peace; and in view of the facts, the

Mother of that Babe, who bends over Him in the Crib with affection and adoration, should likewise be remembered in her Office and title as Queen of Peace.

The Office of Our Lady as Queen of Peace, never more appropriate than on that day which commemorates her bringing into the world the Prince of Peace, is one she will have every occasion to exercise in the future as in the past. Questions of peace and war have not been banished from the polity of states and nations. In spite of all the talk of peace, it needs not to listen very intently to catch ever and anon some unmistakable accents and words of war.

It must be remembered that however strong and sincere the will to peace, that will can never be completely operative and efficacious unless and until all nations accept it and are actuated by it in all their relations with other peoples and powers. One quarrelsome person will disturb and destroy the peace of all the neighbors. One violent criminal at large will put the residents of a whole district into some state of armed defence. It seems to be the fate of the world that, no matter how great its war-weariness, no matter how general the good will for peace, some power or other, and usually more than one, will consider itself aggrieved or threatened, and keep up the attitude and action of hostility, preparing armaments and organizing forces, with the inevitable result that other states are impelled in self-defence to do the same; and thus the spirit of fear, suspicion, and ill-will grows and extends among the nations, until at last the hard-kept peace breaks down again into all the horror and savagery of war.

The Catholic Church is a universal institution, the only universal institution on the face of the earth. Its true spirit is the spirit of peace. Its greatest personages, its Founder and Master and Lord, and the all-holy Mother of that

Lord, are the Prince of Peace and the Queen of Peace. That spirit of peace is not a thing for Christmas Night alone, when Catholics kneel in prayer and piety before the Crib, and catch some far-off echo of the angels' song. It is a spirit for every day and all days; and if only Catholics the world over, in all their various positions of rule and power and influence, thought and willed and acted according to that spirit in deed and truth, there would be a greater move forward towards universal peace, and a stronger security for its maintenance, than will ever be attained by political manœuvre and international agreement.

The Christmas Festival is essentially a festival of joy. It has been so from the beginning, and ever will be. The birth of Our Lord is one of the Joyful Mysteries of Our Lady's Rosary, and in the Mediæval Feast of Our Lady's Joys it ranked as one of the principal events which brought joy to her heart. Non-Catholics have largely lost the theological import of Christmas Day, but have kept it as a season of rejoicing and good cheer and general good fellowship. Obviously, the Catholic who keeps Christmas with joy, and knows why he so keeps it, is the only one who has the true understanding and spirit of the day. Not even the devout Protestant who keeps the day as the commemoration of his Lord's earthly nativity can have that real understanding and spirit of the day, for the Protestant excludes Our Lady. He takes the Child, but rejects the Mother, blind to the fact that but for that Mother's consent and co-operation there would have been no Christmas Night at all, no birth of Christ in the stable of Bethlehem, no song of the angels, and no visit of shepherds.

So then it is in the light of Catholic doctrine alone that there comes the right and fitting keeping of Christmas. And how great a light that is, revealing

the facts of faith that could be known by no other means! The Redeemer has come. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us," by the Incarnation; but on Christmas night at Bethlehem, by the maternity of the Blessed Mary, could it be said for the first time by men, "We saw his glory . . . full of grace and truth." He who by the eternal process of divine generation proceeds from the Father, as the theology of the Church teaches, is born in time the true Child of the Blessed Virgin Mary. God hath come down to man, not for His own sake, but for the sake of man, that man might be lifted up above himself and his human nature to some participation with things divine. The motherhood of Mary in the birth of Our Lord has established a brotherhood of God with man. "I have said, you are gods, and all sons of the Most High."

Every Catholic will have some kind of knowledge and appreciation of all these things as he keeps the great festival of Christmas. In his vision of the scene at Bethlehem he will see shepherd and angel, St. Joseph and Our Lady, and the Divine Child; he will know that all the events of that night had their purpose and significance for all time. In the recollection of it all will he rejoice, as the Church would wish him, in body and in soul; for Christmastide, each time it comes, brings ever anew its good tidings of great joy. Christ the Lord is come into this world for its peace and blessing and salvation; and coming He has come as the Babe of Bethlehem, born of the Virgin Mary.

It is the inwardness that sets its stamp upon the outwardness. If you would behold a redder berry on the thorn, a deeper yellow on the corn, then sweeten and clarify the mind. It is this kind of mind that sees 'Earth crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God.'

Literal Rastus Seeks and Finds.

BY GERTRUDE McNALLY.

TO welcome Him, we'll have our cabin clean as de Lor's manger was," said Mrs. White upon rising. There followed dust raising a-plenty, after which a broken branch, discarded from some more fortunate person's Christmas tree was brought in by the exploring Rastus, and planted in a broken kettle of dirt, to afford it the dignity of a tree.

It was night now—Christmas Eve,—and the wick's light behind its polished chimney seemed to rejoice with them, as the black woman and child surveyed their work. Rastus thought it beautiful, that tree. For snow, his mammy had sprinkled flour around its base. True, sugar was as white, but the mother figured she would need the sugar before she would the flour. They planned to make 'lasses candy after dinner next day. Father Flannigan had sent them a chicken and some cranberries.

Together, they had strung and hung the latter upon the tree. It had been lots of fun. "Dem cramberries represents drops of blood Our Lord shed," Mrs. White was now instructing Rastus.

The branch having been won by a big struggle from two other alley urchins, Rastus now rubbed his sorely chapped hands, and pondered: "How *could* such a pretty tree dat is green while de others all am dead, yet have so many pricks?"

Thoughtfully the colored woman answered: "Mah mammy used to tell me dat de green Christmas Tree stood for Eberlastin' Life, an' de pricks for dat crown o' thorns dem poor white trash dun made Our Lord wear."

"Oo-o-oh!" said Rastus, and added, "Ah neber did hear so much 'bout dis Lord as ah hears to-day. Does *everybody* knows 'bout Him, Mammy—huh?"

"No, scuse fuh dem if dey don'!" bristled the loyal black woman. "*He dat seeks will find.* Dat never fails—no suh!"

Beneath the mattress in the other room was hidden a two-bladed jack-knife, the only gift the poor mother had for Rastus. Her heart felt heavy as she thought now of the hidden hobby-horses, sleds and toys she had come across while cleaning for white folks.

"To-morrow, honey, in yore stockin'—is yuh spectin' somethin'?" she wistfully appealed.

"Not nothin'—ah ain't spectin', Mammy."

The mother groaned in spirit. "Oh, Lawsy! It's his not spectin' dat makes mah heart hurt so."

Then louder she asked: "Well, jest supposin' yuh could has anythin' in de wo'd yuh wanted, what'd it be, honey?" Her eyes pleaded—"Say jack-knife—jack-knife—*please* say jack-knife." But he didn't.

"A lil' boy fuh to talk wif," he answered after a long silence. "A lil' boy like de Christ Chile. Does yuh reckons *He'd* cum see me—maybe jest fuh Christmas Day—does yuh, Mammy—Mammy huh?"

"Wel-l-l," she answered doubtfully, "mah mammy used to say, if yo' puts a candle in de window to show Him de way on Christmas Eve, de Christ Chile'd come, sure nuff!"

"O-o-o-oh, Mammy,—an' ah knows where dere is a candle!"

Out to the shed he flew, and in a dark corner beneath the leaky tub which served as sled for him, Rastus groped about in a small pile of loot collected at intervals from ash cans. Then he triumphantly brought forth a short piece of candle. It was badly hunch-backed, but would serve.

There was great excitement after that. Even the indifferent "Brother" appeared aware of the approaching guest. Quick and furtive his footsteps came over the snow to the cabin door, where the cat

paused and meowed for admittance in the most expectant manner.

"We uns gwine hab a Christmas Guest!" Rastus greeted him. "Yes, suh! A lil' boy poorer eben den me 'cause He didn't hab no such clo'se, or no good bed!"

At ten o'clock Mammy went into the bedroom to look at her sleeping son. "Go to bed an' listen fuh de knock," she had told him. She thought now, how sweet he looked, little kinky-headed black boy, lying in the middle of the big white bed. Lovingly she tucked the quilt around him. Her fingers caught in a torn place, and pulled out pieces of matted cotton which she looked at thoughtfully. Then she deliberately pulled out more, and more. Hands full, she hurried to the tree where small tufts of white were sprinkled about the green, making it look more festive. The candle burned in the window.

She recounted her change and murmured—"We'll hab chicken to-morrow, an' sweet 'tatoes like mah mammy used to fix down South, not so many Christmases ago. Den de next day we'll hab cranberries with de strings removed—an' de next, ah'll dun makes biscuits out ob dat flour round de tree. . . . Yes, ah reckons ah can 'ford to buy dat lil' pickaninny one more 'sprise." So donning her coat and fascinator, she went forth.

But opened stores were hard to find this late at night, and during her prolonged absence Rastus awoke and left his bed to see if the candle was still burning. It was, and trembling to the breeze that blew in upon its faint light from the rag-stuffed pane above. "Oh, candle, does yore stuff," he begged frantically. It did, for, as Rastus pleaded, his eyes upon its flickering light, inspiration came to him.

"Seek an' find," his mammy had said. "Well, den, why didn't dey do it, 'stead ob waitin' here? Maybe de

Christ Chile was lost out dere somewhere. . . . The candle didn't show much light, 'sides, dis was a back street, an' maybe de Christ Chile wasn' used to back streets like Rastus was."

He was clad in coat, cap, and rubbers upon his mother's return. Not expecting him up, she held in view a big red and white candy-cane, which she later explained was a "Shepherd's crook, like de Good Shepherd used to reach out fuh lost lambs." But now she demanded, "Why yo' all dressed up dat way, Rastus White?"

"'Cause me and yo' gwine out to hunt de Christ Chile like dem Wise Men did."

"We ain't agwine do no sich ting. The idea—gwine out dis time ob night!"

"But, Mammy, didn' yo' say—dem dat seeks will fine?"

"Ye-e-e-s, but ah didn' mean—" Tears glistened in her pickaninny's eyes. "Don' yo' cry," she scolded, "don' yo' knows it's dun bad luck to cry 'roun' midnight, uh?"

There was more than tears now in the little fellow's eyes as he wailed—"Yo said—"

Mrs. White sighed. She'd be glad, almost, when Christmas was over. Den, dey'd be no mor' 'scuse fuh pampering dis lil' nigger! "Come on," she told him, as she put on his mittens, and gently wiped his tears away, "since we gwine go, we might as well go joyful, like de Wise Men did."

When they had walked some blocks and little legs were beginning to lag, the mother asked, "Members how ah told yo' dat de shepherds found our Lord by followin' de star?"

"Uh, huh," affirmed Rastus between chattering teeth.

"Well, den," triumphed his mother, "we might jest as well go back 'cause no stars is out to-night no-how. It am snowin' too hard."

They paused, their black faces uplifted to the falling flakes, and as they did so, a song rang out upon the air—

Silent Night! Holy Night!
 All is calm, all is bright,
 'Round yon virgin, mother and Child
 Holy infant. . .

Eagerly, Rastus pulled at his mother's skirts. "Since deir ain't no stars to follow, let's follow dat music, Mammy—*ple-e-e-ase*."

It led them to Saint Anne's where a choir group in the rear balcony, their backs to the altar, stood practising their anthems for the approaching Midnight Mass.

The black woman and child entering timidly a side door came upon Him there—the Christ Child—lying in a manger just as they had pictured Him.

Though Rastus, little wanderer that he was, had slid through the big doors many times to hear his adored Father Flannigan say Mass, this was his mother's first visit inside a Catholic church.

She now looked about her wonderingly, and as her eyes came back to the Crib a great trembling came upon her. Still holding tight to Rastus' hand she sank upon the front seat in full view of the manger. For the moment she had no eyes even for her child's face, which shone like polished jet.

She was noticing Mary's pictures, Mary's statues, near those of Jesus. How *right* it seemed—how *natural*. Mother and Son—together in the same church, just as she had seen them together in the same house when she worked for Father Flannigan. Reckons Jesus, mus' like it better too, ran Mammy's thoughts. Wouldn't *any* son dat lubbs his mother?

People had begun to fill the pews, the music was peeling forth in earnest now; still the black woman and child sat and gazed upon the manger.

Rastus rolling his eyes, saw boys light tall candles, and longed to do it too, when he became old enough. Then he watched Father Flannigan climb a stair and read from a book while all the people, 'cept he and mam-

my, rose and looked thoughtful-like, in a happy kind of way. Still the mother sat wrapped in her brooding. So deep were her thoughts that she heard only one sentence from the beautiful sermon—"Unto us a Son is given—not lent."

At the soft chiming of the bell and the elevation of the Host, a mysterious peace settled into the heart of the black woman which she did not understand, but resolved to have explained, later, by the good Father.

When the congregation had filed down the aisle and past the Crib on their way out, she, with her son, came to kneel as they had seen the others do, humbly, at the feet of Jesus. They had no money to drop into the small candlebox as they had seen some worshippers do. But even, as in the long ago, when men brought rich gifts the while humble Mary had to worship with a kiss, so now, worshipped Mammy and Rastus as they knelt and gave their *all*—their hearts.

It had stopped snowing and the sky was full of stars when again they buffeted the cold. "We went out and *found* our Christ Child, didn't we?" Rastus chirped.

"Not only Him, but His Mother too," Mrs. White answered, and added softly, "Ah feels dat fuh de fust time ah's found a real woman-friend."

"We found, 'cause we dun seeked," knowingly reasoned the happy little pickaninny, as holding tight to his mother's hand he trudged homeward through snow drifts and beneath shining angel-lamps, swung low.

LIFE is given for wisdom, and we are not wise; for goodness, and we are not good; for overcoming evil and evil remains; for patience, and sympathy, and love, and yet we are fretful and hard, and weak and selfish. This is the tragical feature of life—that it is linked with so much failure in character.

Shepherds' Peace.

(An Old-fashioned Christmas Story.)

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

LISTEN, my friends: I have a story
 To tell you in the lovely glory
 Of this bright Christmas Day of yours—
 An old, old story. It endures
 Through the long ages; it will be told
 When this warm hand is still and cold
 That pens it for you; on and on,
 When I, your friend, am dead and gone,
 This bright, immortal story still
 Will warm men's hearts against the chill
 Of earth, and even death—and there,
 There is the fairest of the fair
 And deathless beauty of this tale;
 Past even Time it shall prevail,
 Into Eternity, forever—
 By men's hearts be forgotten never.

It is a winter story. Snow
 Lies drifted cold around the glow
 Of shepherds' fire upon the hill.
 The world is dark and hushed and chill.
 The shepherds are asleep; and yet,
 A little while ago, with fret
 And roughened word and sharp rebuff,
 Quarrelling, crying out "Enough?"
 "You are a greedy one!" "And you—
 You lie! You never speak what's true"—
 Accusing, answering, long and late,
 Nursing against each other hate
 And petty spite, these shepherds spent
 The hours disputing, ill-content,
 Unkind, unhappy. One was grim
 With hard-won wisdom; and to him
 Because his words were strong and short,
 The youngest, giving hot retort
 Of hotter tongue, had made anew
 An ancient quarrel. The cold wind blew
 Upon them as they bickered. "This—
 This is for us, the poor. We miss
 All that makes life worth living. Kings
 Loll on soft couches, jewels and rings
 Upon their fingers, cups of gold
 To drink their warming wine from. Cold,
 We beat our hands and shiver here,
 Hunger to feed on, snow for cheer—"

"You have enough!" "Enough? A coat
 Made from the mean hide of a goat!
 You with your sheepskin and your wool—
 If I had that!" "Am I a fool?"
 You'd think that I was robed in sable!"
 "Was man then made to live in a stable?"

So waxed the dark disputing, till,
 Weary with anger, on the hill
 They laid them down in sullen way,
 With threat of quarrel renewed when day
 Should wake them to their tasks once more.
 Grumbling, complaining, proud and sore,
 Uneasily they slept, and stirred,
 Muttering now the broken word
 Of anger in their dreams.

One wakes,
 And from his stiff limbs slumber shakes,
 Impatient with his fellows. "So!
 No covering for me! The snow
 My share of blanketing," and lay
 Sleepless, unhappy. "When the day
 Comes 'round again, you'll see, you'll pay
 For my discomfort." Anger chills
 His breast, alone there in the night—
 But sudden now, the while he lies
 With hatred in his wakeful eyes,
 A strange light breaks and floods and fills
 The heavens; and the bright low moon,
 Long hidden in a cloudy swoon
 Of shadow, dimmer grows and fades.
 Yet there is light—light in the glades,
 Light in the deepest gullies,—light,
 Light everywhere, or near or far!
 What sun unnatural, or star
 Unseasonable, burns so bright?
 Up to his feet in quick affright
 The startled shepherd leaps, to cry,
 "Rouse, shepherds, rouse! The sky, the sky,—
 Behold, it is afire! Nor lightning
 Ever hath made such wondrous brightening
 Down from the topmost deeps of heaven!
 Nor holy torch of Candles Seven,
 Illumining the Inner Shrine,
 Hath ever made the world to shine

As shines the dark earth now!" (Nor dark,
Nor shadowed evermore!) "And hark—
What sound is that? What music? Hear?
Voices in chorus rising clear
Above the multitudinous beat
Of harp strings, sweeter than the sweet,
Immortal chording David played
Of old before the Lord!"

Then lowly,
Down in the snow, and "Holy, holy!"
Chanting with bated breath they kneel,
Those frightened shepherds. Now they feel
Swift on their hidden brows a wind
Softer than blossomy breeze of Ind,
Or perfumed zephyr 'mid the palms
Of sunny Egypt's watery calms—
A summer wind where wintry blast
A little while ago had cast
Its biting blight on field and wood.
What wonder then is this? What good
Miraculous hath come, what boon,
That night is brighter now than noon,
Though stars are hidden and the moon
Is veiled and lost? What wonder runs
Around the world, that blazing suns
Burst multiplied across the dark,
That breaks to song and music?

"Hark!"

Up to his feet one shepherd, baring
His blinded eyes, with youthful daring,
Leaps, crying out: "Look, comrades, look!"
And they, whose hands with trembling shook
The while they veiled their vision, rise
And with him gaze upon the skies.
He whispers now, "The music dies—
It falls to softer strains. I hear
A single voice." And soft and clear
That single voice comes to his ear
With gentle cadence: "Do not fear.
Look up. Behold and listen. Night
Rules earth no longer. Now the light
Of an eternal dawning breaks
Upon the shadowed world, and takes
Darkness forever from the earth.
The hour is come! The Saviour's birth
Now is accomplished, told by sages,
Dreamed of, desired through all the ages.
Rise up. You do not dream. 'Tis morn.
A Saviour unto you is born!"

And sudden as that sweet voice ceases,
Renewed the music swells, increases,
Repeating o'er the angelic story,
Re-echoing over and over, "Glory,
Glory to God that He doth fill
The hearts of men with peace, good will!"
And "Glory, glory to God!" with cries
Rejoicing, and with shining eyes
Bright now with gladdened tears, they stand,
These shepherds, clasping hand in hand.
"Peace and good will," each to the other
Speaks, with the loving name of brother.
"Now all our angers fall away,
Nor evermore to quarrel or say
Dark, bitter things, or cherish wrong,
Or evil think. This be our song
For evermore!"

But he, the young,
Hot-tempered one, who, quick of tongue,
Had quickest been to quarrel, complain,
Down to his knees falls once again,
And tearful speaks: "But I—but I—
I am not worthy that the high,
Sweet word of Heaven should come to me!"
Thereat his brethren lovingly
Forgiving, comforting his grieving,
Close kneel beside him: "Nor to us
Is it deserving ever thus
The love of God should be revealed.
But weep not, speak—your lips unsealed—
Unto the Angel, to him say
Our deep unworthiness, and pray
His pardon for our sorry blame,
The while we bow our heads in shame."

And then: "Because with faith, believing,
You have forgiven each the other,
And lovingly, brother unto brother,
Have opened up your hearts—behold,"
The angelic voice comes sweet and bold,—
"Behold to you there shall be given
More even than tidings out of Heaven:
You shall not hear alone, nor know
God's wonders only by the glow
Of light eternal on your eyes—
But you shall see! Look up! The skies
Now with a single splendor burn.
Lift up your faces. Rise, and turn—
Behold the Star—and follow! Mark
How it doth throb above the dark,
Where the deep valley winds and dips."

With faltering voices, trembling lips,
 The shepherds, crying out "We see!"
 Leap to their feet all gladsomely,
 And running, running through the night—
 Around their hurrying feet the light
 Of that one single star to lead—
 Come at long last with breathless speed
 To a low doorway in the hill.
 The moving light is halted, still;
 With majesty of flooding beam,
 The great Star stands. As in a dream
 The lowly doorway opens wide,
 And breathless, with a cry uncried,
 A voiceless prayer, the shepherds stand,
 Brother by brother, hand in hand,
 Beholding, in a lovelier glow,
 Than angel fire on drifted snow,
 A light that fills that humble place
 Irradiant from a mother's face,
 Who bends above a Babe asleep,
 And sings to Him and closer clings
 To keep Him warm, while rush of wings
 Fills all the place with humming sound!

"Behold! Behold!"—and fain to weep,
 Those shepherds crowd within the door
 And prone upon the frozen ground,
 And prone upon the floor before
 That shining Little One, cry out,
"It is the Christ!"—a mighty shout—
*"The Christ, the Saviour, King of kings,
 Born in a stable—Christ who brings
 Peace to the hearts of men!"*

Then, "Brother,"

Whispers the wise and hardened one,
 Who erst in anger ill had done
 With evil words unto the other,
 "See how the sharp wind chills His Mother,"
 And forthwith from his shivering frame
 Draws off his goatskin cloak in shame—
 "But let me give my coat." "And I,"
 With a quick-hearted, eager cry
 Answers the hot-tongued youth, "let me
 Give my coat too for comfort. See
 How soft its thick wool, woven by
 My own dear mother long ago
 To shield me from the wind and snow."

And so, my friends, the story's told,
 An old, old story—how the cold

Of earth was turned to warmth and love
 Because an Angel from Heaven above
 Came with Good Tidings that dark night
 To fill the world with peace and light;
 Because the hearts of men, forgiving,
 Desiring the true way of living,
 Clasped hands and learned how sweet the fare
 When hearts together give and share.

"I Give My Son."

BY AGNES L. CROWLEY.

MRS. FREDERICK VON ROSEN was going to be hurt. She could feel it in the warm atmosphere of the room; she could see it in the mocking, taunting flames in the fire before her; she could hear it in the crinkle and crackle of the wood, in the thump of the coal, as it dislodged itself from the burring mass, poised for a moment on the grate, and then fell headlong into the iron pit below; she could almost smell it in the holly wreaths at the window, in the mistletoe on the chandelier, in the Christmas tree in the corner of the room; she could fairly taste it in the turkey and cranberries and plum pudding which she was going to have for dinner the next day. She was going to be hurt, and hurt more than she had ever been hurt in her life. She felt miserable about it as she mused before the fire.

Suddenly Mrs. von Rosen's small, drooping figure stiffened; her faded blue eyes grew steely, and her usually soft, kindly, sympathetic mouth drew itself into a hard line. She wouldn't be hurt; she wouldn't stand idly back and see the thing she loved most in life taken from her. She'd fight this girl,—this girl who was going to take her only son; and she, his mother, would win.

This was the only thing Mrs. von Rosen had fought in her whole twenty-five years of married life. She had accepted things as they came, and had kept her desires to herself. She might

have been something of a writer, but her husband had never given her encouragement, and so, rather humbled, she had abandoned the idea. She had been emotional, dreamy, and romantic when she was young, but her husband, in the staidness and stolidness of his German nature, had crushed these tendencies in her, or at least kept them so dormant that only occasionally did she even know of their existence now. Not that Mr. von Rosen had been unkind to her,—indeed no! But his love was different from hers,—once declared, he thought that it was not only unnecessary but also disgustingly sentimental to repeat it.

So Mrs. von Rosen's love and outward display of affection had been lavished on her only son, John. He, strangely enough, was not spoiled in the least by them. On the contrary, he was a very fine young man,—not especially handsome, not especially captivating, with a fairly good disposition, a kindly heart, and a character as good as, if not a little better, than the ordinary Catholic young man, who was very much alive and very much in love.

It was his being in love that Mrs. von Rosen regarded as so tragic. She had no objection to this particular young Mary, who was so fortunate as to be the beloved of her John. No, any young lady so favored would have been disliked, distrusted, and denounced by Mrs. von Rosen. It was just that every dream, every hope, every desire she had kept within her romantic heart had finally crept out and settled itself upon this boy.

Mrs. von Rosen had made up her mind, however, during this hour before Midnight Mass that she would break off this affair to-morrow—Christmas or no Christmas,—and she would have peace in her heart again; life would be merry once more. The fire seemed less cozy, the holly berries less red and the Christmas tree less cheery,

she thought, as she rose from her consultation with herself, but shaking her shoulders as if to throw off the thought, she laughed disdainfully and began to put on her wraps for church.

Mr. and Mrs. von Rosen and John and Mary sat down for the sermon and settled themselves comfortably in their pews. The church had suddenly become deathlike in its stillness. The ringing tones of the organ had subsided, and the echo of the last glorious hosanna had grown fainter and fainter, until finally it had melted into the very sound of the air itself. The poinsettias, gleaming on the white marble altar, were crimson, and the lighted tapers glowed happily in their golden sockets.

Mrs. von Rosen's thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the priest. "It is better to give," she heard him say, "than to receive," and then her thoughts took wing again and she pondered over what she would say to her son about Mary. She couldn't seem to concentrate on that most important business, for continually her thoughts went back to the keynote of the priest's sermon: "It is better to give than to receive." That didn't pertain to her she argued with herself, surely no one had given more in life than she had given. She just couldn't be expected to give up this one last thing she cherished so much,—her son. Hot tears trickled down her cheeks, and John, seeing them, and thinking she was moved by the sermon, smiled consolingly and patted her hand.

Finally she saw the people rising and she rose also. What were the words the priest had just said? They came back to her over the discordant notes of her mind: "Give Him your hearts, my good people, for this little Babe came down from heaven, and gave Himself for you."

All four of them waited after Mass to visit the Crib. Mrs. von Rosen stood

for a long time looking down at the little Infant in His swaddling clothes and His rough bed of straw. Shadows played across His baby face, and for one brief instant Mrs. von Rosen thought she saw Him smile. She leaned over the Crib and whispered in His ear: "I give my son!"

John linked his mother's arm as they passed out of the church. "Mother," he said, "what did you say back there at the Crib? I heard you say 'I give my son,' but I didn't hear what you were going to give me. Come now, Mother, don't keep me in suspense any longer,—what are you giving me for Christmas?" Mrs. von Rosen didn't hesitate a minute. She pulled off her glove, and took from her finger the ring that she had received from John's father,—the von Rosen engagement ring that had been in the family for generations. "Here," she said, "it being Christmas, I thought you might like to give this to Mary. This snow is awfully damp, isn't it?" she added, as she wiped the moisture from her eyes.

The Handmaiden of the Lord.

BY EDNA G. ROBINS.

WHEN the shepherds entered the stable on Christmas night, they found the Blessed Virgin clasping Jesus to her heart as her greatest treasure, and at the same time holding Him up to the gaze of those who came to marvel and adore. This was to be henceforth the whole aim of Mary's life—to embrace her Son with the devotion of complete self-forgetfulness that she might the more perfectly show Him forth to men. In this dedication of her life to Jesus we find the model of the Christian life, the perfect expression of the love that God expects from us,—such a complete sacrifice of ourselves to Jesus that His love may shine through us, that He may live in us.

It seemed a simple act of motherly love on Mary's part, yet she had been preparing for it through all her life. Her childhood spent in obedience to God, in the study of His word and in the fulfilment of His will, made her ready in her dawning womanhood to acknowledge herself as the handmaiden of the Lord. This she had been in the simple retired life of her childhood; this she would continue to be when she was faced with the greater sacrifices that God demanded of her.

The simplicity of her life had helped in her preparation. There was little to distract her thoughts from God or to take His place in her heart. Having formed the habit of obedience through years of self-discipline, she knew no hesitation when the angel of the Annunciation made known God's will for her. God called her to give herself, body and soul, to His service. This she was ready to do because she had been obeying that call through all her life. But whereas she had served Him in the lowliness and retirement of her own home, she was now to witness before men to her complete dedication to God.

We are, perhaps, apt to think of Mary as an ignorant, untaught peasant girl. She had, however, made a devout study of the religious books of Israel. She had taken to heart the promise of God to send a Messiah to His chosen people. She had prepared by prayer and meditation and a blameless life for His coming. Moreover, as every Jewish girl secretly cherished the hope that she might be the mother of the Messiah, it is reasonable to suppose that Mary herself had often wondered whether God would consider her worthy of that awful privilege. And as she tried from day to day to become more and more a perfect living instrument under the hand of God, she found at last that her dearest hopes were to be realized; that as she had emptied her heart, her life, of all selfishness, God would indeed use

her as the channel for His divine life.

So we find her, awed, humbled, yet radiantly happy, presenting the Holy Child to the worship of shepherds and Magi. She drew no attention to herself; she asked for no homage herself; she demanded no consideration. So wonderful a mother of so glorious a Son, she worshipped the divine power which had given to her, the humble maid, this opportunity to serve God's glory.

In the joy and peace and beauty of the Manger picture, we may be tempted to think that all was made easy for the Blessed Virgin, yet we know that she was obliged to pass through very real and painful trials before she attained to the supreme joy of motherhood. She had to face the doubting glances of her comrades; she had to wait anxiously through Joseph's period of suspicion and hesitation. And can we doubt that in the lonely darkness of the cold stable she knew the agony of fear and helplessness? Yet she was willing to suffer, and through all her trials she held firmly to her faith and hope in God.

Now we approach our Christmas Communion, to receive the Divine Life that, like Mary, we may show It forth to men for the glory of God. This is our supreme vocation. But we cannot be worthy of It without striving. We shall not be able to perform our task, we shall not be able to receive the grace of God in fullest measure, unless we have carefully prepared our hearts, our minds, for the worthy reception of this great Gift. There is, of course, the definite more or less brief preparation of prayer, of self-examination, immediately before our Communions. But we cannot with a half hour's preparation receive Jesus with the love and humility that He seeks. All our daily life must be an act of sacrifice, that as we die to self, as we resign ourselves to become nothing, the Lord will find in us a room ready for His use, wherein He may kindle a living fire. Every act that Mary per-

formed through her girlhood was offered as an act of love to God. Only because of this daily practice in self-denial was she able to declare herself truthfully "the handmaiden of the Lord." Only by constantly disciplining ourselves to obedience and humility shall we be ready to accept God's will with the ready response, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

We cannot expect to attain to the perfect self-submission of the Holy Mother and the saints without willing acceptance of suffering. Even at Bethlehem, the Cross threw its cold shadow over the Manger where Mary guarded the Blessed Child. With every step that Mary advanced in understanding and in love she grew in the knowledge of suffering and its purifying power. So we must learn that greatest of all lessons, —to love Jesus is to suffer with Him.

The shepherds and the Magi had to turn away from the Manger and to leave the Holy Child and His gracious Mother, with only a beautiful memory to cheer them in the tedious return to their round of duties. How fortunate are we who may have daily access to Jesus, who may daily partake of His Divine Life! Yet the joy that He brings to us is not to be hugged to our own breasts; it is not for our secret and selfish gratification that He comes to us. As he returns to us again and again in the Holy Communion, we are expected to make ever greater efforts to show Him forth to men, that they may be led to His feet to share our joy.

While this is true of every Communion, it seems especially appropriate to remind ourselves of it at the Christmas season. We meditate at this time upon the amazing love of God in offering us so great a gift—the gift of Himself. We wish to let Him take possession of us, that we may in our poor way imitate His generosity and burn with His love. This must be no idle, empty prayer. No doubt, Mary felt a certain anxiety when

the Eastern sages appeared so unexpectedly to render homage to her tiny Son. Their visit repeated the warning that her Child was destined to fulfil a great Purpose, and that she would play but an obscure part in His ministry. Yet she quietly and happily shared her joy in the Infant Saviour with these grave and reverend travellers.

Sometimes in our parish life we feel our work ignored, ourselves overlooked, our sacrifices apparently wasted. Let us then not yield to discouragement or to self-pity, but call to mind the gentle Mother, gladly taking her place in the background, though with a little pang in her heart, in order that her Son may receive the worship that is His due.

And as we gaze upon that picture which each succeeding Christmas makes more dear, more meaningful, we see Mary, surrounded by the hosts of heaven, those pure spirits who behold the unveiled Face of God. By her perfect obedience, her pure simplicity, her absolute devotion of every thought and feeling to the glory of Jesus, she is found worthy to take her place among those radiant servants of God who know no joy but to serve God, and so are permitted to see and to share His Glory.

Christmas and Peggy.

BY F. O'RAHILLY, L. L. A.

PEGGY stands at the cottage door staring out at the starry sky and the dark outline of the tall, bare trees which surrounded Dronuin House,—grand trees for the rooks they were too. Now, as the branches sway backwards and forwards, the lights from the House itself glimmer and twinkle like lesser stars on the earth. Peggy is almost twenty, so it does not seem right that her eyes should look so sad, or that she should sigh audibly as she turns back into the cottage, drawing the wooden bolt behind her. The truth is

that just now she is feeling what the city girls would call "fed-up"; and why? Well, she does not quite know herself. After all, she has her Granny, a dear old soul, as deaf as a door-post but equally inoffensive; lively too, in spite of her four-score years; keeping the poor cottage clean and tidy and able to do wonderful things by economizing her old-age pension. No, indeed, Peggy has nought to complain of; and yet somehow she has not been happy lately. To-night she takes herself to task and questions herself. Surely she is not jealous of the young ladies coming and going in their motor? Neither does she want the pictures, or to go to Dublin often. She simply hates it all; the few times she had been taken there, every moment she found herself longing to get back to the country. What is it, then?

Peggy was still finding fault with herself for this unaccountable sadness as she drew back her small window-curtain before hopping into bed. There were lights in the Gate Lodge opposite; and, yes, surely that was Pat, the gardener, fastening up for the night. Peggy's heart gave a wild bound—then with a shock she realized what was wrong with her. But surely it was absurd! Pat was thirty, if he was a day (why, he used to hoist her up on his shoulder to pick nuts, not so long ago.); he had a good situation, and was very tall and handsome in spite of his very red hair. He and his mother were very comfortable at the Lodge, and Mrs. McCarthy would certainly not want a daughter-in-law as poor as Peggy; and anyhow it was all too really silly, so that's all about it. As Peggy drew the blankets round her ears it was a comfort to think she could pray the whole thing off, and nobody would be any the wiser.

"Never mind about plum-pudding, Granny, we can very well do without it," shouted Peggy, as she scrubbed the chairs with might and main in prepa-

ration for Christmas. Granny had been a bit out of sorts. Full of regrets for old times when they had a goose, a plum-pudding, and all the other necessities of Christmas. She had wearied Peggy, already at her wits' end as to the wherewith of the Christmas dinner. But the girl went on scrubbing and cleaning, cheerily singing snatches of song to keep up her flagging spirits.

"*Bail o Dhia orrabh!*" It was Pat's shadow in the doorway.

"*Dia agus Muire dhuit a Phaidraig,*" answered Peggy.

"I want ye to come over to the Lodge for Christmas Night, Peggy. They sent us down a grand hamper from the House, plum-pudding and all; so you and the Granny must come over and take a bit o' dinner with us."

They were both delighted, and said so. The old woman began at once to get out her Sunday garments, remnants of the good old times. And Pat's back was scarcely turned when Peggy did the same. After all it was Christmas Eve, so there was little time for preparation. Pat would be very busy all day he had told them. There were a number of visitors coming to spend Christmas at the House, and the housekeeper wanted lots of green stuff cut down for the decorations.

A typical Christmas-card Christmas; everything covered with a nice, fine snow which fell during the night, just enough to make everything look beautiful, and yet not enough to penetrate one's boots and get slushy. After twelve o'clock Mass in the village, Peggy and her Granny went across to the Lodge where Mrs. McCarthy welcomed them heartily. Pat would be in later. He was giving a helping hand up at the House—he was always a useful boy, that same Pat, announced his mother proudly. When he did arrive dinner was just ready. The goose, baked a golden brown, fizzled on her dish, and the potlid of the plum-pudding pot danced up

and down as if impatient to be lifted. They were a very merry party indeed, and grace was piously said as they turned towards the little Crib in the corner.

As the evening drew to a close and the last of the crackers was pulled, Pat suggested that Peggy and himself should go up to the House just to take a peep at the ladies and gents who would be dancing by this time. Up the avenue they went, Peggy well protected from the cold wind, and Pat provided with his electric torch in case of necessity. It was nice to see through the high windows the young people having a good time. Peggy loved seeing the pretty frocks and shoes of girls about her own age. But she had no thought of jealousy. After all she was very happy to-night.

"Aren't you a bit small, Peg, to see in plain? Suppose I put you up on my shoulder," suggested Pat. A sudden shyness caused Peggy to blush crimson; she was no longer a child; it was not quite nice to allow Pat to lift her up. Besides—she tried to laugh it off.

"I'm too grown-up now, Pat, for that; you know I'm twenty." Pat glanced at the little, blue-eyed girl by his side. Twenty? Was it possible? Then there was no need to wait any longer. He would ask Peggy to-night. Why it was just the right moment—Christmas, with snow all round them!

"Peg thinks she'd be livelier opening and shutting the gates than you, Mother; so she's decided on coming over to us for good and all."—

It must have been Peggy's blushes, but Granny heard quite easily that time, and nodded approval.

IT is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Light-houses do not ring bells or fire cannon to call attention to their shining. They just shine.—*Longfellow.*

Irish Shuilers' Christmas.

BY LIAM P. CLANCY.

LET the snow be in the hollow,
 And the storm be on the height,
 It's little heed we're taking,
 Who walk the roads this night:
 For many a door is open,
 And many a kindly hand
 To-night will give us succor
 In Erin's holy land.

Let no star be in the heavens,
 Nor ever a white moon ray
 Aslant the lonesome mountains,
 To guide us on our way:
 No darkness we'll be fearing,
 For many a candle-flare
 Will shine in cottage windows,
 To light our footsteps there.

Though never a man be knowing
 The way that we come or go,
 We're welcome to be resting
 Before his turf-fire's glow;
 And through this Eve in Erin,
 There's many a kindly deed,
 And help, and hope, and shelter,
 For those who walk in need.

So, over the hill and hollow,
 With never a dread we fare;
 At every open doorway
 There's help and a word o' prayer:
 May God and His Blesséd Mother,
 Who journeyed this night of yore,
 Put wealth of blessings on you,
 Who keep the open door!

A Christmas Legend.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

HOW St. Brigid, or Bride, patroness of Ireland and contemporary of St. Patrick, could be associated with the birth of the Infant Jesus is no puzzle to students of Irish legendary lore. Legends, Christian and Pagan, are so closely interwoven in these old tales that the result is a maze of fact and fiction through which it is not always an easy matter to find one's way. Many of these legends are supposed to have

originated in some metaphorical poem of the species so dear to the bards of ancient Erin, and may have been taken too literally by a sensitive and imaginative people. To this category the following legend of St. Brigid of Kildare probably belongs. From it we learn that her future connection with the stable at Bethlehem was foretold before she could speak. Delivered in the Irish language, the prophecy was rendered into English by Fiona Macleod, in whose "Spiritual Tales" we read:

. . . . my garment shall be laid
 On the lord of the world,
 Yea, surely it shall be that He,
 The King of the Elements Himself,
 Shall lean against my bosom,
 And I shall give Him peace,
 And peace will I give to all who ask
 Because of this mighty Prince,
 And because of His Mother that is the
 Daughter of Peace.

We are also told that, although till that moment baby Brigid had never spoken a word, she then startled the bystanders by intoning the prophecy in a clear, childish treble. However, as time passed and nothing unusual happened, Duvach, as her father was called, began to have his doubts about the prophecy. To all his questions the little girl replied with a shake of her head and an assurance that she remembered nothing whatever of the mystic words attributed to her. But when she was about eight years old her father surprised her on the hillside, softly singing to herself the words of the prophecy, and as he listened he bowed his head in prayer. The Arch-Druid, Cathal, to whom he related what had passed, advised him to let his little daughter alone and refrain from questioning her on the subject.

Brigid though of a modest and retiring nature and given to lonely wanderings and day-dreaming, was very industrious, her days being passed in tending sheep and helping in the dairy. She loved listening to the learned discus-

sions of the Druids, from whom she learned of the existence of a land of blazing sun and little rain. A fairy tale, perhaps, but none the less fascinating for that to a child reared in an island whose misty skies "wept while they smiled." Then one memorable day she found herself towards evening on a waste of burning sand. It spread for miles and miles, and over it she walked scarcely knowing whether she was awake or dreaming, till she saw a white-walled city far ahead where lights were twinkling, dimly at first, but growing brighter as she neared the gates. The landscape was at once familiar and unfamiliar. The trees and shrubs were strange, the absence of rain, or even of a well of water, stranger still, while the very air she breathed seemed on fire. Then some words spoken by the white-haired Druids came back to her, and she suddenly realized with a gasp of ecstasy that she was in the East, and in her joy almost forgot her thirst and fatigue.

From the white-walled city she was toiling towards, a figure advanced as she drew nearer. The face was familiar in spite of the flowing robes and Oriental setting. It was her father, sure enough, and he appeared to attribute her bewildered reception of him to her proverbial capacity for living in the clouds, reminding her half playfully of the number of times he had been obliged to chide her for the habit. He said that she had been so long about filling her pitcher at the well that he had come in search of her, and, since she was without it, feared that with her usual absence of mind, she had left it at the well.

Pitcher! water!—what would she not give for even one drop of water! And she begins to talk about dear old Ireland of the sea-soft breezes and weeping skies and grass so cool and green, that did not burn the feet like this never-ending sand. At which her

father chides her as a silly girl who does not know what she is talking about and must be only half awake, for yonder is the only home she ever knew, and its name is Bethlehem, and he the owner of an inn there that, when she has her wits about her, she helps him to look after.

It is late when they arrive at the inn for walking in the heat was weary work, and they were parched with thirst. Once within doors Duvach grew very grave and, pointing to the empty water-tanks, said:

"Now, child, heed what I am saying, for it may well be that your life depends upon your doing so. That pitcher over there contains the only drop of drinking-water in the house, and must last you till I come back from the Mount of Olives, where, I have heard, there is a well that has not been affected by the drought. God willing, I shall return with camel-loads of well-filled water skins, but, meanwhile, be careful, Brigid, for it may be you will be asked for a drink these times when every throat is parched. Let no one eat or drink here till I come back, nor spend a night beneath our roof."

When her father was gone Brigid sat thinking over what he had said till she was roused from her reflections by a knock at the inn door. Opening it she saw standing in the starlight an old man whose uplifted staff had evidently been just used to beat upon the door, his other hand holding the bridle of a patient looking ass on whose back was seated a young woman with the sweetest face she had ever seen. And at this sight Brigid was a dreamer once again, roaming the green hills of Erin and crooning to herself the mystic words of a half-forgotten prophecy.

"This is Mary, my wife, who will soon be a mother. May we have food and a night's lodging?"

The legend adds that as Joseph spoke Mary and Brigid exchanged a penetrat-

ing glance accompanied by some words in Irish. While anxious to obey her father, Brigid felt that she was free to give the food and drink reserved for her own use to these strangers, and promptly offered it; but when Mary asked for some milk she was obliged to admit that there was none to be had, as owing to the prolonged drought the cows failed to yield a drop. Then the sweet-faced woman told her to try once more, reciting while she milked these words:

Give up thy milk to her who calls
Across the low green hills of Heaven
And stream-cool meads of Paradise!

Brigid did as she was ordered and got as much milk as was needed, and having drunk of it, the travellers resumed their journey, for mindful of her father's injunction, Brigid dared not ask them to stay the night. But she felt ill at ease and her trouble increased when she perceived that notwithstanding what they had eaten and drunk there was no diminution in the size of the loaf or in the number of the cakes, nor in the quantity of the water in the pitcher, though she had seen the strangers drink of it thirstily. She wished she had not been obliged to send them away! However, it was some comfort to remember that she had told them of a stable where they might be able to shelter for the night.

As soon as her father returned, his camels loaded with fresh water and provisions of various kinds, she informed him of all that had passed in his absence. The miracle of the eating of food that never lessened and drinking of water from a pitcher that was as full as when he started on his journey set Duvach thinking seriously, and he recalled how the Prophets said that the Prince of Peace would be born during a heavy fall of rain that was to follow a great drought, and even as he met his daughter's questioning gaze the rain, for which the parched ground had been

thirsting for weeks back, came pattering down, and then, with a swish and a rush, speedily soaked the shrivelling shrubs and blistering earth.

"Surely the Prince of Peace is with us!" the father and daughter exclaimed in the same breath."


"Father, let us seek Him," said Brigid.

Together they sallied forth in the drenching rain, Duvach carrying a lighted lantern. But it was scarcely needed, for as they neared the stable the rays from the biggest and brightest star they had ever seen dimmed every other light. Entering the strawstrewn stable they found Mary with a lovely Child in her arms while close by stood her venerable husband. With a smile of welcome Mary held the Babe for Brigid to embrace. She took the Infant into her arms and covered Him with her own cloak; an act which so pleased the Virgin Mother that she declared that Brigid should thenceforth be known as the foster-mother of Christ. It is because of this kind action that Brigid is to this day called "Brighde-nam-Brat," or Bride of the Mantle, in Ireland and also in Scotland, her erstwhile colony.

The legend adds that although St. Brigid's cloak was worn and threadbare when she covered the Holy Child with it, she received it back not only whole and entire but embroidered with golden lilies and precious stones. There are various versions of this pretty legend, but the above is in substance the story, as it has been handed down through the ages, of the Patroress of Ireland and the Stable at Bethlehem.

ILLUSTRATING that drawing off from the things of sense, which St. Catherine of Siena calls the building of a cell within her heart, St. Francis de Sales calls meditation by a highly refined metaphor—"the sleep of the soul," because it refreshes the mind as natural sleep refreshes the body.

The Christian Christmas.

HAT is called "the world" has an amazing power of absorption. It assimilates and transforms. Men and women once caught up into its maw become dispiritualized, and almost take on another nature. Religious institutions, like the Mediæval orders of knighthood, lost their chivalric virtues once they were unhorsed in their jousting with the world.

The world has left its soilure on the drama that was instituted to represent the great mysteries of our Catholic faith. And the world at present is trying to secularize our great Catholic feasts by giving them a natural origin and surrounding them with a tawdry symbolism. Of such feasts, Christmas and Easter rank first. Each in its way has lost much of its spiritual meaning to Christian people generally, because the world has insisted on attributing to each a human meaning and a ritual of paganism. The present season makes our consideration of the world's treatment of Christmas inevitable.

And so let us witness the world's Christmas. Christmas in name only. The Chief Actor, the Central Figure, is absent from the cast. Santa Claus, with his hip boots and his flaxen beard, and his red, skin-tight bresches, and his sled and reindeers and his bag full of indigestion—this is the chief performer in the world's reproduction of Christmas. Little boys and little girls await his coming with bated breath, and their sage elders nod their heads knowingly at the deception. The shouting Santa Claus is the world's substitute for the Christ Child of the Crib.

The Christmas tree has supplanted the manger. Loaded down with bells, balls, toy lights and stuffed stockings, the tree, and not the Crib, symbolizes Christmas for nine-tenths of the American children at the present time. And

to a great percentage of American adults Christmas is just another occasion for relaxation or dissipation. They are not concerned with the origin of the feast, its significance or its spiritual reality. It is just Christmas,—engraved cards, exchanges of presents, plum pudding.

Priests in parishes and nuns in parish schools have to restore Christmas to Catholic homes and to the imaginations of Catholic children. Why a bouncing Santa Claus, who never was and never could be upon land or sea, when we have Christ, the Reality? Christ, who came to our earth, greeted by starlight, and singing, and the tumult of wings! Priests and teaching Sisters must win back children's loyalties from the world's roistering Santa Claus to the meek and humble Christ.

Catholic parents should experience a sense of compulsion to join in the restoration of this great Catholic feast to the Catholic home. Fathers will see in St. Joseph the highest type of protectorship which fatherhood normally means. He was the provider and guardian of those two holy beings confided to his keeping. And while he was not a husband or a parent in the strictly human sense, he was, withal, everything that husband and father imply. He was the maintainer of the home and the modest protector of Mother and Child. Catholic mothers should feel a sense of uplift in the reflection that Mary, the Virgin, was a Mother too. In Nazareth she made the virginal vow which the Angel's message sealed and secured. In the manger Mary, the Virgin, became a Mother in the humblest visible surroundings, but with all the invisible hosts of heaven singing pæans of praise to her Son. Surely Catholic mothers will experience a sense of comfort in the thought that one so nearly approaching God was herself a mother, and experienced the love hunger of a mother for her Child.

Notes and Remarks.

His Eminence Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, who has been visiting in England for some weeks, announces he will be present at the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in 1932. There is more to the Cardinal's statement than a mere item of news; there is a spirit of approach which is gracious and friendly and which distinguishes the cultured scholar from an official person who has exalted rank but no imagination.

"I should very much like to see Ireland," the Cardinal said, "because your country and Poland have much in common. Our nations have suffered together, and were sisters in adversity." The Pole and the Gael have migrated westward for much the same reason—intolerable conditions in their homelands. Language and localities—and possibly politics—have kept the two peoples so far apart in their adopted country they have never had much chance to compare the points of resemblance in their national and religious histories. With both peoples the struggle to maintain Faith has been a struggle to maintain nationhood as well. Each would be a nation, and each would be a Catholic nation. These elements of relationship should make more permanent the bonds of sympathy between Poland and Ireland than any such artificial political ties as may be manufactured during a succession of conferences assembled under the patronage of the League of Nations.

The Rev. Denys Mathieu, of Bromyard, Herefordshire, England, builds his own churches. Not long ago one of his design and construction was dedicated by Archbishop Mostyn, of Cardiff, at Bishop's Frome. And even before that, in 1927, Father Mathieu completed

a church, a presbytery and a parish hall in Bromyard. He secured the property in 1913. Then he gave French lessons, and with the money secured from pedagogy he bought his first bags of cement. The church was finished in 1914. The other units followed in slow succession until the completion of the entire plan in 1927. In his spare time this priest builder essays other occupations. He keeps rabbits, goats, poultry and bees, and has even done public work with the Bromyard Board of Guardians. Those of us who have time on our hands should take notice.

Good samaritans are crowding all the roads these days. Often, however, their mercy comes as a suggestion rather than as a personal ministration. One of the latest is reminiscent of war times—that of giving a day's wages to the support of the unemployed. If all the unemployed were thrifty and cautious in days when employment was plentiful, and were not given to spending upon the luxuries of life in fat years what should have been saved for life's necessities in lean years, we should not be tempted to enter a demurrer. And even as it is we resist the temptation, and say the suggestion has much to commend it. Because, whether or not some of the present want might have been foreseen and provided against in plentiful days, it still remains true that want is want; that people who are hungry must be fed, whether or not the hunger might have been forestalled in the days of abundance; and that people must be clothed even if they should have foreseen in the days of purple and fine linen that there were days in the offing when homespun would be welcome.

Only let us not concede to the laboring man all the glory in this day-a-month giving. The clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the business man, top sergeant, lieutenant, captain and

major-general in the army of industry, —all should give on a day-a-month basis. Quite likely the general's day will be more than the top sergeant's month —very much more; the professional and business man will have to subscribe a considerably higher quota than the man in overalls. All which is perfectly scriptural and perfectly fair. "Of him to whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

The day-a-month plan to help the unemployed is all right—if it goes all the way around.

A Chinese girl named A Kin, which means "little flower," is an inmate in a hospital conducted by the French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, Hong Kong, China. When A Kin was only four years old she was brought to the hospital by her mother. As a result of bone disease both her arms were gangrenous, and had to be amputated. The maimed child was intelligent and industrious; the Sisters were patient. And so A Kin learned to use her feet for her hands. As a result, this maimless child now holds a book with her toes while she reads. She crochets by means of her toes; knits, darns, and cuts out clothes. She even eats with her toes.

Others no doubt could have taught A Kin to use her toes and her feet for her fingers and her hands quite as well as these French Sisters. But very likely she would now be living her life in a circus, instead of saving her soul by presiding at children's games and tidying up the playroom when playtime is over.

The statement has been frequently made that rural America is sadly over-churched. No one has dared to suggest that the Catholic Church is even remotely connected with that over-organization. Now comes the statement, how-

ever, that even the Protestant Church is neglectful in less populated districts. Dr. Herman N. Morse, director of surveys of the Home Mission Council, told eight hundred delegates to the North American Mission Congress that five million persons in ten thousand rural communities are living entirely without the opportunity of a religious ministry or local church service. We wonder what a survey of Catholic conditions would reveal. Judging by the number of fallen-aways that one meets in the shadow of our metropolitan churches, the leakage must be terrific in the thousands of communities where being a Catholic means journeying to the nearest mission for the occasional Mass that is offered there. Must Catholics in those outlying places continue to be deprived of religious opportunities because they are not wealthy enough or numerous enough to build a place of worship and provide for the expenses of an attending priest? Such a situation would be explainable if the Church were generally too poor to look after this particular American missionary field; it becomes positively disedifying, however, in face of the superfluous magnificence of some of our big city churches. It begins to look as if modern Catholics have lost some of that true Christian sympathy which was so characteristic of the early Church, that outsiders could say of it, "See these Christians, how they love one another!"

The Rev. E. A. Merryweather, an Anglican vicar of Pelton, England, excommunicated three of his parishioners recently for committing perjury in court when they gave evidence that he was using "Romish ornaments." There was consequent excitement in church circles about this act of authority by Vicar Merryweather, and it was freely asserted that he had no authority to act. Then Dr. Hensley Hanson, Angli-

can bishop of Durham, came to the rescue, and cleared the parishioners by declaring the excommunication "null and void."

Whether the three eavesdropping parishioners were perjurers we will not assert. And whether Vicar Merryweather wore "Romish ornaments" we will not assert either. But we do know that the Vicar did not excommunicate the three talebearers because he had not the authority. And the Bishop of Durham could not nullify an act of the Vicar of Pelton excommunicating the three parishioners, because the Vicar could not excommunicate in the first place. And for that matter, neither could the Bishop.

Money doesn't always mean happiness in a family no matter how much we may associate the two in our dreams. A certain Mr. X. related in an Eastern court room a few weeks ago that when he was a forty-dollar-a-month deck hand "back in 1896," he "lived happily on corned beef and cabbage." Apparently his wife also was contented with the honest smack of that homely fare until the fateful year of 1912. At that date, Mr. X. closed his eyes one day, and, on a gambler's chance, threw the family savings into Wall Street. He got the surprise of his life. His money returned to him with a lot of companion dollars tagging after it; and as often as he sent it back again on the same hopeful errand he got the same agreeable results. During ten years his fortune never stopped growing until it reached the tidy sum of \$1,500,000. Of course, the corned beef and cabbage went out of the back door; but, strange to say, the happiness and contentment of the former deck hand and his wife went along with it. Butlers and maids and other society accessories came in the wake of the fortune; and then followed that most swanky of all society affairs, divorce proceedings, with alimony of

\$18,000 a year and an exclusive apartment for the former Mrs. X. But that wasn't the end of it.

Perhaps in the hope of winning back the former Mrs. X. with still other millions, Mr. X. took another flier in good old Wall Street just before the fateful days of last October. Once more he got the surprise of his life. Again his money came back to him, but this time he didn't recognize it—there was so little of it left. So Mr. X. did what he could to make the best of a bad job. He hied himself to the courts and asked that his eighteen thousand dollar alimony bill be reduced in accordance with his depleted pocketbook. A very obliging Vice-Chancellor of the Chancery Court reduced the annual payment to the modest sum of \$360, with the recommendation that Mrs. X. give up her caviar and partridge and go back to corned beef and cabbage. That is not a bad *dénouement* after all. If the corned beef and cabbage of the present has only retained in ever so small a degree the charm of its original flavor, who knows but that the memories of deck-hand days may weave themselves about the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. X., and bring them together again in the plain but happy living of long ago.

It is rather surprising in this day and age to find a whole community in Ireland up in arms because the proprietor of a public house dared to open his doors after twelve o'clock to serve refreshments to those returning from dances. The *Dublin Saturday Herald* records this happening on the first page under the caption "Village Scandal," and the article goes on to state that the guilty persons were severely reprimanded by the Justice, fined, and may have their licenses revoked. And yet Ireland has no Prohibition law. But in this country, where we have written into the Constitution an amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of

intoxicating liquors, such a trifling fault would pass unnoticed. It is common knowledge, as a matter of fact, that liquor is brought into the dance halls, and imbibed openly by couples between dances. What, we wonder, would the Justice and his people think of young girls and boys of high-school age carrying their flasks with them and staggering out upon the dance floor in a maudlin condition! It is, we know, just as impossible to legislate men temperate as it is to legislate men good, but laws that are just and reasonable, provided they are strictly enforced, very often help to keep people out of trouble. In Europe the laws governing the liquor traffic are quite reasonable, but violators of such laws are severely punished. In this country we go to the extremes in our legislation, and make ourselves ridiculous in our efforts to enforce such laws.

The pastors of New York City are authorized by the Bureau of Catholic charities to employ a number of men and women to perform tasks around the church premises. Men so engaged will be paid \$5 a day and women \$4, for three days a week. Upon receipt of a record of the persons employed and the services rendered, the Bureau of Catholic charities will reimburse the pastors. The plan—a good one—is devised to help out in these months of unemployment those men and women who have no other means of securing support.

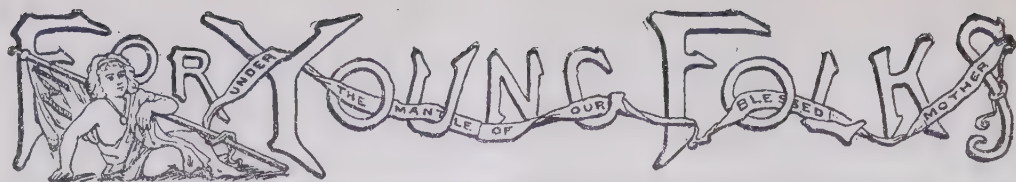
In Pittsburgh the superintendent of diocesan Catholic schools pointed out recently that the taxpayers of Pittsburgh were saved \$5,300,000 from the fact that 42,230 children attend the eighty-six Catholic parochial schools in that city.

Yes, and very likely it would have cost the Catholic tax-payers now sending their children to parochial schools

more than the \$5,300,000 they are saving the city of Pittsburgh were they to send these children to the public schools. Because public schools are many, many times more expensive to operate.

We should like to discover what is the actual money sacrifice many of us make for the upkeep of our parochial schools. Scarcely is it all expended on the teachers. In some places each teaching Sister used to get \$25.00 a month, and for this princely sum she was expected to eat, drink and make merry. Ever so often there is high editorial comment and splendid oratory on the colossal sacrifices made by us to maintain our Catholic school system. In all fairness, however, we should give the teaching Sisters a casual mention before we fade out in self-laudatory peroration. Besides, leaving out altogether the gain of spiritual values, it is doubtful if even in material values we are so enormously tax-levied for our parish schools as we make ourselves believe. Compute what we expend for radios, gasoline, moving pictures, football tickets, travel and informal dinners, and quite likely we will not seem so heroic in our school contribution.

A news dispatch tells us that the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions has finally decided to withdraw from France. It seems that in spite of all the time and money and energy spent in proselytizing in this Catholic country, the total Methodist membership has hardly reached the one thousand mark. While the withdrawal is an acknowledgment of defeat, we cannot help but regret the Catholic losses which must have resulted from Methodist activities there. It is unfortunately too true that while proselytizing seldom turns any kind of a Catholic into a good Protestant, it does result in turning many a mediocre Catholic into either a poor Catholic or into no Catholic at all.



A Christmas Guest.

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER.

THERE is a legend that one Christmas Eve, Long, long ago as snow fell thick and fast, A laborer trudged homeward through a vast And lonely forest, when, like winds that grieve, He heard a moaning, yet could scarce conceive It but a vagary of the storm's fierce blast. Alert, he groped,—a child! He stared aghast, Then clasped the form its suffering to relieve.

He reached his door, the child against his breast;
The good wife came—their own brood hovered near.

Elated with this stranger for a guest,
Each of his feast gave part,—then saw appear

A light as of a halo round his head,
As, soaring on white wings, the vision fled.

Little Texas.

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

XI.—HOME AGAIN.

THE summer waned, and it grew time for the little Ochiltrees to think about home. Mr. Ochiltree had to be there when the first picking of cotton was brought in, and his wife began to worry about the children left behind. She was so much better in health that she felt ready to take up her home duties again, while Manthus longed for her old friends, although she did not want to leave the new. She and Pinto Babe had become well-nigh inseparable, and whenever he was at the ranch she was with him. It was a strange friendship that had blossomed between this man and the little girl.

"Manthus seems devoted to Babe," said Mrs. Ochiltree to her husband. "Do

you know any more about him than you did at first?"

"Not much," replied he.

"Rough as he seems I think he was born a gentleman," said Mrs. Ochiltree. "There is something about him that makes me feel that the roughness is but a coat worn to cover his real self. He is certainly nice with the children and always most gentlemanly with me."

Manthus probably was not able to tell the difference between a gentleman and one who was not, but she knew that Pinto Babe was everything that was delightful to her.

"Pinto Babe," she said the last evening at the ranch, as he was taking her the rounds of the place to bid good-bye to all the favorites, "I wish you were going home too."

"Do you, little one? I wish I was."

"Where is your home, Pinto Babe?"

"It's a long ways from here, May Manthus." His voice was low, and he looked across the long hills to the sunset. They sat down on the gallery and were quiet for a few minutes, Manthus holding her dolly in her arms. Through the soft night came the chirp of the tree toads and the call of the katydid. Above a new moon was creeping over the crest of the hills.

"You haven't got a mother, Pinto Babe?" asked May Manthus at last.

"No," he said. Memories were stirring within his breast—memories sweet and bitter. He seemed to see a big, old-fashioned Southern home, with roses blooming over its wide piazza. He seemed to hear a stern old voice say, "unless you can tell me the truth you need not stay in my house," and hear his own voice saying, "good-bye, sir."

"But I have a father, May Manthus," he added bitterly.

"Oh, I should think you would want to go home then," exclaimed May Manthus. "I know your father is lonesome for you. He'll be missing your mother powerful bad—I know how Dad is when Mother's away,—so don't you really think you ought to go and see him?"

"I reckon so." Pinto Babe's usually smiling face looked serious.

"What made you leave him to come way off here?" asked Manthus.

"Well, he thought I done something I hadn't, and wouldn't believe me when I told him I hadn't." Pinto Babe's voice was sullen, "and I couldn't stand all the fuss and feathers down there. I just wanted to be alone out in God's country."

"Oh, I know," the sweet little voice was sympathetic. "That's the way I feel when it rains too hard to get out of the house all day! I feel as if the roof of the house was a lid pressing down right on my head."

Pinto Babe seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I think fathers are the nicest things in the world, excepting mothers, of course. When you haven't any mother your father will be worried more about you. He'd think 'poor motherless boy' everytime he looked at you. Perhaps you didn't know it was worrying about you that made him want to keep you with a lid on at home. Sometimes my father is serious, but that's because those big men have such big things to think about. I know they love us just as much as mothers do, specially when there's anything the matter."

Pinto Babe sat silent, and at that moment Uncle Nicodemus' fiddle broke the stillness in a melody sweet and haunting. Then Racy began to sing and the words of the song came clearly to them through the still air:

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat gua'd de sheepfol' bin,
Looks out in de gloomerin' meadow,
Whar de long night rain begin,

"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
So he call to de hi'elin' shepa'd:

Oh, den, says de hi'elin' shepa'd,
"Dey's some dey's black an' thin,
An' some dey's po' ol' weddehs,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat gua'd de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin;
An' he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain an' win'
An' up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain pat,
Whar de sleet fall pie'cin thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes a-gadderin' in,
Dey po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes a-gadderin' in."

"Isn't that nice," said May Manthus. "I certainly like to hear Racy sing. I just love that song. I should think black sheep would love to go home when the massa goes after them, wouldn't you, Pinto Babe?"

"Um-hum!" Pinto Babe looked very strangely moved. "May Manthus, you're a little angel," he said.

But at that moment Bobby Lee came around the corner of the gallery.

"Hello, Pinto Babe! How are you?" he said with his most engaging grin, climbing up on Pinto Babe's knee with his calm assurance of welcome. "I've got a letter here. Nobody knows who it b'longs to. Joe brought it and showed it to all the boys and they don't know whose it is, so I just took it. Now it's mine. Read it to me, Pinto Babe," he said, putting a letter into Babe's hands. That young man glanced at the letter. It was addressed in a quavering hand to Philip Hargrave, Jr., and Pinto Babe's face paled and his eyes grew dark.

"Bobby Lee, this letter is for me," he said, and putting Bobby down quickly he walked around the gallery out of sight.

"Natty old Pinto Babe!" said Bobby

Lee with disgust. "He tooked my letter. Bobby Lee doesn't like him any more."

"Oh, don't say that, Bobby," said May Manthus in distress. "It's Pinto Babe's letter, and of course he wants it himself. It might say something very important. See here, Bobby," she tried to change the subject, "here's Babe's picture." She pulled a little kodak print out of her pocket. "Sue Ford took it. Isn't it nice? It looks just like him."

Bobby Lee looked at the picture. "It looks like him and like the man who came to see Daddy," said he.

"What man?" asked May Manthus, but that moment a gentleman came out on the gallery; and as he walked across the porch, the picture fell out of May Manthus' hand, and the wind carried it across the floor in front of the strange gentleman. He stopped to pick it up; and as he was about to hand it back to Manthus, he glanced at it. Then he said, "Is this yours, child?"

"Yes, sir," said Manthus, with her pretty little curtsy, taught her by the Sisters where Sue Ford went to school. "Thank you, sir; I wouldn't have lost it for anything. It's Mr. Pinto Babe, and he's a great friend of mine."

"He is, is he?" said the old man.

"Oh, yes, sir; he's my very best man friend," said May Manthus. "I do wish he was my big brother. He is so good and kind and so nice to Bobby Lee and me. I'd give anything if he was going home with us, but he says he's got to go to his own home, and I told him I guessed his father must want him awful bad by now."

"He does, little Miss, very badly," said the old man. "Will you tell him so for me?"

"Why, yes," said May Manthus surprised, "I'll tell him; but here he is now," as Babe came on the porch and she ran to him crying: "O Pinto Babe, you must go home like you said you would. This gentleman says your father want you terribly bad."

Pinto Babe put his arm around the little girl, but looked at the old gentleman. There was silence between the two men. Then the older one spoke gruffly:

"You have such a wonderful recommendation from this young lady that I am inclined to ask you if you will come to my home. Will you, Philip?"

Pinto Babe looked surprised. "Do you believe in me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I would want you anyway, boy," said the old man in a choked voice. "I can't live without you," and he put out his hand.

"I'll come, sir," said Pinto Babe. "Thanks to this little angel here," he laid his hand on Manthus' head; "I just got your letter, sir. I have it here. I was coming home anyway, but I am glad you wanted me."

"But where are you going, Pinto Babe?" cried Bobby's voice, very much agitated. "I don't want you to go any place at all without Bobby Lee. Don't you go with the big man. I don't like him if he takes away my Pinto Babe!"

"Oh, hush, Bobby Lee," cried Manthus. "I think it's Pinto Babe's father."

"Oh," cried Bobby Lee, "I know, Pinto Babe, you're a proggawal son,—this is your father and you're a proggawal son. Bet he gives you lots of candy. You better go home."

Pinto Babe laughed, and his father smiled broadly. "Yes, kiddie," Pinto Babe said, "I'm a prodigal son all right, and I reckon there is plenty of candy."

"Right you are, my boy!" said his father, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Liberty and plenty of sweets from now on."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Manthus. "He needs some sweets, for he's so good."

"Good-bye, Mariposa Ranch," said May Manthus next morning, as the carriage loads of people drove away from the ranch house. Pinto Babe's father, Mr. Hargrave, was in one carriage with Pinto Babe, May Manthus, her

mother and Bobby Lee, who was much delighted with the span of long-tailed Morgans which the old man drove. Mr. Ochiltree drove the other children in the carryall, and the servants followed in the buckboard which Jim, one of the cowboys, was driving.

"Good-bye, darling ranch," said May Manthus, "I hope we'll come again to see you, but it won't ever be the same without Pinto Babe."

"I'll come and visit you," said Babe, and his father added: "You must come to San Antonio and visit us, May Manthus."

"Oh, I'd love to," she said rapturously. "May I, Mother?"

"Perhaps, darling," said her mother.

"I hope you'll honor my house with your presence, Madam," said the old man courteously; "and bring the little girl with you. My son tells me that it is really due to her that he is coming back with me, and I feel deeply indebted to her and to you for your kindness to Philip."

"We are all very fond of him," said Mrs. Ochiltree. "Mr. Ochiltree thinks that he is a very fine fellow; and as for May Manthus, well, I think she has adopted him into the family, so you will have to allow him to come and visit us for her sake."

"And for my sake too," said Bobby Lee, who thought he had been long enough out of the conversation. "so I can have some of the proggiwal son's candy."

"Oh, hush! Bobby," May Manthus said and looked distressed; but Pinto Babe laughed, and said:

"You're certainly looking out for the main chance, Little Texas, but here's the one who deserves the sweet things of life," as he put his hand on the shoulder of Mary Amanthus.

(The End)

The Generous Miser.

"That's the miser's house."

It was set back from the public road. A sloping lawn reached to the steps of the porch, which was covered with vines. About the grounds were numerous flower-beds. Colonial in style but the front was decidedly modern.

"Rather pretentious for a miser's house," I answered.

"Yes, but he didn't live there for many years."

"Oh!"

"Would you like to hear his story?"

"It must be somewhat unusual, or you wouldn't want to tell it," I replied.

"As for his early history, I can state only what I have been told. It was before my time here, and, yet, knowing all of the later facts, I can say for certain that I have been told the truth.

"Some thirty years ago the father of the miser owned that house. He was not extremely well-to-do, but he had a business with a comfortable income. He was all that a father should be,—good, a practical Catholic, generous, and well-thought of by all the people. It was not a bit surprising, then, that his only son was a lad of many striking qualities. Folks about town rejoiced that he was wooing Grace Carolin, who was loved by all for her charm of mind and soul. They were a happy couple. The father did not live to attend their wedding. And, unfortunately, Grace died four years after, leaving a two-year-old boy to the care of a broken-hearted father.

"The sorrow that almost crushed him was considerably softened by the presence of that promising boy, who had for a governess an elderly aunt. Each evening, when the father returned from the office, the lad would rush out to the gate to greet him. One evening he did not come; he was a bit sick. The doctor came. The boy rapidly grew worse. The battle for life lasted about a week. Love and care were useless. The boy died.

THE future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Napoleon.*

"The father, plunged in grief on the death of his wife, was bowed still lower on the death of his son. He became a recluse, living alone and grieving. Two months later he moved out of the old home, rented it, and took a small room in a boarding house. He worked faithfully, went to church regularly, but otherwise kept pretty much to himself. So he lived for some twenty years. What he did with his money no one knew. In time, when I moved here fifteen years ago, people already referred to him as a miser. If he heard what they said he did not seem to mind. There was a quietness about him, and a sort of regretful smile when he spoke, as if sorrow were blended with joy. He rarely stopped to chat with anyone, though he was pleasant enough when he did. Once a month—did I forget to say that he was hard of hearing?—once a month he went into the priest's house, undoubtedly for confession, and the next morning he would receive Holy Communion.

"He died two years ago, on a Sunday morning after Mass at which he had been to Communion. Everybody waited to hear how much he left to a worthless nephew and an elderly aunt. It would have been folly to leave any money to that nephew, and the aunt did not need it. Finally we found out the amount of his fortune,—nothing, absolutely nothing. About all that was found was an old scrapbook with a lot of clippings on: Love of God, self-denial, and prayer. Then in what seemed to be his own writing were the words: 'I will love the Lord with my whole soul and heart, and for His sake give all.'

"A couple of other clippings were found. The first read: 'A man by the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, France. He amassed a large fortune by laborious industry and severe habits. His neighbors considered him a miser. He was often insulted, and the boys sometimes threw

stones at him. When he died, he left all his money for a very noble purpose. He had noticed that the people were ill-supplied with water, so he cheerfully labored all his life to gain enough to build an aqueduct for his home town.' The second clipping told the story of a man in India who had labored all his life, denying himself many comforts, that he might build a church for his home town.

"Father Sheldon explained all at the late Mass on the Sunday following the funeral. 'I need not tell you the story of his life,' he said. 'But, there are some things that I must tell you in justice to the dead. For some twenty years this modern miser,' he stopped on that thought for a second, 'has lived in perfect self-denial. He did not build an aqueduct; he did not build a church. Twenty years ago he decided that he must stay in the world, but he also resolved to follow the Master perfectly, and give all to the poor. Once a month on a Saturday evening he would bring to me all that he could spare, and he told me each time that I should distribute it to the poor. He said that this was his way of making sure that he would be reunited with his wife, Grace, and his boy, Jack, in the presence of God forever.' "

"St. Francis of Assisi will love this miser with a special love," was all that I could say.

A Little Boy's Stockings.

OLD Santa Claus was always good
To little Johnnie White,
And filled his stocking to the top
On every Christmas night.

But Johnnie was a boy, you see,
And always wanted more;
So how to cheat old Santa Claus
He planned for days before.

And then he hung two stockings up,
And fastened with two pins
A card which read: "Please fill these both,
'Cause this year I am twins."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Last year, in our columns, we noticed "La Storia Contemporanea della Chiesa, 1900-1925," by Rev. P. Premoli. The book now appears in French, the translation being the work of Rev. L. Declercq (Marietti, price, 30 fr.).

—Autumn books published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, include: "The Prayer of the Early Christians," by Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., a discussion and explanation of the origins of the Liturgy of the Church; the fifth and concluding volume of "The Sacramentary," by Cardinal Schuster; "Fragments that Remain," musings inspired by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

—The Kenedy Company has published a little book of eighty-three pages (price, \$1.10) called "The Essence of the Catholic," by the Rev. P. Peter Lippert, S. J. That essence, as these three lectures make clear, is found in the faith, the will, and the soul of the Catholic. The first lecture explains what and why we believe; the second encourages the doing of good and the avoiding of evil; the third urges Catholics to bring to the Church their troubles and daily cares, and to keep perseveringly fervent in their prayers.

—Many readers, elderly ones in particular, will welcome a translation of Monsignor Baurard's exceptionally excellent and interesting work, "The Evening of Life: Compensations of Old Age," made with his wonted skill, and judiciously condensed by Mr. John L. Stoddard. We thank him also for the admirable bibliography which he furnishes. (The Bruce Publishing Co.)

How truly the venerable American convert says: "The interior of Christianity is Catholicism. It is 'the abode of God with men.' There, with the living Christ, I possess life, and the channels of life in grace and the divine Sacraments."

—The second volume of "The Catholic Students' Aids to the Study of the Bible," by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., S. T. M.,

D. S. Scr., in which the various books of the Old Testament are considered, has just been published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. These "aids" are intended for the ordinary reader, hence there are given a short analysis of each book, the probable date and authorship, informative notes, critical views and bibliographies. This volume should prove a boon to students in Scripture classes and to readers of the Bible in general, though the average person might have some difficulty in understanding some of the succinct criticisms. Price, \$3.25.

—The publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, is well known even in this country for the large number of religious books that it edits. Just recently there has come to our notice a number of its latest works. The well-known Jesuit, Father de Ravignan, gave a series of conferences in 1855 to the Children of Mary. A new volume, "Entretiens Spirituels du R. P. de Ravignan," gives the substance of those charming discourses, and concludes with several pages of his thoughts on the religious life (Price, 11 fr. postpaid).

Of special interest to Americans is a volume on our recently canonized saints: "Martyrs du Canada." It is the work of the late Father Henry Fouqueray, S. J. The wealth of its documentation bears witness to its historical value, and to the profound labor of its author (Price, 17 fr. postpaid).

—"We know that the goodness of God is poured forth with mercy," is the central thought of "The Friend of Sinners," by the Rev. A. Galy, translated from the French by the Rev. J. M. Lelen. Parables and other incidents in the Gospels prove that Our Lord was all-merciful. The welcome extended to the Prodigal Son was His own welcome for all returning sinners. As He forgave Magdalen, or the denying Peter, or the incredulous Thomas, so He offers pardon, repentance, faith to those who ask. "I want you to tell sinners," He said to Margaret of Cortona, "that the arms of My mercy are always free to them." Souls fearful of His justice,

souls worried with matters of conscience, and even those faithful in His service, will discover consolation, hope, and renewal of spirit in this book about the tender-hearted Saviour. Publisher, Benziger. Price, \$1.50.

—"A Commentary on the Cult of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar," by the Rev. Myron Zalitch, is not a theological treatise, but a popular treatment of the subject intended for the laity. In addition to the emphasis placed on Spiritual as well as Sacramental Communion, there is an historical study which seeks to prove that the strength of the Church has always been in proportion to the cult of the Eucharist. The special feature of the book, however, is the development of the thought that the effects of the Eucharist are such as to fit the particular needs of children, adolescents and adults. Altogether, a book that is both interesting and instructive. Publisher, Kenedy. Price, \$1.50.

—"Church Seasons Calendar," by the Rev. J. W. Brady, of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, is not only very attractive, but also instructive, embodying, as it does, some distinctive features. It emphasizes particularly the various colors used by the Church for the different seasons and the individual days, marks the days of fast with bars and uses the symbolical fish for the days of abstinence, clearly shows the Holy Days, First Fridays, and the days and the months of special devotions. Besides, there are artistic borders in four colors with three medallions on each side picturing the seasons of the Church. A beautiful and informative calendar for the home, the convent, the rectory and the sacristy.

—"Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus," by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, of the same Society, is a tribute and an appraisal. Richard Tierney was above the average as a student. Later he was an impressive teacher. His full years, however, began only when he was placed on the staff of *America*, where he proved immediately that he had a talent for organization by putting it on a sound financial basis, thus giving it an opportunity to extend its work. The appointment to editorship followed quickly.

Unquestionably his years of training had girded him for the battles to ensue. And those were trying times: the Mexican difficulties prior to the Great War, the war itself, the period of reconstruction; and the days of hysterical bigotry. Blessed with an exceptional memory, thorough in ordinary details, sound in theological training, and most exacting in getting at the truth of the various situations as they arose, he had the courage to battle for all that concerned the welfare of the Church, to the discomfort of her enemies, and sometimes not to the liking of her friends. But he loved truth, and fought for it with all the powers at his command, and even to a break-down in health. Loved by those who knew him well, admired for his ability, and respected for his whole-hearted devotion to principle, he deservedly holds a high place among Catholic journalists. Publisher, America Press.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Sister M. Teresa and Sister M. Zita, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Rose Geraldine, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Miss Sarah A. Higgins, Mrs. J. H. Weis, Miss Alice Nolan, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, Mrs. Bridget Burke, Mrs. Sally Foley, Mrs. Margaret Reddan, Mrs. Hugh McGee, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Miss Mary Sullivan, Mr. Michael Sullivan, Mr. William Ready, Mr. William J. Brown, Mrs. Mary Tierney Boyle, Miss Nora Cronin, Mrs. Mary Delaney, Mr. Anton Maerz, Mr. John Glynn, Mrs. Agnes Halligan, Mr. Edward Simmonds, Mr. Frank Shannon, Mary A. Howard, and Miss Mary Reohr.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Sisters of Charity in China: M. B. Foley, \$5; J. M. K., \$10; Mrs. J. McCabe, \$2.50. For lepers in Fiji Islands: Edna M. Kramer, \$5; Mrs. J. McCabe, \$2.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1, 48.

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A Song of Hope.

BY SISTER M. HELEN, C. S. C.

AGAIN I trust,
Full joyously I rise
And fling my brooding spirit to the skies;
For well I know God must
Humble my spirit to the dust,
If I shall rise.

Can I be sad?
Most sweet to me the pain
By which I was brought close to Him
again
Knowing full well I had
Not failed
In vain.

Todi: The City of the Wind.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

MID-UMBRIA and a city on a hill, alone, isolated, impressive in the height and the solitariness of its position. If you should look at the plan of it on paper, you will see a shape like that of a swallow in flight, with wings outspread, and the head of the bird, beak forward, is to westward, where Todi opens lungs to the wind from the sea. The sea is miles away, but it sends its strong breath over hills and valleys, across infinite space, to the uplifted city; and day and night, without ever ceasing, Todi is in the current of the wind. Sometimes it comes silent, swift and silent, charged with important mes-

sages which it will not deliver aloud, but mostly it speaks. It is alive, vital; it has innumerable things to say, and Todi is one of its oldest and dearest friends, always responsive. At times it seems to be a wooer; the old, grey city, piled up above its circling roads, topped by the tower of San Fortunato, hears whispered tenderness; then again the frank word, the laughter, the sane, even boisterous gaiety. This is the western wind.

It would be almost impossible to "begin at the beginning" with the history of Todi. In fact, when did it begin? Five hundred years, seven hundred years before the birth of Christ Our Lord in Bethlehem, Tuder was a stronghold of the Etruscans. There are portions of wall still standing, built of squarish, blackened stones, of which the archæologists will not undertake to say positively whether they are of Etruscan or Pelasgic origin. They go back to days that are not chronicled. And the people of Tuder, brave, free, living happy and undisturbed in their eery, detached from the lower world, did not trouble themselves about the Romans. An immense number of rare objects, gold ornaments, arms, pottery, coins, have been unearthed at Todi and now enrich the Umbro-Etruscan sections of the Museums of Rome and Florence. A few remain on the spot.

Rome conquered the strong citadel on the hill, as she conquered all things. She was smoothing the ways for the feet that were to carry the Gospel; but

she did not know it. In the days of Augustus a colony was established at Tuder, but the warriors of the hill seem to have taken kindly to the ways of their conquerors, whose justice and whose fortitude appealed to their own unwavering courage. They accepted Rome, they gave themselves to Rome, and the Immortal Mother recognized their valor and their loyalty. Colonia Julia Fida Tuder and Colonia Julia Martia Fida, were the new denominations by which the impregnable and faithful colony of the hill was known. The title Martia appears to have signified both the warlike spirit of the allies and their devotion to Mars, the god of battle. In fact, one of the most important works of art discovered at Todi was the heroic statue of Mars in bronze, now in the Vatican Museum, a relic of the Etruscan era. And one of the city gates, of the innermost ring of walls, is the proud and defiant "Porta Martia," flanked by age-darkened stones that antedate the Roman days.

The walls alone, three zones, each of lower and wider embrace, and each having its own gateways, recall the three chief historic epochs of Todi: Inner circle of the Etruscan walls; second circle of the Roman walls; and third, the Medieval ramparts of the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century. In the early Middle Ages the city was a free commune, occasionally at war with Orvieto, Narni or Spoleto. In 1237 she entered the league of Guelph Umbrian towns, and resisted Frederick II. Later she passed under the dominion of the Church. Judging by her monuments, her chief flowering time was in the beginning of the Thirteenth Century; but ancient, archaic S. Niccolò on the hillside goes back to the Eleventh. Todi has one of the most beautiful *piazze* in Italy; a long, spacious rectangle, closed at its upper end by the monumental stairway leading up to the façade of the Cathedral, and at the lower end by the Thir-

teenth Century Palazzo del Podestà with the bronze eagle of Todi. Along the eastern side of the square are the two magnificent palaces of the Priori, known as Palazzo del Popolo, and of the Capitano del Popolo, the first dating A. D. 1213, the second, 1290. Both are built over arched porticoes, and preserve, almost untouched, their Medieval characteristics. The Palazzo del Popolo, where the principal citizens met for council, has battlements crowning its summit, and is lighted by series of four-arch windows supported by little columns; but all of very simple design.

The Palazzo del Capitano, the military chief of the commune, is of slightly later date and shows the development of Gothic ornament in architecture. The first floor, great hall of assembly, is illuminated by three magnificent windows, each having three arches supported on slender columns, and terminating in tricusps set in a main collective arch. In the centre of this opens a rose, cut sheer through the stone. Still above the arch, each window is surmounted by a triangle edged with crockets, and culminating in a sculptured finial; and the three triangles hold together at the lower point, thus forming a continuous, unified adornment of the house front. The upper floor has a second series of three-light Gothic windows arranged in continuity, but with less sculptured ornament. In the centre of the wall is a niche in which hangs a small bronze bell, no doubt the signal by which the citizens were called to assemble.

It is all infinitely characteristic, and typical of its age and place. The exterior staircase, which gives access to the two buildings and serves to connect them, is of slightly later date, but six hundred years old at that. It brings one face to face with the standards for Medieval measurements set in the wall. Any person, dissatisfied with the amount of goods supplied to him by merchants,

could test on this public and verified sign the good faith of the dealer. So, also, just within the door to the left are the stone receptacles for testing measurements of cereals. This building, among other things, contains the Notary Archives with an extraordinary collection of deeds and contracts, dating from A. D. 1200 and on. The Communal Archives and library are extremely rich. They possess a number of illuminated volumes, some of which date from the Eleventh Century; several of the first books printed in Italy, and about two thousand valuable manuscripts. The upper floor contains the city picture gallery, of which the masterpiece is a beautiful Coronation of the Virgin by Giovanni Spagna, and a collection of interesting Roman and Etruscan curios unearthed in and around the town.

The Cathedral, towering at the upper end of the Piazza, is approached by a wide, monumental staircase. It was begun in the Eleventh Century, but the romanesque ogival façade is of the Thirteenth and has a lovely carved portal and fine rose window. The church is said to occupy the site of a temple of Apollo, and is dedicated to the Annunciation of Our Lady. The interior is high and spacious, divided into three naves, and the capitals of the columns are particularly interesting, offering figures of various saints carved in the Twelfth Century. Unfortunately, as in most Italian Cathedrals, "improvements" of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries have modernized the interior, obliterating in great part the distinctive character of the original style and its unity of design. But the Cathedral is still fortunate in possessing a number of fine antique vestments and altar vessels.

One would not like to say that the Cathedral has a rival, or that any other church in Todi supersedes it; but say "San Fortunato" to any citizen of the ancient town and you will see the joy

and the admiration that flash into his face. S. Fortunato! You remember the thrill it brought. Like the Cathedral it stands high, and above the long climb of a monumental staircase; but that is not all: it flings its high front skyward as if it meant to attain the blue, and above the façade which is not finished, although it was begun the same year as the Palazzo del Capitano, 1292, it raises that campanile, the belfry tower of S. Fortunato, which is the apex of Todi, the finger pointing heavenward which you see from every point of vantage below. In its unfinished front, stained dark by time, S. Fortunato has three magnificent sculptured portals, and the central one in particular is a marvel of richness, delicacy of workmanship, and artistic quality. At the two sides of it, in Gothic niches, are the two statues of Blessed Mary and S. Gabriel the Archangel in the mysterious solemnity of the Annunciation. These figures were carved from a design of the great sculptor Jacopo della Quercia.

The interior of this vast church as one enters it, goes up like a shout of joy. Space, immense space; height, air and sunshine, an extremely broad nave and narrower side aisles, all of equal elevation; ogival arches and ribbed vaulting, a polygonal apse. Then round about the walls traces of fresco painting, alas fragmentary, in which artists of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, in Giottesque style, once unfolded the stories of S. John the Baptist and S. Francis of Assisi. For the church in past ages belonged to the Franciscans; now to the government, which is endeavoring to restore its primitive character. Loveliest of all the paintings, a delicate, fair Madonna, frescoed in softest color upon one of the chapel walls, with her Little Child in her arms and an exquisite angel bending to her from each side. She is said to be by the master brush of Masolino. San Fortunato, the patron, is buried in

the crypt beneath the high altar together with four other saints who, with him, are the protectors of Todi.

Locally there seems to be a tradition that S. Fortunatus was a martyr as well as a Bishop, but the Roman Martyrology does not mention this fact. It gives only on the 14th of October, the feast, "at Todi, in Umbria, of the Bishop S. Fortunatus, who (as Blessed Gregory the Pope, refers), shone with the grace of an immense power in putting to flight the unclean spirits." Blessed Gregory was, no doubt, the first of his name. In the same crypt with the holy Protectors, but in a small tomb to one side, have been gathered the ashes of one who is perhaps the best remembered of all the sons of Todi, Ser Jacopo Benedetti. The commemoration of the seventh centenary of his birth has just been celebrated in his native city, for Jacopo was born in 1230, of noble parents, and the arms they bore, three chevrons "or," upon field azure, are registered among the patrician blazons of the town.

Jacopo was of gentle nature and liberally educated. He could write verses both in Latin and in the vulgar tongue. He loved book-lore and chivalry, and life seemed to hold every beautiful and happy thing in store for this favored nature. But a strange new element was stirring the idealistic folk of Italy. Francis of Assisi, four years before the birth of Jacopo Benedetti, had died, leaving the world the inheritance of a Brotherhood vowed to continue his apostolate of poverty and peace. The Gospel, pure and unadulterated, was to be their rule of life. And the fame of Francis had grown colossal. The miracles he worked, the passionate love he inspired in his followers, his incessant nostalgia of heaven, the Wounds he bore in his crucified flesh. Jacopo came in touch with some of the first sons of S. Francis, and his thoughts and his heart were turned away from all that

he had hoped and dreamed up to that time. Their ideal became his ideal. And as he had a most profound and tender and chivalrous love for the holy Mother of Christ, he directed to her the song in which he declared that "she alone should be his Spouse."

Benedetti, become a monk, was a poet still; but it is probable that only after long years, during which sorrow touched his spirit, and his sensitive and meditative soul had plunged deep into the contemplation of the Passion and of the Sorrows of the Virgin Mother, that the most immortal of his inspirations ripened and took shape in the genius of that "Prose," which is one of the best known and most touching hymns of the Church. He who composed the verses was called then Frate Jacopone da Todi. And in reality, if you stop to think of it, the *Plaint* of the holy Mother of God, the "*Stabat Mater*," sings itself, with its weird minors, with its wailing of stringed instruments, with its ebbing, echoing cries. Did the sound of the wind of Todi creep in between its measures? Sometimes it comes far-reaching over the wide, underlying world of hills and valleys; and in the grey evening it laments the failing day. Sometimes it brings the vast mourning of the sea, and carries drops of water that are like tears.

*Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.*

One is filled with silent awe when one recollects that this belongs to Todi, to Jacopo Benedetti, who had left his noble house and his name to follow Francis of Assisi,—to follow Christ. And how full of love it is! How full of compassion! He seems almost to have looked into those eyes, dark with sorrow, and to have been present at her agony at the foot of the Cross.

*O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!*

To us Jacopone and his deathless song seemed to be present everywhere: in the old grey streets, in the silent places where the majestic Roman ruins and the quaint Medieval houses prop one another's age, in the wind that blows, intermingled with notes of aerial music. In the crypt of S. Fortunato his ashes have been collected. He did not die here; he died, in the odor of holiness, in 1306, in the Franciscan convent of S. Lorenzo a Collazzone. But Todi remembered, and asked to have him brought home. There are two traditions cherished by the people of the hill-top; we do not know how authentic they may be, but it is quite possible that they are founded on fact. One is that Fra Jacopo (afterwards Jacopone, Big James), entered religion at S. Fortunato, which at that time belonged to the Brothers of S. Francis. The actual church was only begun in 1292, when Jacopone was sixty-two years of age; but there was at the same spot a far more ancient shrine of the Bishop Saint, as the two archaic lions of the staircase prove, which were in front of the primitive structure; and the Friars may have been attached to it in the middle of the Thirteenth Century, as it is claimed.

The second tradition is that the Fourteenth Century house, of Renaissance architecture, which faces upon the steps of S. Fortunato, was originally the Benedetti palace and Fra Jacopo's home. Again we would say that the style of this building is not of the early Thirteenth Century, but it may well have been rebuilt. In a city where the archives have been preserved from the year 1200 on, it would be very easy to verify so simple a matter. However, the palace has now been turned into a guest-house under the name of "Hotel Jacopone," and the great hall, a magnificent frescoed gallery of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth Century, is used as the dining-room. For a lover of the antique

and of fine architecture it is a joy simply to sit in so suggestive a spot, and one almost forgets what one is there for.

Before taking leave of Blessed Jacopone and his song, we must make mention of one of his contemporaries, who was not born at Todi, but who died there, and who lies now beneath the altar of the church of S. Filippo, not far from the gateway which leads to Rome: the Porta Romana. S. Philip Benizi, of noble lineage, like Benedetti, was born two or three years later than he was, and in Florence. Quite young still, he embraced the religious life, in the recently founded Order which the voices of little children had acclaimed spontaneously as that of "The Servants of Mary." They meditated incessantly upon the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ and upon the Sorrows of His Holy Mother at the Foot of the Cross, and out of pure reverence for her mourning, their habit and scapular were black.

Philip Benizi had travelled far and wide to spread devotion to the Dolors of Our Lady and to draw other men to become her servants. His holiness was noted throughout Italy. A leper to whom he gave his own garment to cover his nakedness, was cured instantly of his loathsome disease. Philip had been elected General of his Order, and he fled away and hid himself at Monte Amiata, because he heard that the cardinals assembled in consistory at Viterbo had mentioned his name in the desire of electing him to the Holy See. Toward the end of his life he went to Todi, and as everywhere and at all times, he preached upon the Sorrows of Mary, recalling how great and overwhelming they were, and how mindful we sinners, who were the cause of them, should be in compassionating her Son and her.

Was there any connection between the preaching of Philip and the inspira-

tion of Jacopone? True, the Thirteenth Century was in some special way devoted to the Passion and to the Dolors of Our Lady, but it may be that the burning soul of Philip kindled an equal flame in the holy soul of Jacopo the Poet, who had ever desired that "Mary should be his only love." We do not know. We only note how the spirit of one saint might be fire to another. Jacopo was in his fifty-fifth year, with two decades more of life before him, when, on the Feast of the Assumption, in 1285, Philip fell gravely ill with fever in his convent of the Servites, near the Porta Romana. He had long desired to see his Mistress and Lady, in all her wondrous beauty, in Heaven. On the octave day of the feast, with his eyes lovingly fixed upon the image of Christ Crucified, he departed this life. His body, another of the treasures of Todi, lies beneath the high altar in the church which bears his name. Many miracles have been wrought at that tomb.

As one goes down the hill, there is another monument to the devotion of the city to Our Lady. This is the comparatively modern church of the "Madonna of Consolation." It is attributed to Bramante, with sometimes a mention of Peruzzi incidentally; and critics can scarcely find words for their admiration of the perfection of this work. A dome over a cross-shaped edifice, and there is so distinct a resemblance to the great cupola of S. Peter's in Rome that one cannot help comparing the two. This architectural gem is in a wonderful setting, as it is isolated by its position, and from the city it is seen to westward against a background formed by spreading trees and the wide, mistily blue valley of the Tiber. Just below Todi the torrent Naja and the Tiber join their waters, the historic river pursuing its further course, slow and stately, towards Rome.

(Conclusion next week.)

No Dealers Need Apply.

BY TESS GLEN.

WHEN Harry Benson and pretty Rose, his wife, started house-keeping there was very little money with which to furnish. Really and truly their engagement was to have lasted for another two years, but a friend of Harry's suddenly decided to go to Canada, and he gave Harry the first offer of his house.

"Look here, you two, you get married and take on my house; it's cheap and it's nice. If I hadn't wanted to buy it, I'd be married now."

It had been a tragedy—poor old Jimmy! Rose's tender heart ached for him. Ada had been her friend. Indeed, it was through knowing Ada that she had been introduced to Harry, for Jimmy and Harry worked at the same place—the big factory that made wireless sets. And it was one day while Ada was waiting for Jimmy that he came out with Harry, and Harry was introduced, and they had paired off. And after that it became quite a common thing for the four to go to picnics and dances together; and no one could have been more pleased than Ada was when Harry showed the good taste to fall in love with her best chum.

Ada and Jimmy had loved each other dearly, and Jimmy had bought the house, and they had planned that in another two years they would be married. Two years more saving and the furniture would be bought—and then Ada had been taken ill, and died.

It seemed to poor Jimmy as if he had been bereft of everything. And he was bitterly regretful, too. He and Ada had been engaged five years! And now those wasted years seemed to mock at him. He and Ada might have been married if he hadn't set his mind on providing everything first.

"Get married, you two!" So he urged Harry and Rose. "You've been engaged a year. Harry's got enough saved for a little home. Get what you want as you go along, and get your happiness while you can."

When he said this Rose looked at Harry and Harry looked at Rose, and sudden longing leaped to two pairs of eyes. To be married! Not to wait months yet! To know that they need never part again!

"Just to look at you shows what you feel," said Jimmy, quietly. "Now look here, old Harry's my pal, and I'm fond of him. My Ada loved you dearly, Rose. I'd like to think you were going to know happiness—the happiness we were denied. So I'll let you my house, and give you the first six months' free rent for a wedding present."

"Well, though that didn't settle it, it was an inducement. They talked it over from all points. Harry wanted to give her a dream house. Well, here was the house all right—but the furniture! He had only enough for kitchen, dining-room, and one bed-room.

"And I've half the linen I meant to provide," said Rose.

Well, that did it!

"As if I care, Rose! If you think you won't regret after, then I—I'd like to plunge."

The next moment Rose was in his arms. And before Jimmy sailed, he had the pleasure of being best man. When he shook hands with Harry after the ceremony, he smiled,—poor sad-hearted Jimmy!

"I know Ada would be pleased," he said, simply.

Well, there was one thing certain: never once did those two regret. What if two rooms were empty of all furniture! What if they did often find themselves entertaining guests always in the dining-room!

Once when a party of girls from Rose's old office came to tea, Alice

Daly said: "Now let's sit in your drawing-room, Rose."

Harry winced. Darling Rose would feel humiliated! But not a bit of it, she laughed, bless her!

"Sorry we can't sit in the drawing-room, Alice, as there's nothing to sit on! So we'll dance to Harry's wireless."

It was an inspiration, but a brilliant one. And they did, and it was the jolliest party of the year,—all the girls said so!

And really saving up for the necessary furniture was fun too. They decided to buy a suite for the drawing-room first, and save rigorously for it. Not too rigorously, though, for Harry loved taking Rose out on little jaunts. Still, as Rose said, when one is newly married there is so much to do, what with the house and the garden, that she was quite happy to stay in; and then there was the wireless. The firm, where Harry was a valued employee, had given them a four-tube set, and Harry regaled her with rare concerts.

Of course, they wrote regularly to Jimmy;—dear old Jimmy! He wrote often from Canada. He was settling down, felt happier, he was glad to say, and was grateful for their newsy letters. He had heard about the party, and how successful it had been; and he was glad Rose was so rapturously happy. They told him that they had saved ten pounds for a suite for the drawing-room. He was as interested as they. It was Harry who suggested getting the drawing-room suite by studying the columns of the local paper. The small 'ads' often had some good bargains. It came out Friday noon, and he brought one home with him.

"Just look here!" Harry's finger pointed to an advertisement. "For sale. New saddle bay suite. Ten guineas. No dealers. Fifteen, Boscombe Road."

"Sounds attractive," said Rose.

"So I thought! Look here, if you'll trot along, darling, this afternoon, I'll

go with you to-night and settle it. I'd like to have our drawing-room furnished. You've been such a little brick, not minding."

Rose looked up at him adoringly. How good Harry was!

"But I've got everything else, and I'm so very happy! What's furniture!" she added scornfully.

Harry caught her in his arms, and gave her a bear's hug before going off to work again.

And just as soon as the dinner things were washed up, and her little kitchen set to rights, Rose changed her frock, and went to see the ten-guinea suite.

Rose presented herself at Number Fifteen, Boscombe Road, and explained her errand.

"Come in," said the young woman, who opened to her. There was something a little sad about her that sensitive, kind-hearted Rose immediately noticed. "You're not a dealer, are you?"

"No. We're a couple only been married a few months, and we're finishing furnishing as we go along. We thought the drawing-room could wait."

"I see! That is the suite!"

She flung open a door, and Rose couldn't help exclaiming with pleasure: "But how beautiful!"

"Yes, it is nice," said the girl, and her face lighted up.

It was nice, a settee and two chairs, deep and comfortable, upholstered in a dark purple patterned tapestry. The whole bearing the stamp of good construction and good taste.

"But it is worth much more than ten pounds," said Rose. "Though we couldn't go to more than ten pounds, yet I can see that this is worth three times that amount. Harry and I have studied the shop windows."

"Yes, it is good, and well made," agreed the girl. She wore a wedding ring, and was about Rose's age, but seemed depressed and too quiet. "I'd like

you to have it; I want some one to own it who will love it as I do. You see, my husband made it for me, and I don't like parting with it. Will's clever. He's a cabinet maker by trade, but he made this for me in his little work-shop outside."

"It's a lovely piece of work, and I'd like to buy it. I'd like to bring Harry round after work, if I may?"

"Of course you may," said the girl.

"I'll leave a deposit," suggested Rose, eagerly.

"No, I'll wait for you to come."

"Are you obliged to sell?" said Rose, impulsively; and then she crimsoned. "But how rude of me!"

"It wasn't; it was kindness! You see, my Will's out of work, and the rent is due; and, well, something must go."

Rose put out her hand, and gave hers a sympathetic squeeze.

"I don't suppose you have anything that you don't prize quite so?" suggested Rose, helpfully.

"We have nothing very much," said the young woman. "We were unfortunate, for Will fell on bad times a few months after we were married. He's a good workman, too. We're pretty well on our beam ends," she added, and then frowned in vexation at herself. "Please don't think I go pouring out my troubles on any unsuspecting soul that comes along," she said. "I'm very reserved as a rule, only you seemed so kind, and so sorry that I couldn't keep it in any longer."

There were tears in her eyes, and Rose wished there was something that she could do.

"My Will made all our furniture," she went on. "It's very plain, except the suite, which he spent hours on for me. And, of course, there's the wireless cabinet. It's Will's joy and pride, that wireless."

There was pride in her voice, too, as she showed Rose the well-designed and exquisitely-made wireless cabinet.

"It's his hobby, and he's as pleased as Punch when he can get distant foreign stations. Many's the concert we get."

"Your Will and my Harry ought to know each other," said Rose. "My Harry's quite crazed on it, too."

The two laughed in concert.

"My Will's a splendid husband," said the other. "His great trouble is being out of work. You see, when we were married I was very lonely and miserable, and Will was out of his mind with worry about me, because I'd lost my Mother, and nothing he could do would comfort me. And then he insisted on getting married, so that we could be always together. Of course, we thought his work was steady, but the firm he worked with went smash. Since then we've had hard times, and Will never ceases to blame himself that he married me. And nothing I can do will make him see that I'm a hundred times better off with him than I would have been had I been single. We've managed up till now; and now, well, the trouble is that there's a little one coming, so I have had to stop going to work. I was a coat hand at Barden's, the drapers."

Instantly Rose's eyes were alight with the thrill.

"Oh, but how wonderful—a baby! Oh, I'm sure things will improve for you! Anyway, you must keep up heart because of the darling's sake. Oh, I almost envy you!"

"Do you?" Young Mrs. Rowley's eyes were smiling now. No one could guess how down and depressed she had been feeling, and now this stranger had lifted the gloom, and had made her remember, what she was wont to forget, with the burden of Will's unemployment hanging over her like a dark shadow, that she was to have that best gift life can give—a bairn of her own!

"And now I've once met you, I shall claim you as a friend," said Rose, eagerly. "There's no sign of the stork

coming to our house yet, so I'm going to share your good fortune, if you'll let me."

"But that's wonderful of you!"

The pleasure that lay in Ruth Rowley's eyes was unmistakable, and Rose was already planning what she could make for the little stranger.

"And I'm sure," Rose added, "that things will take a turn for the better, and work will come his way. I do hope so."

"That is kind of you," said the girl, with a soft smile; and Rose felt what a dear she was, and what a shame that they should be hard up. It would be awful parting with anything Harry had made.

She went off home filled with eager thoughts, and when Harry came home she was full of the young wife, who was so soon to be blessed. And all the story came tumbling out in her usual impetuous way.

Looking at her, Harry thought was there ever a woman so sweet or so tender as to bother about a stranger's troubles?

"Let's go along, and look at the suite," he said; and tucking Rose's arm in his, they set off.

But it was not the little wife who opened the door this time, but a young man,—a tall, good-looking young man, to whom instantly Rose took a liking. Ruth Rowley's wonderful husband—Will!

(Conclusion next week.)

SHAKESPEARE kept true through his whole life to the youthful, the chivalric ideal of a good woman, expressed in words which, in "Measure for Measure," he puts into the mouth of Lucio, describing Isabella:

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

—C. W. Stubbs.

A Devoted Client of Our Lady.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE time is approaching when throughout Catholic Christendom Holy Church will call upon her children to celebrate the seventh centenary of the death of one of the most devoted clients of Our Lady to be found in that brilliant constellation of saints who with tongue and pen have sounded her praises and proclaimed her high privileges and marvellous prerogatives. Fra Antonio, humble son of "the humble St. Francis," belongs not alone to the Order of Friars Minor, but, as the illustrious Pope Leo XIII. so truly said, "to the whole world."

And it would indeed be difficult to describe the love of St. Antony of Padua for the Blessed Mother of God, to whom, as we know, he had been dedicated by his own pious mother practically at the font, since it is most probable that this dedication took place immediately after his baptism. Mary Immaculate was from his very earliest years the guide, the guardian and the inspiration of his life, protecting him through all the temptations of youth and the allurements and pleasures of the brilliant society in which by right of their birth and position his parents moved.

It has been remarked by spiritual writers that the saints were tempted even more constantly and severely than ourselves; but that they stood where we fall, because they trusted to Mary and not to their own strength. One of St. Antony's outstanding characteristics was his extraordinary stainlessness of heart, soul, body and intellect, so that surely we can say of him in the words of another great saint (Bernard), "following Mary, he strayed not; thinking of her, he erred not; asking of her, he never de-

spaired; clinging to her, he never failed."

Even in the state of utter exhaustion in which he lay when the sands of his pure life were almost run and he had received the Holy Viaticum—even then, when he seemed completely spent from pain and languor (he died from some affection of the heart), he began to recite his favorite hymn to Our Lady, "O Gloriosa Virginum." Some of his biographers tell us that he actually sang in a clear voice, invoking, to quote Rigault, "the assistance of the Queen who is above the stars, that she who is the resplendent gate of Heaven would herself give him entrance there."

It is interesting to read that St. Antony has been called, and has been frequently represented in art, as the "herald and apostle of the glorious mystery of Mary's Assumption." Also that the beautiful versicle incorporated in her Office for that Feast, "The Holy Mother of God has been exalted above the choirs of Angels to the Heavenly Kingdom," was composed by him.

In this connection, too, it may be noted that the saint appears in a marvellous mosaic in S. Maria Maggiore at Rome. The mosaic is something which those who have seen it can never forget. The subject is treated with such a grand simplicity, yet it is so very impressive. Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, both colossal figures, are seated on the same royal throne surrounded by a circular halo or glory. The background is blue studded with golden stars. With His right hand Our Saviour is placing a crown on His Mother's head; in His left hand He holds an open book with the words, "Veni, Electa Mea," etc. Our Lady is bending slightly forward, in an exceedingly graceful attitude, her hands lifted in adoration. Above and around the circular glory, the emblematic vine twines in arabesque

form; while among the branches and leaves we descry the forms of peacocks and other birds — the peacock being the ancient symbol of immortality, as birds in general are emblems of spirituality. On each side of the glory are nine choirs of the celestial hierarchy; beyond these, on the right stand, St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Francis of Assisi; on the left, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist and St. Antony of Padua; all these figures are very small in proportion to those of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Smaller still, and quite diminutive in comparison, are the kneeling figures of Pope Nicholas IV. and Cardinal Giacomo Colonna, under whose auspices this remarkable mosaic was executed by Jacopo della Turrita, a Franciscan Friar, about 1288.

The foreground is very charming, showing a fast-flowing river, the Jordan, the symbol of baptism and regeneration; on its bank stands a hart, the emblem of religious aspiration. Underneath the central group is the inscription: "*Maria Virgo assumpta est ad æthereum thalamum in quo Rex regum stellato sedet solio.*"—The Virgin Mary is taken up into the heavenly dwelling where the King of kings sits on His starry throne."

The whole of this vast and poetical composition is admirably executed, and it has a special significance, because it is perhaps one of the earliest examples of the glorification of St. Francis and St. Antony, who had been canonized so comparatively recently, —the Poverello in 1228 and St. Antony in 1232, actually within a year after his holy death.

It is evident from records of the period that not only did the fame of Fra Antonio's preaching spread far and wide, but he was acknowledged to be the greatest preacher of his day; and nowhere do we find stronger and more frequent proof of his deep and

tender devotion to Our Lady than in his sermons. In fact, it is not the least of his claims to honor as a preacher that he founded a school of Marianite theology. One of his biographers considers that "he is perhaps second only to St. Bernard in the force and beauty of his eloquence" when speaking of Our Lord's Mother; for he seems never weary of extolling her goodness, her mercy, her power with her Divine Son, and the important part she played in the great mystery of our Redemption.

St. Antony's richly-stored and poetic mind, combined with the intense love he bore her, enabled him to declare her glorious prerogatives in the most moving and luminous language. Here is a quotation from one of his sermons on this subject. "The Virgin of Nazareth," he says, "has by a singular privilege been preserved from the original stain and filled with a plenitude of grace. Hail, O Mother of God, City of Refuge, Sublime Mountain, Throne of the Most High, Fruitful Vine yielding golden grapes, flooding the hearts of men with the holy exaltation of pure love! Hail, Star of the Sea! Thy soft, radiant light is our guide in the darkness leading us to the entrance of the harbor above! Woe to the pilot whose eyes are not fixed on thee! His frail bark will become the plaything of the storm, and he will be swallowed up in the foaming billows."

It may be said without exaggeration that there is no dogma which St. Antony has not confessed and defended in his sermons, and, mystic and poet though he was, he was also intensely practical, leading his hearers by means of his own eloquence, genius and burning love to live the Faith they professed in all its fulness; to be consistently Christian and steadfastly Catholic, to give good example in a world filled with irreligion, indifference and

vice. It is no wonder, therefore, that he should have so often and so fervently held up the Virgin most pure as their model nor that he should have so strenuously endeavored to inspire them with some sparks of his own ardent devotion.

Many pictures in which St. Antony appears with Our Lady might be mentioned, but in conclusion a brief description of one other may not inappropriately find a place here. It was given to the church of the Carmelites at Aix, by René, Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and father to Margaret of Anjou who married Henry VI. of England.

It is an altar-piece in the form of a large triptych, and on the outside of the doors the Annunciation is depicted thus: to the left the Angel can be seen standing on a pedestal beneath a Gothic canopy; to the right, the lovely stainless Maiden Mary stands with her book under a similar canopy; both forms are very graceful. On opening the doors of the triptych, the central compartment shows us the Blessed Virgin and her Child enthroned in a burning bush — the bush burning with fire, yet unconsumed, being beloved by the old painters as a type of the immaculate purity of Our Lady. Lower down, in front, Moses appears with his flock, and at the command of the Angel is about to take off his sandals. The Angel is dressed with exceeding richness, and on the clasp of his mantle is painted a miniature Adam and Eve tempted by the serpent. On the door, to the right of Our Lady, kneels King René before an altar on which lies an open book and also his royal crown. Behind him are St. Mary Magdalen, St. Antony of Padua and St. Maurice. On the other door, Jeanne de Lavall, René's second wife, young, beautiful and richly attired, kneels also before an open book. Behind her stand St.

John (her patron saint) St. Catherine and St. Nicholas.

These few facts about St. Antony in art are not unworthy of note, because they point to his devotion to Our Lady as well as being yet another proof of the universal devotion to himself which has prevailed and increased throughout the centuries.

The Ghost of Swanton Hall.

BY W. E. FREEMAN.

I.

IT was Christmas once again, and a seasonable Christmas at that; sharp, crisp, frosty air and a slight sprinkling of snow covering the ground.

As Canon Bagnell entered his study, it presented a cheerful appearance. An old-fashioned log fire was burning brightly and seated round it were his two curates and a Franciscan, who had come to preach a special sermon at Midnight Mass and also at the High Mass on Christmas Day. They all looked round, as Canon Bagnell entered, and the senior curate pulled his arm-chair nearer the fire.

"It's a splendid night," the Canon remarked, as he took his seat. "The moon is at its best, and the sky is simply crowded with stars. I just looked out of the street door before coming here, and I can hardly remember ever seeing such a peaceful scene. Not a soul about, and but for the lights in the various windows, it might be a dead town."

As he slowly filled his pipe he looked with a merry twinkle in his eyes at his companions. He knew the usual question was going to be asked, that he would spin them a yarn; but this time he intended to refuse, for Father Ambrose (the Franciscan) had dropped him a hint that he had a good seasonable story to tell.

At last the senior curate asked: "Will you oblige us, Canon, as you

have done in former years, with one of your experiences?"

"No," came the reply. "Not to-night. I think it's time you had a change, so I vote our guest, Father Ambrose, undertakes the task of amusing and keeping us quiet for a short time."

He glanced at the Franciscan, who was gazing steadily at the fire, as if it held some particular attraction for him, and did not seem to have heard his remark. At last he moved and spoke slowly and clearly, this being his usual style of speaking except when preaching, when he seemed quite a different person.

"Yes, Fathers," he said; "I can and will oblige you. You may feel inclined to doubt what I am about to tell you, in which case I can only ask you to take my word as a priest, knowing that I would not deliberately deceive you.

"The incident I am about to relate happened at Christmas time, and it happened to me, so you see you have it first-hand. It also occurred many years ago, otherwise I doubt if I should tell it to you. I can verify, too, that it also actually happened several hundred years ago, for it is set down in certain documents that are still preserved at the place where I was staying. But there—I had better commence, or I shall weary you before the story begins.

"A few days before Christmas that year, my superior sent for me to tell me I was to supply at Lord Lovedale's place in the country, as his resident chaplain had been taken seriously ill and removed to a private nursing home.

"He gave me my instructions, telling me to stay as long as was necessary, or until he recalled me. As I had only been ordained a short time, he also gave me a little lecture as to my behavior, urging me to keep to my Rule as far as I could without giving offence to my host, who was a well-known Catholic and benefactor to the Church in England, coming as he did from a family who,

during all the years of persecution, had never denied or given up their faith. They had, in fact, been stripped of almost all their property, though during the last hundred years, by making judicious marriages, they had acquired most of it back again.

"I felt rather nervous during the journey, as I knew the house I was going to was one of the finest in the country, and noted for its lavish style of hospitality. I was not used to this, as I was born of humble parents, (my father and mother being working people) and I hoped I should not bring disgrace on my Order by my behavior. But I comforted myself with the thought that my host, being a Catholic, would know that I was unused to his mode of life, and would naturally make allowances.

"I was met at the station by a carriage, and was driven some eight miles to Swanton Hall. I noticed as I approached that it was a very handsome building, and although several hundred years old the hand of time had dealt kindly with it. The battlements rising at each end could be seen for miles around, more especially as it was built on a high piece of ground, this fact making it the most distinguished and prominent place for miles.

"I did not meet Lord Lovedale until after I had finished a light lunch, when he came to tell me the time of Mass. He added, to my relief, that if I chose I could have my meals by myself in a private room. I gladly availed myself of his offer, and after finishing part of my Office, I took a walk round the grounds and gardens.

"There was to be no Midnight Mass, as Lord Lovedale thought it better to have the three Masses at intervals during the morning, thus giving the visitors, villagers and any people who might live at a distance a chance of hearing one or all of them.

"After supper I returned to my sit-

ting room and, seated before a blazing fire, began to study my sermon for the next day. Perhaps I had eaten too heartily of the good things placed before me at dinner, or perhaps it was the warmth of the room; at any rate, although I struggled against it, I fell asleep, and had a most extraordinary dream. It is this dream which I am going to relate to you.

II.

"Presently a knock came on the door. Rising, I opened it, and standing outside was the figure of a tall man in a black habit. In the dim light of the corridor his face looked deathly white. In a singularly clear voice, he requested me to follow him. Although I thought his manner rather unusual, I hesitated only a minute, and holding the rosary that hung from my girdle, I followed my guide down the long, wide corridor. Even while I wondered what my journey was going to end in, I noticed the rich panelling that ornamented the building.

"Quickly, yet quietly, my visitor made his way down a flight of broad stairs and then another flight, but much narrower and made of stone. He stopped at what appeared to me to be a blank wall, pressed something with his foot, and a part of the wall slowly opened. Immediately I thought of the hiding places that were used during the days when it was high treason to be a priest and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for no doubt Swanton Hall had many such places.

"The secret door open, my guide slipped through, and, without looking to see if I followed, continued his way. Walking after him, I heard a slight bang and knew the secret door had closed behind us.

"Here we seemed in a different atmosphere, for the air was foul with a damp, earthy smell, as if we were under the ground or beneath the bed of a river. The passage was also very nar-

row. I noticed my shoulders touched the sides as I walked, and the roof was only a few inches above my head. Stranger still, it was not entirely dark. Perhaps my guide carried a lantern in front of him, though I had not remembered seeing one. Anyhow, he must have had one, as around his figure was a steady, subdued glow, almost like a halo.

"The passage was a long one, at least so it seemed to me, and I began to wonder when we should reach the end. I was about to ask the question, when my visitor stopped, again before another seemingly blank wall. He pressed his foot, and yet again a secret door slid back, and glancing round in the dim light, I found I was in a large building. On looking more closely, I found it to be a large church.

"It was dimly lighted, and that by candles at the far end, which was, I discovered later, the choir. I made my way slowly and quietly up the aisle, as my guide had disappeared. In fact, I only just remembered that I had not seen him since he opened the last secret door, and began to wonder how I was to find my way back, when the sound of monks chanting, attracted my attention. I advanced yet further up the church, until I was close to the Rood Screen, which separated the choir from the nave, and looking, I saw a number of carved stalls, each one occupied by a monk chanting the Divine Office. Then it flashed across my mind that, of course, my guide was a Benedictine. Why had I not thought of that before? Evidently I was in an Abbey Church, but for what reason had I been brought there?

"By this time I was thoroughly frightened, and if I could, would have turned and made my way back as quickly as I had come, but try as I would, I could not move. I seemed rooted to the spot, and I could feel the perspiration standing on my forehead in large drops.

"Suddenly the chanting ceased and was replaced by the sound of an organ. I could not see the instrument, but the music was something I cannot describe. Never have I heard such exquisite sounds; it swelled in grandeur and majesty; and while it played, a procession entered the choir. They were all monks, and lastly came a figure vested in rich vestments that glittered with gold and precious stones. He wore a mitre and carried a crosier, so that I guessed him to be the abbot of the monastery.

"Reaching the foot of the altar he commenced the Mass. I especially remember that the celebrant had a powerful voice—a voice that rang as it were with triumph. Holy Mass continued, and all the time I stood as one transfixed, following the movements of the celebrant and his assistant priests.

"After the Gospel, he turned and addressed the community, and for the first time I saw his face. It was the face of my guide. How to describe it I do not know, but of this I was certain that it was the face of no earthly person, for it seemed perfect in every detail, and glowed with a supernatural radiance.

"The few words spoken were suitable for the season. He spoke of the Christ Child, of His great love for mankind, love so great that He took the nature of man. Then he spoke of charity, love and good will to all men, urging them to pray especially that night for their enemies, for those who sought to take the lives of some of them. Then giving them his blessing, he turned and continued the Mass.

"Toward the end of the Holy Sacrifice, the silence and peace of the place was disturbed by a loud knocking and hammering on the door at the far end of the Church. Voices called for admittance, though I could not distinguish the words used. None of the monks moved. The Mass continued as if

nothing were wrong. Perhaps the visitors were expected—after what happened later, I came to the conclusion that they must have been.

"The knocking went on, and at last one of the monks left his stall and went slowly down the nave. He opened the door and admitted a number of armed men. Their leader pushed the monk roughly aside, walked quickly to where I stood and in a loud voice demanded to speak to my Lord Abbot. Even as he spoke, the celebrant turned and gave the final blessing of the Mass.

"Then the monk who had let the men in came up and spoke in a low tone to the man who had called out, but he, taking no notice of him, called again for my Lord Abbot. As he did so, the celebrant, fully vested, wearing his mitre and carrying his crozier, advanced down the choir and asked what was required of him.

"Without giving any reply, the man lifted his heavy sword, struck the abbot a mighty blow on the neck, nearly severing his head from his body. For a second, the abbot swayed to and fro, then fell with a sickening crash to the ground. Blood flowed over the stone floor, but the body from which it oozed was quite still.

"The men gave a cry of 'For the King, for the King!' and stamped from the church.

"The spell that held me was broken as I saw the sacrilege committed. I gave a loud cry as the body fell. Then I awoke to find myself still seated in the sitting room, with the glowing embers of the fire in front of me. I was trembling in every limb, and taking my handkerchief, wiped the perspiration from my brow.

"What had happened? Had I really been dreaming, or had I actually been a witness of the great crime that had just been committed? I sat dazed, trying to collect my thoughts, but for some time it was impossible. After a time I be-

came calmer, and came to the conclusion that it had all been a dream, and a dreadful one at that.

"I rose from my chair and prepared to get a few hours' sleep, when I noticed my sandalled feet were thick with dirt and dust, as also was my habit. I did not know what to make of it. It seemed that, after all, I must have actually witnessed this terrible thing.

"I thought it all over again and again, and finally decided to speak to Lord Lovedale.

"That gentleman listened to my story with great attention, and taking me to his library, handed me some old papers which gave an exact account of the sacrilege which I had seen that Christmas night.

"When I had finished reading, he told me the Hall had for years had the reputation of being haunted, and several people, mostly visitors, had seen what they thought to be a monk walking in the corridor. He then suggested we should try and find the secret door.

"Together we followed the direction I had taken on that never-to-be-forgotten night. On coming to the blank wall, we pressed with our feet over the stone flags, but for a few minutes were unsuccessful. At last one of the flags moved slightly and slowly a part of the wall opened, and through the aperture we saw a long, narrow, very dark passage.

"Lord Lovedale went to get a light, and together we slowly and cautiously made our way down it, examining it closely as we went along. In the thick dust of centuries were marks of footprints—footprints of two persons.

"It is certain," said my host, "that someone has been this way and that recently. I wonder if you actually did what you thought you only dreamed."

"Without saying anything further, we went on and at last came to the end of the passage. Again after a few

minutes we managed to find the secret spring. The door opened and we found we were a mile or so from the Hall, and standing among the ruins of an old Abbey Church."

"This, Fathers," said Father Ambrose, "is my Christmas story. I hope it will not disturb your sleep to-night," he added with a smile.

"I might say," he went on, "that Lord Lovedale at my request said nothing of what had taken place, but later wrote to tell me that he had had the secret passage closed up. A few years later, when I was again supplying at Swanton Hall, I was told the ghost had never been seen again, or if it had appeared, no one had spoken of seeing it.

"So, gentlemen," concluded Father Ambrose, "I leave it to you to decide if it was a dream or not. As for myself, as I return to my monastery to-morrow, I will bid you all good-night, as I want to make preparation for an early start in the morning."

And with these words, he left the room.

From a Wayside Shrine.

BY SARAH LITSEY.

THANK Thee, Lord, for the closing of this day,

This cool, sweet hour when I may stop and pray.

Thank Thee for strength to till my narrow field
And for the yellow harvest it will yield.

Thank Thee for beauty in this peaceful water
And for the laughter of my son and daughter.

And may my husband's red-sailed fishing smack
Find bounty in the sea; may it come back

Safely into the shallows of this cove.

Thank Thee for giving me his steady love

Through the swift years, and let our house be
blessed

With peace of heart and quietude and rest.

And thank Thee, Lord, for making light this load
Of faggots on the homeward, dusky road.

The Holy House of Loreto.

BY RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.*

THE reference to the historic shrine on the shores of the Adriatic in a late number of *THE AVE MARIA* makes opportune a statement of facts regarding the authenticity of a relic so venerable in itself and so dear to unnumbered generations of Christians. "To us," writes Father Faber, "Nazareth and its Holy House, exiled, wandering, angel-borne, Syrian, Dalmatian, Italian, all by turns, are consecrated places, doubly consecrated by their old memories, and also by their strange continued life of local graces, and the efficacious balm of a Divine Presence, awful and undecayed." ("Bethlehem," ch. 2, p. 66.)

Tradition affirms that the House in which the Holy Family dwelt at Nazareth was borne to Tersatto by angels in 1291, and thence again to Loreto less than four years after. I will here briefly state the facts which bear out the tradition.

We have authentic testimonies of eye-witnesses who saw the House in Nazareth before 1291. Pilgrims who visited the place in the years following testify that the House was no longer there. For the first time, in 1620, the Franciscans were able to secure possession of the sanctuary of Nazareth. Having cleared out the detritus that had accumulated for nigh four centuries in the place fronting the sacred grotto, they discovered the foundations of the Holy House. Here are the words of Thomas of Novara, cited by Canon Chevalier at page 86 of his "Notre Dame de Lorette": "We ascertained that the foundations corresponded exactly to the walls, and the House to the foundations, place to place, site to site, space to space, at Nazareth, I say, and at Loreto."

That the Holy House stood for a time at Tersatto and was taken thence is attested by the tradition of the people of that place, by monuments of its stay there, including a facsimile of it in the Franciscan Church, by inscriptions and by an ancient Latin hymn which was still sung there as late as 1891, and may be read to-day on the wall of the little chapel. "The removal of the Holy House from Tersatto," justly observes Mr. Garratt in his "Loreto, the New Nazareth" (page 231), "has greatly increased the proofs of its removal from Nazareth. The inhabitants own that they have only an imitation at Tersatto; they say that the genuine House abandoned them. The translation into Italy must then be a real event, for they acknowledge a great humiliation, such as no impostor could foist into the traditions of any people."

In 1313, nineteen years after the removal of the Holy House to Italy, there comes into view for the first time, on the wood-crowned heights of Loreto, a cottage-shrine without foundations. A document cited by Canon Chevalier, at page 156 of "Notre Dame de Lorette," proves that it was already a place of pilgrimage. It has been known ever since as Santa Casa, or the Holy House. It is about thirty feet long inside and thirteen wide. It has one window only, and that at the west end. The walls are of a species of limestone not found in Italy, but found in Nazareth. The mortar in the walls is Palestinian, and of a kind not used in Italy. It stands, and has stood on that spot for more than six hundred years without foundations. The truth of these three statements has been established, time and time again, by observation and experiment. For the evidence in detail—not to do over again what has already been done,—I must refer the reader to the following papers of mine in *THE AVE MARIA*: "The Materials of the Holy House of

* Honorary Chaplain of the Holy House and Member of the College of Defenders.

Loreto," Sept. 18, 1909; "What I Saw at Loreto," January 23, 1915; "What I Saw at Tersatto," December 11, 1915; "The Holy House of Loreto," October 21, 1922; "A Significant Conversion," October 11, 1924; "The Holy House of Loreto," October 18, 1924; also, for a critical study of the documents and traditions bearing on the question, to my book entitled, "The Holy House of Loreto," published in New York eighteen years ago.

To me and, I believe, to the vast majority of those who visit Loreto, the value of its holy shrine lies solely in its identity with the House which sheltered the Holy Family at Nazareth. The symbol without the truth is a shadow without the substance—a falsehood. I have been in Tersatto, and have seen with my own eyes the evidences of the stay of the Holy House there. I have been in Nazareth twice and thence each time brought specimens of stone and mortar which I afterwards found to be identical with the stone and mortar in the walls of the Holy House of Loreto, different from the building materials used in Loreto and its environs, and, indeed, in any part of Italy. I have had ocular demonstration of the fact that the House stands on the bare earth, without foundations. There remains not, in my mind, the shadow of a doubt as to the authenticity of this venerated and venerable shrine.

Physical science is built up by observation and experiment. It has been established by observation and experiment that the House which stands to-day without foundations in Loreto is of the stone and soil of Nazareth. The foundations on which it stood before the sacred grotto at Nazareth have been ascertained by accurate measurements to correspond in size and thickness of wall to the Lauretan shrine. There exists, therefore, strictly scientific proof of the identity of the shrine with the House of the Incarnation. Knowing it to

be a piece of Nazareth, I am not particularly concerned to show how it came to be where it is. A higher science than any I can lay claim to must be invoked to explain that.

So far as I have been able to see, the only argument against the authenticity of the shrine of Loreto is the natural unwillingness to believe in the supernatural. But given the wish to believe, this must, in the long run, yield to the cogency of visible facts.

Let me point out in conclusion that the Lauretan tradition is confirmed by the testimony of miracles. This is the judgment of the Holy See as expressed by the Congregation of Rites—"comprobatur virtute miraculorum." It has been said that miracles wrought in the sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin prove her goodness and power, nothing more. But there are sanctuaries and sanctuaries. The claim is made for the sanctuary of Loreto that it is the House of Nazareth. Such a claim is made for no other sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin. If the claim is false, can any one seriously maintain that the working of miracles did not serve to establish and perpetuate the falsehood? We are confronted, not by a theory, but by a fact, for, as a matter of fact, one main reason why the Sacred Congregation pronounced in favor of the authenticity of the Holy House was the testimony of miracles.

Why do we believe to-day that the Lady who called herself The Immaculate Conception really appeared to Bernadette in the grotto of Lourdes? Because of the miracles since wrought at that famous shrine. The little peasant girl of the Pyrenees might have been subject to hallucination; might have been deceived. But God is not deceived, and does not set the seal of miracle upon falsehood.

HE who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion in his tongue.—*John Ruskin.*

A Religious Ransom.

IN the city of Rome, many years ago, lived a poor laboring man and his wife, who devoted a great part of their time to vocal prayer and meditation, realizing well that the loss of worldly goods is very often a blessing, if an abundance of spiritual favors may be obtained in their stead. This couple had one child who was as unlike them as it is possible for a blood relative to be. He was perverse and evil-minded, would learn no trade nor craft, sought the company of idlers who spent their time in taverns, and no woman, no matter how virtuous she might be, was safe from his slanderous insults. In spite of the remonstrances of his parents he continued to grow in evil, until at last he became a robber and a murderer who was feared by all good people.

The father of this young man, it is believed, died of a broken heart, and the poor mother was left alone to earn what little she could at the spinning wheel. Nor would her son help her to gain a livelihood. Whatever he gained by villany during the night, he spent in villany by day, and often he even stole from his frail little mother what she had earned by hard labor.

There was one day in the week, however, when this poor woman would do no work at all, however much her poverty might press her, for it was set aside for Mary the Queen of Heaven whom she loved exceedingly. Every Saturday she dressed herself in her best attire and went early to the church of Our Lady, where she spent the day in prayer before a statue of the Blessed Virgin and her Child. She talked to Mary freely and familiarly as she might have addressed a companion on the street. She revealed all her troubles and difficulties, asked help to keep herself always good and devout, and pleaded with her Queen to give her strength to persevere to the end.

It was not long until the neighbors, seeing her so frequently at church and knowing the wickedness of her son, began to call her a hypocrite, who might better be at home looking after her vicious boy than spending her time in the church deceiving people. It was, indeed, a very great humiliation for her, but she tried to pay no attention to the gossip of her enemies, and she never gave up the practice of her Saturday devotion no matter how badly she felt.

One Saturday when she was praying as usual before the statue of Mary and the Child, her son, who had just been caught in the act of some great crime, was dragged by the civil authorities to the gallows to be hanged for his lawlessness, and some of the neighbors went to the church to inform his mother what was taking place. The mother was in so excited a state that she could think of nothing. She was well aware, of course, that her son was a very wicked man, and yet she loved him with a true mother's love, and wanted to save him.

As she stood before the statue of the Virgin praying aloud, a sudden thought came to her, and reaching up she took Mary's Infant from her arms, saying, "I shall keep your sweet Child until you give me back my son. This babe is a hostage and may be redeemed only by the life of my boy." Mary was so pleased with this woman's strong faith that she could not refuse the favor that had been asked. When the rope was placed around the culprit's neck, it is said that he mysteriously vanished from the scaffold, and was never heard of again until he died in a certain abbey after a life of prayer and penance. The mother, however, relates that Mary brought her wicked son to her as she knelt in church, and promised her he would no longer live an evil life. It was only then that the babe was returned to Our Lady's arms.

The Escape from Bethlehem.

It is related in the Apocryphal Gospels that on the evening of the day the Holy Innocents were slaughtered, a man and woman came to the gate of the city, the latter carrying something under her shawl. Passage was at first refused them, but the guard was at last compelled by some inward force to be merciful, and he said: "Perhaps I shall let you pass if you show me what you have under your shawl." At this the man became very troubled, stammering out some excuse; but the woman with a smile of confidence, raised the shawl, revealing a bunch of blood-red roses, the fragrance of which almost overcame the guard. "You may go free," he said, but the words had scarcely passed his lips when the roses turned into the Child that Herod so eagerly sought. The boy looked up at the guard with an expression in His eyes that pierced the soldier's very soul, and he was powerless to do anything, as the man and woman hurried away toward Egypt with the Child. Before they were out of sight, there was a rush from the gates of many soldiers, shouting, "Which way did they go?" Then the guard learned that one mother had succeeded in saving her child, and he greatly feared he had been the very one for whose sake so many innocent lives had been cut short.

A Lost Opportunity.

There is a story told by some early writers that when Mary and Joseph were on their way from Nazareth to Bethlehem they stopped one evening at the home of a wealthy landowner, and asked if they might be permitted to lodge there for the night. The man of the house was very agreeable, and would, no doubt, have taken them in and provided a room for them had not his wife objected to having strangers

living under her roof. She it was who sent them away into the night not knowing what might befall them. This woman, however, lived to regret her folly. Thirty years later when she was old and feeble and had completely lost her sight she asked some friends to lead her one day to a road where Jesus was to pass by, and at the first sound of His footfall she began to cry out for mercy, imploring the Master that He would heal her. The Saviour opened her eyes, it is said, and as she looked upon His sad countenance He told her that she had refused His mother shelter some thirty years before, when Mary was on her way to Bethlehem. Then the woman remembered and her heart was filled with grief. What an opportunity she had lost! She might have tabernacled the Saviour of the world.

The Swaddling Clothes of the Infant.

It is told of the Magi, that when they were about to leave Bethlehem to return to their own country they asked Mary for some small token by which they might remember their visit, and she, having nothing else to give them, told them that they might have the swaddling clothes in which the Holy Child was wrapped on the night of His birth. Some months afterward when they returned home they found to their amazement that this cloth might be put into a flaming fire without being destroyed or injured in any way, and they called all the people of their country to witness this miracle in order that they might not be opposed to the teachings of Christ. Thus it happened that when St. Thomas went into the land of the Magi some years later, he found most of the people well disposed toward Christianity, and most of them had heard of the marvellous cloth which the Magi had brought from Bethlehem; for the story had been handed down to them by their fathers.

Keeping New Year.

IN the Church calendar the first day of the year is set apart to commemorate the ceremony of the Circumcision of the Child Jesus. In fact, however, the feast of the Circumcision is obscured by the secular ceremonial of New Year's Day. And that secular ceremonial is certainly not one to awaken any high spiritual emotions. The old year is rung out by clanging bells, and blown out by screaming factory whistles, and shouted out by inebriates of both sexes. Women in evening gowns stand on dining-room tables and gentlemen of some pretensions lie below the tables in a practically comatose condition. Such subtle bits of humor as throwing choice vintage up against an escort's face, and turning over tables, and flinging chairs at people's heads belong in the ritual of kicking out the Old Year. The world is assimilating Christmas. It has already assimilated New Year beyond recognition. And what an orgy do we witness as a result! All the sanities are buried, and nearly all the sanctities are violated.

Our Catholic people too—not all, indeed, but many—take part in the revels. They blow the whistles, ring the bells, strike out with the tomahawks, and hammer on the tom-toms. They appear in official evening clothes and act as if they wore football suits. Why? There does not seem to be any *why*. One understands how walled-up emotions should break through their restraints following the signing of the armistice which ended the World War. The good news removed anxiety, fear and grief. And the violent physical expression of joy which immediately followed was a very natural outlet for feeling. But the passing out of a year means little more than the passing out of a day or a month. In any normal sense it means no more at all. Time is made up of in-

tervals. And the last of the year ends with the last second of the year. To the second should go the honor, if there is any honor to go.

The going out of an old and the coming in of a new year might more reasonably quicken in us serious moods rather than moods of mirth and gaiety. The passing of a year means one more year gone and one less to be lived. It means a rearer drifting of a tide that is to reach us and flow over us finally. It means the time of the great accounting is one year nearer, and the time for making straight the record one year less. Surely any such thoughts are not likely to quicken us into moods which would lead us into the traditional tomfooleries of New Year's Eve. But, perhaps, many of us prefer to shun such reflections as tend to sober us. The saint and the ascetic make any scene or event an occasion to stimulate them to prayer and penance. The worldling, on the other hand, makes any anniversary, religious or otherwise, serve the purpose of his revels. Places or the reminding milestones of time do not set men into serious moods and prayerful attitudes unless they themselves are serious and prayerful. Saints have gone into ecstasies surrounded by the most alluring forms of temptation, and sinners have meditated new sins in holy places and while performing actions that had all the visible appearances of virtue.

All this writing may seem to belong more to a sermon than to a weekly magazine. But the world's manner of celebrating the so-called death of the Old Year is so utterly unlike anything in funeral ritual, we can hardly be blamed if our comments thereupon be somewhat sombre for the sake of contrast.

To all THE AVE MARIA readers near and far, here at home and over seas, we wish a happy, although not a hilarious, New Year!

Notes and Remarks.

Out in California they have more than climate and sunsets. In San Francisco a prominent Catholic, whose identity is concealed, has paid for the erection of a dining-room and a kitchen which will be completed by January first for feeding the poor. All the hungry and the poor and the suffering will be fed in the dining-room with what has been cooked in the kitchen. There will be no roped area against creed, color or race. The poor who are hungry will be made welcome and given food.

We should like to know the name of the San Francisco good Samaritan, if only to shame the many thousands of other men who could do likewise and do not. We are thinking especially of the pleasure lusty who will soon be migrating to Miami and losing enough money over a few games of chance to feed a city full of poor. We are thinking of the women who throw away fortunes for the vulgar display of diamonds, which fortunes would clothe decently half the poor of a mid-western state. We are thinking of the dissipated idlers who are now betting on winter horse races and exchanging money enough to erect many hundreds of places of refuge for those who have not the barest necessities of life. If the rich were to give only what they waste, the poor would be fed many times over. Then people would talk less about socialism. Everybody would have a plentiful, peaceful Christmas, and there would be no charity athletic contests.

The Protestant Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin have drawn up a joint statement protesting against the removal of the right of appeal in Free State disputes to the English Privy Council. In other words, they protest the right of the people of the Free State to be

final judge of their own internal affairs. The Archbishops urge that, although the Protestant minority has always received fair treatment from the Free State Government, the removal of the right of appeal would endanger the freedom of this minority.

The Irish Free State might reply that for two or three centuries the Catholic majority received scant consideration from the Privy Council, and there is no record of any protest by representatives of the Protestant minority of Armagh or Dublin to restore freedom to the majority. But the Free State will not make any such reply. It will have the Privy Council appeal done away with, and will continue to give fair treatment to the minority.

There are those who believe that Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York has no aversion to headlines and a front-page column. And some have so asserted. Even so, whoever cherishes the marriage institution, the home and the home's sanctities, will not withhold his admiration from Bishop Manning for his high courage in withstanding the propagators of that highly-rouged euphemism called companionate marriage. By contrast, his diocesan clergy who ran out of sanctuary to joust for the knight-errant of companionateness have shown small respect for their profession and less for the Ten Commandments which they are expected to uphold. If clergymen, whatever their persuasion, do not defend so fundamental an institution as marriage—which Christ, whom they profess to serve, blessed and made inviolate—what are we to expect from the people whom these clergymen have the effrontery to profess to teach? Bishop Manning's courage is the courage of manifest duty. He could not speak nor act otherwise and hope to maintain the traditional

respect which is conceded by his people to his position. And we cannot see how the clergymen who challenged the bishop's authority and became free lances to battle for free love, can turn about face and meet their congregations who believe in the traditions of the home and of the family.

We have one essential regret, however. It is a pity Bishop Manning has been forced to give second life to the near corpse of the nomad of companionate marriage. The oxygen of this publicity may revive him. And hardly is Bishop Manning's brave stand a sufficient compensation for such a pest.

The Ladies of Charity of the Archdiocese of New York had their MacMahon Memorial Shelter for Children dedicated recently. The cost of the shelter reached \$250,000. To our thinking this is a splendid expression of Catholic charity well directed. It is substantial work, and meets a need we have always with us. Too often our Catholic societies spend themselves in organizing dances and picnics and amateur boxing matches to buy rugs for parish halls or study desks for clerical assistants. The big things they often fail to achieve because they—or their leaders—cannot sink their parochialism long enough out of sight to get an interparochial vision. No, indeed, we do not expect Catholic societies everywhere to do this big thing which the Ladies of Charity did for the Archdiocese of New York. But we do know a few towns which could have high schools if the parochially minded were only to climb up into the bell tower and then look out and see the city.

A scholarly Presbyterian minister is recorded in the *Glasgow Observer* as saying that he believed religion in Scotland was bankrupt and that they would have to call in the Catholic Church as a receiver. This prompted

the Rev. J. C. Long, of Falkirk, to point out to his countrymen in a recent lecture, that for a thousand years before the Reformation, Scotland was very Catholic, *generously* Catholic, intellectually Catholic, as can be seen from the splendid ecclesiastical buildings—now in ruins—that covered the country, and from the Catholic universities that still flourish, as well as from the splendid laws and Law Courts now held in such high repute. Men, he affirmed, who think the Scotch a hard-headed, cold, calculating race, have overlooked the deep sentiment that forms the basis of their character. The sentiment is deep because it has been pent up and has had no outlet, all its past traditions having been deliberately closed to it because those traditions were Catholic. Father Long believes that the Government publication of historic buildings is gradually but surely introducing Scotland to Catholic thought—much more rapidly, no doubt, than the Government suspects. At the present time Catholics constitute one-tenth of the population, and thanks to the sanctity of their domestic life, their children number one-seventh of the schools' population. All these signs seem to be very healthful, and it will, we hope, be only a matter of time and continued effort until Scotland comes again into her own.

Among the news items which came, following the landslide disaster at Lyons, France, we noted this: "Authorities highly praised the courage of the priests of the parish who went about among the ruins to administer the rites of the Church to the helpless victims." We noted the item, not because it revealed something unusual, but something quite the contrary. If the Catholic clergy of Lyons had neglected, not to say refused, to administer to the landslide victims, then indeed the item would shock us. Catholic priests everywhere

observe the tradition of rushing to the wounded, the sick and the dying. The call to hear the confession of a man whose life is ebbing away from any cause is a spiritual fire whistle for the Catholic priest. He may be a professor of Chemistry or a lecturer on Economics or an editor of a paper. He may, because of his position, find very few occasions for the exercise of his ministry; but when the call from the dying comes to him he drops his professorship or his editorial manner, and asserts his priesthood. As said already, we noted the news item from Lyons because it was so usual. And quite likely many hundreds missed it for the same reason. But if these priests had neglected to be about among the dead and the dying during the Lyons catastrophe, that, indeed, would be so unusual it would attract many thousands and shock their consciences. Such an eventuality, however, is very, very remote.

The Oberammergau Passion Players are spoken of by all who witnessed their rendition of the Passion as highly gifted artists. Yet their salaries are meagre compared with the performers of Broadway. Leading actors were given \$250 for their long session. Of the others who performed or helped, some received a compensation as low as \$10.

Think of the motion-picture actors—men and women—whose salaries run into the millions annually! And note by contrast how vapid and fatuous is their output. We use the word "output" advisedly. In a country like our own, where there is so much talk about "standards" and "quality," about "fair values" and "distributive justice" one is at a loss to explain how nine-tenths of the so-called "artists" receive colossal salaries for buffoonery and dumb shows.

If the Oberammergau players were working merely for secular recognition

and for the money which comes as a result, they would certainly choose a much more profitable and a much less rigid, and a very much less spiritual formula of expression for their dramatic talents. But they have chosen to represent Christ's Passion, following with painstaking care all those somber scenes which make up that most terrifying of tragedies. Their reward is not in money or money values. The sense of accomplishment of a most worthy work for a supremely worthy motive is their "exceeding great reward."

We learn from the Catholic press that the Catholic Daughters of America in some places are finding recreation in sewing for the poor. Cloth and worn clothes are secured by the members from various sources, such as Catholic societies and civic clubs, and when the business of the meeting is over the business of mending or making clothes for the poor begins. This is more than a hint—it is an invitation—to all our Catholic women whist players. When they meet on bridge afternoons, instead of cutting for partners let them cut small coats for poor, small boys; instead of doubling an opponent let them double stitch so as to make a stronger buttonhole; instead of passing up a hand let them pass out a scissors. And so on. Two good results will follow: the Catholic women will be doing something which will benefit their souls and exalt them spiritually; and the poor, whom we have always with us, but very especially now, will be given warm clothing for their famishing bodies.

There is much empty speech about Catholic numerical growth in this country. A writer in *The True Voice*, however, is not so optimistic. He points out that the Church, instead of gaining, is, in fact, losing. If we subtract the number of immigrants added annually to

our Catholic population, it will be found that the increase of our native Catholic population is not proportionate to the general growth of the whole country. And, too, if we subtract the number of Catholics who actually or virtually cease to belong to the Church, the decrease will be still more depressing. A numerical inflation may be gratifying to our momentary sense of pride, but when the balloon bursts we will experience the depression which necessarily goes with unpleasant disclosures. Asserting fictitious values about our assets does not make these assets more valuable. Nor will naming off our strength in rhetorical round numbers add a cubit to our numerical stature. Let us pray earnestly every day for the conversion of All America, because prayer is more effective than eloquent preaching. And then we must suspect our enthusiasms when we are summing ourselves up, so to speak, in the adding machine.

Most of the prizes at the State Fair of Georgia were carried off by Sister Mary Rita, teacher at Mount de Sales Academy, Macon, Georgia. Here is the list: First prize for tapestry, for the best naturalistic piece, for the best work in simple gold, for the best lustre piece, for the best single piece; decorated glass, for the best flower study, for the best vase made from Georgia clays, for the best specimen clay modelling, any subject, and for other things, including the best specimen enamel.

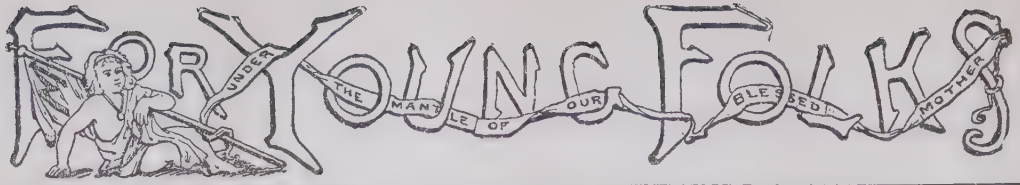
We do not know what other modeling arts are not mentioned in this list. But probably there are some. So let us give Sister Mary Rita a breathing space for a few months, and by the time the next Georgia State Fair arrives, she will be ready to capture the few which are left.

Sometimes the temperamentals and the literati and those who teach in schools surrounded by rural populations

say that nuns are backward, because they are not allowed to be forward. They never see the white lights, and do not patronize lectures "for women only." However, Sister Mary Rita—and her kind is elsewhere—dreams her dreams in tapestry, gold, glass, flowers and Georgia clay, and carries away all the Georgia prizes. Which proves that nuns are not so backward, even if their culture will not permit them to be too forward.

Senator Heflin's promise to disclose such corruption as has never been heard of heretofore, following his defeat for the United States Senate, leaves the constituency of Alabama cool—not to say cold. The defeated senator says he is gathering evidences of fraud which, when he secures the senate floor, will paralyze the senators. But because the senators are hardened to revelations and exposures, they, too, may remain cool—or cold. Probably the Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus, the American Federation of Labor and the World War veterans will be mentioned in the indictment as contributing to Senator Heflin's downfall. And quite likely other influential bodies will come up for soon-to-be-ex-senatorial chastisement. Because Senator Heflin does not forgive his real or his imagined enemies;—not when he has a chance to make a speech about them before the senate galleries.

In these days of a thousand calls for aid, one more might make special appeal to the charity of some of our readers. The head of the Immaculate Conception Mission School in Stephan, S. D., begs for clothes of any kind or size for his Indian children. "We are too poor to pay any shipping costs," he writes. Address freight or express to Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., Highmore, S. D.; send mail to Stephan, S. D.



The Wind at Christmas.

By the Convent Chapel, where reposes the
Crib of Bethlehem.

BY A. P. C.

THE wind is singing,—
The wind that I made

Long ago, long ago!

'Round the Christmas Crib

Where I'm meekly laid

Sounds the wind's

Oratorio.

It riseth high,

It falleth low,

But all of its beautiful

Words I know,

For it sang 'round My cradle

At Bethlehem,—

My Mother and I

Heard all of them

When it sang to Us,

Long ago.

The Coming of the King.

BY SISTER ANGELA.

I.—THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art
thou amongst women. (*Luke I. 28.*)

YEARS ago in a city of Galilee called
Nazareth, there dwelt a maiden
named Mary. She was poor. She did
not live in a palace nor in a spacious
mansion, but in a humble cottage
tucked away somewhere in the city.
True, her ancestors had once been kings
of the royal house of David, but that
was long, long ago. Yet poor though
she was there was no one in all the
earth in whom were gathered up such
measures of wisdom and beauty. For of
all God's creatures she was His fairest.

The great ladies of the city in their

gorgeous apparel would pass by her
cottage with never a thought of the
maiden who dwelt there. For Mary was
like the sweet woodland violet that
blooms hidden away in the cool, quiet
depths of the forest, unseen and un-
heeded by those who pass by on
the road.

Have you ever gone into the woods
in the spring when the ground is a
carpet of flowers? There you will see
the pale primrose and the dancing
daffodil and the gentle anemone and
homely hyacinth, and there you will
smell the sweet perfume of the violet
hidden in the moss. What a wealth of
beauty it is! And though no one should
ever come into the woods to gaze upon
their beauty, yet the loveliness is there.
Have you ever thought why it is there,
though human eyes may never see it?
The answer is simple enough. These
woodland flowers, in their beauty, delight
the God who made them. Out of His
own beauty, God has given them their
beauty, and in their loveliness they sing
forth their hymn of praise, and glad-
den the Heart of God.

And so it was with Mary, the poor,
sweet maiden of Nazareth. She, too, was
a flower of God, and the fairest of His
flowers. Pure as the lily, sweet as the
woodland violet, she bloomed unseen by
the great world. But God beheld her
always. And seeing her so pure and
humble He breathed into her soul the
message of His love for her and for all
His creatures; and Mary returned His
love with a song of unceasing praise
and worship to Him, her Creator.

Now you must know that at that
time the world was full of sadness, and
there was great wickedness in all lands.
Long since God through His prophets
had promised the people of Israel that

He would send a Saviour who would redeem the world from sin and teach men the way of goodness. And now more than ever, men of good-will were praying and living in expectation of the coming of the promised Saviour. More and more earnestly they turned to God and prayed: "Come, O Lord, and do not delay: come and save thy people." And of all who prayed none prayed to God so earnestly as did Mary; and none looked for the coming of the Saviour with so pure and ardent a longing as did she. From her childhood she had prayed God to "hasten the day of His coming," and to bring deliverance from the darkness of sin into which the world had fallen. Often would she weep tears as she joined in the prayer of her people: "Come, O Lord, and do not delay. Forgive the sins of Thy people."

One night when all around her were silent and asleep, she was thus praying when she was surprised by the vision of an angel who stood before her. And the angel greeted her, saying: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women."

When she heard these words Mary was greatly troubled. It was not the vision of the angel that caused her to be troubled: for often had her pure soul held converse with the angels. But it was the words with which the angel addressed her; for, as I have told you, Mary's soul was like the woodland violet, shy and humble, although it is so sweet, and in her humility she considered herself one of the least of all God's creatures. And this angel who came from the throne of God, had called her: "Blessed amongst women."

But the angel seeing her confusion, said: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall

give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever: and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

At this Mary became yet more troubled because of the wonder of it all. But the angel, answering her thoughts, said to her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy One which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

And the angel seeing Mary yet lost in wonderment at the message he had brought to her, gave her a sign, telling her that her cousin Elizabeth, who was old and childless, would shortly give birth to a son: for, said he, "no word shall be impossible with God."

And now all fear and trouble vanished from Mary's soul, and in its place there came a great joy; for now she knew that her prayer and the prayer of her people was answered, and God's promise of a Saviour was about to be fulfilled.

Only one thing now remained before God's word should be accomplished, and for that the angel—God's messenger—still waited. For though God had chosen Mary to be the mother of His Son, the world's Saviour, yet must the angel wait to bear back to heaven this humble maiden's consent to be made "blessed amongst all women." For it is God's way with His chosen ones, ever to ask their willing consent to do what He would have them do.

From the first moment of her existence, God had been preparing the soul of Mary for this day when He would call upon her to be the mother of the Divine Redeemer. He had created her soul and made it the special dwelling-place of His own Holy Spirit: and indeed Mary had so loved God that at no time had she one tiny wish that was not also the wish of God Himself. Through all the years of her young life she had kept her heart turned towards

God, drinking in the beauty of God's holiness as a flower lifts its petals to the sun drawing its life from the sun's warm kiss. And so the Spirit of God had dwelt within her as in His Home, preparing her with loving tenderness for this great moment when she would be called upon to be the mother of God's own Son; making her heart a bower of the sweetest flowers of virtue wherein to cradle the divine Babe.

And now when all was ready the great moment had come and the Angel Gabriel had sped his way from heaven in a flood of light to announce God's message to her: "Hail, full of grace!" and she who was so full of grace was the last to guess it. It was indeed the moment of God's great surprise and awakening to her; and can you wonder that in her humility she was at first afraid?

But now that the angel had made it clear to her that it was God's wish that she should be the mother of His Son, she hesitated no longer. For her it was sufficient that God willed it; and in humbling awe and yet with a great gladness, she bowed low before God's messenger, and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word." And at that, the angel, making her a great reverence, left her and returned to the throne of God.

Then the great wings of God's love overshadowed Mary, and all her being was enveloped in the pure flame of His love; and into her heart there came the tiny image of the Saviour, the Holy One who was to be born of her.

So it was that Mary, the humble handmaid of the Lord, became the mother of God our Saviour.

(To be continued.)

IT isn't a sin to hurry with your meals, but it is very rude. Take time—and save a little of the time you waste every day.—*Anon.*

Santa Claus.

BY ALLA M. FORSTER.

JANET was tired of walking around and pretending she was sliding down the hill. She could see a boy having a fine time over on the hill and her eyes shone and finally she clapped her hands loudly. Because she had her new red mittens on the clapping did not make a sound, but she grew so excited she said real loud, "Oh, say, isn't that fun! Can I come over?"

And without waiting for an invitation she gave her new red sled a jerk and was off across the street and on to the long hill. When she arrived, happy and panting, she looked at the boy in amazement.

"Oh—put on your mittens, your hands look most frozen!"

The boy looked her over dumbly for a minute, then he grinned foolishly. "Av gee—I ain't got none! I don't care. I keep warm running up the hill."

"Oh, let me go too!" and Janet hurried beside him. When they reached the top she sat down a minute. "My—I'm awful tired! That's the longest hill in the world. What's your name? Is that the best sled you have?"

"Oh, name's Billy. This sled's all right. Goes fast as yours, I know."

Janet looked a little angry. "It isn't half as good as mine—old rough sled—no paint. Why don't you buy a new one like mine?"

Billy wrinkled up his nose.

"I'll show you," he said as he threw himself down flat on the old sled and went down the hill like a flash. He gave Janet a look that said a great deal as he waved his hand at her and started off.

Janet jumped up excitedly.

"Oh—oh—come on back, Billy! Your sled is good—come on try mine just for fun."

She couldn't stand being on the hill alone.

Billy pretended he did not hear, but he did look around enough to see Janet wiping her eyes. So he turned and ran up the hill.

"Aw—just like a girl! What you cryin' 'bout?" He blew hard on his hands to warm them up. "If I had a dardy sled like yours, I'd never in the world cry. Warm mittens too—gee, you're a piker to cry!"

This made Janet think of something else. "Really, truly, haven't you any mittens?" she asked and her lips trembled a little.

"Say—wouldn't I be wearin' 'em if I had 'em? You're silly."

His hands looked so red that Janet felt sorry for him. She pulled off her red mittens.

"My hands are hot—wear mine awhile."

"Say, you, I don't wear girls' things." Billy looked his disgust. "My hands ain't cold anyway. Want to ride down on my sled; or ain't it good enough for you?"

Janet couldn't stand that.

"Oh, let me—please. Your sled's so much bigger." She slipped down behind him and held on tight. Billy gave a big push with his feet and down, down they went. Janet was sure she did not breathe all the way. At the bottom they struck a big stone and over they rolled right into a snow bank. Billy jumped up quickly and pulled Janet, and when they stood up they looked just like two snow men. They both laughed with all their might.

"You sure are a snow man—I mean a snow girl," said Billy. "Gee—you look funny!"

Janet felt ready to cry; then she decided not to be a baby. When she got the snow from her eyes and found her breath she said—"Oh, Billy, wasn't that fun! I never fell in a snow bank before. Your sled's lovely—it goes so fast. Let's go down again," and she started to run up the hill. "Billy—what makes you shake so? Your ears are awful red and

your nose—why, Billy, I guess you're freezing to death."

Billy was blowing on his hands and stamping his feet. "That's the way to get warm. I'm cold as everything—if anybody should ask you. Wisht I had some warmer cuds."

Janet looked him over for the first time. "Why—you got holes in your clothes, and your shoes—why, Billy, your toe is trying to come out. Why don't you buy some warm clothes?"

She soon saw she had said the wrong thing. Billy looked so sorrowful and turned his face away.

"Well, if you gotta know everything—I ain't got no money. These all the duds I got, and Mom can't get no more now. You know now."

Such a condition was beyond Janet's understanding.

"Why—my! Don't your Daddy want you to be warm," she asked in almost a whisper.

Billy fidgeted from one foot to the other. He dug the cold hands deep in his pockets.

"Well—I ain't got no Dad, if you have to know. I live with Mom, and she works down town in offices—scrubs 'em, you know."

Janet swallowed hard. She was beginning to realize.

"Oh—I'm so sorry! Maybe Santa Claus will bring you some new clothes and mittens—and maybe a bright new sled too. Lots of things." She grew excited as she talked.

Billy turned around and looked straight at her.

"Say—do you believe stuff like that? S'pose you do, as you're a girl. I thought you was smart."

"Why, Billy—he will bring just what you ask for—he always brings what I write for. He—"

Billy sniffed.

"Sometimes I get popcorn and candy at the Mission, but there ain't no Santa Claus about it. If there is one, he's

a stingy old guy, that's what I got to say about it."

"Oh, Billy, he's a nice kind man and always remembers children. He wears a red suit, and has long white whiskers and laughs all the time. I've seen him down town lots of times." She said it all in almost one breath.

"I say he's a stingy old guy just the same. He don't find my house with his old reindeers. Let's slide once more, then I gotta go home."

This time they tied the sleds together, and went down like a streak. At the foot of the hill Billy untied the sleds.

"Say, don't be peeved what I said about Santa Claus. When he gives me some real stuff I'll shout for him. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Billy. Come over to my house some day."

"Gee—over to that big, grand house! Your Dad would throw me out. You come over and slide again some day."

That night Janet and mother had a long talk as they sat by the glowing fire in the fireplace.

"Mother, Billy is awful nice, and he hasn't any mittens and his clothes are full of holes. Why don't his mother buy him some new things?"

Mother looked interested. "Maybe she hasn't enough money, dear. I'm sorry—aren't you?"

"I told him Santa Claus would bring him anything he wanted—if he'd write a letter. And he said there wasn't any Santa Claus. Isn't he a funny boy?"

Mother rocked awhile in silence.

"I guess he never wrote a letter to Santa Claus—that's why. Mother, why don't you say something?"

"Janet, I was thinking hard. Would you miss a Santa Claus very much? You know—"

"Oh, mother—isn't he coming this year? What's the matter?" and Janet's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"Janet, listen. You are mother's big girl now. Try to understand what I

am saying. When you were a very little girl you believed in Santa Claus just like you did in fairies. Now you read fairy stories and laugh at them. It's fun anyway. You don't believe in real fairies any more. Why not feel the same about Santa Claus?"

The tears were dropping from Janet's eyes, and mother wiped them away as she kissed the trembling lips. "Listen, dear—Santa Claus represents the kind spirit of Christmas, just as the fairies mean kind thoughts and kind actions. Why can't we feel that way about Christmas? That day is really the birthday of the Christ Child, you know, and it would be better to think more about that. He puts good thoughts in the hearts of His children and they make other folks happy. That is the spirit of Christmas. If there was a real Santa Claus why wouldn't he give Billy and other poor children things they need?"

"Well, Billy said he was a stingy old guy," came from Janet as she looked at mother.

Mother laughed. "He would feel just that way. Now I know a way you and mother can be real Santa Clauses."

"Oh, mother—you're so funny! What do you mean?" Janet's eyes were shining now.

"Let's think of Billy awhile. What if we should get him warm clothes and mittens, a new sled and some games and books! Then if we remember his hard-working mother with something she needs, it would be as Christmas should be. I'm sure if we go to planning for them we will never miss Santa Claus, and we will know we are doing what the Christ Child would want us to do."

Janet sat silent for a minute, then she put two warm arms around mother's neck.

"I guess I won't miss Santa Claus. Oh, it will be so much fun to make a Christmas for Billy!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“How to Use a Daily Missal in 1931,” by J. W. Brady, is the *ordo* in English for the coming year. It will make the use of the missal intelligible and easy. Published by E. M. Lohmann Co., St. Paul.

—Among recent pamphlets received are three from the Paulist Press: “What about the Modern Boy?” a reprint from the official Bulletin of the University of Notre Dame—a cross-section of the modernity of our youth; “Baptism,” by Rev. Francis Connell, C. SS. R., a simple and clear exposition of the Sacrament of Regeneration; “Christmas: The Gift of God,” by Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P., a plea for the religious observance of the Feast of the Incarnation. Each 5c.

—“At the Feet of the Divine Master,” by the Rev. Anthony Huonder, S. J., translated by August F. Brockland, is a series of meditations on the appearances, events and words of Our Lord from Easter Sunday to Ascension Thursday. The reflections and applications are aglow with the joy of Eastertide. Not a detail of those glorious days is missed. The varied thoughts, based on Scripture, tradition, reason and theology, make this meditation book the most complete one that we have on the Easter season. Though it is intended for parish priests, it could be used with profit by religious, seminarians and layfolk. Publisher, Herder. Price, \$2.25.

—A pamphlet containing three essays that originally appeared in *America* has been published by the L. Franceschini Company, Florence, Italy. Marie Van Vorst is the author. “Music and Art at Serravalle” is an account of how the poor people of this mountain village built a church with the help of a benefactor. Not satisfied with one achievement, they organized a choir which has since become famous for its rendition of plain chant.—“Tommy Tinker’s First Mass” expresses the hope that a certain Protestant boy may be led to the Faith because of his unusual attraction for the Mass.—“The Serene Body” was prompted by the translation of the

wonderfully preserved body of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi from an old to a new resting place.

—Volume XIII. of the Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge is “Mediæval Spirituality,” by Felix Vernet, translated by the Benedictines of Talacre. It is a handbook of Mediæval writers and a summary of their spiritual doctrines. This volume has material in it which makes it a valuable work of reference for a study of the great spiritual masters of the Middle Ages, but its practical value to the student is spoiled by its want of an index. This omission is inexcusable in a book of this kind, and will cut the sales of what might have been an indispensable volume for religious libraries. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.35.

—The B. Herder Book Company has just issued Volume IV., Part I., of “Meditations and Readings for Every Day of the Year,” selected from the writings of St. Alphonsus, by John Baptist Coyle, C. SS. R. When one speaks of the writings of St. Alphonsus, one speaks of the spiritual classics. “I do not know,” writes the Archbishop of Tuam, “of any religious books at once so sane, so spiritual and so adapted to the intelligence of the ordinary reader. They go straight to the root of normal spirituality. They are common sense founded on the truths of Faith.” This is a true appraisal of the great Redemptorist’s work. We may add that one has in these works, too, the cream of all spiritual writers who preceded him. A volume packed with spiritual axioms. Price, \$2.

—When the reader first meets Father Pat Emory, missionary in Nevada, in “The High Road,” by Grace Keon, he will love him for the same reason that the mountaineers love him: for his gracious ways, his kindly heart, his unselfish zeal, his living example of Catholic Faith. To Father Pat, a niece, Cecilia, runs for protection against a marriage she could not enter in conscience. Frantic parents arrive to take her home, and they do not leave

before Tom Emory, a brother, is brought to the practice of the Faith, which he had left in days of prosperity. The mother, worldly, proud, seeking power and influence and social position, is unchanged. Eventually, after some thrilling experiences in the mountains, Cecilia returns home to be met by Colin, an only brother, who has been spoiled by an indulgent father and a pampering mother. Then the story rushes with amazing speed to the climax: a broken home, sorrow, and divorce in the near future. But the spirit of Father Pat, or shall we say the spirit of the Church's teaching, aided by apparent disaster brings a change. From the first to the last page, the story is intensely interesting, the action never drags, and the dialogue is human and dramatic. The characters are men and women fighting for or against principle, fighting with all the power they possess, and yielding only to what is Catholic in thought and practice. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$2.

—A biography that will be read with more than ordinary interest is "An Apostle of the Lepers, the Venerable Peter Donders, C. SS. R. (1809-1887)," by the Rev. John Kronenburg, C. SS. R., translated from the French edition by the Rev. John Carr, C. SS. R. Peter Donders was a quiet and prayerful boy. Fortunately he had also a strong trust in God, a trust that carried him through years of work at weaving, his father's trade, that he might be of some assistance to a poverty-stricken family. He was twenty-two years of age when he began his preparatory studies for the priesthood. By the time he was ready to take up his theological studies, it was known that he wanted to be a foreign missionary. So he was advised to enter a religious community. Three religious Orders rejected his application, not only because of his advanced age, but also because of his lack of ordinary ability. Not a whit disheartened, he entered a secular seminary. Therein his goodness more than off-set his mental limitations. He plodded faithfully at his classes, sanctified commonplace things by striving energetically to be holy, and endeared himself to all by a distinctive charm of character. Almost immediately after ordination, he sailed for

South America, where for forty-five years he labored for the salvation of souls among the natives of Surinam. For thirty of those years he was an apostle of the lepers. If the work was hard and disagreeable and discouraging, Father Donders found comfort in prayer, solace in mortification and peace of heart in doing the will of God. His generosity was unbounded. Undoubtedly that is why he became a Redemptorist,—he desired to relinquish his own will even to a detail. Humble, prayerful, devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and always faithful to God, he deserves the encomium: He did all things well. There is every reason to believe that he will capture the heart of the English-speaking world just as he has already won hearts in countries where his life has been made known. Publisher, Sands Company, London. Price, 7s. 6d.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James Henry, Archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. F. J. Naughten, Diocese of Rochester.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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